



# salt & flickers

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# INTRO // DIVINE MOVEMENT

**Salt (noun):** A mineral compound with transformative properties, essential for preservation, enhancement, and the sustenance of biological and cultural longevity. The keeper of life's essence, preserving what is sacred, enriching what is bare, a silent guardian of vitality.

**Flickers (verb):** To emit or reflect light in a dynamic and singular manner, characterized by graceful oscillations that evoke timeless wonder and the spark of transformation. The brief, unsteady glow of becoming; a momentary pulse of existence; both fragile and profound.

The lead pack tore into the final lap, my breath tethered to the pulse of life itself. I locked and listened. With less than 400 meters to go, each runner waited for the other to make a move, living at top speed and deep fear. The inevitable was moments away. My legs screamed and soared. The afternoon sun lowered its gaze as we dared each other forward, innocent bodies pressed together in a primitive contest of burning will and survival. While we charged into the next step, I found myself amid an existential reckoning. And to this day, it's the only moment I ever needed, the one that still rolls around my ramshackled heart; beating back against the world. The straightaway stretched before me as a metaphysical stage: the height of my limitations meeting the boundlessness of Spirit. A sense of finality loomed. I knew it was the last time. The last time the acrid scent of a hot dog stand mingled with the dust of the track, the last time the voices of drivers rose in distant laughter over the rumble of engines idling in a bus parking lot. The last time I'd hear cheers and screams in all of the angled New York languages. The last time I would be this version of myself.

## My last race.

Shouts and stomps from thousands of spectators rose in the heat, punctuating the air. Their noise swelled up to the sky and fell like

whispers from another sphere of existence. Our pace still somehow quickened and that next level was a new level, beyond anything I've ever done. When I look back, it was the most pure version of putting my trust in the Universe which in turn, gave me a glimpse of the gifts: hints of the broader human condition, a tapestry of culture, compassion and competition; an ever-repeating rhythm, poised on the edge of something transcendent. That moment, that beautiful gift, arrived as a fleeting visual flash of blue and pulsed through my body, a subtle yet profound precursor to what seemed impossible.

It was only with the passage of years that I came to understand how the internal processing of these lessons cultivated an outward flow of transformation. Much like the processes of healing, the revelations and expressions in this book are inspired by and are direct shares of mere glimpses of what has shown up in my internal work. Work in movement. Work in stillness. This book stands as a sanctification that I was shown an illuminated path and affirming that my role is to remain a perpetual student of these energies, watching life flow, in movement, through the still point of myself. The Salt and the Flickers encapsulated in these reflections emerged in waves, each carrying longing and contemplation, ultimately unfolding into greater complexities and expressions of love.

Life is an unending emotionally charged invention of reality with unexpected change led by subconscious choices. When emotional energy arrives with intuition, integrity and balance, your true self peacefully starts to come into view. And then the real work begins. The Unalome is an ancient, visual path toward Enlightenment. The bends become clearer when the concept and shape of the Unalome reveals itself and offers a path as means to first recognize and then create your flow; your reality as you organically move toward Enlightenment. In my Unalome thus far, I twisted and toiled in the curves and I've found one absolute: I'll write and run forever, in honor of that feeling and in search of that moment: a pure and

calm sense of being that passed through me on the track that one hot, fateful day, and to be open to however it chooses to arrive again. And it did.

After years of walking a widening and singular life path, what I now realize was a layering of self imposed inevitability, I found myself alone, roaming spiritual meadows with heart-led questions and no one to answer. I placed myself there. At a time when I needed connection and cohesion the most, I saw and felt the path of my life come apart like an unspooling coil of downed power lines, with spark, danger and vigor, daring me to explore. As the weeks went by, I saw each path reveal its own space taking time to start to reveal itself and clear. The separation was met with a new kind of fear. It was a functional and active fear that created confusion of how to bring the most authentic parts of myself into my life. I created ways to stay stuck with an inability to let go and trust the universe. The resistance was painful and real. Disconnection from pure hearts untethered me from life as I knew it. There were suicidal ideations and I broke down: falling off and landing an in-patient mental health program. But all the while, at my most physically and mentally sick, I somehow kept running bits of miles when I could, still searching whether I realized it or not. The DNA of run culture and athletic movement created a safety net when in all other parts of my life, there were none.

After months of deep depression, weekly programs and therapy, people in the run world and spiritual world re-opened my mind and heart. They showed me different ways to engage in challenging inner work, which led me to readings and meditation modalities, and ultimately to explore ancient plant medicine healing. This is where the connection from that moment on the track and the hardest parts of my recent journey convened to save my life. Deep on a plant medicine journey, I stepped out of this reality and drifted across spatial planes. I closed my eyes and when they reopened, I had no sense of how much time passed. I was frozen in place,

sobbing. I closed my eyes again and floated away into the deepest part of my subconscious where she was waiting for me. I locked in and listened. And fully transported to another realm. When I arrived, I was thrust into a busy dirt street in an ancient civilization. Within seconds, I was roaming a sun filled Egyptian square. When I dared to look up, I saw it: a flicker of a blue energy that I am certain was God. I felt full bliss and immediately blinked back to this world. Time was a construct and I was merely and simply existing. I found my breath, focused intently on my lips and tongue and the taste of peppermint tea, grounding me back to the earth. I laid down, staring up at trees in their lazy sway, a prism of colors opened, filling the space between branches. The sun crossing the sky was my only indication that time was passing. I took stock of what was around me: a pillow, a few tossed blankets and my notebook. I picked it up, eager to scribble down anything I could. My pen lay in the pages, so I thumbed the book open and to my astonishment, I saw that I already wrote:

release and harvest  
sharing space  
those are my only intentions  
it's morning in all the ways

wait in small waves  
the world is breathing with me  
she moves as I do

hands tremble  
blue + purple waves  
it's everywhere and feels right  
i see lifetimes catching up with me  
my hands are so tired.

running is the movement.  
stretching is the ritual

my hands belong to the light.  
trails of being.  
it starts with native + color + her light  
bending in the light.

i feel with both hands  
the cables in my legs  
carry so much for years

now to find rhythm  
in the movement  
it's all a quest to find the light of creation.  
it's tribal. It's rhythm. It's pace. It's the run.

the energy that arrived is immeasurable.  
the center worship area floats  
this notebook is all the colors and changing shape in my hands.

this tapestry has seen so much.  
images of two embracing.

no modifiers.  
just be.  
i understand you now which means I understand me.

run is the attempt of this iteration of my soul  
i am a generational vessel  
run to dare that one day it might be contagious

the downloads  
i get the avenues  
they arrived.  
being in the presence of a the light in her full bloom  
is the most powerful force in our world.  
it's the most powerful energy in the world.

taking this tapestry off the wall was one  
of the greatest decisions of my life.

i saw the divine order  
it's a single energy  
it's feminine  
sensual / strong  
warm / loving  
nurturing / real  
our collective greatest passions came from and feed  
that energy.

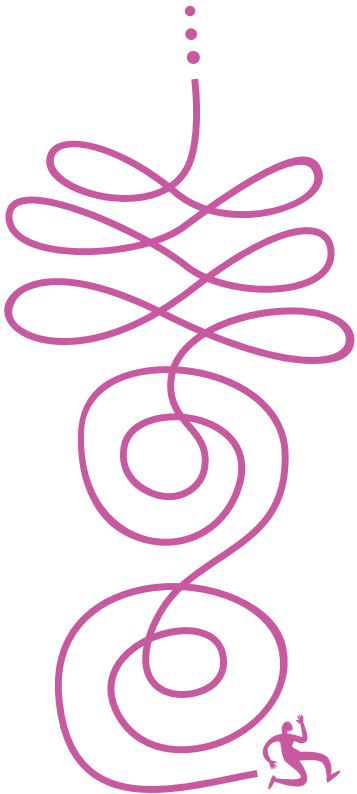
I laid back down. I locked in and listened, for the first time, to myself. The lesson from the plant medicine journey connected to the energy from the track that laid dormant all of these years, waiting for that precise moment to arise. I went back out into the world with that knowledge and touch from an ancestral part of my subconscious and was given the gift of bringing it into consciousness. My purpose to continue to build from athletics felt clear. And so my work began. I slowly transitioned from victim mode and began taking off layers of armors and defenses from generational traumas and explored how those manifested in my life. I learned the vibration of what it is to be humbled by Spirit and the absolute peak feeling of vulnerability as I fully surrendered. The start of this work didn't lay me at the foot of a mountain of answers, it opened me up to the realization that healing is a life long and intentional journey, one that I am on as I write in this very moment. I sat with my fears, sat with the unrelenting burn of shame and crushing anguish of regret. I recognize them and spoke to them as they were: heavy pieces living in my shadows. I was held up to a spiritual mirror that revealed a new foundation, bringing light to the shadows. In that plant ceremony, I am convinced that the blue feminine energy saw I needed help so she whispered to me. I locked in and listened. What emerged was a new sense of being, a spiritual form of athletics which I call **Divine Movement**.

The beauty of it all and the exploration of Salt & Flickers is that the rhythm is deep in us, from the beginning of time. It's a practice into the idea that running is not just a physical act but a metaphysical experience, where the rhythm of the body connects to universal love, leading to greater self-awareness and healing. My practice sits in the space that running connects the runner to the earth, emphasizing a transcendental bond between body, nature, and Spirit, and how this connection fosters love for oneself and for the world. It's a form of motion that surpasses physical activity, embodying a connection to something greater than the self: its all at once spiritual, universal, and cosmic. It is the idea that movement, when done with intention, awareness, and reverence, becomes a sacred act, uniting the body, mind, and spirit with the divine and profound forces of nature.

Cultures and ideas around awakening are deeply intertwined, each shaping and reflecting the other. As an observer, seeker and participant in mindfulness and athletics, it's become clear that the only constant is to sit in the paradox: awakening in and of itself is ongoing and forever. You don't just 'awaken', you arrive with the intention that every day and every moment could be another piece of the forever journey of awakening. Through the forced meditation of running, I venture to sit in my subconscious with the warming revelation that the hallways in my mind are a part of the shared subconscious of the universe. And that's how we arrived at this book. Your efforts and energy are in these pages too. Let's reveal our truths, alone and together. Like that day on the track, when she first arrived.

The rubber beneath my feet softened in the late day heat, the white lines of the track danced, dissolving into a mirage, and suddenly, time stood still. My mind gave way to something deeper, more elemental. I glimpsed the sun reflecting off the fence surrounding the track, and in that flash, the divine became palpable. Whether one speaks of God or the Universe I felt a presence guiding me. It

was a real-time revelation that Universal Alignment can reach a grand hand into mundane moments and elevate it into something eternal. The heat that surrounded me parted, sailed over my shoulders and sat at the small of my back. A deep peace filled me, like I was being present with force beyond what I could understand; a quiet surrender to the flow of the universe. I blinked and a flash of blue snapped across my eyes. I felt it with the rhythm of my breath. I stepped out to lane two, and my body knew to be strong and rise. I lifted off my hips and surged forward, moving with a power I didn't know I had. The last 300 meters burned down in pure bliss. There was no pain, no struggle, just a wild fire of boundless energy. The blue spirit energy that pushed my back rose up and spread through my chest, and for a brief, fleeting moment, I felt weightless: like a ghost moving through the world. I was connected to everything and held by nothing. It was a communion between the temporal and the infinite. I leaned into the final turn. I was no longer running; I was free.



ON YOUR MARK.  
GET SET.  
FLOW.









# movement

IS MEDICINE  
RITUALS ARE ATHLETIC  
HOLD THE SPACE  
FEEL HER FLOW  
LET THE AVENUES ARRIVE





METAPHYISCAL RITUALS  
SANCTIFY OUR MOVEMENT







running is an affirmation of **existence**  
a meditation in motion where the physical **exertion**  
transcends into a form of **therapy**  
for in doing so we align ourselves with the natural **order**  
where strength and rest **coexist**  
where exertion and peace **harmonize**  
this is the wisdom of the **ages**  
echoed in the quiet **steps**  
of those who seek to know **themselves**  
in the unwavering silence of **movement**



# SACRED

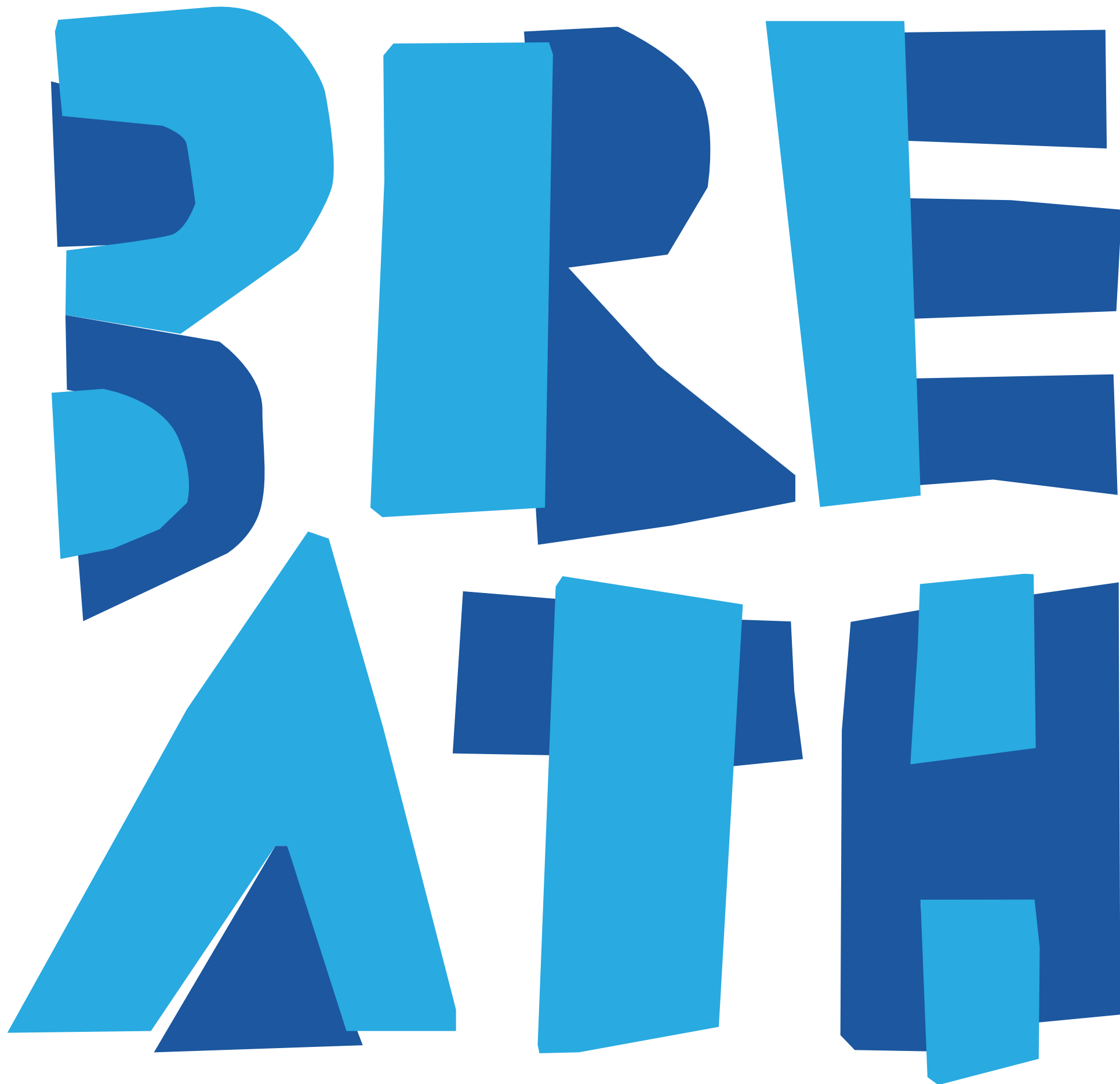
lose yourself in the rhythm of the run.  
to see each other, really see  
in that gaze, there is everything.  
as the Earth exhales  
peace arrives  
we breathe in the truth  
and we knew it was ours,  
if only for a moment.



SPEED AND TIME  
ARE SUBJECTIVE.  
EFFORT AND DETERMINATION  
ARE NOT.



SHADOWY REFLECTIONS  
IGNITE  
THE IDEA  
THE SPIRIT  
THROUGH MOVEMENT.



EVOLVE TO LOVE.  
RUN TO BE FREE.