

A HUMBLER MANKIND

A hypo-thesis into the male myth



David O'Brien

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PREFACE

Humility is the keystone of this coming age. In this beautifully crafted volume of verse, David O' Brien shatters the false myth of 'Male Dominance', and evokes the 'individual' to look within the self, to the place where Harmony, Peace and the 'Unity of Man and Woman' are to be found. He gives us tools for the mind and an intensity of emotive power to help us forge our way through the darkness and into the light of victory for the new 'Human Epoch'.

David leaves no room for doubt in this volume that 'Fear is not an Option'. Here is a man who has expressed his search for love, thrilling us with insight into the human psyche. He levels us with his hopeful dance, born of doom, giving cause, where once there was only effect. Here is a man who has found love, a man who has found himself.

From the positive power of 'A Solidarity for Toys', to the mutiny and anarchy of 'Ode to a Poet', David has done justice to the blood that has been shed for our democratic right to speak out. Our forefathers who made this freedom possible will smile upon you too as you read these verses.

The Poets and Artists have always been the individuals in society whose 'Spirit for Truth' has been irrepressible. They are those who skirt the edges of understanding, where words are almost redundant, saying volumes in a word, a sentence, a single verse. With his work David has inspired hundreds of poets and writers to take the journey within, fearlessly.

I hope you enjoy the power of these poems as much as I have.

Daniel Debs

Author of: 'A Mastery of H2O'

A SOLIDARITY FOR TOYS

Pull the bullion out of the vaults.
Bathe the people in liquid sunshine
Disintegrate this unevolved synthesis.
Take us into the woods to metamorphosize.

Where the old and the wise sit together
In thought, in retrospect of their children.
They suffer only the need to infuse.
Introducing yourself to yourself, omnipotently.

Who thwarts with publicity, the egomaniac!
Who hinders the establishment, Penetrating!
Exonerating in the midst of psychic oppression.
A message in cohesive deliberation, by relinquishing.

As I let go of this subliminal castration, underwhelmed!
I overstate my importance for the very first time.
With an extended rite to judge with third eye open
A frontier left much alone. FEAR IS NOT AN OPTION!

Scratching like ghosts, nibbling on the roots of time,
This indignation gathers momentum frenetically.
Spurts of true freedom are coming into my vicinity
In shapes of ballistic hallucinations, jackknifing.

As significant as you are, you are captured
In the field of light. You are tainted with implication,

You pray too close to a god who fails you.
An incandescent deity, fumbling in the upper dimensions
Trying to understand your humaneness.

You are naked in the vortex. Consummating your reality
Enhancing your awareness as you encumber the infinite.
Disseminating emotional myths, corrupting naivety.
Embellishing in a ridiculousness of certain futility.

I give into my perception, I give into my awareness.
I surrender with the exception that I do this my way.
I create my totalitarianism, I design my own fate.
I will wait till the witching hour, then let you evaporate.

I do not deny the thought that I may be Gods lover,
I deny the thought that man has sold his soul forever.
I buy into the premonition that if Love has encapsulated me
I will live here on this plane as one who is unconditional.

Moments sparkle in the moonlit corridor, as the breeze
Filters the anguish and intent of man through the forest.
Where life is being glorified to the extent of miraculous
Where sanctification drifts pass you in every micron of AIR.

But where are you while this is going on?
You are searching for LOVE.
You are almost there!

INTO THE SUBLIME

I can see clearly now as I close to be within
The aspects of this life dwell into oblivion
Purely for the sake of discourse.
I am returning to this plane with wings of steel
Wandering this mortal graveyard in flexibility.

I gnaw with these teeth into the flesh of reality.
Suffering naught but relevance as I conquer silence.
Numbness drains me of sustenance,
Trying to alleviate all paradoxes from this human tomb.
We cannot win this battle of dynasties lost
The wilderness seeps a succubus from within the spirit.

I am in Dreamtime, dwelling on the now.
Only with eyes closed will I see this automical cocoon.
Followed by the sacrament of redundancy.
I stammer with words of credible contempt.
I am in mourning now, curvaceous thoughts blossom.
The wind has picked its flower for spring.

As I pluck with fingertips of gold, the petals of peculiarity
I am a follicle bound by the flexible tautness of my thoughts.
Beg to differ with me if you can the man and his mind.
Unwind with me if you can the man and his machine
As it seems to die in this techno mortuary.
Balance me if you will, for you have unbalanced me.

Bring to me cascades of territorialism as I lay my claim.

There is no reason for treason to touch us.

There is no reason for treason to blind us.

Drink from the cup of reason.

Let it pour into your mouth

So you can taste the sweet scent of sublime.