



La Femme 100 Têtes Revisited

The woman with no head
Of a hundred heads
Summons up visions
In the mindscape

Headless Woman Dreams

Like Chinnemasta
I have lost my head
And only my headless body
Sees my thoughts
That stray like lost souls
In the chambers of my mansion.
I, the woman of a hundred heads,
Am mistress of all becoming
Unattached
To the rational,
Severed
From my ego,
I is the id.

This carcass
Is the stuff
Of dreams
Body memories
Desires
Fill the mindscape
Of my empty rooms
Reflecting
What has been
And what could be
In a myriad
Personas.

Embodied
Or disembodied
The blood
That pours
From her severed neck
Knows
Both sides
Of the story.

Eye Spy

She left her eyes
Everywhere
So she could see
Around corners
Into the dark cupboards
Into the very recesses
Of her subcutaneous
Mind
But even though
Skeletons saw
The light of day
The eye
Could never see
The I.

The Faceless Bride

The bride with no face
Haunts the chambers
And the empty halls
Her vacant shelves
Filled with the masks
Of all becoming...

Blended Realities

The owl
And the pussycat
Went to sea
And nothing has ever been
The same since.

Melting Time

Time melts
Day into night
Night into day
And all the dreams of flesh
Are subjugated
To her spell.
Time melts
All illusion
Like a ruthless mistress
No one is free
Of her ravages.

The hem
Of her undress
Stuck
On the edge of time
Trailing threads
Across universes
Of uncharted
Territory
Leaving her
Naked and alone
Sentinel
Melting.

SHADOW OUT OF TIME

ARTIST Penny Slinger PRESENTS AN EXCLUSIVE GALLERY
OF NEW AND REMIXED WORK







