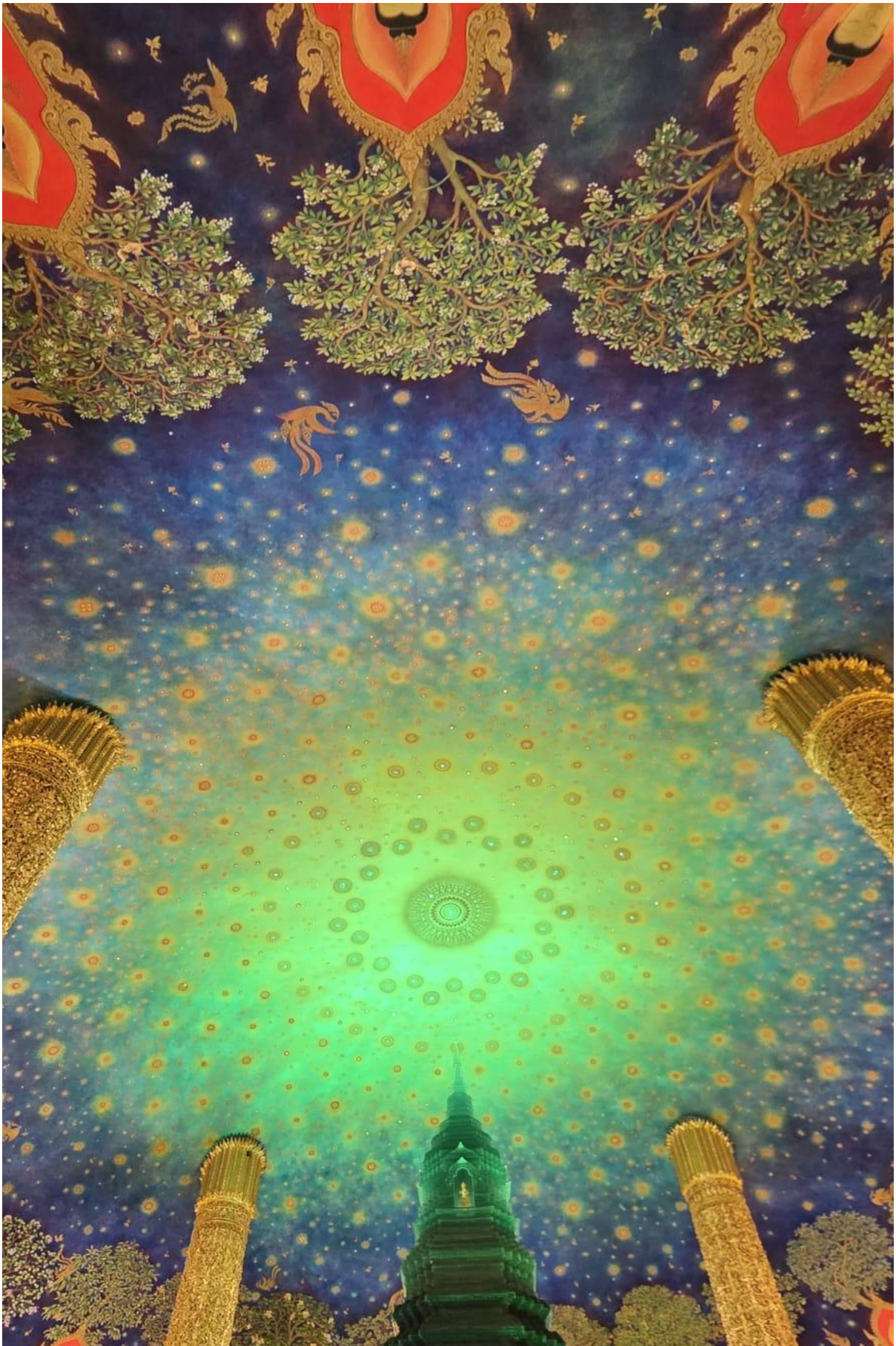


The Pink Dragon Hungerland Band presents



Songs with no Beginning and no End

Songs with no Beginning and no End

1. The Horn
 2. No Expectation
 3. Living in Darkness Forever
 4. The Sky is Blue Today
 5. Kosmic Teacher
 6. Evening Thoughts
 7. Weird Concert among the Buddha Trees
 8. The Road Taken
 9. This old Folk Song
 10. Joelia
 11. Maroon Red
 12. Bacon and Eggs
 13. The Hungerland Band
 14. Resolution nr. 9
-

The Horn



The Pink Dragon Hungerland Band presents
Songs with no Beginning and no End
But the violins sound a kind of rusty
The piano is out of tune
The singer just stepped out of bed
The guitar-riffs unstrung
Say 'Chello' to the cellos
The trumpets a bunch of beginners
The Maestro in total control though
Because the Horn, Ladies and Gentlemen
The Horn is from another dimension

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 *Phi*,
a Rothko painting made by you and I.

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

Living in Darkness Forever

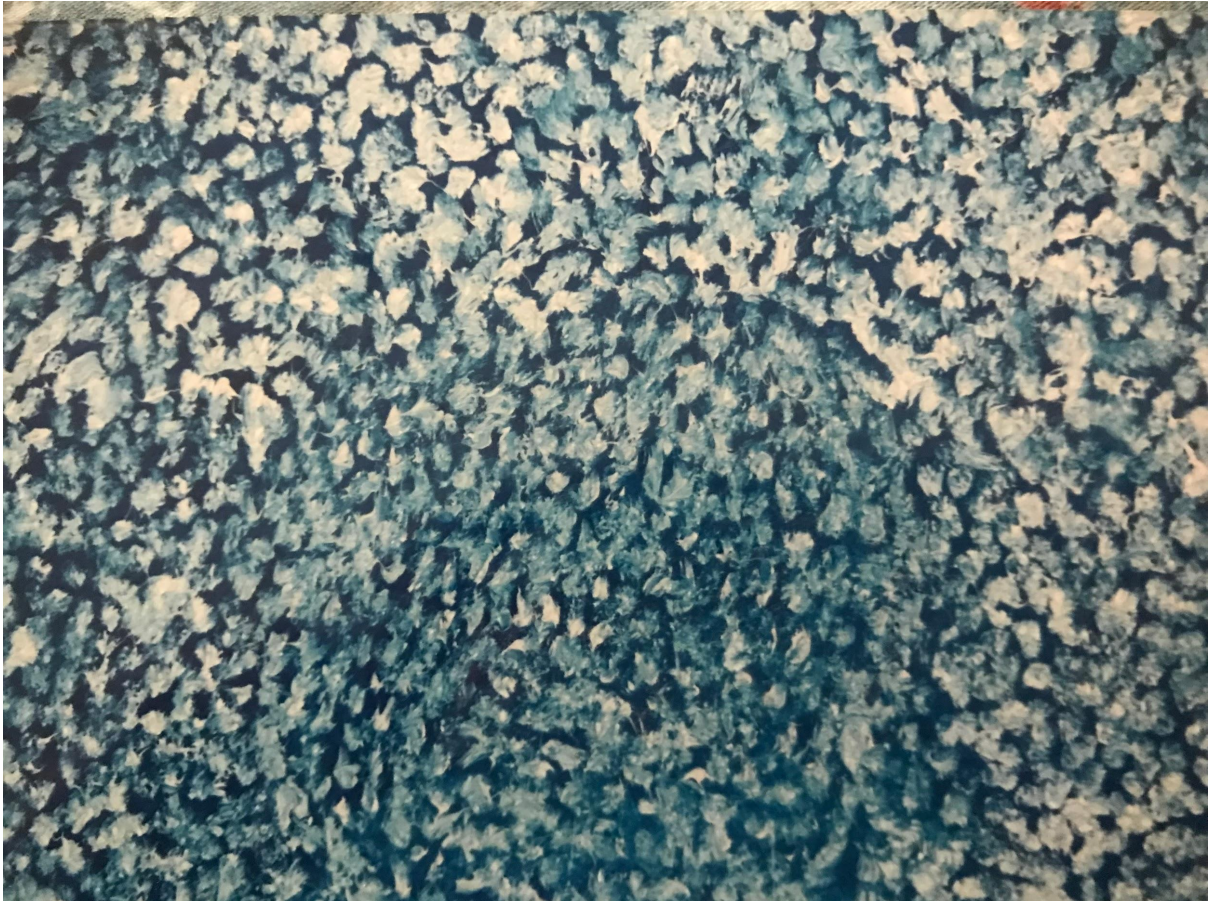
Let me Lift you Up, because we are going to
The Redemption School, nothing to see
Living in Darkness Forever

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 everyone

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

The Sky is Blue Today



The Sky is Blue Today

Yes

There is a Cow in the Field

Yes

Water is Wet

Yes

The floor creaks

Bookpiles on the stairs

Dry flowers between the pages

Yes

The cherry wood desk

A sleigh bed in the corner

The cotton white dress

Yes

Pockets full of stones

Still Life above the stove

Poems left in the drawer

Yes

The Sky is Blue Today

Yes

There is a Cow in the Field

Yes

Water is Wet

Yes

Kosmic Teacher



You know how I learned fierce discipline?
From when I was about three years young
I milked my aunts four cows early in the morning,
Weeded the vegetable garden in the afternoon
And in bed I ate the scratched chalk from the wall.

Never thought I would become a Sommelier,
Never thought I would become a Rilke Teacher.

You know how I learned the perfect etiquette?
I pressed thick books under my armpits
Which got thinner in the course of time,
And when they happened to fall to the ground,
I got slapped in the face by the strict nuns.

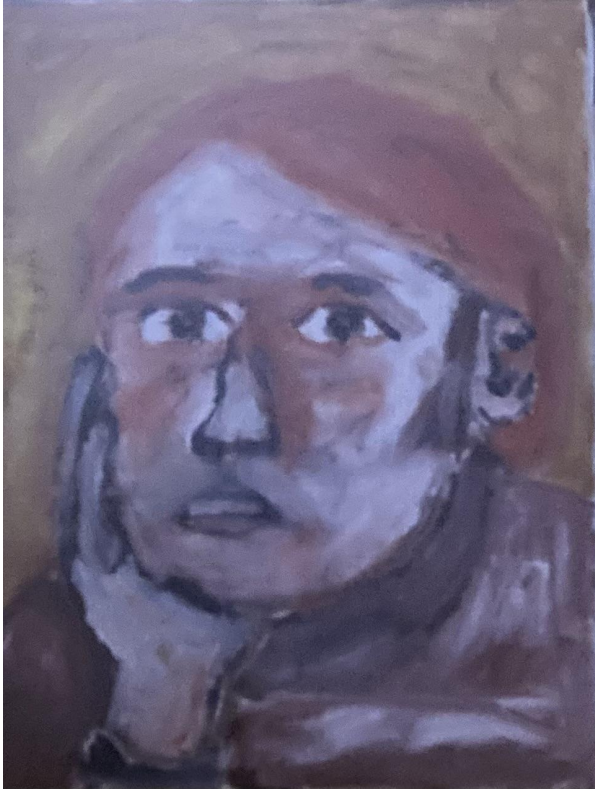
Never thought I would become a Sommelier,
Never thought I would become a Rilke Teacher.

You know how I became a good Christian?
Six o'clock sharp Hail Mary in mass,
On Sundays and with Celebrations twice,
And in between I had wild fantasies
Of designs for a grand Afterlife.

Never thought I would become a Sommelier,
Never thought I would become a Kosmic Teacher.

Never thought I would become a Kosmic Teacher.

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.

(based on "Abendempfindung" by J. H. Campe)

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.

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

This old Folk Song



This old folk song
brings me back
to the days we
used to walk
hand in hand

To the days we
could do with
just a kiss
strolling along
in innocence

Taking the train
for a long walk
into the dunes
picking up a stick
just like Mozes did

Change it into
a wriggling snake
my final mistake
I guess, it slipped
out of my hands

This old folk song
that still triggers
these inner tears
of missing you
after all these years

This old folk song
that brings me back
to the days we
just sat and looked
at the garden

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

(based on a Russian Folk Song)

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

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.

The Hungerland Band

My PUCH motorcycle got stolen
at the concert of The Hungerland Band.

For good reason since
I had bought it with the money
I had stolen by putting a piece of paper
in the exchange drop of the telephone box
in front of our house.

So I had to walk all the way home
in the middle of the night.

But I walked with my head filled
with the sound of the band's Hammond organ,
like the sound of a church filled
with heavenly music.

And through all the walks and love
of my life, that has never changed.

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.



Secret Rainmaker
designed yet another wet
Paraplu Ballet



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

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