

TO BE AND NOT TO BE

Collection of Kosmic Poems



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Photo 51



We need a Photo
Fifty-One as solid Proof
of our True Nature

TO BE AND NOT TO BE
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Smiling Mirror



I once dived
into Deep Waters
until a Giant Turtle
swam towards me.
We closely stared
at each other
as if living in
a Smiling Mirror.
And slowly danced
a little Pirouette
guided by my left hand.

Ladyfinger



The 8.000 year old path
In the Valley of Peaks
Leads over the shaky bridge

To the Ladyfinger

Summer Village of Sunflowers
And black and white goats
Under the shady trees.

MIR



Looking down from
my MIR space station,
I orbit the Ladyfinger
MIR Kingdom
in its Alpha-Zero
stage of development.

A Civilization that has *not*
reached its full energy capacity yet,
within its ecological boundaries.

A society that is *not* yet
organized in full service
of its World Citizens.

How I long for a Collective
that reaches its Delta-III
Tertön Threshold capacity,
hinniks like a Maroon Mustang,
spreads lyrics by the wind,
inhabits the Deep Water
potential of our Galaxy.

ET finally back home again.

Smörgåsbord



Cassandra told me to collect 199
stamps to buy a Chinese bicycle:

to have a simple lifestyle,
to uphold an open space,

to be sure I can hear the poor screaming,
to make sure I can feel the earth screaming,

to deepen the trust in eco-spirituality,
to participate in an active community,

to feel kinship
with The Atman Project,

to fill Jacob's Well to the brim,
smiling angels silently appearing,

to float all quadrants with Nam Nam data,
as a pack of dogs joyfully enters my bedroom.

I can simply ride my bicycle from door to door,
to taste a Smörgåsbord of Wonders.

Bardonomics



All markets the Ox-Herder enters are free
since we are rational behaving human beings.

Every transaction we make is not about money,
but opens the door to unlimited living.

The accumulation of capital in the hands of just a few
opened Pandora's Box for our generative society.

A form of evolutionary dissonance up to the point
we find out which problems really need solving.

In Bardonomics we catalyze into Absolute Freedom,
since you are the light watching itself dream.

It deepens the Trust in our collective intelligence
to ground sustainability dipped in deeper meaning.

To transform an economy based on personal needs
to a civilization embracing transpersonal Being.

An Affluent Society posts messages in a Bardobottle:

"May whoever finds this feel
as Happy as My Straw Hat Crew."

Timeless 96



I pledge allegiance
to Timeless 96,
to yam daisy,
to black watergum,
to nature cherries.

No mercy,
tongue in cheek,
for blue cheese,
for tunneling cooper pairs,
for children of horsetraders,
for the smouses in the street,
for secret echo chambers.

If need be we will kill
two birds with one stone,
join the gathering storm
to restore fertility
on sepia-toned lives,
groping for the wall
like the blind.

Fourteen

Shall I compare me to an Influencer,
Part of my favourite Ping Pong tribe,
Standing strong in the group's oral hype
To cook a bowl of rice soup at 4 am?
I prefer wearing total black, no not Gothic,
To hide my chronic eating disorder,
Don't stroll around in the sun though,
Make sure my makeup won't start sinking.
Free from effort of strenuous thinking,
I fly above the canopy like a hornbill,
Glitter like a string of granite stones,
Join the growing column of lost souls.

So long as I can mine and can be seen,
Life has some kind of meaning to me.

Day Keeper



It is painstaking work for a Day Keeper
to repair a broken Tecton Calendar,
to affirm, in word and deed,
the inherent light of each child
as a polar star before all else,
to be keepers of good hope,
of courage and moral clarity,
to exchange 30 pieces of silver
for radical social equality,
to take a walk in the fern fossil
Woods of Moosalamoo.

Can't Stop Crying

That trumpet blew
a beautiful tune
for just eleven days.
Now I can't stop crying.

I can smile like a clown
from the cloud
of unknown,
but I can't stop crying.

I can tap the drum,
jump from a table,
fly with one wing,
but I can't stop crying.

I can pick forget me nots,
teach fish and dogs,
embrace the world
with all my love.

Still, I can't stop crying.

A Simple Satori



I am not interested in the pink mangrove hippo,
Neither in the brown sourdough monkey,
Nor in the tremendous yellow giraffe,
Just give me a hammer and chisel,
Some cymbals and a red bell,
To enchant you with a Simple Satori,
With no beginning and no end.

The Alchemist's Kiss



Even primates already knew
22 million years ago
what it means to give a kiss.
A sense of Ethics which AI
will never ever be able to grasp.
A matter of natural intelligence,
of kosmic affection,
of the universe dancing,
of Klimt and Kahlo,
of love and innocence.

Life is not a Journey



not even when there is this thin layer of ice
on the pond for the first time in years

not even when we hold hands as
we come together one last time

not even when we walk through
the chilly rewilding woods

not even when you shed your tears
in fear we won't be able to enter
the Kingdom together

not even when the crowd
in the stadium goes berserk

not even when our children
are doing seemingly well

not even when we have the best
croissant ever for breakfast

not even when alpacas are
of no real interest

not even when you undertake
a long curved bicycle tour

not even when you gently
touch my hand, my dear

life is not a journey

Weird Concert among the Buddha Trees



Let me invite you,
after the blood moon has sunk,
to the graceful concert of the white handed gibbons
singing out loud high up in the canopy
of the unfrozen lazy morning light,

to the monks throat chanting for 108 seconds
at the memorial of the ancient bard,

to the songs of the drongo, the ashy bulbul,
the great myna on the Buddha's head,

the orange-breasted trogon, the flycatcher,
the Indian roller, the ruby cheeked sunbird,
in the middle of the Five Buddha tree jungle,

join the vanilla, the planthoppers,
the spectacled langurs listening,
the kingfisher, the white herons,
the king cobra family, the wolf brothers,
the squirrels hopping from tree to tree,
even the gaur and sun bear visiting,

join the cicadas and civets dancing under
the wild bananas and giant elephant ears,

sit down on the carpet of the ground of being,
woodprinting a new dawn,

dare to wonder the wonders of
this weird concert that moves through you,
while you don't go anywhere,
anytime, anymore my friend.

Whispering Wolves



Now that the wolf is back,
Simple Space gets consecrated again

There is this invisible presence,
this whisper in the air,
these shared footsteps

As much as we fear the wolf,
more frightening is our
own Clear Presence,
bubbling up spontaneously
from the Ground of Being

200 Children



In the classroom of the Mercy Centre,
among children from labour immigrants,
hangs a portrait of Janusz Kortzak,
a medical doctor who founded Dom Sierot.
An orphanage in which he tried to realize
his radical ideas on enhancing children's
creativity and sense of responsibility.
By establishing their own republic,
their own parliament,
their own newspaper,

their own radio program.

In 1940 he was forced to move the orphanage to the ghetto of Warsaw, where in 1942 the about 200 children were taken to Treblinka. Janusz voluntarily went with them.

The children were dressed in their best clothes, wearing a blue bag with their favorite book or toy.

They didn't cry,

they didn't hide,

they didn't flee,

while beaten up by

the German and Ukrainian police.

Imagine these children being Palestinian.



Spicy Miso Ramen



The permission of evil
drips, drips, drips,
deeper and deeper
into our indifference,
misogyny, thuggery.

There is no freedom
without responsibility,
without prehension.

Gird your loins when
the tower of Babylon falls,
just a slight touch,
some additional pheromones,
to surpass the coral quorum.

Don't fight the crocodile
in the water, but
this Joy of Existence
is not enough anymore.

We need a civilization that
sparks itself into existence,
while eating spicy miso ramen,
for no particular reason.

Seven, O, Five, Three

Unmoored



You can dig digital diamonds
at Sugarcane Mountain,
chew cheese waffles from
the tree of affluence.

No frogs sing from
the trokken old pond,
just lotus stone buds
marching in a row.

In the golden age of
Unmoored Abundance,
poems don't write
themselves anymore.

Marooned



I got marooned on the wrong
site of history,
just as my grandfather's battalion.

At first I fought against a
partheid,
but apartheid fought back,
so did genocide,
walking hand in hand.

I fought for a
 bortion rights,
but the fundamentalists fought back too.

I fought for civil rights,
since the age of the Magna Carta,
 but now Big Brother is watching me.

I fought for the tiny winey wildlife that's left,
 but the poachers stripped it off,
like a skin graft from my bottom.

I have lost every battle,
 No, I don't regret,
nothing left but the maintenance
on my motorcycle.

But if need be,
 I am still willing to sacrifice,
stand up front in the street,
facing ICE or the Proud Boys
in disguise,
 my genes erased by the tides of history.

Benevolent Turtle

We don't need growth
of greed and power,
which we now see
all around us.

Growth of exploitation,
cynicism and depression,
running like Faust
through our veins.

Growth of fiction and
fantasies intoxicating
our brains into a state
of sheer subjugation.

We need to Trust the Turtle,
on which the Universe rests,
on which shell we move
forward step by step.

Trust in the growth of
well being, freedom,
a sound environment,
dignity and meaning.

Trust in the growth of
Kosmic Intelligence,
a Renaissance of Truth,
Beauty and Imagination.

Trust in the growth of
humility and generosity,
trembling, vibrating,
all around us.

Trust in the growth of
our shared Essence,
shared journey,
shared destiny;
our Evolution is at stake,
even a Benevolent Turtle
can vanish at a glance.

To Be And Not To Be



Because Consciousness
is conscious of itself,
God is not Dead yet.

Not even within ourselves,
although we might not
be conscious of that.

Pure Consciousness exists
beyond Space and Time,
beyond Good and Evil,
striving for ever higher
Beauty, Wisdom and Oneness.

Not really a comfort though
for personal and planetary pain,
for this we need to fight,
love and / or be patient.

How
To Be And Not To Be,
That's The Question.

Bus Ride



This Bus Boy brings
you to the far end
of the Universe.

You don't need to
hitch-hike anymore.

This luminous mathematician
knows for sure
that six times seven
equals fifty-four.

Take a quantum-ride
and you may find that
you can go anywhere,
anytime, any moment.

One condition though:
clean the Table first
at the breakfast bus stop
of Folks & Flour.

No matter which level
of civilization you are on,
no matter what you order,
no matter what you taste,

This Bus Boy punches
your ticket.

If Only



If only I could write One True Sentence
If only I could live One True Line
If only I could catch One Big Fish
And bring it upon the Shore
If only I could pour
One Glass of Byron's Wine
I know you would Smile

Archangels



I am standing again in the middle of this little football field, behind me the forest where our 'Freedom' boathouse used to be, where I climbed this challenging tree with my next door friend and broke my wrist jumping down; to the right the hot humid greenhouse, where my brother secretly grew his marijuana plants, next to the allotments.

I look straight at this non-blinding
sizzling White Light,
shining bright from the grass field
behind the pine trees;

trembling me, devouring me.

Stand firm in the Field,
feel the Polar Light,
deepen the Morphic Presence,
make the old polymorphs disappear,
and spontaneously create
crystal clear new Truths;

trembling us, devouring us.

Grand Encore



La petit et grand Mort
are knocking on my door

Every single moment
as a transition
from conditioning
to the Grand Encore

Notes

1. Images produced by the author:

a. Poems:

2	Ladyfinger / MIR
3	AI generated
4	Schoolchildren
7	Woodie
11	Shepherd with sheep
13	AI generated
17	Don Quichote

b. Backpage 1: Empty Mirror

c. Backpage 2: Logo

2. Images from other sources:

a. Poems:

1	Hawksbill sea turtle
5	Unknown painter
10	Orangutans kissing
11	Unknown painter
14	Drawings from Palestinian children
15	Mugshot Rosa Parks
16	Wild horses
19	German painter
22	Art by Maayke Schurer



Secret Rainmaker
designed yet another wet
Paraplu Ballet



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TO EVER HIGHER
ONENESS***

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