**Two Poems from Rumi on Education**

**A Dumb Experiment**

Break open your personal self to taste the story of the nutmeat soul.

These voices come from that rattling against the outer shell.

The nut and the oil inside

have voices that can only be heard

with another kind of listening.

If it weren’t for the sweetness of the nut,

the inner talking, who would ever shake a walnut?

We listen to words

so we can silently

reach into the other.

Let the ear and mouth get quiet,

so this taste can come to the lip.

Too long we have been saying poetry,

talking discourses, explaining the mystery outloud.

Let us try a dumb experiment.

**~ Rumi** *(Persia/Afghanistan, 1207-1273)*

from Coleman Barks, *A Year With Rumi: Daily Readings*

**Two Kinds of Intelligence**

There are two kinds of intelligence: one acquired,

as a child in school memorizes facts and concepts

from books and from what the teacher says,

collecting information from the traditional sciences

as well as from the new sciences.

With such intelligence you rise in the world.

You get ranked ahead or behind others

in regard to your competence in retaining

information. You stroll with this intelligence

in and out of fields of knowledge, getting always

more marks on your preserving tablets.

There is another kind of tablet, one

already completed and preserved inside you.

A spring overflowing its springbox. A freshness

in the center of the chest. This other intelligence

does not turn yellow or stagnate. It’s fluid,

and it does not move from outside to inside

through the conduits of plumbing-learning.

This second knowing is a fountainhead

from within you, moving out.

**~ Rumi** *(Persia/Afghanistan, 1207-1273)*

from Coleman Barks, *A Year With Rumi: Daily Readings*