

The Owl & Heron Newsletter

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The Final Ragnarök Has Begun

Paco Mitchell

I confess. I do not really enjoy Norse mythology.

Yes, I know I'm being idiosyncratic, but it's the truth. I do not like the spelling of those non-Latinate names, loaded as they are with cloudy, rainy consonants, such as Mjólnir, Nidggoggr, Ithavillir and so forth. Clearly, too many consonants. And, although it ends in a vowel, we could even throw in Snotra, for good measure.

No, I prefer sunny Mediterranean vowels in the names of my antique, pagan gods, names such as Osiris, Isis and the Bennu Bird.

But when I read a *poem* that Russell Lockhart had written and posted on his blog, a poem derived from a dream he'd had featuring one of those Norse names, I had to change my tune. The Norse name was *Ragnarök*, referring to "The Fate of the Gods," or as "The Battle at the End of the World."

Despite my irrational linguist's dislike of too many consonantal clusters, I had learned enough about the Nordic myths to know at least in simple terms what Ragnarök was about.

As if to confuse matters further, however, Russ's dream applied an adjectival modifier to "Ragnarök" that drove its point home in a major way—down to the bone, as it were. The adjective was "*final*." Thus, we can reasonably name the dream "*the final Ragnarök*."

But before we reach the gist of my comments, we should first clarify what is implied by an *unmodified* Ragnarök.

In most archaic traditions—mythic or religious—multitudes of gods, goddesses and spirits have typically abounded. This primordial attitude viewed the world as holy, as sanctified, imbued with spiritual powers and

presences. There were sacred oaks, sacred groves, sacred grottos, sacred springs, sacred rocks, sacred promontories, sacred mountains, etc.

By contrast, it should be apparent that our modern world today is deeply profaned, deeply de-sanctified, deeply being sold out for *money*.

As I said, my first exposure to that dream came in the form of a *poem* Russ posted on his blog. Why a poem? Because dreams and poems are very close cousins. They illuminate one another. And like all good poems, this one *suggested* more than it *explained*.

Like dreams, poems should be taken symbolically, not literally. And the ambiguity of their images should be welcomed, invited to spur the imagination. Given the sheer scope of this particular dream—for I regard it as global, to the point of being mythical—I would say that the dream addresses itself to humanity in general, though it presented itself to Russ Lockhart personally. After all, *someone* has to receive these mysterious missives.

From the moment I first read about the “final Ragnarök,” the image slammed me so hard I felt it could have been my own dream. How could that be? Wasn’t I being presumptuous? After all, when we think of dreams at all, giving them the slightest bit of credence, don’t we think of them as epitomizing the dreamer’s most inward and strictly personal thoughts, feelings and emotions? There’s considerable skill involved just in *listening* to someone else’s dream, let alone *commenting* intelligently on it. How much more risk is involved when the dream has widespread, even global, relevance?

My answer? A *lot* more risk, I suspect.

But I am convinced that the world situation is reaching such a state of crisis, rising so fast, that bold steps must be taken and risks must be faced, if even a few of us are to have a chance—not of solving the global crisis—but of *preparing ourselves* for what humanity is about to undergo. In fact, I will go a step further, and report an intuition that came to me recently.

But first, a comment on the word “crisis,” which comes from *krisis*, the Greek term for “decision” or “decisive point.” One use of that word attaches to its medical application, as in “the turning point of a disease.”

When I say the world situation is “in crisis,” I use the term advisedly; that is, the entire world is suffering from a disease, and we are passing

through a “critical” phase. There will likely be no unwinding the disease, no backing up to the *status quo ante*, no restoration of the “old normal.” We may get through the crisis, to some extent, but I fully expect that, as long as I live, I will be seeing an ever-worsening cascade of novel, unexpected and deeper crises. I do not look forward to it.

The intuition of which I spoke is both simple and portentous, and it fits snugly within my opening title: “*The final Ragnarök has begun.*”

In other words, ***what we fear is already happening.***

Russ’s dream did not say how much “time” this final Ragnarök will require—i.e., “how much longer will the process take?” We can’t really say, of course. I would guess the answer is: “However long it takes.”

I say that, because my studies over the years suggest we have already passed several systemic “tipping points,” i.e., points of no return, points of irreversibility. This has to do with what are called “runaway feedback loops.”

In commenting on his dream, Russ has already pointed out that all other “Ragnarökian” end-of-the-world myths, invariably incorporate a “*new beginning,*” however modest. A single shoot of green grass is all it takes to signal that the myth of a new world is *guaranteed*. We should realize, however, that *anything bearing the name of Ragnarök* implies a widespread *death of the gods*—with or without a shoot of green grass. This is cataclysmic, due to the *loss and derangement of values*—and it’s what my intuition says we are already undergoing.

En este momento.

Already.

Right now.

Therefore, *now* is the time to begin studying and preparing for the *final Ragnarök*—for after that, according to Russ’s dream, there will be no further opportunities.

And the best ways of carrying out those preparations?

Dream states, or dream-like states.

Or poems.

Or art.