

## Ambiguity Tolerance Training

I tell you  
you went out  
on a limb  
having no rules  
and now that is also a rule  
just in a numb disguise  
deprived of feeling or responsiveness  
the fail of the lure  
the seduction gone  
lust lost

You tell me  
the daffodils came in place of apology  
*to bring nature closer  
take a handful of flowers  
and place them knee-deep  
in front of me knee-deep in water  
for the sake of breaking the ice*  
you tell me  
human DNA is  
35% daffodil

In response to your silence  
I tell you *No Answer Is Also an Answer*  
to not reveal I might be failing  
to tolerate the complexity of your silence  
I return to describing my day  
how the wet snow felt on my face at the bus stop at 7am  
how my intention is to include failure as the only strategy to succeed

You write to me  
*the nature of love is shown to be double and contradictory  
even though it also contains the infinite resolution of its own contradiction  
the nature is thus neither simple nor contradictory  
it is the contradiction of the contradiction and of noncontradiction  
it operates in an identical manner between all the terms in play  
the access and the end  
the incomplete being and the completed being  
the self and the beyond of the self  
the one and the other  
the identical and the different*

I tell you  
to *take your time,*  
and you *take mine.*  
*I didn't say it is fine. I said, fine, as in let's leave it at that, lets leave after this  
cup of tea as it tastes nothing to me anyway. It's neither water nor flavour, its just over.*

you tell me  
the only thing left was steam  
more and more steam  
evaporation into air  
into nothing  
a nothing looking face  
like no one was there just yet  
like someone out sleep walking  
puffy eyed and slow  
looking at steam evaporating  
like sleep, like thoughts, like feelings, like love  
gone, puff, blank, empty, no response, active 14 hours ago  
you go silent

I tell you about  
*images that shimmer*  
and that I am convinced I don't suffer from schizophrenia  
but the world appears to me in doubles  
things have halos around them  
ions exchange  
break and fall apart  
I don't  
but now I am not sure anymore

You tell me  
about holding onto bodies  
holding on tighter  
and then I was gone  
I woke up in her arms

I speak to you fast but softly about Lizards  
and people and about people looking at lizards  
things are hard to grasp because they are so near  
or because they are your nose  
alienation as radical intimacy  
or ontological nearness  
symbiosis of two beings - an uneasy always  
and we can't tell who is the top and who the bottom  
Hostis Hospitality Hostility  
friends - enemies  
paranoia  
ambiguity  
is it  
the daffodil DNA that makes our heads hang heavy?

You tell me  
it will help to grow calluses  
and your wife does all your cooking and cleaning and types out your poems  
*Repeating then is in  
everyone  
in everyone  
in their being and  
in their feeling and  
their way of realising everything and everyone  
comes out of them in repeating*

I find you saying  
Thank You and Please  
at the same time  
being sorry and hurt  
lost and found  
gone and gone and still going  
anything and nothing and then something  
I know what is important  
I know I'm failing

You tell me  
bones give fish its flavour  
remove the bone before you eat the flesh  
don't drink the grains of your coffee, extract the silence between the lines  
keep leaping while falling, flying while sitting still  
if you are not sure who you are, look in the mirror  
the reflection is bending back at you  
replacing you in your absence

*All over time there is I am  
Am I is there time all over*

*all time I am all time  
Time all am I time all*

*time I am time  
time am I time*

*there is I am  
am I is there*

*there is all  
all is there*

*I am  
am I*

*there is  
is there*

*all*

*there*

*Is  
All*

*I tell you for I you can as well say you, he, she, it, we, you, they and vice verse.*

You tell me  
*it is a piece of fiction.*  
*It is a piece of fiction without the friction.*  
*It lacks lustre. It lacks life.*  
*And by that, I mean death.*

Compiled by Kati Kärki as a parataxis of words from;

Hanne Lippard - A Day in the Studio - Frisking - No Answers is Also an Answer  
Jean Luc Nancy - Shattered Love  
Joan Didion - Why I write  
Timothy Morton - Here Come the Lizard People  
Gertrude Stein - Making of the Americans  
Hanne Darboven - Korrespondenzen

Hanne Lippard Numb Limb  
04.11.17 - 09.12.17  
David Dale Gallery, Glasgow

Supported by Creative Scotland, Henry Moore Foundation, OCA