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Channeling Sabina

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As wolves love lambs, so lovers love their loves.
—Socrates

He follows a path inside you, decorated since infancy, carefully guarded, whispering to God in apple tones. And then, like Carl Jung, he pauses to excavate what he considers treasure. And after awhile he doesn't even have to ask anymore, you just give. Intoxication is as irresistible as sea salt. Together you encounter myths; masculine, feminine, heterosexual, homosexual. You stop to pray. Oh Lord, I am not worthy. You realize at some point you have become an Irish Sabina Spielrein. Your intellect, which has always been remarked on, is reduced to that monkey who reaches into a trap to grab an apple and nothing holds the monkey there except its desire, and so it is captured, apple still in hand.

You remember how Sabina screamed and attacked Jung with a knife (or was it scissors?) cutting his hand (or maybe hers?) when he discarded her for his wife when she gave birth to his son.

Sabina merely birthed Jung's soul. You know the story never changes. To receive You. He finds a slender place, paper over an iceberg hole, and you understand you are in New Orleans under a Republican Administration, and you've never owned a Range Rover stocked with bottled water. But only say the word.

He will give you all you want, whatever you want, but he has no way of knowing what you want. Though he has walked with you, he always stops at the dream space, a place his ignorance prevents him from entering. But only say the word. He turns and turns again, and you see it was never about you—it was never just your path but how he saw your path in relation to him, and you remember that after Jung fought with Freud and Sabina retreated, Jung became psychotically depressed and almost ended up in a mental hospital. Only say the word.

And like Sabina, you cannot let him go. You have no Freud to tattle to so you settle for your notebooks and a few friends who are baffled by your half-confessions. "You keep going back. And he's not good for you." You lose your figurative language. You eat until you puke. You hear voices. You scratch at a place on your arm until you bleed. Your suicidal ideation becomes relentless. You don't ask yourself what Sabina would do, murdered by Nazis, she is mute. And I shall be healed. With your head bent, a supplicant, you lay your credit card at the front desk, you crawl into his arms, coming home to the only twisted and exhausted truth you have ever known.

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