

# ARGOS

*Collection of Kosmic Poems*



JACOB ADLER



# ***If Only***

---

If only I could write

One True Sentence

If only I could live One True Line

If only I could catch One Big Fish

And bring it upon the Shore

If only I could pour

One Glass of Byron's Wine

I know you would Smile

# **ARGOS**

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# ***10.000 years***

---

We will meet every day  
In The Tail of the Fish  
To take an Early Times dive  
Into the state of affairs  
For the next 10.000 years

We will resist the G-men as  
Partisans from the mountains  
Until the level of ppm

Is back to normal again  
For the next 10.000 years  
  
We will accelerate by  
Digging Wormholes in  
Space and Time to  
Raise Consciousness  
For the next 10.000 years

And when finally there will be  
One Earth, One People,  
One World Citizen and

Jus Gaia will prevail,  
We will retreat to Pacifica  
  
We can finally finish that  
Puzzle of 10.000 pieces,  
Walk along the beach,  
Listen to 'Terrapin' and  
Be at Home, my friend



## *Dig a Wormhole*

---

There is a Wormhole in  
Groninger Street,  
no one knows who put it there,  
actually, no one noticed except for  
this Somali taxi driver.

An outspoken immigrant wearing  
thick jambottle glasses, driving an  
old fashioned taximeter Nissan.

Born in Mogadishu where his father  
worked for the Federal Ministry  
until he fled with his family to  
Cape Town when the extremists  
were flooding the streets.

His daughter born downtown  
in the Groote Schuur hospital,  
his father buried at the cemetery  
between the old Boer farmers  
who explored the newfound land.

Have you ever dug a Wormhole, Son

Have you ever dug a Wormhole?

There is a Wormhole in

Grooninger Street,

steer around it carefully,

when you fall inside you might

accelerate your personal

space and time,

between the not well maintained

ruby red houses and halal shops.

Sooner or later people will start to  
disappear and pop-up again  
at Diggersclub Grove, near  
a white office building, standing tall  
with an Aboriginal painting  
in the hall,  
the so-called Ministry of Truth,  
Beauty and Affluency.

There is a Somali taxi driver  
bringing you to Mushroom Reef,

with a kookaburra in  
the Moonah tree,  
wallabies and wombats  
at the lagoon,  
and a Woodie  
knocking at your door.

Have you ever dug a Wormhole, Son

Have you ever dug a Wormhole?



## *Four Goddesses*

---

Four Goddesses on a mountain top,  
attendants holding prayer flags.

One riding  
a three-legged mule,  
one cloud-borne,  
one riding a pig,  
one riding a camel

Brandishing a scroll, hair curls,  
petal earrings and a thunderbolt.

I am your Dharma,  
I am your Sangha,  
at your desire.

I am your Dharma,  
I am your Sangha,  
at your desire.

## *Postman Nobility*

---

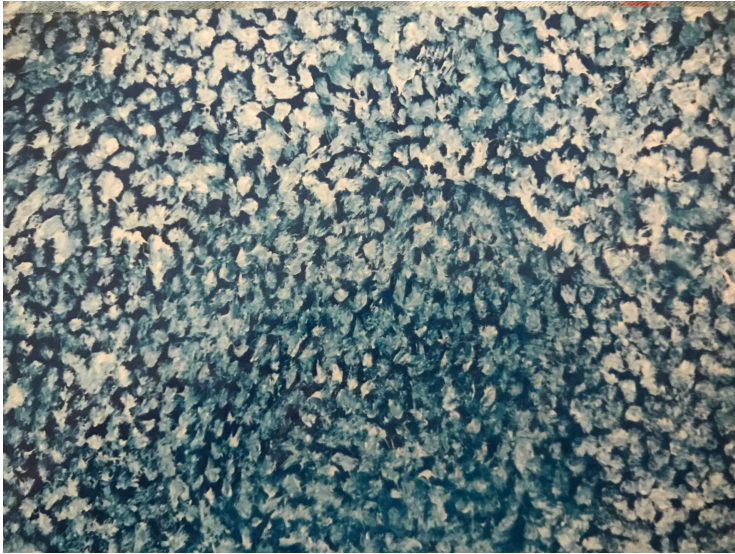
Painter of misty landscapes,  
self-portrait with owl  
and a white dead bird, sneak,  
legs and toes upright in the air,  
staying in our Sanatorium at  
Doonstreet, died of tuberculosis  
just three weeks before  
my dear mother was born,

now sharing the same graveyard,  
three meters apart,  
with a path in between.

And when I stand right there,  
I feel the shivers running  
through my spine, this  
continuity of life and death,  
life and death,  
that takes your breath away.

Do shadows merge when they  
overlap, time-rings of the same  
mulberry tree?

Turned into paper to write  
silent letters, dreams of  
towering castles in the air,  
boxless shoebox dioramas,  
a true sense of Postman Nobility.



# *The Sky is Blue Today*

---

The Sky is Blue Today

Yes

There is a Cow in the Field

Yes

Water is Wet

Yes

The floor creaks

Bookpiles on the stairs

Dry flowers between the pages

Yes

The cherry wood desk

A sleigh bed in the corner

The white cotton dress

Yes

Pockets full of stones

Still Life above the stove

Poems left in the drawer

Yes

The Sky is Blue Today

Yes

There is a Cow in the Field

Yes

Water is Wet

Yes



# *A Symphony of Thousand Dreams*

---

I did my regular swimming  
early at dawn,  
the colour of water reflecting  
the heavens above  
My neighbor passed by with  
his little dog,  
both looking as bold as a  
white Sphynx cat

I read the newspaper  
early in the morning,  
global warming now  
point 4 degrees per decade

Went 2 rounds around the lake  
to meet my friend  
whose father fought at  
the Battle of Britain

We laughed about the Germans  
going to war again

straight through Poland to  
combat the Russians  
and the madness of building  
nuclear power plants  
to provide energy for  
artificial intelligence

I watched an old video on  
Steve Prefontaine,  
he died in a car accident after  
coming centimeters short  
of winning a bronze medal

at the '72 Olympic Games

A long-distance runner  
who inspired my LA friend  
to go to the University of Oregon,  
where I met him and he  
completely changed my life  
into a hallucinating reality

I read a stellar blue book  
late in the afternoon  
which reminded me

of long times past,  
of the girl I loved with the violin  
necklace who tried to commit  
suicide 7 times

We enjoyed leftovers  
from yesterday's dinner,  
bobotie with vegan chocolates  
as dessert

My wife requested to water  
our jungle garden, tomorrow  
when the birds start singing

I went to bed rather late  
in the evening,  
another day of resonating  
sound and mirrors,

a Symphony of Thousand Dreams,  
until I sleep in your arms again

A Symphony of Thousand Dreams,  
until I sleep in your arms again

# *Fire in the Barn*

---

One day

We meet in memory of

those deceived

In memory of our shared ancestors

We are all made of Stardust,

you know

We are all made of Love

We are all One Noble Family

The next day

This sudden Fire in the Barn

The brigade comes rushing in

The shed left into ashes

The horses are fine though

The house, good luck, still standing

Not even a chicken got roasted

We realize

One spark and we are gone

One spark and we are ashes

So let's cherish these

moments together



à mon frère Evert

# *Hungerstein*

---

Kadzeng, kadzeng, kadzeng,  
60.000 newspapers an hour  
Rhythmically saturating,  
With swift Industrial Schwung,  
The world with meaning.

Now degraded to age old iron,  
The scent of printing ink  
Left behind in the empty hall.

The employees who ordered  
The paper, planned the production,  
Embraced writers, poets, editors,  
Left with an arrangement.

As a child I feared  
The deafening noise,  
Now I fear the deafening content.

Only 'Hungerstein'

melancholy left:

"Wann du mich siest, dann weine."



# *Who Dares?*

---

Who dares to swim

in a pool of tears?

Who dares to climb

down the ladder

to hear the children scream?

Who dares to let it all in

until they are coming after you?

Who dares to roam

Dante's Inferno

until all hearts are healed?

And if you can't handle it anymore,

your White Blood Cells

start to cook,

ask Virgil to stand in

for a couple of days,

until you are fully recovered.

With all his experience on  
The Other Side,  
we need him here more than ever.



# *Chariots*

---

I see the Black Hand  
drinking coffee in the street  
when the carriage arrives.

I see a radio station seized,  
broadcasting fake news,  
leaving dead bodies behind.

I see a Black Hand  
invisible above our heads,  
taking off its gloves again.

I hear the podcasts  
shout about cockroaches  
that need to be destroyed.

I feel the Black Hand  
accelerate its Rapture,  
leaving the rest behind.

I hear the sound of Chariots  
broadcasted at Midnight,  
when families are fast asleep,  
when families are fast asleep.



# *Ad Infinitum*

---

"I flew chinook helicopters  
in Vietnam —

Forward, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1,

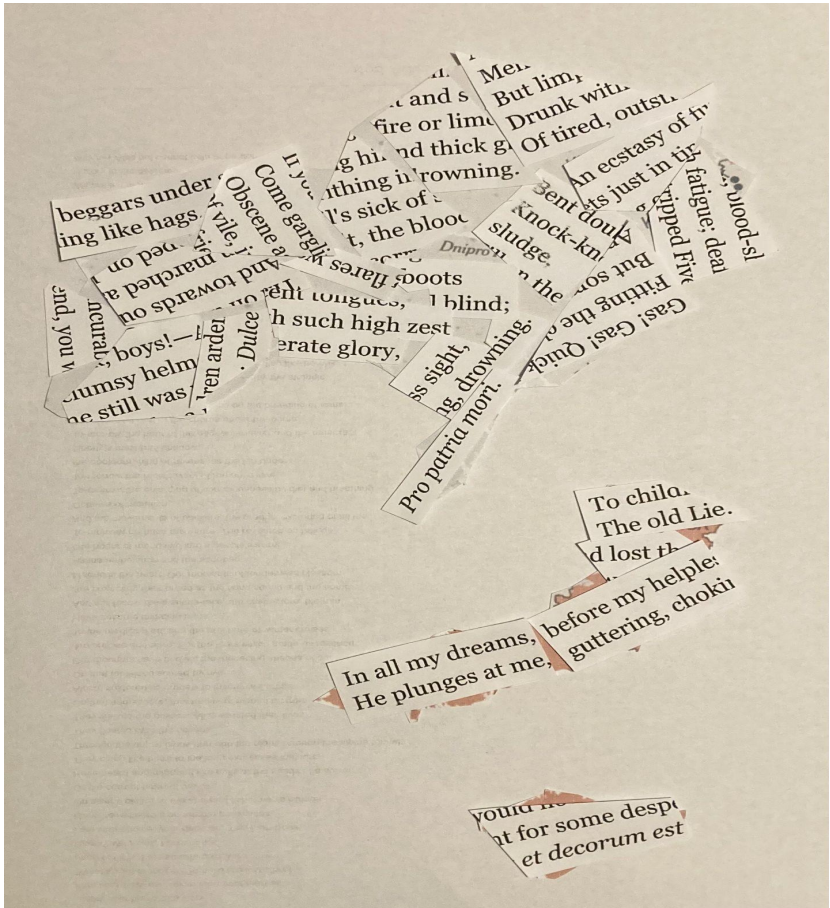
Warren, we are Taking Fire —

Backward, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 —

Ad Infinitum."

# Pro Patria Mori

---



# *She do the Police in Different Voices*

---

Unforgotten, Angel Wainaina

Unforgotten, rapping your

powerful songs

Fiercely from the slums of Nairobi

Your poetry made your

listeners shiver

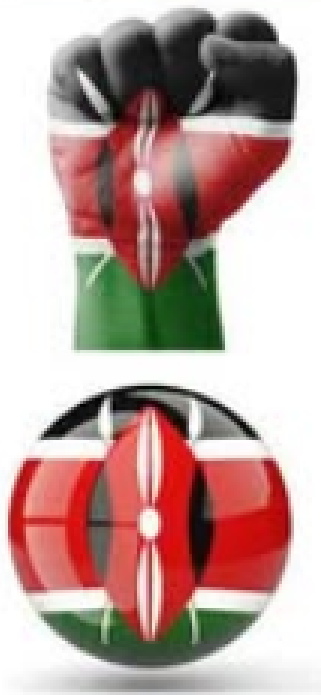
Kids from Kibera and Mathare

Unforgotten on Ghetto Radio  
with 'Chanuka Dada',  
Empowering Sisters  
Kenya's first female  
Master of Ceremony  
Fighting injustice and poverty  
An underground celebrity  
Who could resist  
your humble charm?

You died tragically  
In the Nakumatt supermarket fire  
Identified by your 3FM T-shirt  
Since the security guards  
Had closed the doors,  
to prevent looting

A beautiful free spirit,  
in your traditional garb  
Why did your Sheng-voice  
have to die?

Not forgotten by the GenZ's though  
Now fighting the regime  
in the streets



**# 123 712**

---

I got busted in a suburb  
of New Orleans, # 123 712,  
for dropping poems  
in people's mailboxes.

And then it got worse,  
they discovered I was  
a member of a bookclub,  
worse: a Literary Society.

They went through my bank  
transfers and found out I am  
supporting an illegal immigrant  
from Bangladesh, worse:  
a Roiyinga from Birma who  
I had visited in Cox Bazaar.

And there are black birds  
from the U.S.P.R. overwintering  
in my backyard, squeaking  
at night from the washing line.

Executive AI Order:

*“Deported to Camp Liberty.”*



## *Take me Deeper*

---

The Moon is shining in your head  
while you take me by the hand,  
take me into unknown territories,  
take me into your wild foresties,

sudden moments of crystal  
clear light shine through  
when you make your move,  
a Damon from a Magic Theatre,

protected by this  
mysterious woman,  
protected by an Eagle  
whose shadow  
you are together made of,  
  
you take me into the deep  
Void beyond Existence,  
you are drowning me,  
drowning me Down Under

where the piercing eyes of a dire  
wolf stare at me in the dark,

where love is not a guarantee,  
nightmares haunt me in my sleep,  
depressions keep me company,

for madmen only though,  
for madmen only,  
take me deeper.



# *Shipwreck*

---

Of all the possible Universes,  
galaxies, solar systems, planets,  
why did I get shipwrecked here?

I don't speak the language,  
feel like a pristine savage,  
while the inhabitants slowly  
destroy our atmosphere.

They are slowly, no rapidly,  
destroying themselves with  
their Prosperous Magic.

“Be not afraid, the isle is  
full of noises, sounds and sweet airs,  
that give delight and hurt not.”

Why colonize an empty island  
to find your escape from  
accelerating armageddon?

Only Ariel's Dreamtime can  
give Absolute Freedom  
with its Spirit of Compassion.

So finally I can sail home again.



## *Find your Escape*

---

A serene village with 400  
houses upon the hill,  
all connected with authentic  
dirt roads,  
no traffic in between,  
children playing outside  
with their toys  
or riding their bicycle.

The schoolbus bringing them  
to school  
in their shining pink uniform,  
little rucksack on their back,  
girls wearing their hair in braids.

The roofs rolling in the landscape,  
several community pools,  
each house  
has its dining table outside  
and a little shrine within.

A foot volleyball field in the back,  
young lads playing skilfully with  
a plastic hacky sack.

Women with painted faces  
hanging the wash outside,  
children holding your hand  
showing the universal peace sign.

Normally you can not  
pass the barrier,

but one of the school children,  
proud of his house,  
invited us to come and look  
with our own eyes.





# *Firefly*

---

There are three levels  
of sincere depression

First when we get bullied as a kid  
and don't want to live anymore

Second when we don't seem  
to thrive

our Persona doesn't get  
self-actualized

Third, once fulfilled, when you  
start to face this Abyss called death

And let's certainly not forget  
the general depression from  
a day with continuous rain or  
witnessing the world falling apart

No Keats can heal  
neither Shakespeare nor Rilke  
no Buddha, no Christ  
can relieve your mind

Realize you don't really exist  
you get a chance to glimmer  
for one day and night as a Firefly  
then fade away and vanish

Today the Fire burns brightly  
today I can swallow the River  
and scatter seeds  
over the waste land

# *Argos*

---

I had a sudden moment of Double  
Vision in the kitchen,  
saw three tumbling refrigerators

The Basque cheesecake with a  
chocolade French topping  
turned into Eleven

Felt dizzy with loose teeth,  
surrounded by bead trees  
full of Mon strawberries

The Parmentier, prepared for  
a memorable dinner,  
drifted like Mercury

My husband became a puppet on a  
string, sleepwalking on Absinthe

Pots and pans clattering in the  
background, resonating  
arithmetic word whiskers

Mung beans started growing  
rapidly, beyond the

Poppy Lanterns hanging  
in the willow

Please guard them carefully!

Am I an Egyptian, short dark hair,  
a stranger on the earth,  
in the middle of an Echo Mania?

An Arlésienne, thwarted  
because of smoking pipe,  
running out of Camphor?

Do I need lenses to see  
razor-sharp again?

Or is it just a matter  
of Right Perception?

Of Ulysses, returning home,  
whispering: “Yes, Argos”



# *Once in a Blue Moon*

---

Once in a Blue Moon

I can feel

The Stillness

Of the Acacia Tree

Standing tall

In the Field

# Notes

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## 1. Images by the author:

1 Self Portrait with friend

3 Reclining Buddha

8 The Paper Machine

11 Fisherman in Vietnam

Content by R.F.

17 Labour Camp

Backpage 1: Empty Mirror

Backpage 2: Logo

## 2. Other images:

- 2 Aboriginal painting
- 10 Chariot at Angkor Wat
- 12 Content by Winfred Owen  
Dulce et Decorum
- 15 Painting by Champ
- 18 Painting at Chinese Temple



*Secret Rainmaker*  
*designed yet another wet*  
*Paraplu Ballet*



***MOVE FORWARD  
TO EVER HIGHER  
ONENESS***

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