

Revisions
OF VALHALLA!

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That version went into a printed book, which he began to mark up, first adding a word here and there, then some lines where the flowers:

*bloom into illuminations
which pour their myriad meanings*

...after which the scratchings become illegible and he perhaps concludes that a fresh start is needed. At this point I suspect he switched to pen and paper. One sheet includes some notes from a phone conversation that place it in March or early April of 2022. This one contains some lines from the original, but starts to morph into something new.

WHAT IS NEEDED FOR VALHALLA?
What is needed for Valhalla
VALHALLA! OH, VALHALLA!

*What must we bring to stir our
sadness? As we seek for the festive
spirits who throng through the gates of our
imagined paradise: this brilliant panorama of northern lights,
forever flashing welcome to all
souls starved—*

*—for the transfigurations
of intersecting minds as they weave
to lead us to the costly curtains hanging from
corridors of primeval expectation
etched in the floodtides of Valhalla's
immeasurable expansion
we have traveled without such guidances
blindly groping for direction—*

*What would one need to do or say
to find prescriptions formatted
for the long and uncertain journey
of the mind undertaken by neophyte
researchers content to make the simple
statement—*

*“We have done our searching
along many levels, many ways...”
for they have yet to hear of tarpets, talons
triggers and the terbreying temerities of
“too manyness” in strictly human terms.*

But it will be coming —

*They will feel the harsh winds of
lost cannonades ripping skin from flesh
only to have it hurled against old, stoney
faces set in steeply worn grooves.*

*Then comes a paucity of grassy figures
seeking solace for their souls in isolated tufts
who can brag of finding a single
flower clinging to rocks*

rocks that insist on blooming fields of fireweed
to soothe the unquenchable thirst that
garners volcanoes spewing worlds of
myriad chasms filling with
torrents and storms arched over
to feel the wild depths of a desert sky

Our neophytes, now ready for a fall
into wisdom, are adapting strategies
that seem closer to home. They
are not going to be going— “a little
farther on...”
or “watching lightning flashes in dark
prisons...” there is suffering
enough in those darkened caverns emancipating human
freedom—
in nurturing both differences
and indifferences and allowing
both to grow together or asunder;
awakening is necessary, as is
emergence from too much resting in
“forbidden shadows”!

The time has come seek a glowing
tower, named Valhalla!

Valhalla! Oh Valhalla!

We’ve imagined you to be the very epicenter
of these northern lights that illuminate
the holy paths—leading us to stake our claim
that most sacred flame of all: an invitation
to the triumphant ball that celebrates us all!!

There you will find an end to all
dreaded medications!!
—an end, indeed, to all required
treatments and superfluous
surgeries, procedures, and operations

You will come to know and love
Valhalla’s “bountiful prescription”
they inform you, then invite you
to enjoy the outcomes they will
give you

So, let us raise a toast to Valhalla’s
glowing bye and bye.
And, to insure that all who wish
to attain Valhalla’s glowing by and by
know that what is needed
for Valhalla;
is all of you
and all of I!

