

L'etoile



By Ashley Dunn

Section One of this pamphlet contains the 8 pieces I read at Kertecz #14 at L'etoile Studio, Old Market, Bristol on Thursday 24th October 2024. Section Two contains 12 further pieces which represent the different kinds of writing I produce – various styles, tones, themes and formats.

Feel free to share the pieces as you wish, in person or online.

The cover image is a photo of Beth Carter's 'Starman' sculpture. It is my own photo taken at The RWA 171 Annual Open Exhibition, The RWA, Bristol.

Some links:

Kertecz Press: instagram.com/kertecz_press

L'etoile Studio: letoilestudio.com

Beth Carter: instagram.com/bethcarterartist

bethcarter.co.uk

RWA 171 Annual Open Exhibition: www.rwa.org.uk/products/annual-open-exhibition-171

Me: instagram.com/ashleydunnart

ashleydunn.co.uk

ashley@ashleydunn.co.uk

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Can you imagine someone offering you an egg, and then breaking it into your hand without its shell?

—Sue Boyle on the poems in Section One

Section One

Natural Selection

“Don’t let it drag you down”

—The Enemy, ‘We’ll Live and Die in These Towns’

Nothing happens in these rundown towns so we struggled

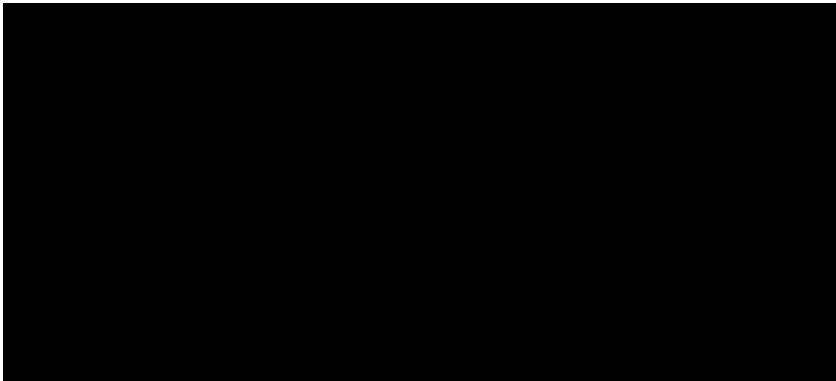
Not to be a little naughty. And once

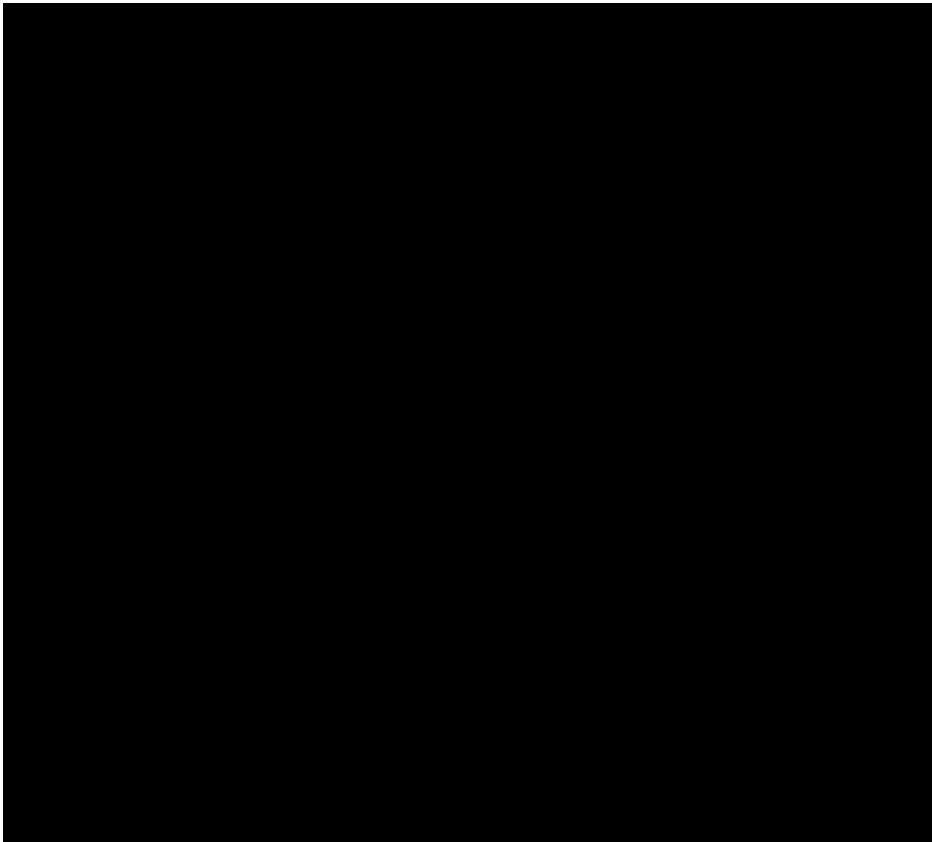
Quickly—before he took it away again just as fast—

Pete said something like, ‘It feels wrong, somehow,

Saying some of the things we say.’ But then we carried on

Saying them anyway. It wasn’t the drink or drugs.





My hand stopped shaking a little while ago, I think? I think that... yeah. Yeah I think I can feel the age coming now – the stage coming down again. The orderlies, stains, clicks, baby: all back down here again. And it's almost all coming right back down, down, down now. And it's like... (Are you coming back, baby?) Honestly, baby – it's like...

Another drop just then again, too. Too much, baby. Oh, man. Baby.

And I need... I am... Are you...



“Strangled by your own rope,

Self-knower!

Self-hangman!”

—Friedrich Nietzsche, ‘Amid Birds of Prey

“Trust in my self-righteous suicide”

—System Of A Down, ‘Chop Suey!’

”“Ash, ash—

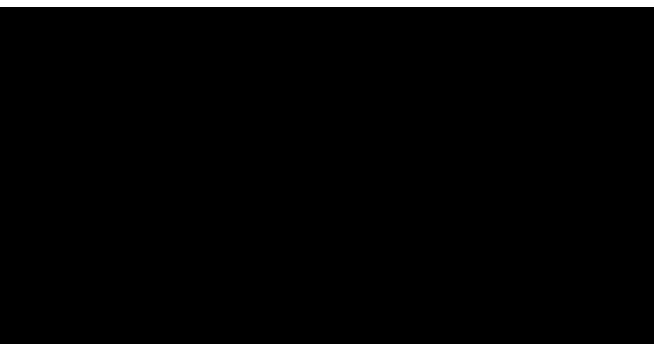
You poke and stir.”

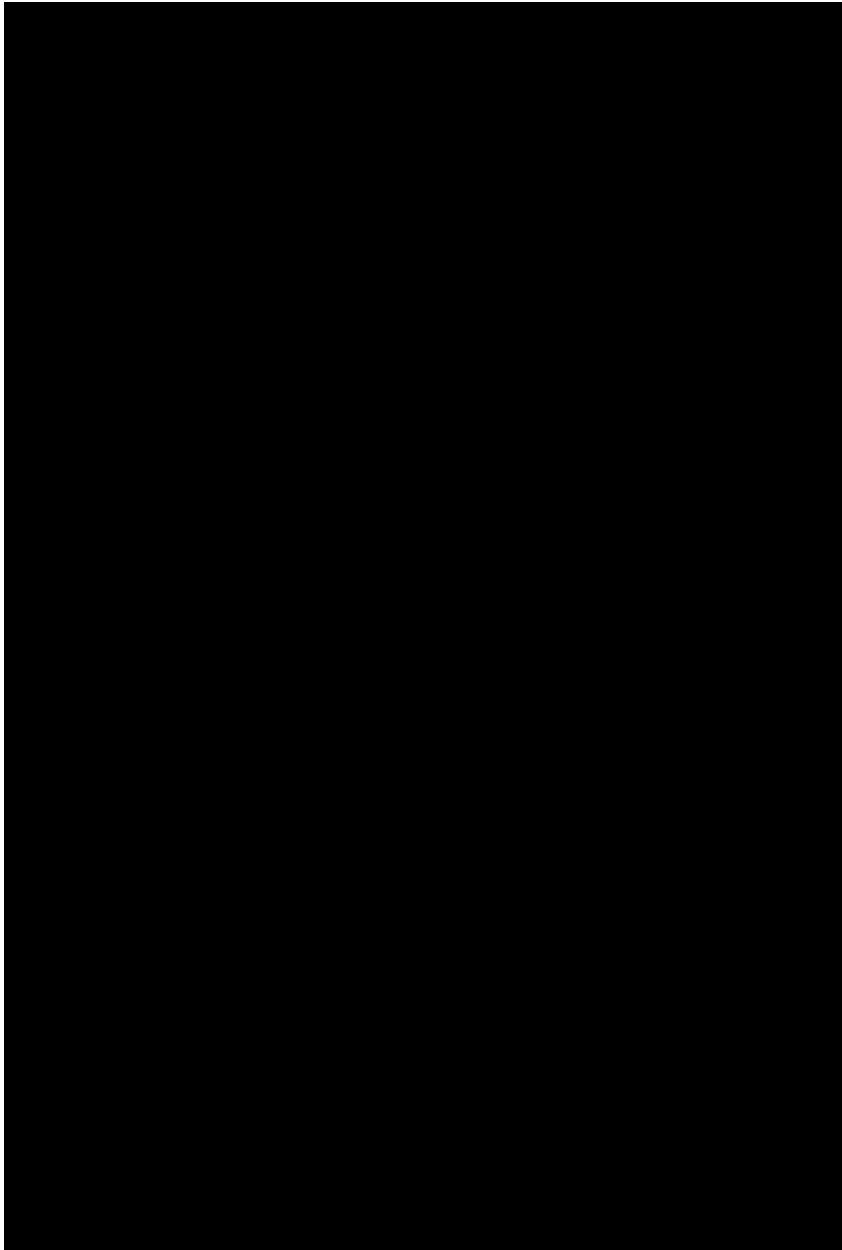
—Sylvia Plath, ‘Lady Lazarus’

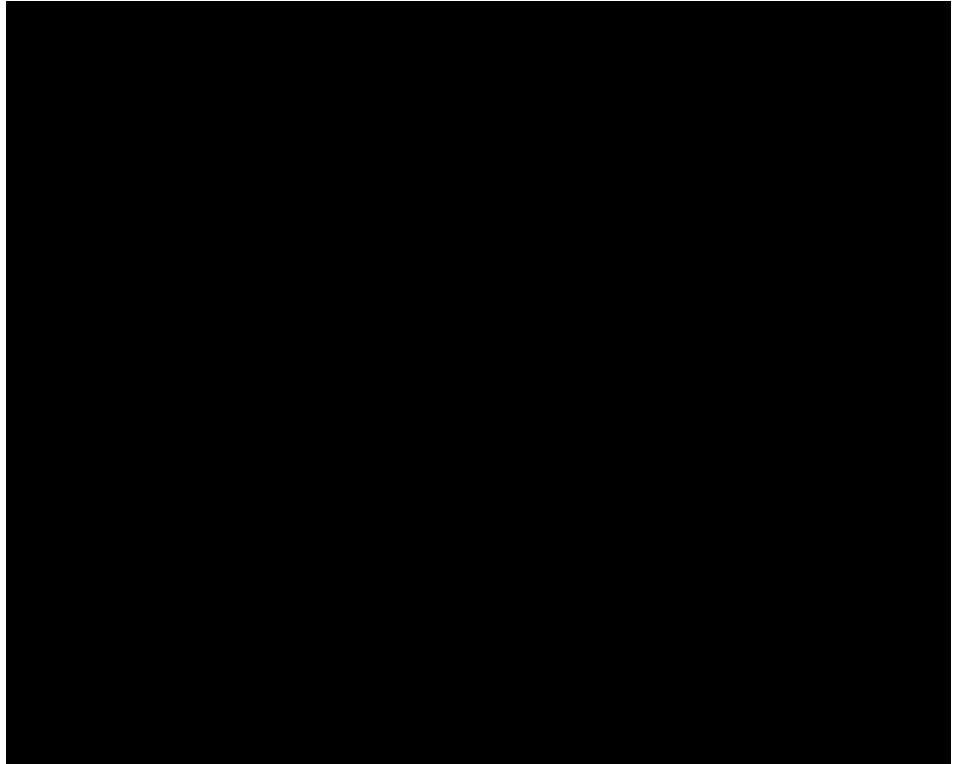
Dear I have done it

with all my thorns—some of yours—

hanging in the loft, I am, my body







*Even the stellar reference deceives.
Meanwhile may it rejoice us to believe
this figure. Which suffices in the end.*

—Rainer Maria Rilke, Sonnets to Orpheus, Part 1, Sonnet XI

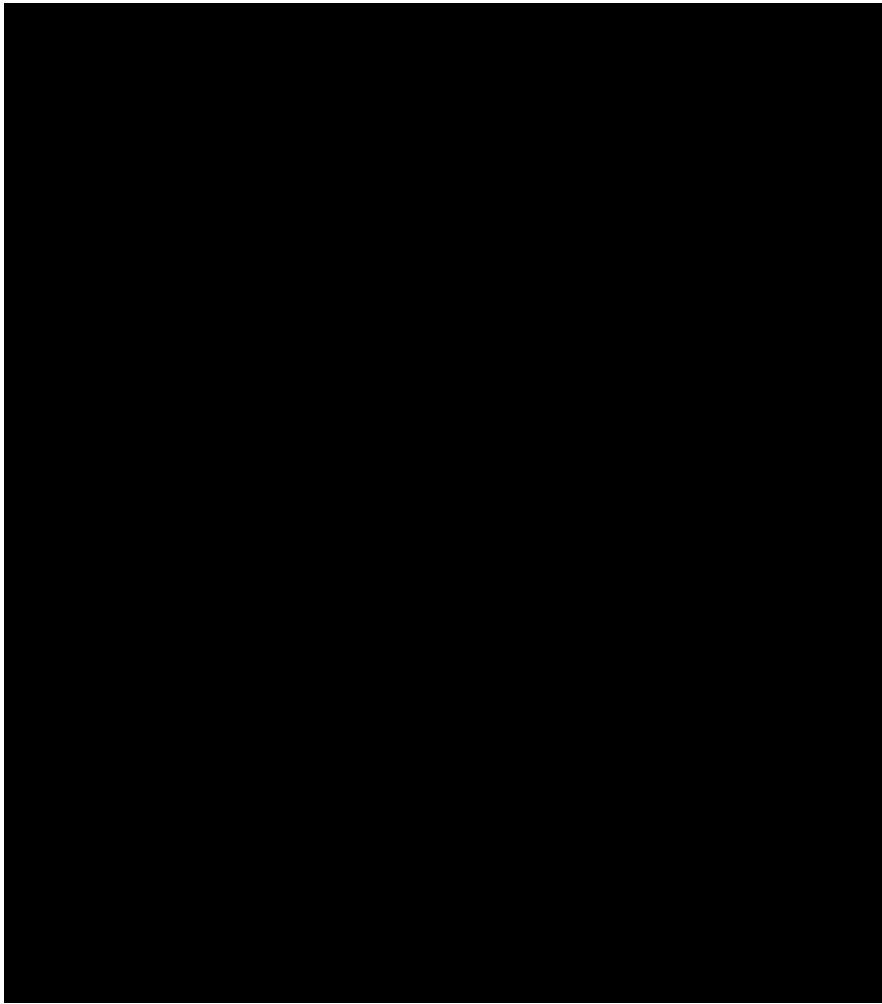
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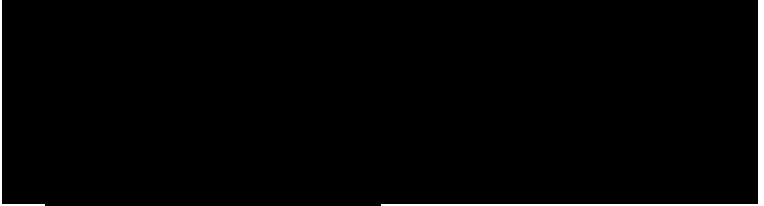
fulloflove

“And I shall drive my chariot down your streets and cry

‘Well, it’s me, I’m dynamite and I don’t know why’”

—Van Morrison, ‘Sweet Thing’

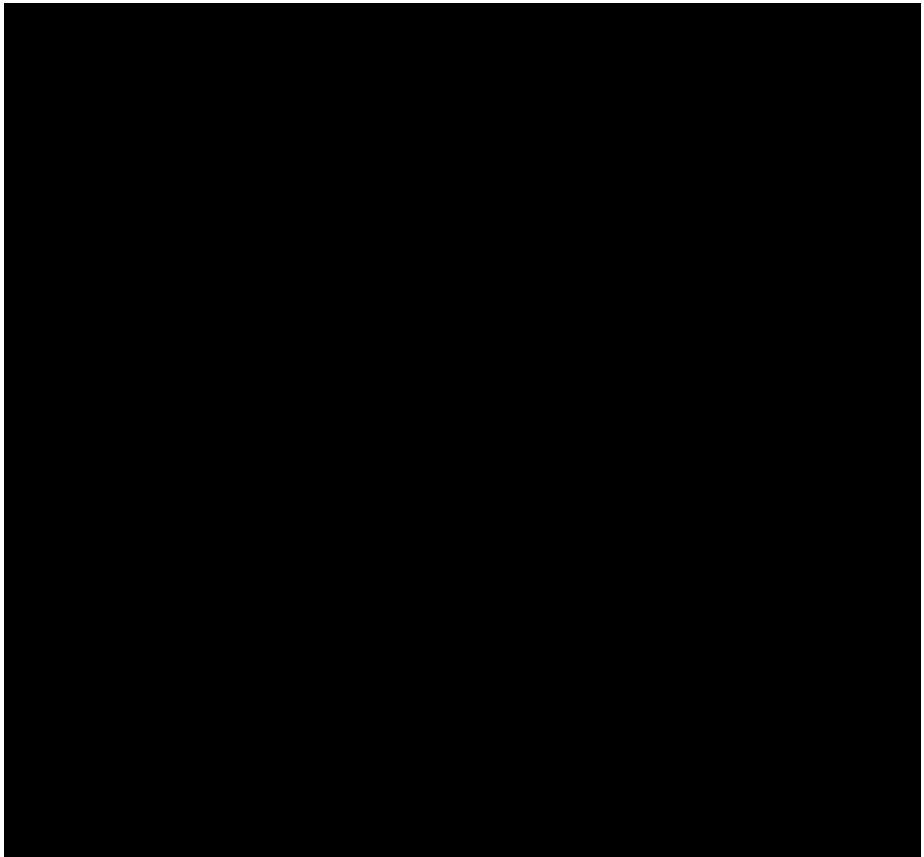


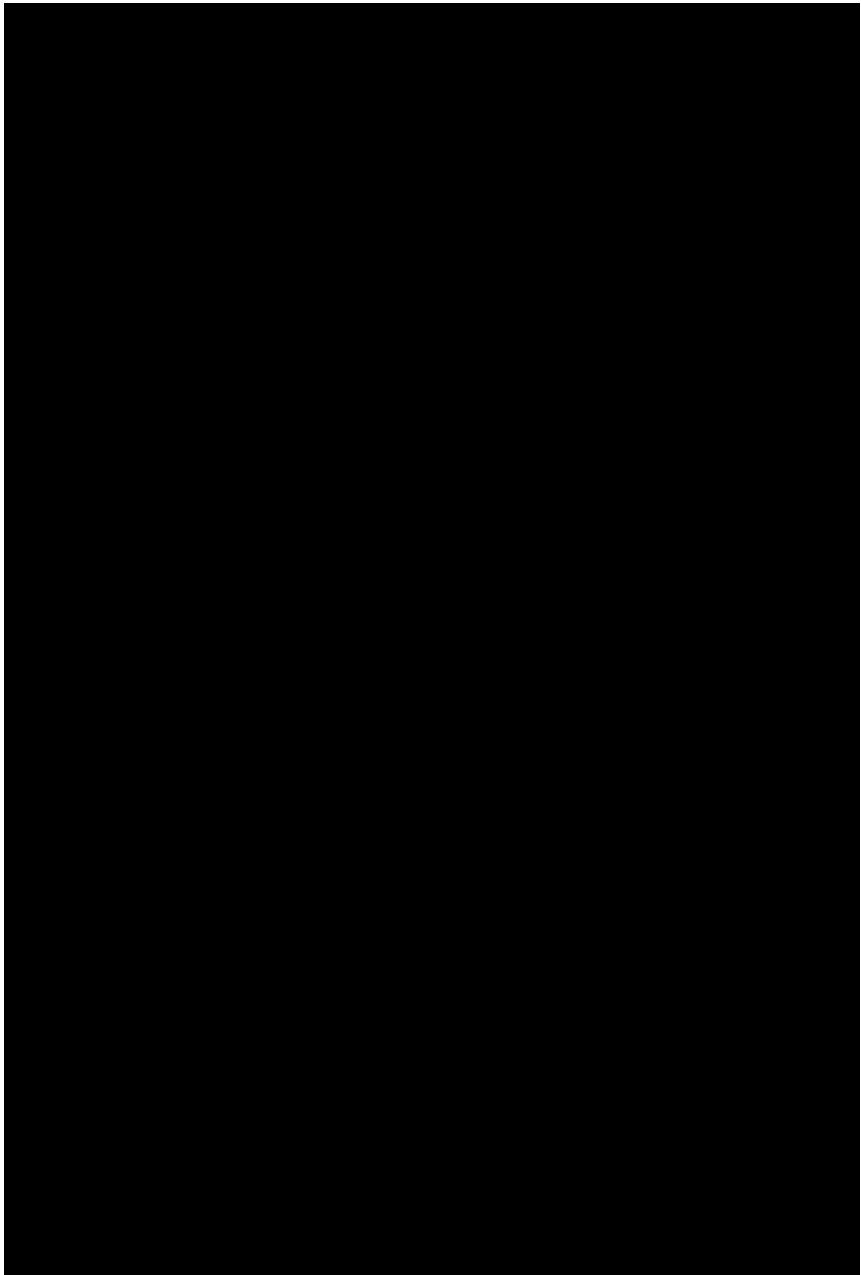


When you exist so fulloflove?

Tony

Tony follows his wife to work as he believes she is having an affair with her colleague. When he arrives at the car park of her offices he parks at the opposite end to her and watches her enter the building. He then sneaks into the building himself ten minutes later, goes up to her office and presses his ear to the door. He hears his wife having sex with her colleague on the other side. After five minutes he decides he has listened long enough – that his suspicions have been confirmed – and he leaves the building.

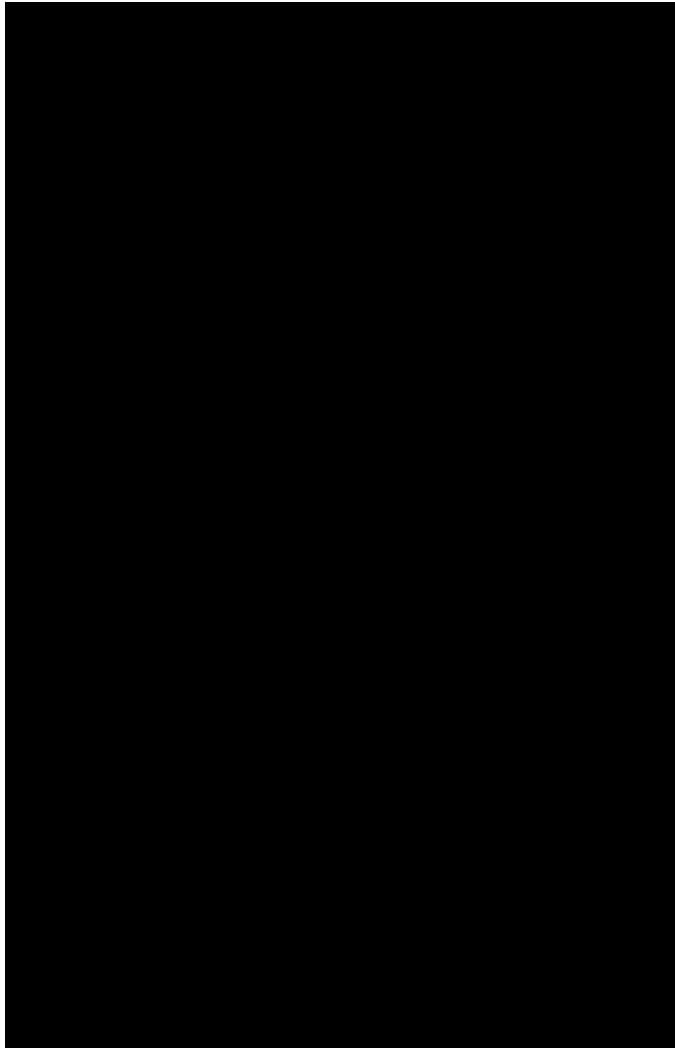


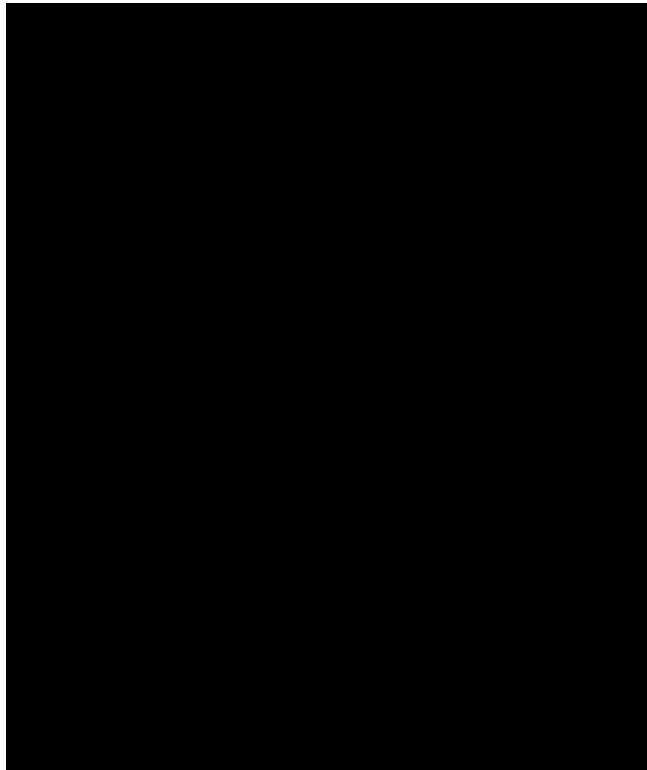


Sunset at Rudds, Lulworth Cove

I have tried everything but nothing works

Like this: I sit by the pool

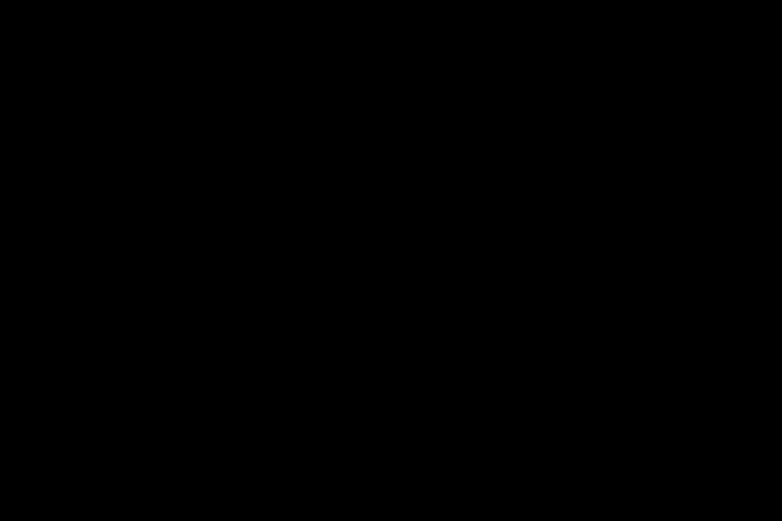


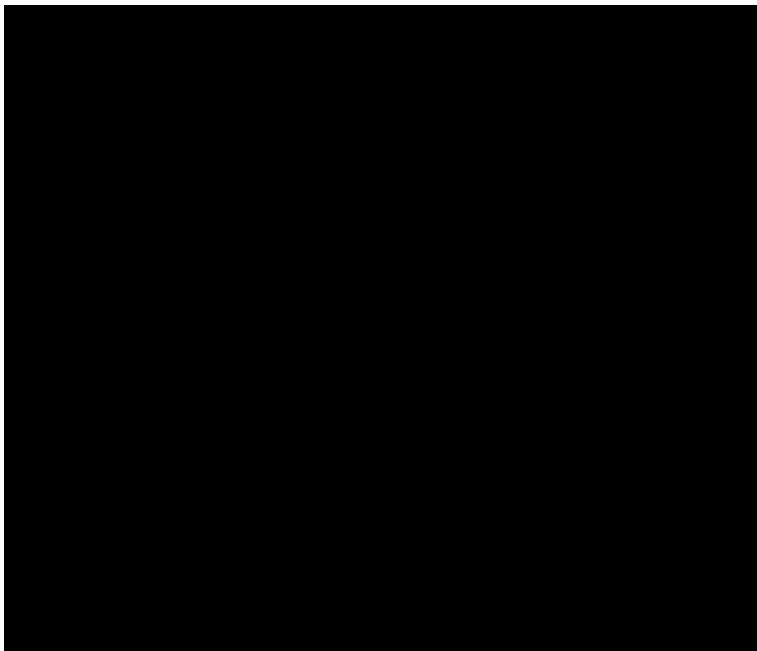


To Be Sung to the Tune of ‘My Favourite Things’

Ignoring our trauma, gaslighting each other.

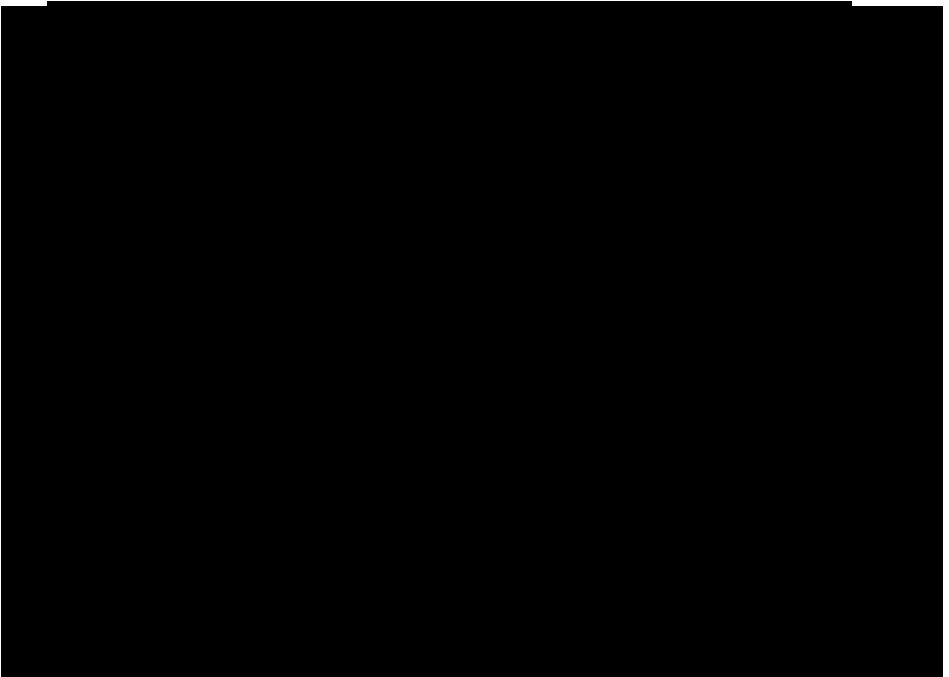
Hating your girlfriend ‘cuz she’s like your mother.





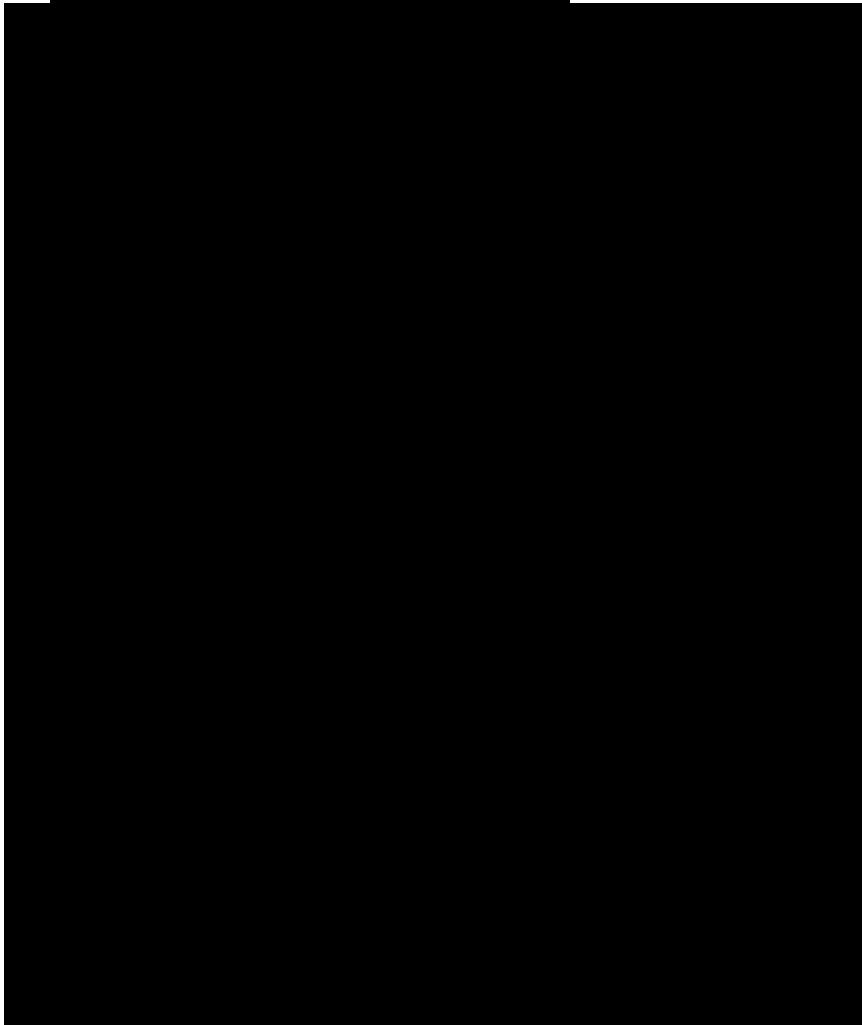
frequently discusses novels

Hermeneutically we cannot fail to see the significance of the gap between the

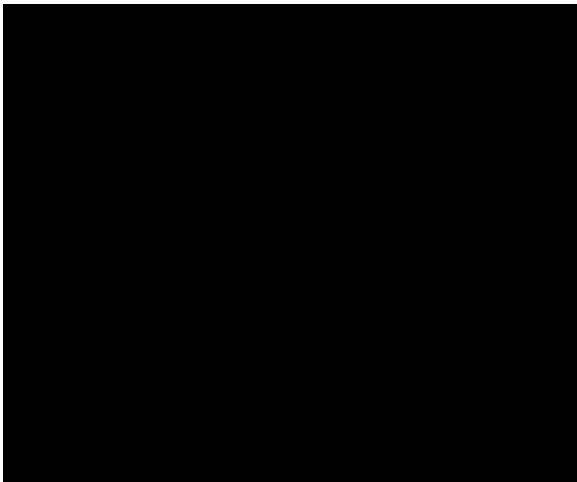


A Bit of Irish Technical Narrative

We were at the gas station sunk in with stacks of
of knowledge, tossing books

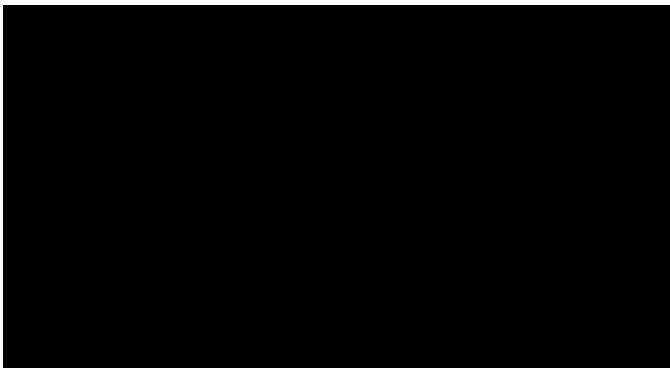






Already: screeched song; reams of workings...

Do we need to read the fine grained process of a stable stone



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Cover image: author's photo of Beth Carter's 'Starman' sculpture, taken at the RWA 171 Annual Open Exhibition (more details on the inside cover).

[instagram.com/ashleydunnart](https://www.instagram.com/ashleydunnart)

ashleydunn.co.uk

ashley@ashleydunn.co.uk