

PLAYING IN THE SAND

Collection of Kosmic Poems



JACOB ADLER

Fresh Blouse



What is the scent
of One Hand clapping?

As my wife would say:

“Please put on
a Fresh Blouse today.”

KOSMIC POETRY

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Jus Gaia



Hear, hear! Why are few only whispering
That there exists just One World Citizen?

Alea iacta est, Jus Gaia est!

Let's cross this river in our quest
To become real brothers and sisters
On a just, sound and profound planet!

Lady of Light



Lady of Light walks down the stairs
Of our Yellow House in Hungerland;
Takes me by the hand gracefully,
Opens the door silently, brings me
To the meadow behind the bare hedge.

A non blinding sizzling white Light
Shines from behind the trees,
My body trembles in my sleep.

The Lady never left me since,
And that made all the difference.

Natural Intelligence

Only those species and organisms survive
who are able to enrich their environment
and the planet Earth as a whole.

Neither the Darwinists, nor the smartests,
but those who raise the vitality
and the value of life for us all.

That's why termites invest in 'making-green',
mushrooms invest in 'making-rain',
wales invest in 'making-oxygen',
wolves invest in 'making-life',
trees invest in 'making-weather'.

Planet Earth with all its geology, biology
and levels of spiraling consciousness,
is just One profound living Being,
driven by this law of Natural Intelligence,
striving for ever higher viable complexity.

Let's face it before it is too late.

The Forty Nine Laws of Power *for a Kosmic Player in our World*

The Real Door of No Return stands Always Open,
Hoping for Everyone to Enter and
Engage in ever more Abundance of Peace

Follow this Path and you will understand,
Only The Kosmic Dream is Real
Resting in compassion and patience, since
There is no Condemnation Room, although
Your Contribution makes the difference

Neither Time nor Space exists,
In this Present Moment only do we live
Neither life nor death exists, just
Empty Mirrors of Total Experience

Live as if you were never born or will never die
And preserve mankind and the planet earth
While its fate entirely hinges upon your
Solidarity, intelligence and Intent

Our technologies, Doctor, must solely be used
For reaching Abundance of Peace too

Play in the Band, while being the Audience
Or have some coffee with your friends,
Witness the Night: a deep dive into the
Emptiness of your Mind, the Source of Life,
Returning to the Day to Dance!

For there is no personal God
Or Deity who comes to rescue,
Responsibility rests upon your shoulders

Afraid to carry This Weight?

Kosmic Support is available around the corner
Or Close Encounters of some kind
Sometimes in the Form of the very Ordinary
Mysterious Moments Crossing your Path
Inspiring to co create ever more
Crystal clear Truth, Beauty and Oneness

Power radiates from a calm mind who
Learns to handle The Magic Sword with
A certain sense of Humor,
Your service to the Light that since
Eons longs to hear the Birds'
Rhapsody in Blue too

If you ever doubt to become a Kosmic Player
Notice the Wasteland we all face

Our (im)material gains being built
Upon the destruction of our planet, inequality and
Radical rejection of our True Nature

Wake Up and buy a Latte Macchiato
Or Matcha Green Tea for the girl that lifts the barrier
Receive her Eternal Smile and Feel the
Love we can create in such simple ways beyond the
Door of No Return to the New World

Holiday



On the first day I watch
my children silently memorize,
Birdsong being played and
Now and Then in the End.
Will I ever remember them?

On the last day I join humanity again
or maybe some alpha or omega civilization,
intercultural transmigration.

Such fun to become an alien for once
in some distant galaxy.

And in between I'll be out-of-body,
contemplating my funeral,
tumbling through the tunnel,
popcorn to watch my lives pass by,
discuss my contribution this time
with the Clear Light's sense of humor.

Discuss the virtue and wisdom
learned, served and preserved.

Finally, beyond the sizzling White Light,
I plunge and dissolve into Emptiness,
wondering what my next role will be
in realizing ever higher Oneness.
Equality and Poetry in my backpack,
until I reach the turning point,
to choose my new Loved Ones.

Was it 49 Days as they say or just a Flash,
to transpass My Consciousness?
An extraordinary Holiday at least.
An eternal dedication to make this timeless
Present Moment into a Magnificent Dream.
Everlasting, Neither Life nor Death.

Resolution nr. 9

For the meek to realize Abundance of Peace,
A threefold plan is in dire need.

First we need to understand
What Abundance of Peace really means,
No longer lost in translation.

Second, we need to live it and beyond,
Leave the map behind and Dive Inside the Crystal.

And third, we need to Trust the Magnetic Touch
That comes with living it thoroughly,
Slowly growing from our Glass House Hearts.

This plan needs to be agreed upon
By the Security Council under Resolution nr. 9.
Fourteen voting in favor, just one withholding.

And every morning we will Lift each other's Dreams,
So we won't Fall from Our Tree, till the end of Times.

Marathon

Long-distance runner,
running slower than the slowest turtle

Tortoise turtle,
living longer than the oldest stone

I am still waiting at the finish line
but you don't seem to arrive

Long-distance runner,
you deserve the poodle prize

A roll of fresh peppermint
from the Grecian mountains

Where as even swift Achilles
has already long time finished

It makes me wonder:
Are you the sweeper of mankind?

May

May is the cruelest month
since the Mankai, the cherry blossom
of the Sakura, is gone again.

Hanami, watching the flowers bloom
in colours white, shades of pink with a tinge
of red, or even vivid yellow,

is a feeling of utmost bewonderment,
touching bewilderment,
it reminds us of who we really are.

Sakura creating Mankai, Mankai creating Hanami,
the Wheel of Life spinning the cycle of
blossoming and dying around and around.

With every turn gaining higher ground,
since Pure Consciousness is extending
into ever deeper Understanding, Beauty and Oneness.

The Icehouse

I watch the waterbirds pedal through the canal
Mainly little coots and moorhens passing in silence
Hear the booming call of the bittern in the reed
I fall asleep, dream and wake up all anew

I watch the spring birds in the meadow court
The lapwing laying its spotted eggs in high grass
Who is going to spot the first one, who the last?
I fall asleep, dream and wake up all anew

I watch the storks and herons fly high
The sun peering through the coloured clouds
Setting with a red glow at the horizon
I fall asleep, dream and wake up all anew

I hear the children sing from the Other Side
The soft wind blowing in their faces
Eager to learn sailing in an Optimist
I fall asleep, dream and wake up all anew

In fact, time has never passed, except for
Some chopped and carved memoirs kept in ice

DEW



Why does a dew cry
when it feels the real essence
of the morning light?

I met a Windhorse

At unexpected moments the Universe winks
I wrote a poem for a dear friend of mine
About her dreadful youth at the farm and monastery
Where she dreamed of a Grand Afterlife

Now she lives in a nice apartment
With a Cuba Cadillac at the front door
I asked my son to create some images
To decorate the poem's strophes

He send me an AI-image of a child
Standing in front of a squirming kosmos
With the same old Cadillac in the foreground

Can you tell me WHY
The Universe winks sometimes?

When your Mind floats through an Empty Sky
It's such a delight to get a Ride
From a Smiling Windhorse passing by
To change your Journey into an ever present
Spiral Rainbow Rhapsody

Bulbul

You are All that can be heard
You are All that can be seen
You are All that Now has been
My Heart embracing the Stars
Longing for the song of a bird

Having a good time sharing
Delicate wine and cheese with dear friends
Bulbul sleeping on the leaf of a palm plant
People weeping in a distant land
All Clapping and Caring of One single Hand

Make footsteps in the Sand
Become Players in the Band
Make Music never heard
Wake Up Bulbul
Sing to us All

Head of an Ibis



Birds flying Up and Down from
Sleepy Emptiness to Shining Consciousness
And back again, in Suikerbosland

Like the magnificent Black-winged Kite
Hovering over the grasslands
Reborn daily in the morning light

The Red-billed Firefinch
Queeting and Chicking all around
Where seeds can be found

The African Masked Weaver
A real cool geezer dancing with fever
Swizzling before female red eyes

The Capped and Mountain Wheatear
Chattering, flycatching and
Eating delicious termites

The Blacksmith Lapwing, touching
Hammer Time around the pools of
The wetlands, forging and mating

The Cape White-eye, the Cape Robin-chat,
The Cape Bunting, the Cape Glossy Starling
All enjoying the Cape of Good Hope nectar

The Yellow Brimstone Canary
Whistling, warbling, chirping and
Trilling with a deep pitch

The Long-tailed Widowbird drooping
Their half a meter elongated tails,
Roosting in the reed beds

The Fiscal Flycatcher with their
Suit-and-tie taxman costume
As a form of Batesian mimicry

The Red-faced Mousebird
Feeding on berries and sweet fruits
Engaging in mutual preening

The African Sacred Ibis flying high,
Resembling the Arts of Magic
And the judgment of the Dead

Masters of the Universe
Messengers to Souls
Bringing Divine Inspiration

Expressed in all its Elegance
By their Songs and Headdresses
At Fynbos Suikerbosrand

Ransom



He died of a lung disease, caused by particulate matter from grinding lenses. Using laudanum at his death bed.

Inventory of possessions

Furniture and artifacts

1 bed, several small tables, a secretaire, an armoire, a bookcase, a painting, a chess game, a barometer, binoculars, some telescopes in bad condition, a candle holder, inkwells with feathers

Linens

1 pillow, 2 cushions, 6 pillowcases, 2 sheets, 1 bedspread, 2 towels, 2 blankets (white and red), 2 cloth curtains

Clothing

2 pairs of shoes (black and gray) with silver buckles, 7 shirts, 2 sets of underclothes, 1 black and 1 coloured Turkish cloak, 1 black and 1 coloured pair of cloth trousers, 1 pair of black silk stockings, 14 pair of linen socks, 20 collars, 10 pair of cuffs, 2 black hats, a black cape with a pair of gloves, 1 striped travel bag, 1 cotton wool hat, 5 cotton nose wipes, a cotton tie with 2 collars

Catalogue

(160 books in Spanish, Dutch, Hebrew, French and Latin)

Bibles, Talmudic literature, Jewish and Christian theology, Aristotle, Zeno's Sophos, Cicero, Letters of Seneca, Ovid, Descartes, Hobbes, dictionaries, thesauruses, lexicons, works on politics, history, philosophy, anatomy, astrology, physics, optics, Petronius's Satyricon and Virgil's Opera

*The proceeds of the auction were 430 guilders and
13 stuivers. After auction costs there remained
390 guilders, 14 stuivers and 8 pennies.*

***The proceeds of the auction will be used to pay the RANSOM
needed to free the human mind from a PERSONAL GOD.***

Hampelmann



Father, Father, Forgive me,
I don't know what I am doing
Tomorrow I will dot and carry
The Hampelmann's habit
To sleep with the Fishes

Father, I promise, tomorrow
I will try to stir the Universe
Broadcast this silly though
Serious Request from
My Pepperbox Backpack

Living in Darkness Forever

Let me Lift you Up, because we are going to
The Redemption School, nothing to see
Living in Darkness Forever

Living in Darkness is dazzling
when the sound of birds is in your ears
the taste of pomegranates is on your lips
the scent of lavender fills your head
the voice that never dies reveals your smile
the light that doesn't blind is in your eyes

Lovely Rita will fill your heart of glass
your sorrow can rest upon her shoulder
A caring hand takes you by the hand
there is nothing you can't realize
your dreams are part of everything

Let me Lift you Up, because we are going to
The Redemption School, nothing is new
Living in Bright Light Forever

The Fourth Turning



World Citizens of Gaia! I now will sing
On nobler themes. Not all of us embrace
Rainforests and mangroves; with joy we sing:
Let them be saved for humanity's sake.
Now dawns the last age of Sapiens song!
Once more the spiral centuries begin -
Mother Nature reappears and Oneness reigns:

From heaven descends a novel progeny;
The children in whom the material race
Throughout the world shall cease and turn within,
Extend your aid, Maria, chaste and kind,
For Pure Consciousness will reign. This glorious age,
Jumanah, will dignify your birth certificate;
Engagement shall commence their wondrous course
Under its rule what trace may yet remain,
Our ignorance shall vanish from the earth
Leaving it free forever from alarm.
Humanity will thrive into Oneness ever more,
Which Kosmic Citizens mingle to the edge;
The whole world they will serve, now set at peace
By the power of their deeds: therefore shall bring
All our children their daily small offerings:
Creeping wild ivy at schools, arums in the hospitals,
Foxgloves too to the fields and factories,
Smiling acanthus with bright polished leaves
For a safe, just, free and sound society.
The teeming she-goats, without call come Home.

The flocks shall be scared of lions no more,
No more of serpents and poisonous plants;
Over all the land sweet spicy balsams will grow.
When you learn to live in glorious Oneness,
Understand what Duty of Life and Virtue mean.
Golden the plains will slowly turn with soft
And bearded ears of corn, as we secure biodiversity.
Blushing grapes shall hang from wild-briar boughs
As we shall fight the poisonous chemicals.
Hard oaks shall drip with sweetest honey,
As we shall take care of our climate, land and water.
There will linger yet some traces of wrath;
Tempted men will cross the rising sea in ships,
Conquering grid towns with walls to keep
All the strangers out and delve deep furrows in
The fertile earth for corporate gains.
Maharshi must come again; Aurobindo once more
Shall bear the chosen heroes; Kosmic War will rise,
Great Gandalf go anew through the mines of Mordor
But in Time's course humanity has gained its dignity

No more shall men in tall ships cross the sea,
So we can live vividly, peacefully and free,
Nor merchandise be carried in the same:
All countries shall produce all good things;
No ballot box need rigged, no voice muffled;
The news shall lose his toxins from the yoke.
No citizen need dyeing its truth with false hues,
For justice make their fleeces glow
With lovely purpose melting into gold;
The grazing lambs with crimson shall be taught.
The Fates harmonious to the children sing-
"Run on, there are happy ages in your course"-
Dear offspring of the Gods - the time is come,
Start on your road, your mighty fruit of Consciousness!
Behold the world that sways her wondrous course,
Lands, ocean wide, and the deep heaven above
All things are gladdened by the coming age;
May my last span of life - this falling breath,
Be yet sufficient to recount your deeds.
Not Thracian Orpheus, Not Troy Winston Ono
Can conquer me in song; Petrus be Judge.

Begin, O! child, to greet her with your smiles,
Whose ten months' burden caused her weary pain:
Begin, Kosmic Child; no nurture has been thine
From parents, nor from gods, nor goddess' love.
Wake up to Her fertility, joy and immortality,
Bring Her fruit and enjoy Her milk and honey.

Wooden Shutters



There are special places in the world
Where Revolutions began
Belly buttons of change
Transitions between the tiles

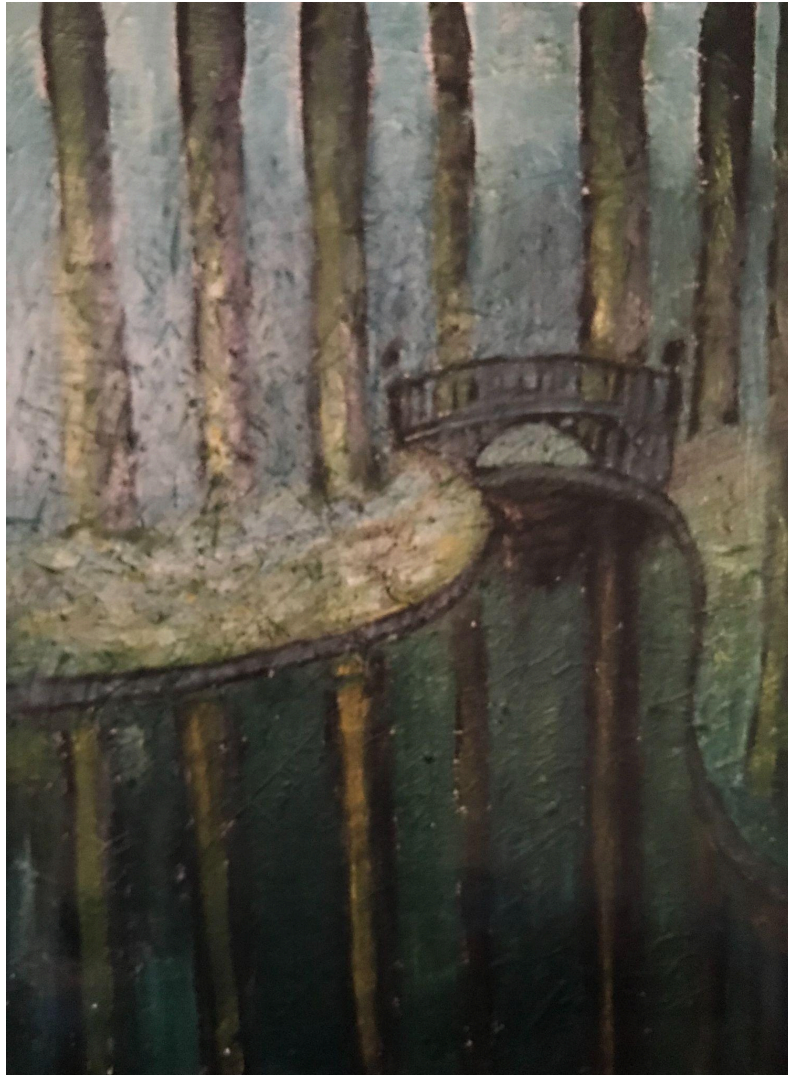
Such as the city of Timisoara
With a square full of pigeons
Where the people stood up against
A ruthless communist dictator

Wooden houses with yellow shutters
Open the shutters once again
Into in(ter)dependency

A quiet, simple life based on
Mindfulness and integrity
Serving the wellbeing of mankind

Living in the quality
Of the present presence
The square where all is happening

The Road Taken



To take a Road that's not a road
Is not so easy to decide

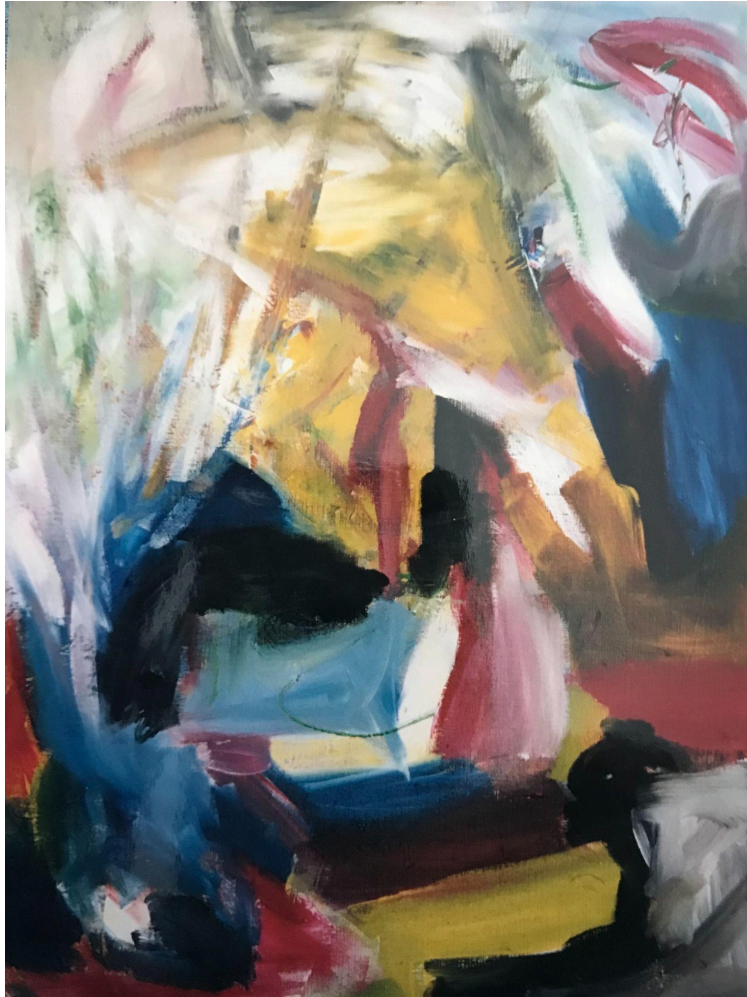
To surrender to the Unknown
The hidden treasures of The Mind
Leaving worldly pleasures far behind

Of course, still drinking my daily wine
Enjoying it more than ever
But not as a raison d'être
To pass the dying time
With one futility after another

As if I ever existed on my own
Cut off from the birds and the bees
And our glorious humanity
While my Soul is whispering to me
Live as if you were never born

The only Road to make the difference
Is being part of the Heart of Existence
Asking you and me for timeless support
To create an ever better Oneness World
The only Road that never ends

Zomorrow



When endless space collapses in our galaxy,
Just as I take a sip of my yak butter tea,
Infinity comes finally, like a morning breeze
Slipping through an empty entrance door,
As you whisper me the words of Zomorrow

Notes

1. Productions by the author:

- a. Frontpage: Playing in the Sand
- b. First page: Scent of Fresh Flowers
- c. Poems:
 - 1 Toddler
 - 2 The White Light
 - 5 The Tunnel
 - 10 Dew
 - 15 Hampelmann
 - 17 Shepherd with Flock
 - Based on Eclogues IV of Virgil
 - 19 The Road Taken
 - 20 Zomorrow
- d. Backpage 1: Empty Mirror
- e. Backpage 2: Logo

2. Other productions:

- a. Poems:
 - 13 Black Winged Kite, by William Gibbs
 - 14 Photo of Spinoza
 - 18 Drawing of Enlightened Monk



Secret Rainmaker
designed yet another wet
Paraplu Ballet



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

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