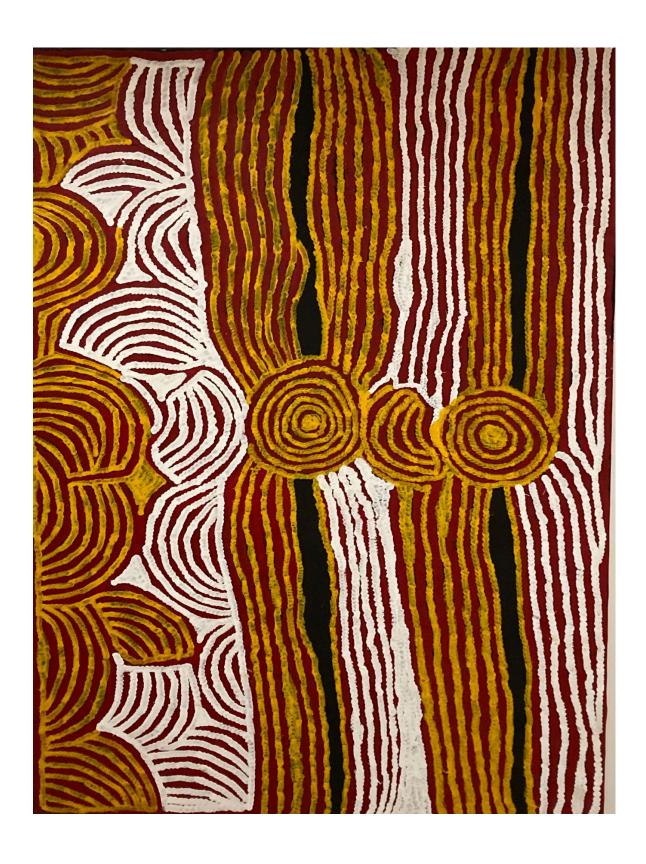
Dig a Wormhole



There is a Wormhole in Grooninger Street, no one knows who put it there, actually, no one noticed except for this Somali taxi driver.

An outspoken immigrant wearing thick jambottle glasses, driving an old fashioned taximeter Nissan.

Born in Mogadishu where his father worked for the Federal Ministry until he fled with his family to Cape Town when the extremists were flooding the streets.

His daughter born downtown in the Groote Schuur hospital, his father buried at the cemetery between the old Boer farmers who explored the newfound land.

Have you ever dug a Wormhole, Son Have you ever dug a Wormhole?

Jacob Adler, 2025

There is a Wormhole in Grooninger Street, steer around it carefully, when you fall inside you might accelerate your personal space and time, between the not well maintained ruby red houses and halal shops.

Sooner or later people will start to disappear and pop-up again at Diggersclub Grove, near a white office building, standing tall with an Aboriginal painting in the hall, the so-called Ministry of Truth, Beauty and Affluency.

There is a Somali taxi driver bringing you to Mushroom Reef, with a kookaburra in the Moonah tree, wallabies and wombats at the lagoon, and a Woodie knocking at your door.

Have you ever dug a Wormhole, Son? Have you ever dug a Wormhole?

Jacob Adler, 2025