

2011 A Dialogue between Kel Valhaal and the Reign Array by Hunter Hunt-Hendrix

Kel Valhaal raised his skinny mouth and spoke:

My eyes are poached and their yellow running pupils are blue dripping tears
On my belt I wear seven spinning orbs which vary in weight and material
My fingers are made of marble
I am not an orphan - I am before and beyond orphanhood
I have been separated from nothing; I was never attached to anything
I own the orphanage. I am the foster parent of 500 bluebirds
I am the Admiral in Command of 37 vessels made of eiderdown

My stigmata is an absolute value, a positive, a slow orgasm
Squeezing them, I anoint virgin breasts with my fresh black blood
Pink aureolas peek through my hand-wounds
I caress thighs, hides, rhododendrons, piles of sand and chain links indiscriminately
My fresh black blood washes away the distinguishing features of whatever it touches,
leaving behind a perfect amniotic blank, faintly glowing and slightly throbbing

(after a pause, he continued)

My hands are the night
I hang constellations which I cannot fathom all across the sky like a spider spinning her web
I am resting my drowsy head at every moment. My drowsy brow twitches as my imaginings drag
me through the tundra
My temples have already been destroyed and forgotten before I have laid the first brick
I am not an immoralist, I am not a freethinker, I take no part in the revaluation of values or the
revolution of volutions.
Everything that has been known to be God has fallen away.
The Pleroma has been extracted from my white blood cells and stored away in a vial made of
cubic zirconia (so they tell me)

I love with infinite earnestness despite the current cultural climate
Every black drop of my blood is a blue tear expressing ecstatic gratitude.
My JPEGs are embedded with more information than I realize
I have no answers; I have no questions
My black blood is constantly whispering all the answers at a low volume
I am movement. My halo is a rapier and my white robe is a forest of statistics

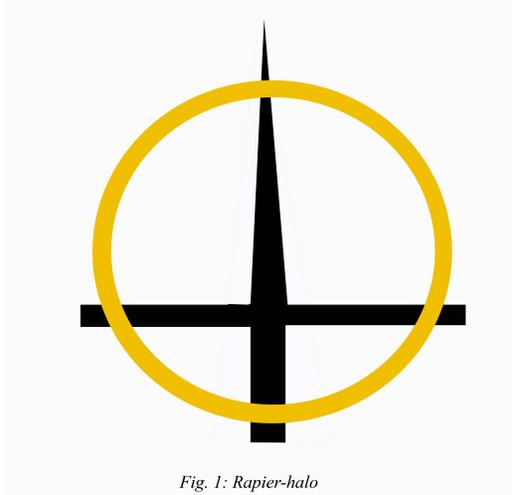


Fig. 1: Rapier-halo

So spoke Kel Valhaal. He retracted his lips and reclined on his couch. He groaned and his rapier-halo whirled like a disk of fire.

Reign Array stood up to speak. His tongue strained with uranium-strength fighting with the utmost gravity. He began:

You tear down the wallpaper with which we wrapped you at birth

You have dishonored the name of Ascesis

You have attracted the attention of American Eagle, American Express, Virgin Atlantic and all their subsidiaries

The cat-o-nine-tails is searching for you. She has asked about you in every quarter of the globe

Each of her nine tails has slithered across the globe to search for you under different guises

And the tails' names are: Honor, Charity, Kerygma, Process, Laurel, Ambition, Zion, Stonewall and Larynx

The nine tails braid and unbraid in proportion to her excitement level.

The Verizoniacom has claimed damages of over 800 billion carnations

The Valkyries are after you and they know you are weakening

You have become a monoculture and your soil is depleted of nutrients

According to the hospital you checked yourself out against the advice of the Surgeon General

You were last seen in the form of a stag with a blazing rapier-halo leaping across the rocks in the Amethyst Zone

You stopped by Big Sur on the way to LA but did not tour the Hearst Castle

Your name is not in our records and your GPS signal charts sudden movements which seem impossible

Yesterday you were wandering in Riga before suddenly leaping to Katowice

You were in Beirut and Chang-sha simultaneously

You were seen in Helsinki (visual contact) while your signal had you located in Scottsdale, AZ

Kel,

(and saying this, Reign rested his oak-hand upon Kel's rapier-halo with tenderness)

You don't know yourself - and I mean this in two respects: horizontal and vertical.

First: You are a whirlpool, a carousel, a roulette wheel.

Within, you contain multiple discrete heterogenous states, only one of which is active at any moment,

and none of which suspects the existence of the others.

You climb around on your own gears, unable to see the total machine that you are

Secondly, there are higher selves that you could cultivate, if only you had faith True, the immediate effects of discipline are frustration, boredom and pain

(Reign paced to the left and right with his hands clasped behind his back as he spoke)

But there is a long-term effect, a development to a height that cannot be conceived in advance - not until one has reached this very height.
Have faith in me and I will lead you there. Afterwards you will understand, kick the ladder down and wear a sash upon which it is written:
"Neurons that Fire Together Wire Together"
Hear my song.

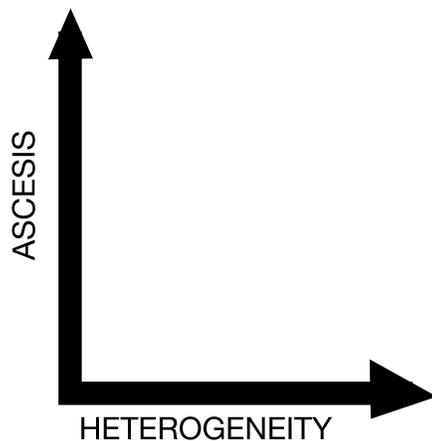


Fig. 2: Kel's non-knowledge

Reign Array began to sing, intoning:

I am the tie that binds.
I am the great trellis.
I am the roman sandal wrapping around the ankles.
I am the beekeeper, the cleaning-lady, the boat, the hat on the captain's head and the personal trainer at the local gym
I breath Time and my vision is Property
I kindle the flame. I am the anvil and the hammer.
I bring the water from a boil towards evaporation
Have you no use for me?
Have you no use for me?

Here his eyes became rapier-halos and his tongue began to wriggle like a lasso. He loquated, issuing his Parthean shot:

Perhaps you think you have no use for me, perhaps you want no part of me.
But you are always a part of me. You are one of the packets on my abdomen.
You were born from my thigh. I first fed you with my rib.
You gnawed upon me with tender gums. We are always skyping. You are the wriggling eel of my tongue!

Rapier-haloed Kel awoke and replied:

I heard nothing of your speech.
Your e-commerce goes on without my participation or my knowledge
I am a strip of seitan in a bowl of steamed vegetable which has always been and always will be
I am a monstrous face-tat which I myself wear
I say "yes" with resoluteness and "no" with alacrity
I harmonize with myself using magical scales of my own invention
I am the crust-punk of the closed eye
I am the steam-punk of the postindustrial devolution
I breath the Holy Spirit of Universal Emancipation
I bulge and cause the walls to crack
I am a star-hanging steam-roller
I chain myself to a lovely tree
I need my wingspan and my rapier-halo, nothing more



Fig. 3: The Black Blood

I have forgotten your language, which communicates nothing
I have disavowed my 5 senses because they slice my experience into portions which were
allocated unfairly
I have disavowed all cross-sections
I am the Sovereign of my own worm and I declare that all my subjects are heretofore emancipated
from citizenship anywhere
I decline to bid farewell to that which never was

To Be Continued...