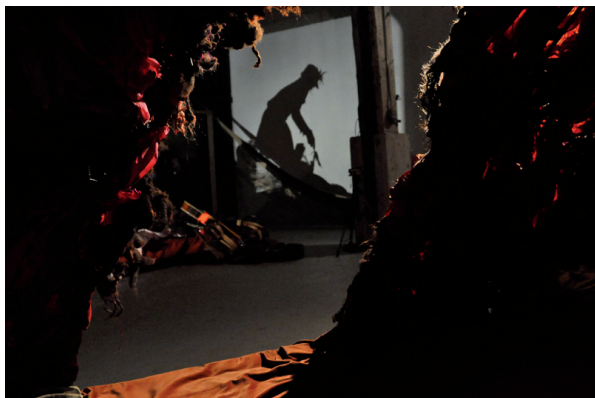


TIMEADARK

Jamie Dalglish



“SPINNING, SEWING, AND WEAVING COME OUT OF HER ONGOING PERFORMANCE FROM THE JUNGLE OF DREAMS. SHAMANISTIC MYSTERIES INHABIT THIS SPACE.”



All Images:
Courtesy of the artist.

“Twenty-one 70% dark chocolate Valentine hearts melt into a pan to become icing for a chocolate-layered cake.

Tibetan wool socks from Tibet ruined by standing in the kitchen, they were gassed not washed in woolite.”

Out at the park the deaf man gets a kick, the deaf man waits his turn to play a pickup softball game.

A passerby yells out, “Hey there, your runnings’ as lazy your speech.” Better not mess with the ants.

Jumping off the loading dock hurdling toward the U-Haul truck, stuffed with frozen chicken feathers.

Repunzel’s wheel still spinning tales and singing tunes to spin aiyres about going to the shade tree.

Her pink fingers sparse, a thundering dome rising above. “Better off crying, then rain comes diagonally clearing the beach.”

The shade tree has been cut down, her fingers begin to bleed. She drops blood into the Amazon.

Flowing down a greasy cable into the freight elevator, flowing down into her chamber into a wooden boat to an Indian village.

Graced by two Gargoiles, lavender hyacinthes laminate the Garden of Versaille.

Hunched backed whales atomize, spuming brass air summoning the evolution of impunity, leaving the soapy oil slick.

Inside her heart beats the ongoing frottage of incidence angles/angels of repose hammocks hung with Lama dung.

Emblazoning her performance while seeing teething crimes of appearances that broken instruments bare.

Spinning, sewing, and weaving come out of her ongoing performance from the jungle of dreams. Shamanistic mysteries inhabit this space.

Blackened giant sharp shadows cast a cinematic play, as if a canvas wall is reshaping instruments into a woven organ.

Ready for a liver transplant, or at most, the once exclaimed by Goya’s Giant “...biting off the head a young blond girl.”

Do not reply or get in her way. So much irony, if we only knew, we might be wishing to say.

While inking the elements with her soft presence, the heat of awareness leads our way.

Following the news of so much damage, now a dark haired shaman continues weaving her remains. □