

When one starts with *recognising*

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When one starts with *recognising*

A

poem made starting from some stressed words in Article 1 of *The Paris Agreement*:

Recognising
Also recognising
Taking full account
Of recognising
Emphasising recognising
Taking into account
Acknowledging
Recognising
Noting
Affirming
Recognising also recognising

B

cause *She was the kind of woman that liked to shrug; deep within her was an everlasting shrug.* Claudia Rankine; 'Don't Let Me Be Lonely'

See I don't know I don't care and then a radius of I care. A circumference that, you know, does

that thing to centres that are suddenly everywhere. Then

shrugging it off. Insulting recognition. Dulling the threads of the screw that once held something I forget

in your language together. Then we forget together. Then then: then

a shrugness mess

a gravity field that greases the situation at hand or reality or present oar presence and. And

I replace what is around me with something that I think I know is there ahead of time. And then I started

to write a Now Memory story about when I unzipped my zipper and stood next to her while she was giving a lecture inside the Outer Space School tour. Because her zipper was down. And I didn't know how to tell her without. And then because. This longing structure. And then people started to ask if being exposed was. An art project or empathy mirroring a. And then a few people started to expose themselves and then

I started to replace the cow skull above the old door with a plastic water bottle

And then he put his hands in my wife's mouth and fed her

according to tradition. And

then he handed out pebbles to put in our shoes so that we walked around all day conscious of our feet and now you in and now Euan and now

I throw lemons at your heart when in love, but if I dip into the cooking bowl on the fire something I forget happens ask over there. And

Hear we water the plants growing inside our heads. And

the climate is changing a shrug. And

Complacency equals complicity. A shrug. And then again there is that lack

of self-determination in our urban schools etcetera, the water rights in India (and everywhere) excetera, the DDT in the Inuit mother's breast milk shrug, the artist working with power systems that use art as aesthetic icing to crap cake *umm*.

Do we erase race shrug and excetera? And then

in the US we say *we do not see now* so we do NAZI now too. And then we recognise that all

outer space has inner rules too. And diversity statements. And it's hard to prove what is not there is not missing and calculated beans.

And *This isn't the wisdom that I bargained for*, as Czesław Miłosz says. And

I feel like just *another boat forgetting its life as a tree in the waves*, as Derek Walcott kind of says and

then I forget how to say *you* in your language and youth. Then

the mud sacks and other flickering tubes multiply in the sunlight on the scarf faces encrusted with our memory chips. Memory chips. Simple life licking our memory chips. Landscapes firing freaked portraits of us. A movie. A tender rewind button.

And *recognition* looks itself up in Greek. And as the exponentially reproducing

simple things blink in lit cadenced stigmatic populations. Rhythms of our metered
images matter matter like fireflies I remember something I forget

In your language toasting the hammer that is

or was only ever a symbolic tuning fork to begin with

with, de-fanging Nietzsche. Then I recognise that: that

That art is an anti-shrug device and

And that one eye represents the lion and

if you can shoot them they are real or spray hacking and

we must work at the layer of creating conditions, not at the layer of available
options. Then

I remember there are human rights violations in central Africa to acquire the
precious metal in my cell phone as I connect with ewe. A loss of contact. A loss
of dimensions. Then the dimension stealers are chosen. The systems organising
the conditions. B which I mean ewes. By which I mean you. And then I. Feel lonely.
Selecting the best available options for *are* and *heart* and a radius of *car*

that I wish was *care*. Because I do. Because this means we are

married or berries. Can't tell. Oar hymn or

the wax is the heart's floor plan. Ore

the fountain falls up. Cool. Because the average cumulous cloud weighs 2.2 billion pounds and

floats

heavy

orbits

or bits

ore oars