

# TALKIES

JUSTIN SPRING

TALKIES: A SOULSPEAK E-Book

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Layout and book design: Justin Spring

Cover art: Justin Spring

Published by:  
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Distributed by FREE-EBooks

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Justin Spring's poems have been published in *American Poetry Review*, as well as numerous anthologies such as *Florida in Poetry*. He is the recipient of many prizes and honors and is the author of six other collections of poems, *Polaroid Poems*, *Other Dancers*, *Nursery Raps*, *Poems for Family and Friends* and *Poems of Sarasota and Florida*. Mr. Spring is also one of a handful of poets in the country who compose in the ancient oral mode. His seven SOULSPEAK Studio oral poetry CDs are: *Gathering*, *Smoke*, *Nursery Raps*, *Speakings*, *In Your Mind*, *Witnesses Log*, *I'm Talking to You Oprah*.

Mr. Spring is also the author of three prose works:

SOULSPEAK: *The Outward Journey of the Soul* is a ground breaking CD/book combination intended for anyone interested in attaining the deep artistic and spiritual expression possible through SOULSPEAK.

Alice Hickey: *Between Worlds* is a fascinating, sometimes troubling story about two strangers flung together by inexplicable psychic forces that lead them on a long, dizzying journey into the roots of human

consciousness, the psychic roots of poetry, and the mysterious Mother Goddess cultures.

*Mirrors* is a short memoir of Mr. Spring's encounter with the *pidgin* poetry of the Australian aborigine, Eldred Van-Ooy. Mr. Spring describes the encounter as leaving him in a mysterious garden, wondering, looking up at the leaves.

*River Mother: The Face of the Sphinx*: is the story of a young Nubian female shaman/leader whose face becomes the face of the Sphinx. It is set in Neolithic Nubia and the Nile delta. The time is 6000 BC, three thousand years before the rise of Dynastic Egypt.

In 6000 BC, both Nubia and Egypt were both green and not the deserts they are today. Both areas were inhabited by preliterate hunter-gatherer tribes who lived in a highly psychic world governed by unpredictable Mother Goddesses—as were all preliterate peoples around the world. We also now know that their consciousness was much different from ours, being highly psychic in nature, and that their actions were not decided by logic—as ours are—but by voices and visions.

It is in this setting that the story of *River Mother* unfolds. It is told by *River Mother* herself. She begins by describing her birth and early life in a hunter/gatherer tribe in Nubia followed by her later shamanic training and prophetic visions that eventually take her on a dangerous and extraordinary journey to the Nile delta

only to find that her Mother Goddess beliefs clash with those of the more male-oriented Semitic tribes coming down from the north.

She rises to that challenge by becoming a great visionary leader who brings those conflicting male/female beliefs into harmony. In doing this, *River Mother* establishes the key spiritual values—Balance and Order—that will guide not only prehistoric Proto-Egypt but also Dynastic Egypt.

Her tremendous impact on the spiritual and physical lives of the delta's inhabitants eventually bring them to honor her as a living Goddess by carving *her face* on a rocky outcropping on the Giza plateau—an outcropping that was gradually transformed over the next 3500 years into what we now know as the Great Sphinx of Giza.

[Click here](#) too visit is a companion web site to the book, *When Was the Sphinx Really Built and Why*

Mr. Spring is also the founder of *SOULSPEAK*, an organization dedicated to bringing poetry back into the everyday lives of everyday people. He is also the originator, along with Scylla Liscombe, of a simplified version of ancient oral antiphonal poetry he calls *SOULSPEAK*

Mr. Spring was educated at Columbia College, has

three children, and divides his time between Mexico and Sarasota, Florida.

## **ACKNOWLEDGMENTS**

This Is How I Spend My Life, SARASOTA ARTS REVIEW

Midnight Swim, 1996 CHESTER JONES ANTHOLOGY

Snow Angels, DENNY POEMS ANTHOLOGY 1997

Pathos, DENNY POEMS ANTHOLOGY 1998

Celts, DENNY POEMS ANTHOLOGY 1999





FOR

MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS:

Art, Fran, Jimmy, Judy, Michael and Meg

## ***RUNNERS***

*It is like a scene out of Zhivago: snow, black branches.  
I'm hiding behind a tree, watching four runners  
in black uniforms carry me through the woods  
on a pallet. I can't take my eyes off the runners,  
how unforced their pace is, as if I were weightless,  
or only an idea they were carrying between them.*

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**AUTHOR'S FOREWORD**

I hate poems with meaning, with causes, with ideas. I am one of those poets who believe poetry should communicate as directly as an unexpected kiss. If someone were to ask me to describe my poetry, especially this collection, I would say it is very close to the stories you might hear from a friendly but somewhat peculiar neighbor. A neighbor who always seems to be talking about two things at once but you're not quite sure what. That *not quite sure what* is the poem, of course: *The world beneath the world*. Which is where I want to bring you.

I love everyday speech and I love the poetry it creates. It is a speech we sometimes declare unfit for poetry, but that is a horrible mistake. Our everyday speech is reflexively spun out of the deepest levels of our being. We never really think that much about the stories we're about to tell, or how we're going to tell them, unless we're intent on deception. Our ordinary, gossipy stories are, in many senses, our truest signatures.

Compared to other, more fabricated fashions of speech that come and go with the times, everyday speech has a very long pedigree, right back to the emergence of

human consciousness if you want to know the truth. It has a warp and woof that has been forged over millennia. We simply add our little fillip to it every time we open our mouths. And when we allow the Muse to further charge it with the soul's authority, that self-same speech can wend its simple unpredictable way to the deepest part of our being and suddenly unseat us like nothing else in this world. Which, after all, is what poetry is all about, isn't it?

## VOICES

I've been thinking of Alexander again.  
This time, he is twenty-six, or twenty-seven.  
From the heavens, he appears a brilliant speck  
at the prow of a large, granular moth  
crawling across the floor of Lesser Asia.  
Alexander still leans forward on *Bucephalus*  
like a hawk thirsting for blood, but something  
is changing in him, some almost imperceptible  
drift is occurring within his soul, whispering  
it is time, that the Gods are waiting for him  
just to the east, and that one day he will wake  
as if from another body, and the great army  
all around him will fall from his shoulders  
like a dry, weightless husk, and one  
by one, the bright caravans of cargo  
trailing back to Aristotle will stutter, and disappear,  
like embers in the wind, and he will ride out  
onto the endless savannahs  
bordering the Great Stream of Ocean  
and the tall grass all around him  
will suddenly comb and divide, like a  
slithering of snakes and an opening will appear  
just above his eyes and the huge horse

beneath him, the spleen and the lungs and the  
cock and the foam-crazed mouth  
will rise up inside him  
like a dark rush of cries  
until there is but the one body,  
until there is but the one great heart.



**MIDNIGHT SWIM, PALM SPRINGS HILTON**

I'm trying not to look at the young couple  
kissing in the shallow water across from me.  
They're trying not to look at me either,  
but more out of a kind of embarrassment  
for the way I've just stumbled  
into their lives, but I can't stop  
looking over at the girl, her slender  
breasts made beautiful  
by the moon and the restless,  
white reflections of the water,  
and then I see her face, how open  
it is, how happy she is to be here,  
to be away from the kids, or maybe  
they're not even married, but there's  
that tenderness, and although  
I didn't care for him at first,  
what with the long, blonde curls and the  
muscles and the Gold's Gym swim suit,  
there's a certain innocence about him too,  
about the happy, almost embarrassed way  
he keeps looking up at her, because  
he's already remembering that other place,  
that place that is theirs alone,  
that he is hungering for like salt,

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