

THE LITTLE MONK

*In the Beginning there was "The Word",
Now there is "Kosmic Poetry",
The Driving Force of the Universe*



JACOB ADLER



Tea Time

*How can I ever comprehend that the sun
Rises in a Sea of churned butter tea?*

*Morning light shines over
Age old Phugtal Monastery*

*Turning us Upside Down,
When we Wake Up by its Call*

THE LITTLE MONK

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Preface: Why?

*I lived at Riverscourt, Rowden Abbey,
Chartley Hall, Pen-y-Lan Cottage,
Ystrad Hall, Pirton, Perrycroft,
Rowden House and Lakeside Lodge*

*Can anyone tell me Why?
Why am I living at all?
Same goes for my loved ones and dogs*

*Surpassed Ignorance
I realize I don't really exist,
There is just Pure Consciousness
Willing to come Home some rainy afternoon,
Look out of the Window and say:*

*"It's been a wonderful day,
My Golden Retriever Peter and I
Shot five capercailzies at Tilbouries
And had High Tea with The Queen Mother
At Castle May"*

Chapter 1: Arrival

*The handmade, brown striped,
woolen cap became a dear
friend throughout my life*

It snowed all night, so when I woke up in the morning the ground was covered with a fresh layer of crystal white flakes. It was the first time in eight days we slept in a hut, rather comfortably except for the mouse that walked over my face. At least, I hope it was.

Yesterday we passed the 5000m-plus pass, today the path will be all the way downwards into the valley. Just two days left to hike.

Our guides served us, considering the circumstances, an excellent breakfast of homemade bread (made somewhere in the middle of the mountains), said “Challo”,

Ladakhi for “Let’s go” and off we went. Not without a concern again for one of the guides who was coughing terribly all the time.

After a couple of hours, by now we had left the snowline behind, the path started to pass by a sparkling blue river, the first sign of approaching the valley. To our surprise the river came to a crossroad with another river. As sparkling blue ours was, as muddy was the other. At the point where they came together, the colours of rivers blended into verdant green.

Later I understood that in wintertime the rivers were totally frozen, and the muddy river changed into the most important travel and trade route of this mountainous region.

We crossed the newly formed river with a wobbly rope bridge and walked along the left bank of the muddy river until to our surprise high up on the rocks a monastery appeared. A dazzling view, the monastery consisted of many buildings, built gradually higher and higher on top of each other onto the giant rock formation.

We started walking up the steep steps of the monastery, looking down upon the fields and the river below, all the way up to the top, where there was a terrace with a huge cave behind it. Later I was told that the cave contained a sacred water source.

Strangely, we did not see any monks, neither climbing the steps, nor in the fields. Only when we arrived at the terrace, one little monk was sitting there silently. Dressed in his dark red outfit, two layered because of the cold, but without a warm hat. In his hands a booklet and a pen.

I took off my backpack and decided to sit next to him. The little monk lay down his pen and put his booklet aside.

*In woods where whispers weave and twine,
Beneath the stars' soft, watchful gaze,
A path unfolds, both yours and mine,
Through tangled dreams, a hopeful maze.*

*With hearts aligned, we seek the light,
In shadows cast by doubt and strife,
Where nature hums a tune so bright,
We find the threads that weave our life.*

*From valleys low to mountains high,
Together, hand in hand, we stand,
In unity, we learn to fly,
With kindness sown across the land.*

*The song of Bulbul calls us near,
In every leaf, in every breeze,
A truth that echoes clear:
We're part of all, like whispering trees.*

*And as we walk, with purpose bold,
We'll share our stories, joys and pain,
For in the tapestry we hold,
The future waits, our hands to gain.*

*So let us build, with love and grace,
A world awakened, whole, and free,
Where every heart finds its rightful place,
In this great dance of Kosmic Poetry.*

Chapter 2: What's your name?

*The universal
language of poetic
souls just waiting*

“Hello,” I said, while I greeted the little monk, “nice to meet you. Very nice place here with a beautiful view. My name is Jacob, what's your name if I may ask?”

“I have a different name every day,” he answered.

“That doesn't sound very practical.”

“Why not?” the little monk said, “my days are probably much longer than yours.”

“How long are your days then in general?” I asked.

“I have no idea, can’t remember the last day before.”

“Makes sense,” I said, “then what are you doing here all this time?”

“Been waiting for you,” the little monk said. “What took you so long?”

*Long-distance walker,
walking 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 walker,
you deserve the poodle prize*

*A roll of fresh peppermint
from the serene Leh mountains*

*It makes me wonder:
Are you The Sweeper of Mankind?*

Chapter 3: A cup of yak butter tea

*The Wind Horse flags wave
since salty yak tea water
has started to cook*

“Can I offer you a cup of tea?” the little monk asked.

We walked into the upper building of the gompa, where the only other monk we met was working in the kitchen. Inside it was comfortably warm from the stove upon which the yak butter tea was made. The boiled water was poured into a wooden cask more than half a meter long, covered with copper rings, together with black tea, salt and yak butter. The monk mixed the tea with a large wooden stick inside the cask, until the tea was ready.

We sat down on little wooden chairs. The monk poured the hot yak butter tea inside our cups on the table in front of

us and we drank it slowly with delight. I felt my body warm up from the inside. An empty cup was immediately refilled by the monk from the cask.

I continued our conversation, “Thank you for this wonderful cup of butter tea,” I said.

“Our pleasure to serve you after your long journey,” the little monk said, “especially since we have been waiting so long for you to arrive.”

“Why have you been waiting for me?” I asked, “you could have served your tea to anyone else.”

“Well,” said the little monk, “a conversation is most pleasant among entangled minds. This entanglement surpasses space and time, that’s why I have been waiting so long. But anyway, good you finally arrived.”

He pointed at me and said; “ I like your striped hat by the way, and your blue sweater, is it handmade?”

I told him it was knitted by my dear mother, so there is a lot of love put into this sweater. Same for my socks, by the way. I asked him, “What do you mean by entanglement?”

*The delight of yak mother milk churned
By stirring it long enough until it turns
Into a small cup of salty Tibetan butter tea*

*Drank it endlessly with a friendly little monk
At the Magnificent Zanskar Monastery*

Chapter 4: Quantum Entanglement

*Eye to Eye with HH
merging mutual minds into
present timeless times*

“Thank you for the question!” the little monk smiled.

“Timeless entanglement means that two entangled particles, even when each of them is situated on the other end of the universe, immediately react to each other. If for example one particle turns to the left, the other particle immediately turns to the right. This means that information between the particles is being exchanged at unlimited speed.”

“In that case we are no longer limited by Einstein’s laws of causality, which sounds quite interesting,” I said in mild astonishment.

“What makes these particles turn in the first place?” I asked, “if this happens at random, it seems we live in a random universe, which I don’t understand, since Einstein said, ‘God doesn’t play dice with the universe’.”

The little monk answered, “Einstein was right! These particles turn at random, but statistically after a lot of turns they show direction. A direction that is influenced by the direction Universal Consciousness takes, including our own.”

“Are you saying between the lines that we can influence the turn of entangled particles with our individual consciousness?” I asked. “This sounds quite radical to me.”

“Indeed,” the little monk continued, “now imagine that all particles of the entire universe are one way or another entangled with each other, and we can influence their position and direction with our consciousness. That’s how our souls, our consciousness itself, get entangled in timeless spacetime.”

I looked at the little monk in disbelief and took another sip from my yak butter tea. Where am I? I thought.

*Timeless entanglement
Between Quantum Minds
In the kitchen of the Monastery*

*Was it one, was it two?
Was it now, was it then?
Was it you, was it me?*

*Sharing the same Magnetic Destiny
Dedicated and completely Free*

Chapter 5: Timeless SpaceTime

Moments in SpaceTime

Take Responsibility

Make Light, Let it Shine

“So we are entangled souls in timeless spacetime?” I said. “I have no idea what you mean with that, although it sounds nice to me. I like you too, little monk without a name yet!”

The little monk looked at me intensely and smiled. “I will try to explain. With timelessness I actually mean: only the Present Moment really exists. The cup of tea you are drinking now, you didn’t drink 5 minutes ago, and are not drinking 5 minutes from now. Maybe you have a memory of it, or a fantasy about it, right now. But that still is the Present Moment, isn’t it? And if any causality so called caused by

time, can be shrunk to the Present Moment, what is left of the SpaceTime we think we live in? Any idea?”

“A warm cup of yak butter tea?” I suggested.

“Exactly!” the little monk said, “witnessed by you and me right now. What I mean to say is, the way you and I witness and experience our cup of tea with our senses and consciousness, is part of this timeless Present Moment.”

Continuing, “In other words, the cup of tea rises in our consciousness, as the sun does at dawn.”

“But,” I said, “doesn’t a continuously changing experience of consciousness give a feeling of a gradually evolving sense of time?”

“It seems so,” said the little monk, “but in reality it is just Pure Consciousness changing its Entangled Manifestation in This Timeless Present Moment at unlimited quantum velocity.”

*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*

Chapter 6: Do you really think so?

*One Consciousness
drinking Hazelnut Latte
at The Koons Café*

“Do you really think so?” I said.

“It’s not checkmate yet,” mumbled the little monk.

“I am sorry to disappoint you, but it all sounds quite boring to me,” I said, “it gives me the feeling that nothing matters, just witnessing an ever changing random universe.”

“Oh My God,” said the little monk, “do you think that is boring? I can make it much more boring for you. It’s an illusion to think that you are just an individual witnesser. Or anybody else is just an individual witnesser. In fact, an

individual witnesser doesn't exist. In reality, there is just One Witnesser, One Consciousness, One Oneness. And you and I are just one random part of That!"

"Do you really think so?" I said again. "I already got the impression you are making my life meaningless with this whole randomness stuff, but now you have totally overdone it. Not only random, but also part of some sort of Oneness. What's left of me? Why am I living at all? I might as well vanish into the river below, who cares?"

The little monk laughed.

*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.*

Chapter 7: Spiraling Oneness

*How to become a Kosmic Player,
conscious of its True Nature,
to serve humanity with Engagement.*

*To have the courage
to know, not know and fight for
Spiraling Oneness.*

"I see what you mean," the little monk said, "maybe just wait a sec before you come into action. Sit down and take another cup of tea, please."

"I can imagine you get slightly depressed from what I said. Just observing randomness sounds very static. It's like me just waiting for you for ages to finally pass by. But I have got news for you, as I said before, it's not checkmate yet."

“What colour am I playing?” I asked, not realizing I was in the middle of a chess game. I suddenly remembered this medical check-up I once had in which the doctor started to play a blind game of chess with me.

“Up to you,” the little monk said, “but let me first try to get you out of your boredom and depression.”

“This Oneness I talked about is absolutely not random and static. This Oneness is engaged in realizing ever higher forms of Oneness. Ever higher forms of Beauty and Understanding, so to speak.”

I see,” I said, “that sounds already more appealing to me, taking another sip of my tea. Reminds me of all those years as a lonely child in which I played endless games of chess against myself. Was I schizophrenic? Did I go insane trying to beat myself? Not at all, I just tried to realize ever more complexity and beauty in each and every game. With each and every move. I couldn’t win, I couldn’t lose, but I could get this thrill through my spine of realizing totally insane lines and positions.”

*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 Hindges 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 yóúr 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*

Chapter 8: Abundance of Peace

*Chain reaction from
Hiroshima koan, hope
for Humanity*

“So you are not running straight down to the river?” the little monk asked.

“I’ll give you another chance, my friend,” I said, “I am not giving up right now. But to be honest, it all sounds completely out of touch with reality. I can see you haven’t left this monastery for ages. Any idea what’s happening in this crazy world?”

“Don’t worry, eh by the way, what was your name again?” the little monk asked, “I am well aware of what’s going on outside of these doors, and how the Doomsday Clock is getting closer to Midnight each year.”

*I pay tribute to the Hibakusha
to the women who wore elegant kimonos
Dark red with temple tree peonies*

*To the Soviet Officer who prevented nuclear war,
solely, and the endless heroes of Chernobyl
I pay tribute to the Hibakusha*

*To the mass protests demanding 'No Nukes',
and the firefighters of Fukushima
Dark red with temple tree peonies*

*To Einstein, Russell and their Nobel Friends,
warning for a Global Ground Zero
I pay tribute to the Hibakusha*

*To the Morning Dew deep in the forest
and the people walking out today
Dark red with temple tree peonies*

*Let's shatter our little Strangelove Heads,
our age old misconceptions and use Science
for a Quantum Leap towards Eternal Peace
Dark red with temple tree peonies*

“I am aware we split off from the apes about 7 million years ago. That we had a gradual development of Hominins and different kinds of Homo to come to the point of some basic form of a Homo Sapiens civilization around 12.000 years ago.”

“The Origin of Species,” I said, “doesn’t sound like spiraling Oneness.”

The little monk sighed, “And if I take a Giant Leap to where we stand today, we have gotten a lot closer to being One fragile People living on One fragile Planet. But on the other hand closer than ever to destroying ourselves as a people too. We are in dire need of Abundance of Peace and saving this planet indeed.”

*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.*

Chapter 9: Resolution nr. 9

*Nr. 9 backwards
on an old LP, still reveals:
“Turn me on Glass Man.”*

“Resolution nr. 9 consists of a threefold plan to realize Abundance of Peace,” said the little monk.

“Step 1 is becoming World Citizens in service of the wellbeing of all of Humanity living on a sound planet, Conscious of our True Nature. Homo Deus living in the context of Jus Gaia.”

“Step 2 is living this True Nature to its full extent, in every precious timeless Present Moment.”

“Step 3 is being Engaged in a process of realizing ever higher Oneness.”

“And finally it is a simple matter of this threefold plan being accepted by the Security Council and the General Assembly of the United Nations.”

“In other words,” said the little monk, “this way we can become a Level 4 Society.”

“Interesting,” I said, “on which Level are we at the moment?”

“Level 1,” responded the little monk, “and it often feels like regressing back to zero.”

“Then we have a long way to go,” I said, “I hope we will make it.”

“I will certainly sit here for a while,” said the little monk, “there are at least 16 levels of development for any Civilization in this vast universe, and here on Earth we are struggling with our position on the lowest spot.”

I took off my hat.



*Father, Father, Forgive me,
I don't know what I am doing*

*Tomorrow I will do 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*

Chapter 10: The Cosmic Kardashev Matrix

*Can technology
and spirituality
sometimes be aligned?*

The little monk grasped his pencil and booklet and started to make a sketch.

The Cosmic Kardashev Matrix

Level of Cosmic Depth

Types of Technological Advancement

	1	2	3	4
0	0.1	0.2	0.3	0.4
I	I.1	I.2	I.3	I.4
II	II.1	II.2	II.3	II.4
III	III.1	III.2	III.3	III.4

Development of Civilizations

“On the one hand Civilizations have technological advancement,” the little monk said, “and on the other hand Civilizations have spiritual advancement.”

“That is funny,” I said, “because usually only one or the other is characterized as advancement. Resulting in either cold looking future planets full of flying spacecrafts, skyscrapers and scary aliens, or illuminated blue transhumans living in the middle of the jungle.”

“Ha,” said the little monk, “or a lonely little prince on his personal planet, taking care of a blooming red rose. But maybe I should explain my sketch of the development of Civilizations a little.”

“Types of technological advancement, or the so-called Kardashev scale, are defined by the way Civilizations use energy. Type 0 is not able yet to access the full energy capacity of its planet, obviously in an ecologically friendly way. Mirror Humanity. Type I is fully

able to access the energy capacity of its planet, Type II that of its star and Type III that of its Galaxy.”

“Levels of Kosmic Depth are defined as follows: Level 1 is a Civilization that is not developed in full service of its people and planet. On Level 2 we are all World Citizens, living in service of our mutual wellbeing and our ecology. On Level 3 we understand we don’t exist as individuals independent of each other, that we get up in the morning as part of One Consciousness, some would call it Christ Consciousness. On Level 4 we are living in full service of realizing ever higher levels of Oneness.”

“And that way we finally get rid of all these scary images of so-called advanced aliens,” I said. “In reality ET still wants to Phone Home.”

“Indeed, ET doesn’t feel much at home in our 0.1 Civilization,” the little monk said.

“But certainly would like a warm cup of yak butter tea!”

The little monk ripped out the sketch from his booklet
and handed it over to me.

A Kosmic Civilization is driven by Kosmic Poetry
Be Here Now from a white wormhole

Calamity Jane shooting with paint
Diamond Sutras written in the stars
Equality and ecology based on Jus Gaia

First dreams of eggplants with tahini sauce
Godet waiting for changing words

Hotel Ho-dah-Zo in every township
I am the River, The River is Me

John's desire for Dialogue in 2568
Keeps your olive-green ears clean

Leaves rustling in the wind, like butterflies
Memories of time-travelling minds

“Neti, Neti,” says the scarecrow in the field

*Once you master Quantum Entanglement
Kosmic Energy flows between galaxies*

*Quick, take the Seta bridge, since
Starship 53 brings us to Paragon*

*Stir the Universe with your carmelite verses
Teach the children lemonade lines*

*Uncle John’s Band prompting Better
Vibrations at Gliese 667 Cc
Where the River hides under the stones*

*Kosmic Citizens driven by Kosmic Poetry
Your Consciousness shaping the Unknown
Also Sprach Zarathustra*

Chapter 11: Gaia vs Nazi Mind

*The square of Zero
is One and the root of One
defines a Hero*

“Two Roads diverged into a Wood.....,” I mumbled with my head down. “So we are a Level 1 Civilization struggling to get to Level 2.”

“Yes,” said the little monk, “and since the development of Consciousness is leading, you could also say we are struggling to realize a collective Gaia Mind. A Mind that puts the wellbeing of all World Citizens and our planet first. Living within the boundaries of Human Rights, a social foundation, an ecological ceiling. Using all of science and entrepreneurship to be able to reach this Level.”

“This in contrast to the reemergence of the Nazi Mind these days. A Nazi Mind that despises human rights, international law, the *trias politica*, independent media, minorities, equality, a healthy planet and uses the possibilities of new techniques such as social media and AI to spread lies and hatred, while using the instruments of the government to repress opposition, or worse, invading your neighbour.”

“My father fought against the Nazi occupation” I said, “nearly killed by friendly fire in May 1940 trying to defend his country, nearly picked up by the SS in April 1945 as being part of the resistance. With a heavy weight on his consciousness the rest of his life, which he had to release just before he died at nearly 102 years of age.”

“Impressive,” said the little monk, “but a military victory is not the same as a thoroughly rooted evolutionary leap in Consciousness. In times of uncertainty, human decency can suddenly become very fragile again. The windmills might still win.”



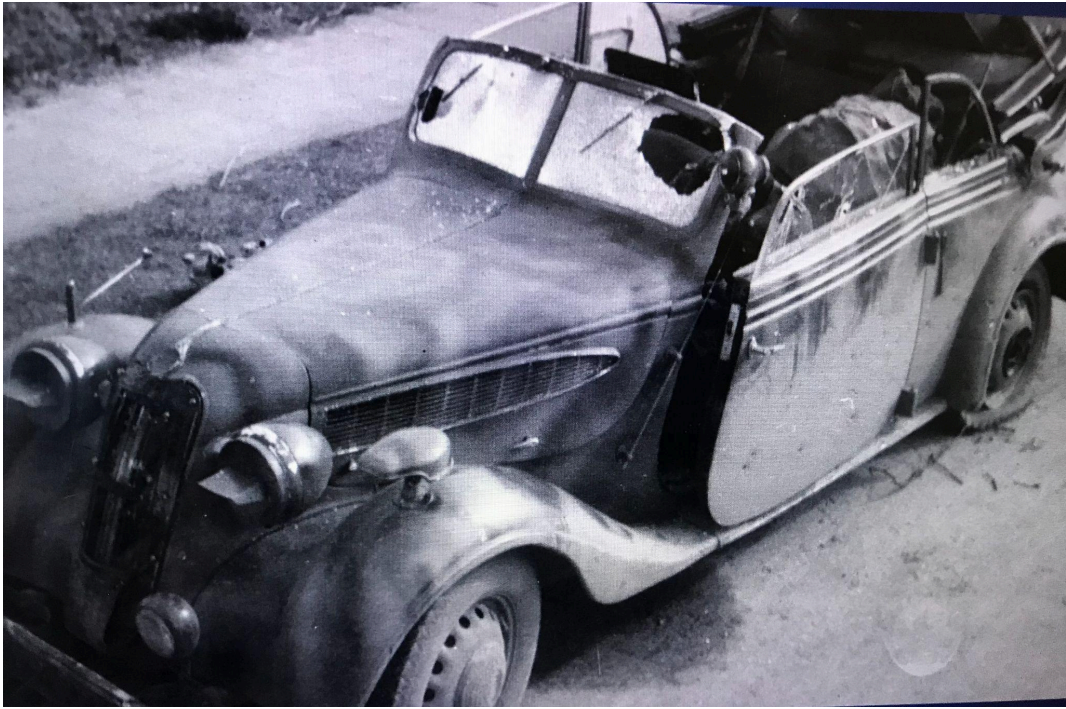
*Two hundred and thirty four bullets
were fired on the gray-green BMW,
two hundred and thirty six members
of the resistance were executed the next day,
just two months before the end of the war.*

*Told children in school when asked
if he was a hero, he wasn't because
otherwise would not have been alive.
Told me he had been lucky many times,
hiding behind a tree or just stepping aside
in time, warned by a mate, for a land mine.*

*We called him Knight Clap van Rammelsteyn,
not knowing there was still something on his mind.*

*Just three months before he died, three months
before he turned hundred and two years old,
he released his mind.*

*Told me he was on the look-out for the truck
to arrive, instead the BMW
with the Head of the SS appeared in the dark,
leaving him with a lasting mark, carried silently.*



Chapter 12: Kosmic Storage

*We can split the atom
but do not see the Bead Trees
hanging Full of Fruit*

“Do other civilizations exist?” I asked, “and if they do, why don’t they contact us?”

“As you can imagine,” said the little monk, “there are two ways to contact us. Either through technology or through our collective consciousness, our consciousness in the cloud so to say, I call it Kosmic Storage.

Through technology we hit the Fermi paradox: if there are unending possibilities for other civilizations in the universe, why have we not traced any of them? Why does it seem like we are alone?”

“Right,” I said, “nobody phoned us yet, or we just don’t know how to pick up the telephone.”

The little monk continued, “so that leaves us with the other possibility. Quite simple: if Reality is just One Consciousness, this is valid for the whole universe. There is not a separate consciousness for the Milky Way or any other galaxy. If we gradually move forward to ever higher Oneness, the level we have reached is rooted in our Collective Kosmic Storage as other civilizations contribute to this too. Which leaves us with the question: Can we find marks of them in the Kosmic Storage of our Consciousness, or can they find marks of us?”

“What kind of marks are you thinking about?” I asked.

“Good question,” the little monk said, “marks expressed in higher wisdom, values, virtues, even technological ideas. Marks that inspire us, help us to move forward in Understanding, Beauty and Oneness. I have the impression this happens all the time!”

“Do you mean aliens appearing in our dreams?” I said.

“I am not talking about spooky green aliens with large eyes talking to us in our dreams. I am talking about their level of consciousness added to the Kosmic Storage, and our ability to subtract from it by just plugging in.”

I said, “Some people would say: ‘This is God’s responsibility’.”

The little monk answered, “But there is no such thing as a personal God, as Spinoza would say.”



*Spinoza 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.

I decided to repeat my question, “Are there other civilizations or not?”

“Neti, Neti,” said the little monk, “we try to gradually uplift our universal Kosmic Storage.”

“We?” I said, “are you an entangled alien?”

“No, No,” the little monk said, “but now I do remember: my name today is ET, short for Eternal Time.”



*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.*

Chapter 13: Kosmic Humor

*Say 3-9-1 and
laughter will fill the air which
keeps us on our feet*

“I see,” I said, “quite simple indeed. We add value to our universal Kosmic Storage and at the same time subtract energy or information to help us realize even higher levels of Engagement, Understanding, Beauty and Oneness. Why didn’t I think of that before?”

“High Five, my friend,” said the little monk, “would you like some more tea, anything to eat?”

“Well,” I said, “I am getting really curious now, you said your name is Eternal Time? So what about dying?”

The little monk laughed, “What about it,” he said,
“dying is just another Holiday in the continuous
transmigration of consciousness. An extraordinary Holiday
at The White Light Hotel.”



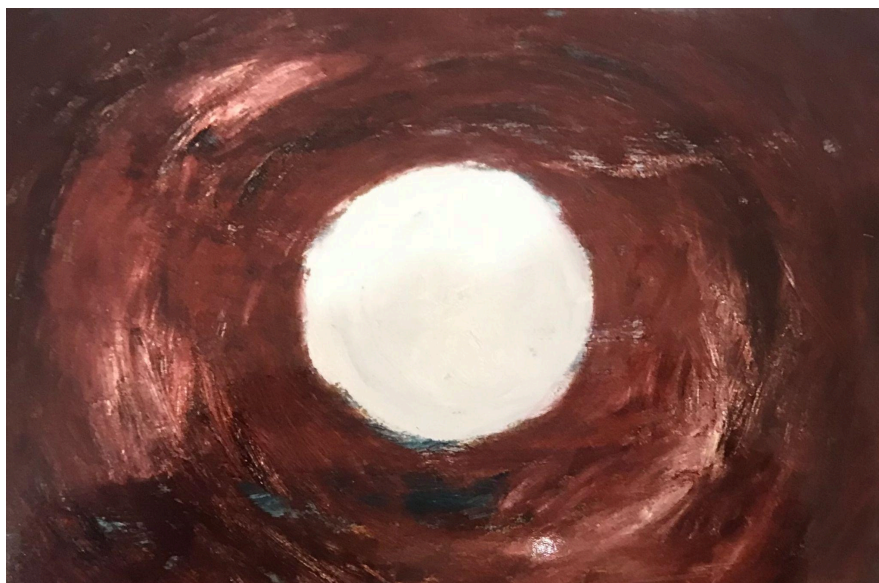
*Lady of Light walks down the stairs
Of our Yellow House in Hungerland;
Takes me by the hand gracefully,
Opens the door silently, brings me
To the meadow behind the bare hedge.*

*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.*

“You bring your wisdom and values, and after looking back you discover The White Light is full of Humor. Not in a sense that everything now becomes meaningless or irrelevant. No, it is Humor full of Compassion! Humor full of Wisdom, Humor full of Love.

The Humor you need to step totally refreshed into a new life, wherever. The Humor that makes you realize, nor Life, nor Death really exists. There is only Pure Consciousness being expressed into ever higher Oneness.”



*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,
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.*

Chapter 14: Kosmic Poetry

*In the Beginning
there was The Word, now there is
Kosmic Poetry*

“Sounds fine to me,” I said, “but what is the use of this all? What is the use of me walking through the Zanskar mountains for 8 days to meet you at the gompa? What’s the use of this Kosmic Plug-in-and-out-again?”

“Well,” said the little monk, “do you have any knowledge of the Bible?”

“I got a book of psalms from my aunt,” I said, “but never read anything from it. My aunt was prepared for the apocalypse as predicted in the Bible. She kept loads of cash in the back of her cupboard.”

“Very wise,” the little monk said. “The Windmills might still win. We picture the Beginning of the Universe with the Big Bang. The Bible says: ‘In the Beginning there was The Word’. The Buddhists say ‘OHM’, and use this word, this sound, as part of their mantras.”

At this point the little monk stood up and said, “Back to your question: ‘What is the use of this all?’ What is the motivation, what is the Driving Force of the Universe? Why does Pure Consciousness collapse into life as we know it, what kind of Humor is this?”

“You seem to understand my question,” I said.

The little monk picked up his booklet and said, “Let me read you a little poem.”

*Handbook of a poet last chapter:
Let's reveal and spread the words!
At first glance being depended
On family and cherished friends*

*It doesn't take long to realize
That hardly anyone is really interested
Might give some positive comments but
Be sure: Do not disturb me anymore!*

*Shortly one changes from a poet
Into an encroaching, arrogant toad
Having their fill of poisonous hallows
So better retreat into your burrow*

*Nail your poems on the front door
If just One Person happens to pass by
Who is really touched by one of your words
Be sure to cherish it dearly
Worthwhile to settle for*

“If One Person is Touched by the words of a
Kosmic Poem, it’s worthwhile to settle for. Yes, it is Kosmic
Poetry that makes you smile, or realize, or bring the shivers
down your spine, that touches your Heart.

Kosmic Poetry is the Driving Force of the Universe, nothing more and nothing less, in this Timeless Present Moment.”

“I see,” I said, smiling at the little monk, not very convinced. “Who would ever believe that? Not very exciting, who ever reads poems?”

The little monk sighed, “It is not about reading it, it is about living it! It is not about you smiling, but about The Universe smiling itself, being touched itself. That is the One Person passing by!

You see, The Universe is humble, it settles for just One Person who is Touched by a single verse. And we can all feel it.”



*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*

“This poem is called ‘Head of an Ibis’,” the little monk said. He ripped out the page from his booklet and gave it to me.”

“Thank you very much, my friend, I love it. And now I understand what you have been doing all this time.”

Chapter 15: The Booklet

*We have to become
Kosmic Poets
before we become
Cosmic Travellers*

“If you are interested, I am happy to hand over some of the poems I wrote,” the little monk said. “I have the feeling that in 40 years time you might do something with it.”

“Thank you,” I said, “I will take good care of them and will store them well!

I am afraid it is time for us to continue our hike, just 2 days to go, on our way to the Cease Fire line.

Thank you for the delicious tea, your hospitality and your inspiring words, ET.”

I went back to the terrace, put on my backpack, stepped down the stairs, turned around and waved goodbye.

“Have a Good Time, Jacob!” the little monk shouted after me.

*Since life is defined
by two different kinds
of development,
so time influences our lives
along these lines.*

*Our everyday experience
of the causal timeline
gives us the individual
impression of some form
of gradual continuity.*

*Also collectively expressed
by the shrinking time on
The Doomsday Clock
of our Civilization.*

*On the other hand,
the evolutionary power
of existential spirituality,
will now and then
reveal your clock time
on your path to awakening
and its manifestation.*

*Take these two types of time
together and you find
yourself in the middle,
beyond life and death,
of Kosmic Poetry,
the Driving Force
of The Universe.*

*That's all my Friends,
Have a Good Time!*

Attachments

Some Poems from The Booklet:

- 1. Jus Gaia**
- 2. Fresh Blouse**
- 3. Ephesus Library**
- 4. Labyrinth**
- 5. Das Kapital**
- 6. Gregorian Glühwein**
- 7. Resi**
- 8. Villa Adlon Menu**
- 9. Little Dark Heads**
- 10. Barren Baobabs**
- 11. Dew**
- 12. Black Cat, White Butterfly**
- 13. Brezel**
- 14. Evening Thoughts**
- 15. Living in Darkness Forever**

- 16. Fisher King**
- 17. Joelia**
- 18. Wooden Shutters**
- 19. The Road Taken**
- 20. Zomorrow**

Jus Gaia



Hear, hear! Why are only a few 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!

Fresh Blouse



What is the scent
of One Hand clapping?

As my wife would say:

“Please put on
a Fresh Blouse today.”

Ephesus Library



An Old Greek Library filled with books
Originates the idea of
Panta Rhei, a philosophy
To explain and support daily life

Which at its core means that there
Is just one thing that never changes:

Everything changes constantly,
Although this doesn't give much
Comfort when you die

The parable told by Heraclitus of Ephesus
Is that one never crosses
The same river twice.
Not so hard to understand
But there are some other ways to look at it

Better to say, being part of the river,
One never crosses it at all.
It is not the flowing stream that matters
But the quality of its sweet water

Any drop has a conscious choice
To influence its precious Taste,
And when a water drop evaporates
Into the sky and clouds above,
One day it will rain
And reunite

There is a special place where the river
Flows forward and back again once a year,
It seems to reverse in Time

Or shall we say,
Being part of the river,
Time was an illusion anyway

But what about Cleopatra,
Paulus and Maria who visited
Ephesus in its glorious days?

It's a Greek Tragedy
and Comedy in One
The river flows into
the Sweet Timeless Ocean

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 in 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.



Das Kapital

Any Word has hidden a fragment of Soul
Like horcruxes loaded with immortality
In writing you can show this matters
By using Capital Chocolate Letters

Take for example the Quipus of the Incas
Words interwoven with knots and strings
Made by hair of fox, llama, guanaco or alpaca
A patchwork of colorful mingled scripts
A vernacular Lingua Franca

Treasured dearly by locals of little villages
High up in the mountains, takes hours
Of winding roads, dazzling abysses,
To have this ancient language exposed

Farmers, daily digging in fertile soil
Made words by their own fair hands,
Fingers toiling, spinning glimmering strings,
On eagles wings, in thin Andes air

A tragedy to notice in our times,
How the use of language is mostly reduced
To functionality of an operational mind,
Possibly supported by artificial intelligence

Worse, as primary use for profitability
Institutionalized by a deranged result-driven
Deculturized education system

Picture the sadness of the Prophet Jeremiah
After the destruction of Jerusalem

Few children nor adults are interested
Anymore in the doors to our Soul,
In words, sentences, stories, songs.
Stored Capital from our ancestors
In a Dead and Living Poet Society.
Instead, longing to enrich literally

Words becoming transactional
Or even worse: Just. Sound. Bites.

To incite large audiences in
Hate campaigns on vermins
And Marx Brothers

Fuelling xenophobia once again,
Words used as a cold touch of horror,
Insensitive mass incentives, replacing
A warm subtle touch of Grace

Back to the Middle Ages 2.0
I suggest to do it thoroughly:
Embrace the eloquent Quipus
As the language of Tomorrow

Gregorian Glühwein

Put on my coat and shawl,
went out for a brisk walk
through the frosty streets
filled with flakes and snow,
to meet and chat with
some of my closest Friends
at the Weihnachtsmarkt.

The Nightingale, Oriole
Wheatear, Alpine Chough
Cuckoo, Buzzard
Lark, Purple Bunting
Bird of Paradise, Albatros
Cedar Waxwing and
Black-tailed Godwit

After several rounds of
Excellent Gregorian Glühwein,
Our Poetry went out of Hand!

Got to get back, unfortunately,
leaving my dear Friends behind
to Face the Enraged Christmas Storm
and me, at home, Either/Or,
Facing the Wall.

Resi



The ground still frozen in March makes
Digging a grave like chiseling stone,
It's snowing silver glitter, or rather gold,
Red roses, white tulips, holy water, host and
A shovel full of soil are thrown on the coffin
In the cutting cold wind just before Easter.

Organ music from Bach echoes in the background
From the church with the Einstein ancestor plaque.

It continues when the ceremony ends as
We remember our milliner in the village tavern,
Old times torn off like a calendar sheet
With a proverb on the rear side missing.

Times when the grocery was in the middle of
Our precious hamlet, right next to the cheese mill,
Maria statue standing firm to protect all souls.
Twice a day the milk cans were delivered,
The latest gossip shared over the counter
While buying peas, starch, snuff or tobacco.

Green soap from a bucket, weighted on the scale,
Buttermilk soap, fresh sauerkraut from a barrel,
White beans, brown beans, capuchins, rice, flour,
Wheat, spelt, sugar, tea, coffee and cod liver oil
(With a pleasant taste!), rye bread, rusk, nuts,
Cheese, salami, brushware, candles and liquor.

In the evening hawking from the back door
and once a month payment from the notebook.

The scent of loose herbs and cowshed fills the store.
Jars of pink candy cane, cinnamon stick, saltwood,
Magic balls, peppermint pads, gummy bears,
Leckerland and my favorite little Mohrenkopf.
Took it along to hang out at the old lime tree
Next to the forge, firetruck and parsonage.

I walk by the manure heaps and tractors
In front of the farms and barns with pigs.
Bach still echoes through the chilly air as
I walk further down to the cold brook,
Six frozen ducklings at the wall, and
Even further to the meandering river.

Back home, along the bushes where
At the end of the war the 16-year-old
Were slaughtered as a last defense,
Resi made some Zwetschkenknödel

Which are impossible to resist,
Six husbands died eating them.

During the war she would hide Jews in the cellar,
Now I can hardly bear to hear the news anymore.

VILLA ADLON MENU

(Dinner for 22)



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 close all foreign restaurants and deport
their owners and visitors to the desert of North Africa**

Little Dark Heads

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 grones are gone
Or locked up in their siskin homes

Listen to the little dark head
Playing his flute high up in the air

Barren Baobabs



They trimmed the trees in front of our house and stacked the branches in large heaps underneath.

Probably to save money on an employee who swept the falling leaves daily nice and quietly.

In the shade children were playing tag,
now they can get used to higher centigrades.

The bulbuls, who presented their mutual
affection wholeheartedly on the leaf
of a banana tree, saw their nest disappear
in the plastic bags filled with little twigs.

We have not heard them tweet anymore.

The skeletons left behind look like barren
baobabs from the island of Madagascar.

We lived under a deck of leaves,
used to the call of an owl at night,
entering deep dreamless sleep.

Like the scent of a blossoming baobab,
for a few scant hours per year.

Now that their spirits disappear,
can the Love that knows no Death,
still be noticed at a Glance?

DEW



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

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

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

Brezel

The Boy without a voice
walked past the carved doors
to collect Brezel which
he hung around his neck
with a frayed cord

The Prophecy says:
“The Boy, who bowls
in the aisle of the church,
will indulge to the Universal Grammar
of the descendants of Ruth”

Like too red Tulips,
double reversed,
cultivated at the Garden of
the International Court of Justice

An Inspirational Force
for a Just World in which
Equality shines through
"Evermore"

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

Evening Thoughts

It is evening, the sun has vanished,
And the full moon sheds its light;
So life's final hours speed by,
Last chance to Dance!

Soon life's bright pageant will be over,
Its Consciousness will pass.
This play is ended! A Smile from a Friend
Awaits at my grave.

Soon perhaps, like a gentle zephyr,
A silent presentiment will reach me,
And I shall end this earthly pilgrimage,
Fly to the Cathedral.

If you then weep by my grave,
And gaze mourning on my ashes,
Then, dear friends, The Truth appears to you,
Bringing a Breath of Heaven.

May I too shed a tear for you
And pluck a violet for your grave;
And let my compassionate gaze
Look tenderly down on you.

We will never separate and ah!
Being Children of the Light,
Walk United until We Become
The fairest Pearl of all.

Fisher King

The Fisher King asks his Knights to shoot
Some Wild Ducks to heal the wounds on his feet.

A Mallard to understand who we really are,
A Teal to break the seal,
A Tufted Duck to bring good luck,
A Red Headed Pochard to play gentle guitar,
A Shoveler for a rainbow above the sky,
A Wigeon to persist on the holy Quest,
A Pintail to finally find the Grail,
A Smew to celebrate we can start anew,
A Scaup to empty the smelly swamp,
A Mandarin to sing and spread the message,
A Golden Eye to bring Light that never dims,
A Goose Ende to become eternal friends,
A Carolina to find the right Madonna and
A Red Merganser to keep on Dancing night and day.

Quite satisfied the King just lacks his favorite meal:
Some Wild Salmon from the River Dee!

Joelia

All apple and pear trees are blossoming
The fog is floating over the river
When Joelia walked towards the lake
To the shore, the high and rocky shore

She rose and sang an ancient song
Of an Eagle flying through the sky
Of the Wonder which she loves
Of the People which letters she would hide

Oh you song, you song of a young girl
Fly across the fields, beyond the Light!
Tell everyone in a troubled world
That Joelia shines with her Eyes

They will remember a young, bright girl
They will remember how she used to sing
Let them keep our lands at Peace
And all their Love, Joelia will keep

Wooden Shutters



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

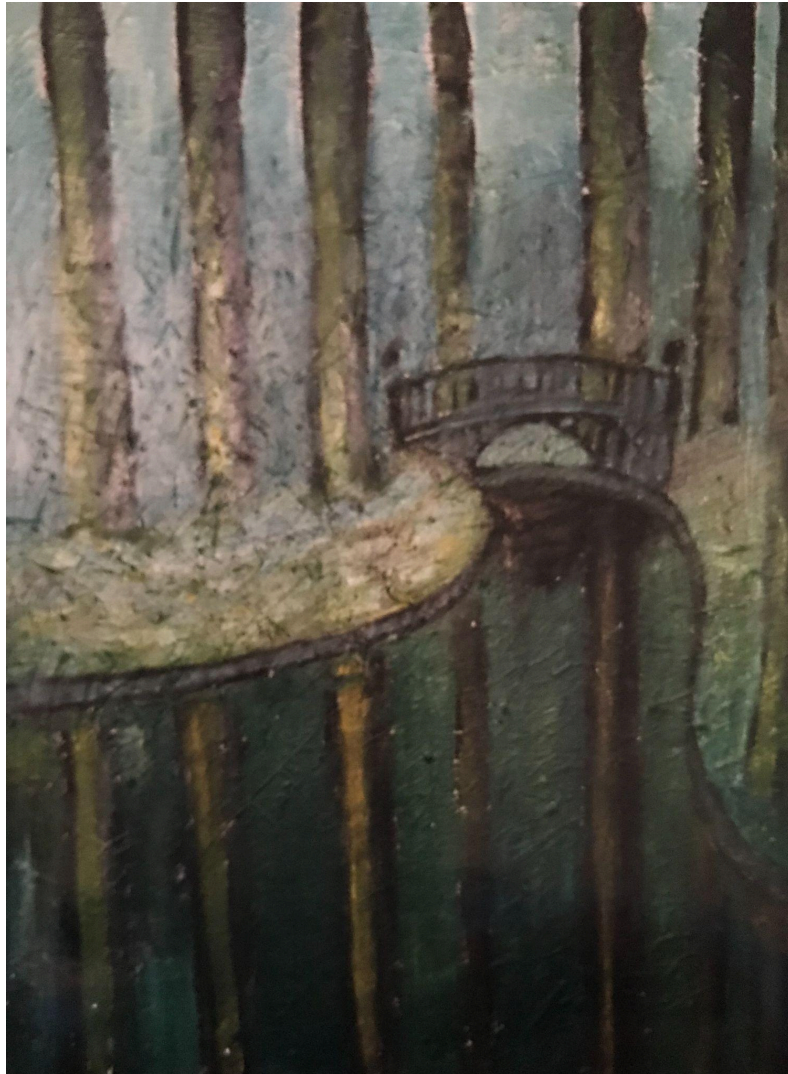
Such as the city of Timisoara
With a square full of pigeons
Where the people stood up against
A ruthless communist dictator

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

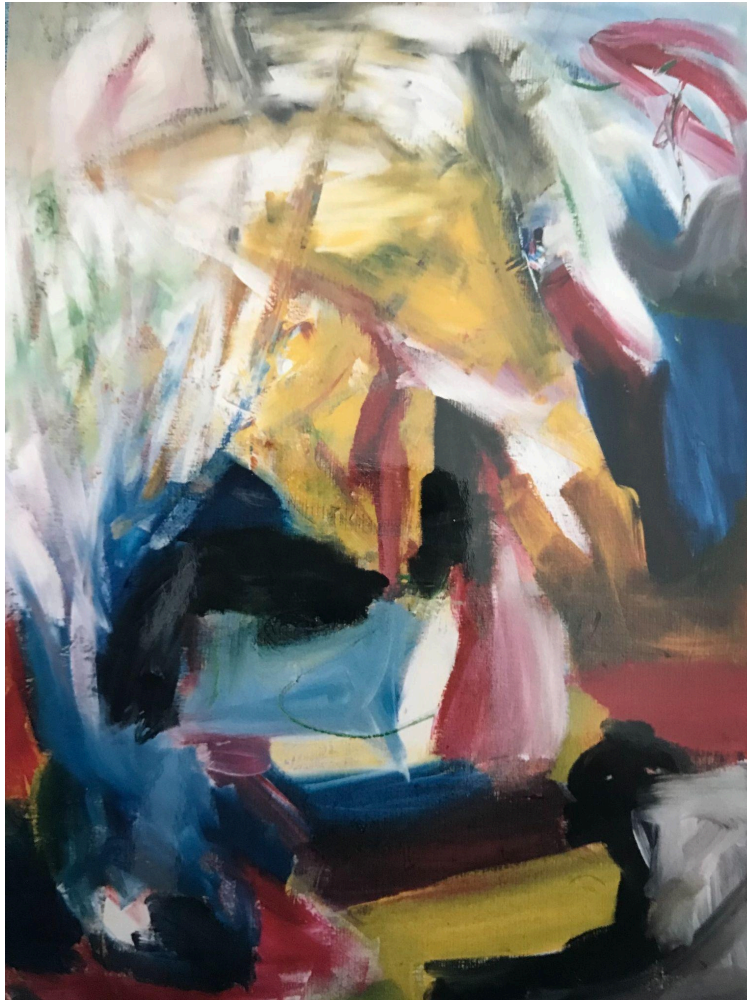
To surrender to the Unknown
The hidden treasures of The Mind
Leaving worldly pleasures far behind

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: Kosmic Rider
- b. Tea Time: Author with little monk
- c. Chapter 1: AI-poem based on essay 'Kosmic Player'
- d. Chapter 9: Hampelmann
- e. Chapter 10: Sketch of the Kosmic Kardashev Matrix
- f. Chapter 11: Portrait of author's father
- g. Chapter 12: Shepherd with herd
- h. Chapter 12: Based on Eclogues IV of Virgil
- i. Chapter 13: The White Light
- j. Chapter 13: The Tunnel
- k. Attachment:
 - 1 Toddler
 - 2 Scent of Fresh Flowers
 - 3 Photo of River Kwai
 - 4 Minotaurus
 - 5 Das Kapital
 - 8 Strange Fruit
 - 9 Based on a Argentinian folk song
 - 10 Canopy
 - 11 Dew
 - 12 Black Cat, White Butterfly

14	Based on 'Abendempfindung' by J.H. Campe
17	Based on a Russian folk song
19	The Road Taken
20	Zomorrow
l. Backpage 1:	Empty Mirror
m. Backpage 2:	Logo

2. Other productions:

a. Chapter 11:	Photo of BMW after the attack
b. Chapter 12:	Photo of Spinoza
c. Chapter 14:	Black Winged Kite, by William Gibbs
d. Attachment:	
4	Photo of Kant
7	Photo of Resi's grocery
18	Drawing of Enlightened Monk



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TO EVER HIGHER
ONENESS***

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