

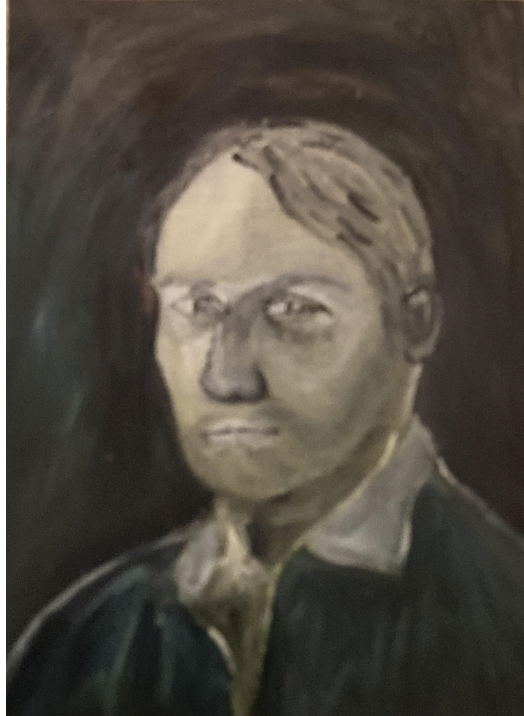
DOLORES

Collection of Kosmic Poems



JACOB ADLER

Today



It's your Duty
To enter The Sacred Territory
Of Perceptual Fill-In
To walk slowly but steadily
And Unveil the staggering Beauty
Of the Unlimited Manifestation
Of the Shared Vision Centre
To Embody the Religion
Of Tomorrow Today

DOLORES

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Aurora Gaia

We are just a Dream inside a Bulbul's Deep Sleep

Chinese Proverb



She doesn't walk steadfast yet,
still needs a hand and several pauses,
insecure in her footsteps,
uncertain of her direction,

but with the green Northern Light circling
the horizon, new kosmic cities will arise,
no skyscrapers though but
cities of serenades, sonatas,
majestic madrigals,
arias and aubades,

because now we know that
without birds cities fall apart,
as with other wildlife or
elegant Pentecost bridges
over meandering rivers.

Picture Aurora Gaia's Alliance,
from Vancouver to Wladiwostok,
a Civilization sharing human values,
sustainable ecology, bardonomics
and the Trust in the Growth
of Gross National Happiness.

Birds of Paradise sing
only in the hands that
make the entire Globe Spin,
Aurora's footsteps are getting
more and more solid,
I can feel the tears rising
when she is starting to run.

Log(0)



Exponential Growth
of spiritual intelligence,
is the outcome of $\log(0)$,
of buying organic pear juice
at the Northern market,
having a memorial last
dinner at Da Marco's,
wearing the death mask
of Tutankhamun,
simply because
we are stronger.

The Way of Negative Capability

*"I mean, Negative Capability, that is when a man
is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries,
doubts, without any irritable reaching
after fact and reason."*

John Keats

If you want to carry The Ring
You need Negative Capability
They will offer you everything
And call it fact and reason
The Way through the swamp of
Devouring and devastating Hungerland
The Way through the chilly mountains
With insufficient oxygen
Where your brain dies off
Where you lose your vision
The Way through the dark continent
The gutters of Kibera slum, in fact
Any other Ghetto, in fact The Way
Through the Dark Night of the Soul

I. Defiance



First you are nurtured by your Mother,
Then you become one of the Wolfbrothers,
To be finally born as a Kosmic Child.
In fact, you never stopped being a child,
But had to remember and learn

New skills needed for this world,
To carry the Weight like Christophorus.

So let me take you by the hand
And lead you through the narrow
Cobblestone streets of Rome,
To bring the Senate to its knees,
To make them face Reality,
To make them take Responsibility,
And Clean Up this mess.

So We can have some delicate
Cherry Garcia icecream,
Just around the corner,
And be completely Free, at last.

We, Kosmic Children with a ticket
For this Mystical Journey, descendants
Of Eve, who have accomplished Everything,
Endlessly recycling our Being,
Like a Phoenix rising from Its ashes.

II. Divine Anger



How can we protect ourselves
From the muscular Giant Grazers,
From their corrupt exploitation,
From alpha lambda humiliation?

How can we carry the Weight
Of righteous indignation
As sensitive spiritual beings?
I suggest to plant hedges

Of sharp spiny bushes
Around our humble crofts,

Like hawthorn, blackthorn,
Spur wood, dog weed,
Wild pear and eglantine.

Especially hawthorn, its blossoms have
A heavy sweet scent, fiery red berries
For medicine and the seasoning
Of old genever and delicate wine.

These moments we need to hide, free
From upset of a diminishing civilization,
To protect the lowly, meek and dreaming,

Write some poetry no one will ever read,
wait Until Divine Anger will unleash, blaze!
Provoked by deliberate acts of injustice,

Devastation. We cannot waste any moment,
Giant Grazers, ihr müsst euer Leben ändern.

A Triptych of Collapse

I. Dal Bhat



I travel through mountains and fields
and all around me the wheat and flax
are collapsing while singing my song.
The trees, pregnant with implicit
seeds, their infinite branches hanging
low, galvanize their surroundings.
Holding tight for the cascade
of crises to trample the ground,
I pause, hold my breath, still ok
with my daily bowl of dal bhat.

II. Friendship



Can you see Death as
A form of Friendship,
Fluttering on the mast,
An embrace with Pure Joy,
A Wormhole in Space and Time
As Life collapses in your face?
For whom the bell tolls,
For whom the drongo calls,
Let's meet at 'Folks and Flour',
As we did so many times before.

III. Post Scriptum



10²⁵ neuron-connections
are not enough to experience
the depth of Rothko's Maroon Red,
to live beyond a sense of flatland,
to realize how an impossible
chain of events, including strange
friendships, a lost telephone,
exploding tensions, can lead to this
missing link in deep understanding,
lead to the Silent Collapse of Kurtz'
shaky handwritten post-scriptum,
and that makes all the difference.

Maroon Red



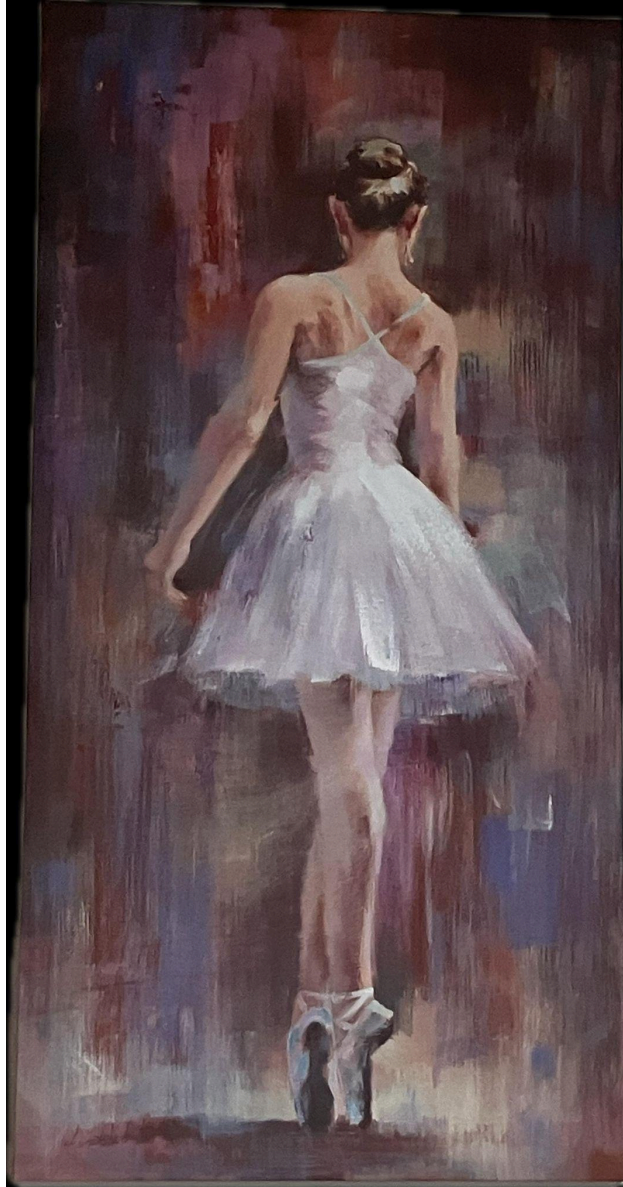
Dance to thy Daddy, sing ti' thy Mammy
Thou shalt have a fishy on a little dishy
Thou shalt be a TinTin when the boat comes in
Dance to thy Daddy, sing ti' thy Mammy
Thou shalt have a fishy on a little dishy
Thou shalt be a Haddock when the boat comes in
Smoke a cigarette in Karaboudjan's cabin
And wrap The White Gaff Maroon Red

Paper Bark Trees



These woods, my dear, I remember well,
The paper bark trees in between
Whispering wetlands full in bloom
(it's the dry season),
They are coming after me and you,
(for a good reason),
Oppression / pleasure's hell,
A cormorant's call echoed well,
Poetry never sleeps, technology does.

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

This Mudskipper Mariner



I met the young Mariner
for just a couple of minutes
at the charity of a children centre.
He wore a black T-shirt with
the printed image of a mudskipper.
We chatted and cracked a joke,
it opened up my image
of an average marine.

Not this heavily trained green baret
who could do for three days without sleep,
wearing 70 kilo's if need be,
nor this technologically advanced
6 million dollar man,
no, this was just a kid.
Still wet behind the ears
from his mother's kisses,
just a kid, visiting some other children.

He was on his way
with the USS Blue Bridge
to this unknown land,
while The Laborious Albatross has
already been shot from the air.

*"Day after day, day after day
We stuck, not breath nor motion,
The helmsman steering us
Towards more and more war."*

This Mudskipper Mariner unaware
of living inside an Ancient Rhyme.

*"The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go."*

Unaware of the driving force
of the Universe resting
inside the palm of his hand,
a full life ahead of him.

The kind saint and me
took pity on him.

I pray to God that one day
the old Mariner will share his story
as an unexpected wedding guest,
of a smooth sea without a breeze,
of a Napoleonic War and Peace at last.
Instead of coming home inside a sealed coffin,
covered in a dripping spangled sky
of stars and stripes.

Plague 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

No Expectation



If you had asked me before,
on any occasion,
what Friendship means to me,
I would not have been able
to come up with a suitable answer.

And even now I am still unsure,
any definition seems to miss the point,
the point of just being
without any expectation.

Yes, there is this sense of Kinship,
sometimes from the bottom of my heart,
or this sense of Mystery,
of brothers/sisters in arms.

But then again:
 just being
 without any expectation,
a matter of *Qi* or *Phi*,
a Rothko painting made by you and I.

But then again:
this sadness when it all seemed
a controlled hallucination.

Le Mat = Zero



The superposition of this cup of coffee collapsed randomly in my hand, maybe because my great grandfather was a flax farmer, maybe because of the infinite regress of a wren, godwit, spoonbill, a Thousand Fools, their Negative Capability soaked in mathology, in materialist's slumber, (Le Mat = Zero, idiots) while the entire Universe bought 1.500 tickets to Berlin, a 50:50 percent chance our heads get blown off. Who pays the bill?

Home



Home is this Timeless Space
where Inspiration flows,
where Love and Beauty grows,
where you touch the Unknown,
but also this place where you find
dedication to serve mankind,
even or maybe because you know
it will hurt, to embrace it though
with gentle hands, heart and mind,
like water flowing tenderly
underneath the mountain
while the moon ring shines
brightly in the background.

Bacon and Eggs



Breakfast, my dear friends,
is not about breakfast,
it's not about cereal or,
for god sake, bacon and eggs,
beans, soldiers or
in my case a delicious fruitshake.

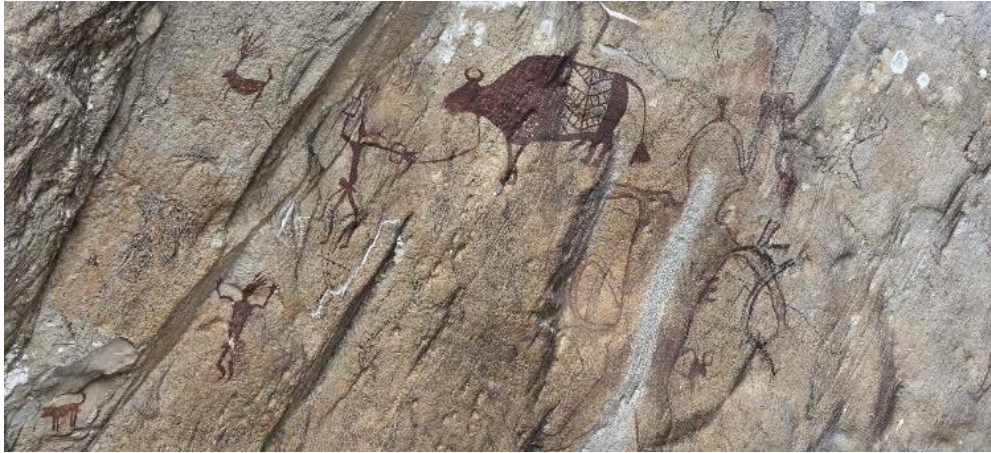
Breakfast, my dear friends,
is about something completely different,
something very, very significant.

It sounds a kind of strange,
but I'll tell you,
breakfast is about erasing
all of your memories,
your old habits, actually,
all of your previous existence.

It is about this precious Emptiness
of dawn, of the morning light,
it's about leaving all anchors
far behind.

So by the time it's time for coffee,
you have embraced this precious taste,
ready to paint a new colourful day,
just for the fun of it.

Dolores



Wake Up from the deep sleep of greed
and conformity. Transform material gains
into spiritual truths. Yes indeed,
consequences are complex, costly and painful.

Listen to the High Priestess of Delphi:
“Even the Pink Dragon Millipede
has a universal memory to create a sacred
environment in the Tunnel of Time.”

So does Water, so does Dolores, so do You!

Why is it so?



Why is it so, we are cats?
Sharpening our nails on the doormat
In touch with our sensitive Sixth Sense
Unlike those silly humans
Locked up in their bedrock habitat

Metamorphosis

*“Just when the caterpillar thought
the world had come to an end,
he changed into a butterfly”*

(Chinese proverb)



Thanks to a ten year old
Japanese boy, we now know,
with scientific precision, that
transgenerational memory exists.

This has several implications:

- 1. With death
not everything is lost*
- 2. Values and wisdom
are being transferred*
- 3. Into transgenerational
higher consciousness*

So let's be honest:
'There is hope for the flowers,
and our Catholic girls.'

One Heartbeat



T'áá íiyisí'ígíí

T'áá íiyisí'ígíí bąąh dah naashá

One Heartbeat

One Frequency

The Yellow Time Attack Taxi



There is a yellow taxi called EVOLUTION,
it is a Time Attack Project.

It is not this yellow taxi my sister
read out aloud when I was a child,
continuously braking and accelerating,
the relaxed chauffeur smoking a cigaret.

The yellow taxi with the red line that
brought Tom and his mother right on time,
in seconds flat, to the railway station.

No, this Taxi only brings you to
the place where space and time
completely cease to exist.

It too is quite a bumpy ride
with many obstacles,
like traffic lights and traffic jams,
trucks unloading, buses getting stuck,
a police officer, T-junctions, etcetera,
etcetera, but on the other hand,
it miraculously is free of charge!

The Taxi has no stand,
sounds like a sonnet,
takes all passengers,
parks right in front of
your luminous Doorstep.
Even when it gets pitch dark,
when it's time to close the curtains,
Hop on, Hop on,
Swa Prakasha.

Allnew

I was standing in the middle
of a wheatfield and everything
around me was all new.

It had a sense of tranquility,
of serenity, of fresh
yellow and green.

In the distance dark
clouds were drifting away,
the crows disappearing.

It takes just one spark
of the spirit of a child to
elevate a whole landscape.

To harvest a flow
of faith in growth
and transformation.

Meeting Point



The Meeting Point between
Intention and Surrender

The Meeting Point

The Meeting

•

Notes

1. Images produced by the author:

4	Old cover of 'Demian'
	Red Bull
6	Brown cafe with friends
9	Albatross
16	Black Cat
17	Flowers for my mother's grave
18	Old Indian, painted from a book

2. Images from other sources:

cover	AI-image
1	Still from Bhutan 'kosmic city'
5	Yosa Buson
	Unknown painter
	Painting of a friend
8	Ballerina, unknown painter
12	Painting by William Gibbs
15	Cave paintings
21	Photo of a temple



Secret Rainmaker
designed yet another wet
Paraplu Ballet



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TO EVER HIGHER
ONENESS***

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