

CHARIOTS

Collection of Kosmic Poems



JACOB ADLER

Plaque of the Untermensch



Half Pint People

Collapse 40 times a second

Meeked and meshed

All over their shoulder

Short curled like a Bonze

From the Book of Esther

This time it's us

Plague of the Untermensch

CHARIOTS

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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.

Finisterre



I once met a man who walked backwards to Finisterre
with on his back a red rucksack.

*Surprisingly, in an age of Energy Transition,
The price of Gaslighting is still free of charge
So we willingly enrich, by and large,
Our minds with pushed information twists*

Inequality = Prosperity

Democracy = Tyranny

Impurity = Purity

Emotion = Rationality

Intelligence = Treason

Justice = Injustice

The Future = The Past

The Press = Suppression

God = Governance

Neo-Liberalism = Religion

Profit = Sustainability

Paris = Fascism

Solidarity = Partition

Truth = Marxism

Vision = A Market Price

Deportation = A Human Right

It is about time that we realize

Absolute Freedom = Our Birthright

A lunar rainbow is on the horizon

The hourglass runs towards Utopia

God is on our site, He has already

Chosen His Beloved Shepherd,

Border Collie for law and order,

The Flock just needs to follow

We can create a lasting Reich

No one has ever seen before

Magic will encompass our lives

There is just one road to Finisterre

Are you a member of the Back Feet Family?
Trusting The Index to rise,
since Back Feet Companies,
with their vulture minds,
just tighten the screws on the little dark hands.
Or are you a Little Dark Head?

I take out a little dark hand

I make it dance

I close it, I open it

I put it down

I take out the other little dark hand

I make it dance

I close it, I open it

I put it down

I take out two little dark hands

I make them dance

I close them, I open them

I put them down

I take out hooded little dark heads

I make them dance

I mock them, I dump them

I put them down the drain

Until all the groines are gone

Or locked up in their siskin homes

Strangely, many of them don't mind the pain,
as long as it can be compensated
by sado-populism from a born again Christian.

Having dinner with his Back Feet & Co
friends, making plans for a Manifest Destiny,
abolish all regulations and promise to
bail them out when things get out of hand.



Appetiser

wine: Mulsum

*salad of cross thistle, mallow, sorrel,
grape hyacinth, cardoon, caraway
and tongues of thrush, sparrow, ortolan,
peacock, coot, flamingo, stork and crane,
in olive oil*

Fish

wine: Setia and Massica

*baccala, pike, mullet, lamprey, sea bass,
gilt head bream, oysters, sea urchin, mussels
with allec sauce and cabbage*

Main dish

wine: Velletri and Alba

*Trojan pork (filled with chicken, eggs and sausage),
donkey, beaver, dormouse, jerk mouse,
ham and stewed vegetables*

Dessert

wine: Mamertine and Sorrente

*sheep and goat cheese, ricotta, pecorino with
grapes, pears, chestnuts, pomegranate,
apricots, nuts, raisins, dates and figs*

**We will deport Aztecs, Mayas, Incas, spitting Llamas,
Democrats and all other lunatic liberal criminals**

*We will transmute just one little gen
to make women into women again,
atomized Ocean Childs,
who want to be touched
by the one-hundred-footsteps-snake.*

I once walked with a friend from Florida,
met him in front of the Pamplona Arena,
who already had plans to move
to the state of Canada,
when the flood comes.

I once walked with a young man from New York
who just worked for Back Feet & Co,
they are expecting to make huge profits,
when the flood comes.

As in Oceania, journalists and poets
are the first to be silenced or
disappear, as you can imagine.

We don't want their graffiti in the streets,
we don't want any other Engagement than
The Index, The Ocean and The Lord.

No worries about elections though,
on the road to Finisterre,
they will bend their head anyhow.

I once met a group of pilgrims
from Tennessee, who took their priest
with them to Compostela
and praised the Lord everyday
somewhere in the field,
praying for me and my family too.

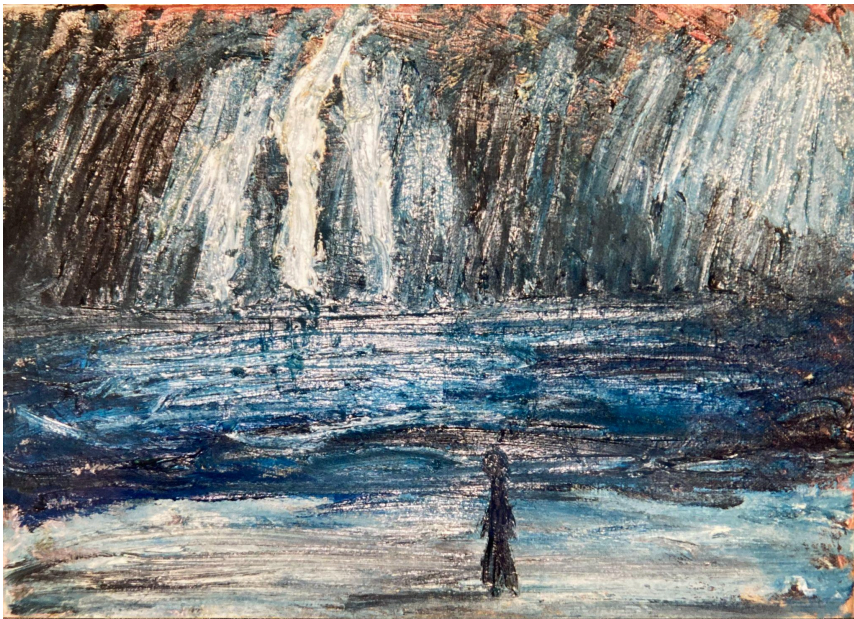
Praise the LORD

- 1. Praise the thunder rumbling in the background*
- 2. Burned my tongue, silencing the Gregorian Graceland*
- 3. I put my Trust in my savior, in his oral judgment*
- 4. We will prepare the Ground, their spirits to depart,
Godspeed to our Warriors, while the Red Army sings*
- 5. Blessed are those whose help is the God of Jacob*
- 6. The LORD will uplift the sea, the fish will flourish,
we keep our faith in the corporate gains*
- 7. The Lord has opened its doors for the poor
and those locked-up at Turtle Island*
- 8. The LORD teaches the blind to keep their
dreams alive and bow for their birthrights*

*9. The LORD shows aliens and women their place,
sustains the children with his psalms*

*10. The LORD reigns the LORD's Kingdom
for generations to come*

*Praise the LORD,
now that the rain pours down on us*



I once met a man who walked backwards to Finisterre
with on his back a red rucksack.

Bring Everybody Home

Cain and Abel *Isaak and Ishmael*



300 miles of Metro tunnels
With or without light becomes
The gruesome place for the next fight
To decide who is The Chosen One
Who belongs to this place of milk and honey

In this darkness I can't see your face
No time for riddles and a ring
Just massacre and demolition
Armageddon until we have won?

Children that kill children
Cut off their heads and limbs
And when they are throwing stones
I perforate their bones

Nobody wants peace anyway
Bad news on election day
Keep the extremes alive and
Our movements will certainly thrive

To strangle in slow motion
Occupy Judea and Samaria as
Written in the Torah, which
Makes our claim to be True
It has been long time due

Destruction by design began
With a plan of eleven man
At The Red House in the White City
Efficient purge management

Contained pain goes underground
Where no justice can be found
Gets transformed into hate
With outbreaks fierce and desperate

Which can be repressed even further
Surge more soldiers and settlers in
With the birthright in our hand
We can cleanse this ancient Land

When your brothers offer a helping hand
I have nukes at my command
Despite The 5-th Commandment
And when you are trying to restrain
I can offer you more pain

With no endgame in sight
Which could benefit both sides
I can stay supreme with a court run
By my Lord and the UN pushed aside

Even though our parents are the same
And our Lords have just a different name
We keep justifying our own pain
For which the other is to blame

In eternity, how can we clean this up?
Create conditions for normal lives?
Where all children can thrive
In a just, safe and sound community

A new Crossroad lies ahead
Leave the Shoah at the Wall
The Nakba at the Dome
Build two States around Jerusalem
Bring Everybody Home

Let a Kosmic city arise at the shore
Out of the ashes of the war
Water and plant olive trees at the drying Bank
And tear down those (mental) walls, my friends

Let the children hold their hands
A shared future in their dreams and imagination
Build together this Promised Land
Same blood running through your veins

When extremism gets in the way, inspired
By Torah or Koran, fight it together
And one day Yahweh and Allah will say
I Am The Other One

In the end
Oneness
Will prevail

With a Metro
To Hebron
And Bethlehem

No more
Tunnelvision
Just mutual
Kosmic
Liberation

Only one riddle
Will remain

What's your
Original Name

At the First and
Final Station?

Gaza Radio

Targeted Sonnet

Mousa Al Barsh

Yaacoub Al-Barsh

Yahya Abu Manih

Assem Al-Bursh

Husam Mubarak

Ahmed Shehab

Huthaifa Lulu

Mohammed Abu Ali

Zayd Abu Zayed

Heba Al-Abadla

Jamal Haniyeh

Duaa Sharaf

Iyad El-Ruwagh

and Ayat Khadoura

Ayat's last message to the world:

*“We had big dreams
but our dream now is
to be killed in one piece
so they know who we are.”*

Their tongue, their taste of words,
will never be heard again.

I suggest 1 minute of silence
on all radio stations worldwide.

In honour of those who died,
often with their spouse,
family and/or children,
dedicated to Gaza Radio.

Jesus of Gazareth

Jesus was a true Palestinian
educated by the Essenes
He had short curly brown hair
wearing a black and white keffiyeh
wrapped around his neck

A simple farmer and fisherman
tilling the land with a donkey and a plow
maintaining the soil with a rake and a hoe
harvesting the wheat with a scythe and a sickle

He kept some olive trees too
picking the olives with his bare hands
together with his wife, family and friends
telling them the one and only Truth

Those in authority hit him,
all tied up, with a cedar stick
until he died the life of a righteous Martyr
whose Kingdom is still at hand

Area C

Went with rattling red bus 53
to Area C, passing the regular
roadblocks, settlements above,
villages below, to hike through
the Wadi Valley along the Qelt river.

A green oasis between limestone
desert hills, herons and eagles
flying high with a view of the Dead Sea.
Date palm trees at the banks, gazelles,
snakes, foxes and scorpions in the sand.

Scented wild mint, goats, sheep and
an old canal leading to an Ottoman
house with a blossoming garden.
Layers of history at sight, ruins,
an aqueduct and Bedouin caves.

Passed a monastery hanging in the rocks
with monks wearing creosote black ropes
and finished the hike visiting the ruins
of the Emerald Palace of King Heroz,
near the oldest and lowest city known.

Three sources emerge in the valley,
one without a Heart,
one without a Brain,
one without Courage,
although it is the same Lapis Lazuli.

Which cave hides the Holy Grail?
Ask the expelled Bedouin,
roaming freely in a Glass Bowl,
taking their Secret with them,
as the Area C desert wind howls.

Solomon 4

Children's shoes, a ladies handbag,
photo of a married couple,
an insurance policy, laundry detergent,
a tub, fur coat, hug, a child's bicycle,
right next to the convenience store

Remnants left bringing the Bull
back to its Essence, with the
helping hand of a german shepherd

Dark coloured Almondmen, arms spread wide,
squeezing hope from fallen stones

Before: Harlequin with Qanun,
entertaining strangers
After: the Massacre

The Eyes of Azrael, wearing a dress,
shining bright in Lebanon's NN-zone

Gusts of wind and a Dead Horse screaming
at the Exhibition of Solomon 4

Christophorus



Carrying a little Child
On your back through a wild river,
Getting heavier step by step

Or maybe there is no water left,
Only cracks on the river bed,

Flat lungfishes lying on their back
If you are lucky there is no flood
Washing away houses, bridges, goats,
Chicken, women, children and poets

Maybe an idea to start collecting
One male and female from every specimen left
And put them in the belly of an Ark

This is not a biblical story from the past
But Noah's vision ages ahead,
Still leading to the mountain of Ararat

To cross a coloured sea that has
Risen many meters would have
Drowned even the chosen people

God created the earth in seven days,
The Dutch polderized their own country.
Although, as we start to realize,

Just only for a couple of centuries.
In the beginning there was The Word
And God will have the last One too

There will be many climate refugees,
The people of the Low Lands can join them
Moving into Northern Siberia,

Nova Zembla or even Antarctica,
Habitable by that time, a simple matter
Of transition through adaptation

The little Child will look around
In astonishment of what his followers
Have done to His beloved planet

Christophorus, born Reprobus,
The giant from Canaan, is
Crossing the river Jordan with

This Consciousness on his back,
Weighing heavier with every step
Without the other shore anywhere in sight

Seems quite hard to make it
Even though there will be loads of
Displaced helping to carry The Weight

Black Cat, White Butterfly



Black cat on the terrace foreshadows
The emerging nuclear threat,
Dark clouds closing in,
No place to hide when
The Hurricane begins

Ultra illiberal theocracy in support
Of religious extremism, oppression and
Medieval orthodox war violence,
Never felt so frightened before,
Proverbs knocking on our door

God in the time of cholera
Seems more powerful than ever
Deciding who will live
And who will die
Destruction by creative design

I long to hide at an ancient tribe
And dance with the medicine man
To beg our ancestors
To reanimate Homo Sapiens
With some basic rationality again

I long to cook a magic soup
And serve it to all politicians
To fight religious fanaticism,
Horrendous nationalism and
The neo fascist movements

I'll stay in the wilderness for a while
Wonder if I will ever come back
To witness mankind move ahead,
Instead of regressing into
The darkest of times and hours

White butterfly gives hope for the flowers at
The grave and photo all around, to pollinate
And spread the words being silenced

In the streets people are demonstrating
Against the cultural normalization of
X-enophobia and the call for deportation

In the eighties people demonstrated against
The growing threat of nuclear weapons, now
More real than ever, on our continent

Let us pray the white butterflies will find
Their Kosmic Way to support the fight
Against these new depressing realities

We desperately need straws to hold onto,
Little points of light and the hope
For some kind of Butterfly Effect

Since what's left for you and me
Is feeling helpless, longing for
Some sweet honey from the flowers

Unchain

What did we Unchain?
Running through our brains
Children feeling the pain
Fundamental Climate Change

KGB-agent with no shame
Can Unchain what is profane
A bloody war in Ukraine
Just gaining some terrain

Evolution just a silly game
Of a monolithic Brain
Nothing to explain or attain
No Heart feeling the pain

Water turned into wine
Running through our veins
No spacetime to Unchain
Fundamental Kosmic Change

Mandala of Sand and Water

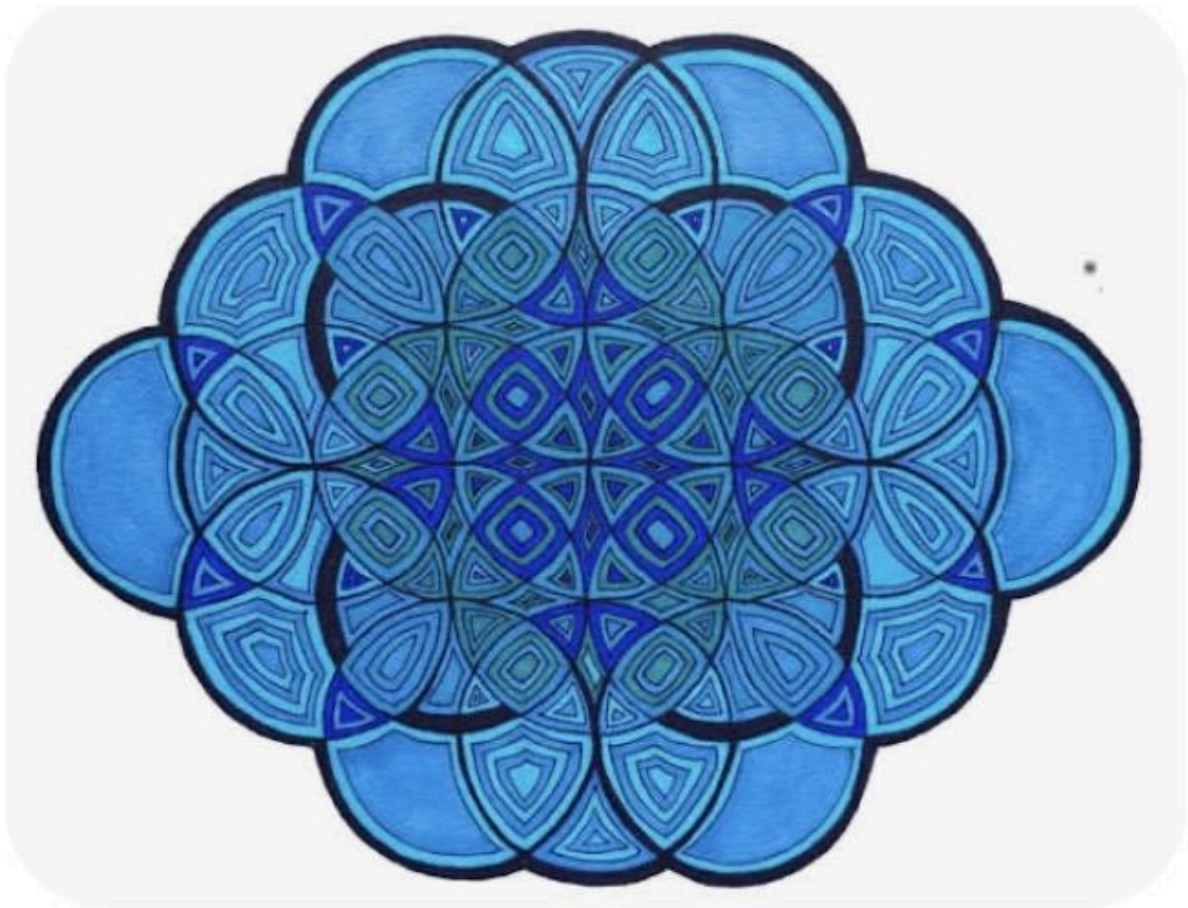


It takes years for a 322 Buddhist Order
to build a Mandala of black sand,
to acquire Matrix dominance,
until it's blown in the wind

at an instance.

It takes years to build a Mandala
of clean water, out of 200 million
possibilities, until I can carry it
with me in my Katanga jerrycan

to the Merry-go-Round.



Envelope

Sitting with a white shirt
on a wobbly white chair
surrounded by moisty grey walls,
the leopards eating my face.

Dreams now
have to be found
in the winding
leaf gnaw marks
of the blackberry
miner moth
or the raspberry
gall midge.

Send their tracks
in an Envelope
with many stamps
from my old German collection
to my friends at Turtle Island.

Labyrinth



A challenge to take Einstein and
Kant together in one sentence.

“Making mental connections between
a labyrinth of sense impressions is not
the same as comprehending the world.”

As Kant essentially makes clear:
"Setting up an external world without
comprehensibility is senseless."

It leads to a world in which people want
to pyramid their pleasure and long for
a government that supports their comfort.

A trembling mob voting with their feet
for any populist leader, to stay in their
labyrinth without ends, close to the
monstrous Minotaur of Knossos.

Half bull he fought lack of control
with his horns, swept truths from the table
with his tail, perverted equality with his balls,
trampled the environment with his hooves,
thrilling the crowd inside the labyrinth.

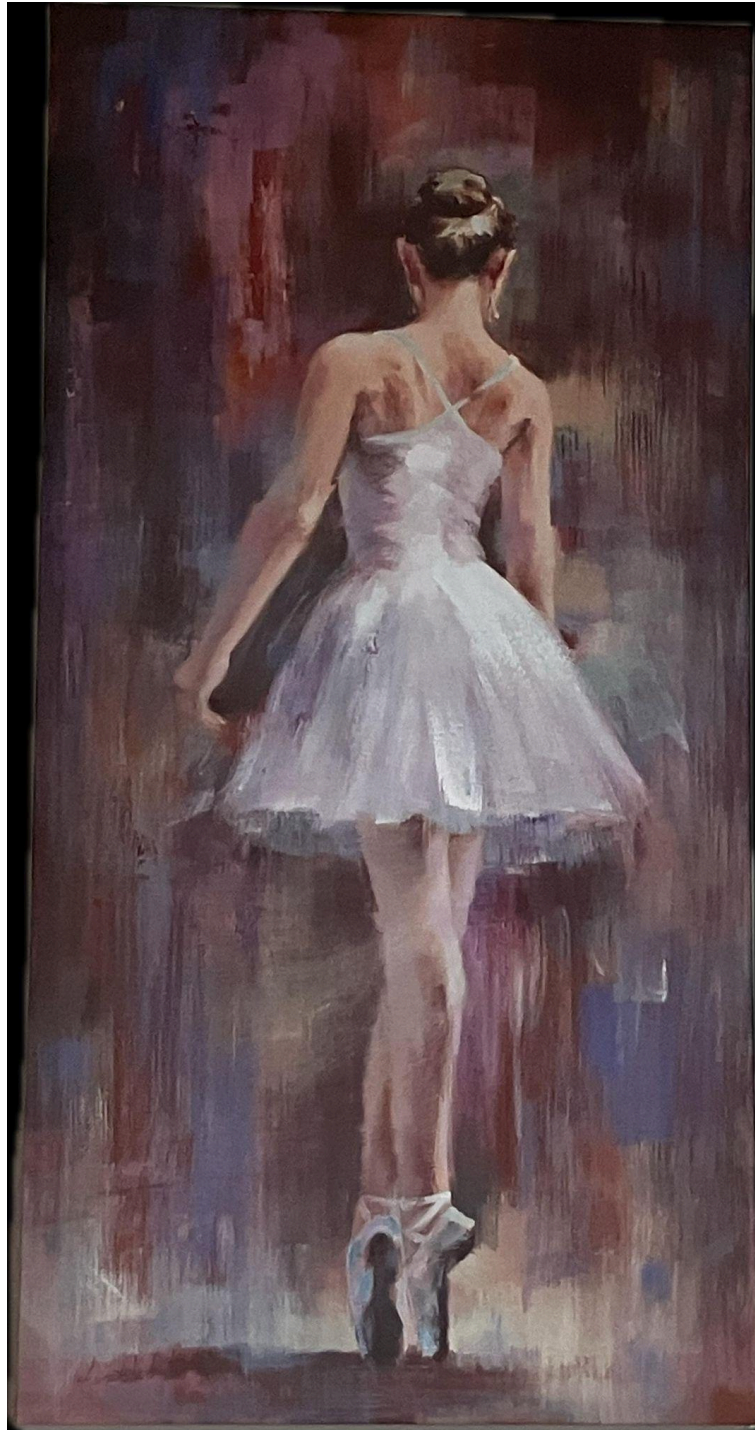
In the end Theseus killed him after an epic battle and sailed safely home again.

Such a pleasure to walk through the hills of ancient Crete, the penetrating scent of wild thyme and lavender all around.

Hopefully these senses lift you out of the labyrinth, to realize that it is you
Yourself who smells so delicate.

Tragically, you see, Theseus deed did not finish the job, we are still in dire need of Real Comprehensibility.

Grand Sujet



And in the End
The fearless Warrior wins
Wins over Ayatollahs,
over Rabbi's
over Missiles
over Dogma's

Oh Foolish Lover
The one that Flies
With Silverhammer Wings
Which don't break any bones

Come dance with Me
Dance with Me the Grand Sujet
Watch the blue sunset
With your Avatar Eyes

Serve the green pea soup
With your Avatar Smile,
Sense the Skylight,
And drop the Knives

Leave your silly ills behind
Gather around My Grave
Where you can find
The open door to Paradise

Notes

1. Images produced by the author:

a. Poems:

2	Riding backwards
	Still Life
	Thunderstorm
3	Cain and Abel
8	Christophorus
9	Black Cat, White Butterfly
13	Knossos Bull

b. Backpage 1: Empty Mirror

c. Backpage 2: Logo

2. Images from other sources:

a. Poems:

1	Part of wall in Angkor Wat
11	Mandala's
14	Ballerina, unknown painter



Secret Rainmaker
designed yet another wet
Paraplu Ballet



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

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