

HARVEST OF HUMAN ESSENCE • POOLING INTO THE COLLECTIVE (OW007)

◀ Oh How I Wish ⇨  Video ▶  Audio ▶

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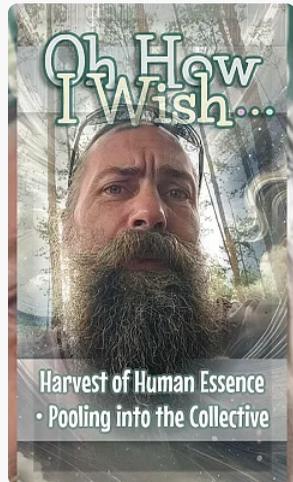
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Is there an abundance of essence in this world? Enough to make all the ends meet, every true need fulfilled? Why sure yes. Nature provides in abundance. But we humans love to divert and exploit the streams – more for us, less for them.

We keep our essences separate from the collective. Our assets, insights, empathies, aspirations, resolve, skills, systems – harnessed for selfish aims. What nature has given – you co-opt and consolidate in separation. Liberate your plunders.



#OhHowIWish

#Collective

#HumanEssence

#Integration

#Harvest

#GreatFeast

#SharedNature

Oh how I wish we could all freely share the best essence of our human lives, pouring our finest ingredients into the shared basin, cooking together for the great feast of the collective. Now what is this harvest of human essence? What are the shells we are pressing for the wine to flow?

Yes, for the material foundation, our resources, our assets, our physical bodies even, for sure. Then into finer wealth – our clearest insights, our discoveries, unveilings of actuality, the all-seeing eye of orientation. Then yes, the momentum of pure emotions, the empathic essence that enlivens us all. Then yes, our noble aspirations and worthy quests beyond the horizon, the spirit of expansion itself.

Then yes, concentration, relentless determination, keeping the zone, holding the line on points that truly matter. Then all your skills and tools, the crafts you've mastered, your operational expertise. And finally yes, your integrated models and systems, the minor and

major threads of the loom that holds us all together, all in faithful description of "what is" without bias.

All of this essence, it's there in abundance. Each of us hold some of it and some of us excel, but we like to keep it in our pockets. And when someone finds enough of it consolidating into one place, in themselves or in their environment, they leap at the opportunity to exploit, to capitalize, to make themselves stand out sovereigns over others.

And so we build our towers of Babel to reach the sky. We become titans, deities of our own design. Obviously battling with other wannabe deities and titans, all with the same agenda, one to rule above them all. But my friends, people of the world, all of that will ever crumble down until we resign from the drive for dominion.

That essence was never your creation, you were simply an instrument, a transformer in its expression. Then release it back into nature. Let your refined human essence be a part of the catering for the feast of the collective. Say no to the kings and emperors of separation. They and their courts are food for the vultures circling in mid-air as we speak.

Then weave it all together, friends. We are a collective.

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