

## Trancetalk

“This frustrates me”, I say. My companion rests on the couch. His long legs stretched out, his hat on the table.

“Please tell me how it works? Did these volva’s go into a trance, what kind of trance was it, can you compare it with other forms of trance? I’m puzzled”

He sighs dramatically. “Why do you want to compare it with something anyway? By the way, can you pass me the horn with mead, please? Thank you”

I give him his mead- take a sip first- then I sit in front of him, on the table.

“Give me at least a clue, or I will stop this whole project” I threaten.

One moment Odin was just lying on the couch, the other moment he was *in* me, reducing me to a scared rabbit thingy somewhere in the corner of my own mind.

“You want trance? Very well. Wich one do you want? I will let you feel them, honey. Fasten your seatbelts. This one, love, is the first one. You are the rabbit, I’m the Wolf. I’m in control here”  
To illustrate this, he moves my hand, he noddts my head. I can’t feel my body anymore: yes, my mind is still there, somewhere, behind a wall of melasse. “I ride you now. Having fun? But this one is even more fun!”

He takes a deep breath, exhales, inhales, faster. Bear. I feel Bear. I AM bear. A crazy angry mad bear, an attacking furious bear.

“Et voila, hun. Berserker-anger”

Everything is red. I am furious. Now Odin shakes my body, like a doll, and I feel something changing in my brains. I shiver, feverish. “Shamanic trance” Odin says. And now, the grand finale, the oracletrance, made in Scandinavia, one time only, to stop you from nagging me all the time”  
My body still now, deadcalm. My spirit opens itself.

Spiritpeople. Small ghosts, big ones, the dead. They touch my dress, gliding in my body- in, out. Shapeless beings, veils, creatures.

Odin strethes out on the couch. His hat is on the table.

“Now pick one, and let me enjoy my mead in peace”