

The Liberative Space
That Might Be Poetry:
Detachment and Commitment in
Robert Kelly's *The Hexagon*

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On Reading and The Hexagon

The Hexagon is composed of 640 six-line stanzas, each line and each stanza apparently a stand-alone. The lines do not run-over syntactically, the stanzas do not connect in an obvious thematic, narrative, or otherwise determinate way, though an enormous variety of subtle possible connections among them proliferate and suggest themselves. The six lines correspond schematically to the six faces of a geometrical cube, about which Kelly writes in his preface:

These stanzas are meant to borrow some of the properties of a cube, each face of which is invisible to all the others — at least the outer sides are. But who can know what goes on inside the cube, and what the inner faces might look like, or what they might behold? Each line need not look backward or gesture forward.

The problem of the nature of the utterances that occur in *The Hexagon* seems an essential provocation of the work. Who or what is the speaker in any one or any sequence of them? A certain distancing of the voice from its own intent — and that in a shifting, multiplicitous sense: the poem itself is an exhaustive poetic study in the nature and practice of literary distancing/detachment.

Detachment has many senses; the detachment of the neutral scientific observer, the rational or mathematical thinker, the political analyst, the aesthetic critic, the Freudian psychoanalyst, the Husserlean Phenomenologist, the religious contemplative, etc.

Poets have affected various modalities for distancing the person of the author from the speaker of their words: reception of song from the muse, the creation of masks and personae, various degrees of irony, dramatic contextualization, prevarication, periphrasis, the treatment of language itself as object, utterance as social occasion or linguistic instance. Kelly 's work exhibits a practice of variously (un)attached expressivity in language that seems to allow acts of intuition, observation, and reflection that constitute the very soul of intelligence to "find their measure," without necessarily exerting the assertoric or otherwise rhetorically determinate force normally connected to expressive utterance. The issues and readerly experiences that they invoke in many ways extend quite generally to many aspects of the poet's work as a whole and to the nature and practice of poetry as such.

I am concerned with this work because of the seemingly simple formal elements of which it is composed: individual lines organized in sextets. The paratactic connectivity between the lines and the individual "hexagons" depends upon the simultaneous isolation and propinquity of each line and each sextet, and this combination of isolation and

connectivity allows the unique forms of detachment cum commitment of mind and language to come to their apparencies.

Over the past few months (in preparation for giving a talk at The University of Louisville's symposium on Robert Kelly in February of 2020) I have kept a journal of reflection on *The Hexagon* as I read them, daily, rarely more than a few hexagons each day. Sometimes I indulged myself in the exegesis of specific lines or groups of lines. More often I reflected upon the implications for the nature of poetry, poetic composition, and readerly engagement as these matters occurred to me as I read. What follows is a selection, a composition, as it were, an exercise in what George Quasha and I have been calling "a poetics of thinking," of paragraphs and remarks arising along the way.

As there is an ostensible connection between Kelly's lines in *The Hexagon* and George Quasha's structures based on single line utterances, I have appended a few remarks concerned with the two works together.

Eliot quote from Quartets

The simplicity of the structural regimen is wildly deceptive, ensorcelling, intricate, and if one has a will-to-liberation – liberative.

Liberation from what, liberation for what? These would not be the first of questions.

"Technical analyses" in the traditions of the West begin with a recognition of an intuition of the elemental: the smallest units to which a larger unity can be broken down. Atoms — what you cannot cut up any further — monads of verse that can be reiterated, echoed, varied, spaced by rhythmic intervals, emphasized, occulted, underlined, combined, detached, suppressed. What would these monads be? What are the atoms of the text? Phrases? Words? Syllables? Morphemes? Sounds? Lexemes? Thematic elements? Images? Narrative fragments?

The larger monads would be the hexagonal stanzas; the atoms, the lines. But any one of these lines proposes its own elements — the singular entities that combine to comprise it. But it is not that one, say, first intuits — that is to say "reads" — the line and, on the basis of this reading, perceives its elementals as they raise their heads, blink concretely at you and have now spoken. It is rather that the intuition of the line breaks slightly, and breaks as if to show the pieces from which it has been composed. Composed? But in all innocence. A funny thing occurred to me on the way to Enlightenment (*Aufklärung* or *Samyaksamutpadhi*). Mind. For instance.

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To think the poem's meanings is to think with them, or even to be — *bethought* by them.

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Does one ever have a mind before the thoughts bethought with it arise for it? Say one does not. Then it is one's own mind that raises itself to utterance, in reading the poem's lines. Do *The Hexagons* do that to one? — irritate one's inveterate cognitive substance to the spontaneous arousal of a thought in it and thus, perhaps, to the advent of mind's own being? Are they thus active machines? "A book is a machine to think with," or so I.A. Richards began a thoughtful book many years ago. Is there in a poem the will to cause one to think this or that? Or is one to back track down the boulevard of possible discourse to some unthought Ur-thought — and the recognition that even the poet is on a quest to think it?

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The will to utterance, if active, is as much an agency prior to the Kelly Poet's utterance as it is prior to our reception of it. Does the Kelly Poet merely receive what the poetic winds inspire? But the utterance itself seems a form of action. The poem acts. Where there is act there would be an actor, surely. But *where* or *who* or *what* can be said to enact these matters? All the parts of speech convene and put their questions, question their own

identities, raise their monadic throats from the loam of intelligence and, in all innocence, chirp to propagate conundrums.

And what since Marcel Duchamp is an action anyway?

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Verbs don't *name* actions: they perform as proxies in the utterance for the acts themselves: that is, they act. The Greek language and the Indo-European before that had three voices for their verbs: active, passive, and a middle one. Active and passive presumably are familiar. But the philologists who try to explain the use and function of the Middle Voice do not communicate their understanding very well. Something about when the subject is involved in the action. Something like self-reference. To try to really get a feel for this, I once had the idea of assembling all the instances of middle-voiced verbs from Homer. I have a notebook with such a gathering. In the martial arts, indeed in poetry, in the arts of healing and of love, in the practice of spiritual contemplation in all traditions, if one acts, one might be said to do so in the Middle Voice. (I'll capitalize it throughout, as if to afford it something like a theophanic dignity.)

But the metaphysics of action and "suffering," (passion, passiveness) to reference Eliot again — is not exactly broached. "Action is suffering and suffering is action," sings the Chorus in *Murder in the Cathedral*. But the Middle Voice does not simply confound the active with the passive, the

receptive with the actional. It seems to do something neither performs, but that the confounding of their identities also confounds. The Kabbalists speak somewhere of the "union of recipience and bestowal." One bestows upon the world or upon one's fellows the influx of grace or divine force which one receives. A tarot card of many cups, each one of which overflows and is a fountain.

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The Kelly Poet in *The Hexagon* allows himself to speak in all innocence: its speech has an aura of license, a liberated access to an indenumerably supplied fountain of conundrums and common places, resonant of truth, yes, and resonant also of various degrees of primitivity and almost nonsense; the line between sense and nonsense is never exactly crossed, for there is always sense to be ferreted out from the incongruous. Never exactly either. Never exactly neither. Never exactly each, never exactly both. "Exactitude cannot be known but does it exist?" A *tetralema* of necessary imprecisions. A will to the concrete specificity of each occasion. Occasion of utterance. Occasion of reception.

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"We know how to tell many lies and make them sound likely," say Hesiod's Helikonian Muses, "and we know how to sing when we wish it, things that are true."

And the opening lines of Hesiod's *Theogony* – the invocation of the muses – are given, what else? in the Middle Voice. "With the Helikonian Muses," sings Hesiod, "let us begin the music." Begin. First person plural, hortatory subjunctive, Middle. Something like "strike up the band!" Performative. The action is struck by the very words that comprise that action. But since it is the muses that sing and the poet that transmits that music, it is the muses that strike up their own invocation. "And they gave me a scepter of laurel they plucked as it blossomed, and blew a singer's voice into my own." They sing through Hesiod's singing, both of him and of themselves.

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The mind that would be free of its own encorcelledness, must find its own space of utterance and its own being so conjoined, that, as mind, it seem nothing else but the arousal of apparencies from the elements of that utterance and the quadrants of that being. Even the elements are emergent qualities. Even the quadrants structures produced by events in the Middle Voice.

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The apparencies emerging from/in language are never only themselves but must appear to be the utterance of their own *apriori*: that

which emerges displays what it was before it came so to emerge. And of course the *apriori* is the contrary of the emergent. The concretely immediate is the contrary of that whose form exists beforehand — before its emergence into form would appear to compel its very being. For the act of poetic music-making is the conductance into form.

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The mind that would be free of its own encorcelledness must in its knowings not be (un)kempt of such knowings. A liberation space. Liberative of and liberate(d) from its own knowings, its own emergencies, its own constructed intuitions, its atemporal or prototemporal formalities, its own *apriori*. Its own ownings.

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If it were only a matter of "reader's meaning" one could leave it at that. But it is NEVER only a matter of reader's meaning. Yet it is *ever* a matter of reader's meaning as well! As well in addition to what? Well, the reader's meaning only arises as an intuition of what the text is saying. The reader's meaning itself is already a meaning of the text. And since the text in *The Hexagon* is the utterance of the Kelly Poet, it is an intuition of what the Kelly Poet meant or *must have meant* to say. Must have meant, even at times in spite of himself. The poet's meaning is reader's meaning too, by virtue of what the text displays as what its poet is saying. A tangle of

Middle-Voiced intransitivities must rule or ride on (or over) the poem's mysteries, conundrums, clarities.

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One is in quest of a necessity, then. Given the utterance as *this* utterance, what must its utterer have had in mind? But with the utterances in *The Hexagon*, the "given" that is the utterance has no objective stability other than that which has been granted it by the reader's occasion. Middle Voice again.

Circulation between poet's meaning and reader's intuition, at the site that has the form of an utterance in a text.

But the reader's intuition is not only an intuition of the poet's intent. It is an intuition of a sense that is what the *language*, thus instantiated, is "saying."

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Time for some instances:

Hexagon 13

- 1 Goshen ponies wonder where they're headed.
- 2 In tall rows of wheat men hunt for chaff.
- 3 Grass over head top the sunlight whiffles.
- 4 We need someone to whistle the wind up.

5 Feebly remember Shostakovich on 50th Street.
6 Children in these days sang in the road.

Hexagon 14

1 Which was the other way when it began.
2 Always the alternatives contrails diffuse.
3 Bad child ignoring mother's piña colada drinks milk.
4 But which future is the one we have.
5 There is a line that leads there crisp cotton of its flag.
6 Blood comes here to be cleaned.

13.2: In tall rows of wheat men hunt for chaff.

Reader's meaning:

I see farmland, wheatland, tall rows of wheat, but also mown stalks on a threshing floor. Not only men among them hunting to separate the wheat from the chaff, however, but tall men in rows, looking out over their fields. But "separating the wheat from the chaff," the common linguistic figure "behind" this line, would apply metaphorically to any act of separation, any search in judgment. Then the tall rows of men seem like strangely mechanized institutions scouring Being for value.

In order to receive all these meanings, I must disrupt the musical or rhythmical procession of reading the text as a sequence of lines — a sequential ordering of line-length riffs. For if I read them in rhythm, there is no time for the meanings surrounding the event of reading the line in its own time, in its own measure, to occur to me, for me to solicit or articulate

them for myself. And yet quite specifically to any one reading, some degree of flashing forth occurs and stimulates further sense of sense, accumulating or vacillating, or vanishing, as may be.

But that they wonder where they're headed (the Goshen ponies) has already put before me a space with a direction. But a direction that is an inquiry? And an inquiry into animal cognition? Do ponies wonder? Does their being trained to follow a direction solicit a wondering inquiry into their species proper? Or is this wondering adventitious and merely readerly? Still, the tall rows of men perhaps fill that space and its direction. Tell the ponies where they're headed. It is they that see the wheat like tall rows of men.

The scene almost continues to develop.

13.3 Grass over head top the sunlight whiffles.

Not wheat but grass, tall grass, so tall the grass is taller than men. "head top . . . whiffles" — is "top" verb or part of the head? or short for "atop"? — the whiffing sunlight whiffles the grass in the vacillating syntax. But it is also simply the image of sunlight in tall grass or wheat the wind moves. Next line the wind, already moving, requires to be conjured. Whiffle calls up whistles — you whistle in the wind and the whistle becomes inaudible, but you "whistle up" in the sense of conjure the very wind with which you whistle it. And where are we that we have a need of wind, but the commonality we share with the Kelly poet? Or rather

Another commonality where the wind has deleteriously become becalmed. And we "need" a whistler or conjuror to summon it. Agamemnon and Iphigenia. Too heavy a reference, perhaps, but what else than sailors need to whistle up a wind? And then we, becalmed in memory, know no collective memory but the memory of Kelly himself – recalling perhaps having been present to the visit of Shostakovich to America in, when was it? 1960 something. The eme of music whiffles from the whistling wind through Shostakovich (can you whistle a tune from Shstakovitch? Some of them possibly, but probably a more intricate and aggressive form of musically memorial recurrence might be requisite!) – to ancestral children singing in the road. Children of another time. More innocent children. What time? What children?

But to whistle in the wind is a figure for futility. The whistling is inaudible where the wind breath that is it – is so abundant it overwhelms it. Or the futility of abundance itself, the folly of attempting to provide what the means of provision gives already, a futility and abundance that together must come to naught, enunciate such elements in order to see the structure that mediates the flux of meaning. But clearly that is not what one *must* do. The emes and their structures effect and affect you however you do or do not render them thematic in order to bring to the surface what you might come to think are the structural terms. Neither really there nor really elsewhere. The elsewheres of meaning hug the heredom's of sense.

14.1 Which was the other way when it began.

Question mark deleted from the interrogative clause. Or is it a relative clause from a previous declarative utterance with pro-noun reference deleted? It is a question if you ask it. A missing reference if you search for it. But my own interest in the conditions that inaugurate an utterance point me in the way of an inquiry into a certain sort of inauguration: a theory of meaning that would declare that before an utterance commences, possibilities are already determinate from which one makes a selection, points a way. The next line for a moment confirms but instantly diffuses my interest:

14.2 Always the alternatives contrails diffuse.

14.3 Bad child ignoring mother's piña colada drinks milk.

There were, there are, alternatives – but the consequence – the material after-fact – fog the evidence. Jet planes with their contrails, diffusing at various rates, in the cerulean. The alternatives cease to be relevant as events proceed. Good thing too. Does the sky remain? We have leapt to the universal – the always – the general condition of utterance – of mind itself. In the line the "Always" – the universal – comes first – the prosecution along vanishing time of the quasi-preformation of possibilities – or the existence of the same – articulate or not – then leapt back to the particular. Bad child. Noun without article – direct presentification of sense as if stabbing the thought space with the direct presence of an object. But also: how the eme of the children of the previous hexagon perhaps presentifies.

What dances in this line – the legendary children singing in the road – surely not 50th street – but in *illo tempore*?

One bad child now not singing? – ignoring? or perhaps continuing to sing *because* ignoring? the word "mother's" "expects" "milk" – but finds, we find, piña colada – cocoanut milk and pineapple juice laced with rum – perhaps it is the mother not the child that is ignoring? but the bad child still drinks milk. A little detour in the line from mother's milk and back again. And as the milk returns within the line, the issue of the line's temporality returns across the detour, another question without a mark, another relative clause as if whose reference were lingering in the lines leapt over. If the future were a panoply of alternatives, is our *having* a future indeterminate too? Having a future at all? Is this line that line's future? Or one of the alternatives? The future of the previous line or lines whose "now" is this line, but whose concrete temporality – in the poet's act long gone, but in the reader's apprehension a "now" that is not fixed necessarily in the current line but in the reader's own on-going apprehending?

How does all this happen? What actually is the Kelly poet's act – indeed the person Robert Kelly's act? A liberative space as it were in which not only the momentary utterance but the panoply of possible senses is allowed to accumulate, flourish, vanish, transmute – an allowance that is deeply studied behind the text and is itself an opening whose generosity comprises the affordances of the text itself. One is invited into a liberative

space of proliferant, emergent, possible meanings that is also the habitation of a certain ascesis, abrogation, discipline, exception. Yet an ascesis the poet restrains from itself so that its power and actual if paradoxical profligacy manifest never as restriction, always as generosity. The ascesis of the poet—in precisely not rounding out and determining any univocity of sense—not even the accumulating meaning, not even the anagogy of structures—and yet not an ascesis in which the desire for meaning is inhibited, excoriated, or suppressed—it is allowed to proliferate, and just such allowance and the particulars of its proliferation allow the text to be a place of a kind of induction—of initiation into the very ascesis and its accomplishments—to conduct the reader. I too must open an allowance, detach from univocal meaning, without suppressing the desire for sense—that my own progress in my own being through its readership may speed toward liberation.

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There are lines that seem not particularly to harbor the complex ambiguities and disruptions of the lines looked at thus far—lines that seem to register simple declarations: statements of fact or belief, direct utterances of presumably the Kelly Poet or even the Robert Kelly person himself. But whether they sound as direct as they seem depends upon how one has been accumulating contextualization from the texts previous to them—in other words, the rhetorical force is dependent upon the actual events of readership.

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14.5 There is a line that leads there crisp cotton of its flag.

14.6 Blood comes here to be cleaned.

15.1 Immortal ones can understand the gap.

My habit of hearing each word in its multiplicity of possibilities allows me to hear "ones" (in 15.1) as if the word intended Monads or Unities – Units even – simultaneously with the pronominal use of "one" meaning an individual generally – so Immortal beings are immortal Monads or Henads – "ones" sound like timeless Monads or indeed "Henads" – Neoplatonic deities – personified pure forms that "Understand their gap." What gap? The gaps that have arisen unthematized as the minute yet gaping intervals between articulated utterances? Bachelardian Time gaps, but also gaps in cognitive connectivity already proliferating in the poem and in my experience of it. Every gap its own unthematically intuited measure or distance. The next line for instance?

15.2 Given an operation using land and air brutality he.

Participle – "given" – without an antecedent. Pronoun "he" without a reference. Dangling like they say. But the participle *always* has, even if only

virtually, an antecedent. If you don't immediately intuit it, there is a space thrown backward, a cognitive search party, that scans the previous utterance in so far as it remains in short-term memory, and that scanning opens the space of the antecedent, whether one finds it or not. Perhaps one makes it up, and one's own invention now is part of the mindstream that "reads" the poem.

Understanding of the gap.

In any case the phrase following the participle without antecedent surely seems some distance from the immortal ones and what they understand.

We are in a war zone. There is a military operation "using air and land brutality" and the utterance characterizes that operation but the last word – the seemingly ungrammatically connected "he"; so one wonders whether that "he" is not a "He" – the Master Immortal Himself not exempt from brutality.

Have I crossed that distance, that gap, or confused it? Are these associations Kelly's or my own? Do they evoke an objective semantic field? Or is my association itself rather a piece of statistically relevant evidence for linguists who might wish to construct such a field? One should not fail to notice how this proliferation of possibilities reconfigures a certain methodological focus of scientific linguistics.

Another gap another distance:

15.3 A kind of infestation like a clock.

The Kelly poet seems intent upon forcing the gaps to appear. With the subtlest attention to the subtlest differences between these distances. If I render the associative bridges across them, I must do so, it seems, with some gingerliness myself, lest my articulation of them maim their specific qualities – the distance between "brutality" and "infestation" for instance – not just the size of the gap, but a certain angularity across the semantic field. Between something, apparently willful (brutality), and something "natural" (infestation); but where the metaphors of "infestation" converges or overlaps with the psycho-dynamic, well, perhaps not "natural" character of brutality. Not to mention the somewhat brutal simile – "like a clock."

15.4 Sometimes the Warmth Avestan scriptures argue.

Zoroastrian fire-worship ontology perhaps? The warmth that encourages bacterial infestation? But do "Avestan" scriptures "argue" anything? Aren't they limited to hymns? Wiki my ignorance.

15.5 High pitched laughter as a sea bird knew it.

Implicit sensuous analogy between laughter and the cackling of sea birds, but a jointed discontinuity in the rhetorical atmosphere on the word "knew" — as if the birds themselves construed their cackling as laughter. Or is it simply the high pitch of the bird calls the seabirds surely are acclimated to — that they recognize each other in their particular sonorities. Or our laughter, as heard by a seabird. Or heard by the Kelly poet or by "us" — our own laughter like a sea-bird's calls.

15.6 Take a deep breath before your profile shows.

Stop that laughing!

Line shifts from imperative to phenomenology: concern with the expressive control of one's own apparency. You don't want your profile to show, do you? Therefore control your excitedness, your anxiety, your anger — with a deep breath to place a gap between spontaneous instauration of response and its expression in your appearance — but then a shift to that appearance from a specific point of view outside you such that what shows in a profile . . . ;

the atoms / elements: grammatical categories of discrete utterances and their ambiguities.

Individual words.

Individual phrases.

Extended senses of words or contexts of phrases — their *specific* lack of univocity. And that that specificity is itself specific to one's reading. Do the multiplicity of senses on any given readerly occasion occur to one or not? Do they lurk in one's cognitive ambience as possibilities not yet thematized? Can they not be brought to the fore of awareness by further lexical events in oncoming lines and stanzas? How can one identify this latency? As belonging to the text or belonging to one's specific registration of it? Or even as attributable to the poet or even experienced as intentional meanings projected by the Kelly Poet or Kelly himself?

Is the Kelly Poet the "speaker of these utterances"? One is in some way in contact with that. Or is he the composer of these stanzas, even the composer of the entire poetic structure? And is one in contact with *that*? And if so how? As actual reader? As formal critique, of construction of his or her text? Is one just making it up that there is or was a composer of these utterances?

And if the latter, where does that invented identity terminate? For instance, previous acts of poetic structuration such as the different but related structures devised for *Fire Exit*, *Uncertainties*, *Calls*, *Heart Threads*, the group Kelly himself considers a definite series — not to mention other determinacies of structure, explicit or implicit in the Kelly Poet's massive *oeuvre* and the Kelly person's apparently/necessarily? teeming inner creative life? (Or is it Emptiness that does this, that foams and froths and whiffles with report of the fullness of life/of being?)

If I am going to give an account of reader's meaning and see that this is specific to each occasion of reading, is it not also continuous with my own readerly life more broadly? And that continuous with my own being? The poet being. The reader being. Linguistic being. Textual being. What and who and how and even if — one or anyone is, and even how to pose that as a question, or even how to engage it as a life and/or ontological/and/or spiritual practice . . . The issues of poetics and their description impossibly, necessarily, trip that far. Thus the question of "detachment" and "commitment" of utterance seem impossible to separate from those issues in relation to practice itself.

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How distinguish between Kelly poet and Kelly person, or between the voice that is intuited as speaking any given line and the identity which is assembling the lines or allowing them to form consecutive utterances, or otherwise assemble into sextets? Is there a communication space in which the possible configurations of answers to these questions are themselves configured? A space conjoining a "Here-where-what-I-take-the-line-means" seems situated and a "There-where-its-utterance intends a meaning" seems to be whither it is coming from?

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- 18.1 You learn to read by thinking against the words.
18.2 Think against whatever they tell you school.
18.3 Utterances of gnomes who live beneath the grind.

Her Body Against Time. That early book of Kelly's. That use of "against" —like the German *Gegenstand*— "stand over against" which is the ordinary word for an object. To stand against is to render something objective. To make it stand before you. To give itself to you that you might apprehend it, cognize what it is. So to learn to read, you think by making words themselves objects. Things you think about, and in that thinking, elaborate your reading. By taking that which you read as that which you must resist. A force arises between.

But in the next line "against" returns to its common usage as preposition for the antithetical, the contrary. To learn to read is to practice one's own contrariety. School, itself, the contrary, that teaches by unwonted opposition to intelligence itself, say. Childhood's tedious schoolroom. Or any school. of thought. to close the mind.

Well the text doesn't go there unless I say so. It goes here:

18.3 "Utterances of gnomes who live beneath the grind."

Another stab of fragmentary nominal presentification, this time a seeming reaching back into the space of the school room, which proliferated utterances —less of learning than of the "gnomes" —to whom one listened

in abject boredom in the silence not of the "ground" but of the tedious laborious "grind" of classroom misery.

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Ponies "wonder" — men "hunt."

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Consequentially suggested alternative differences . . . different differences .

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14.4 But which future is the one we have.

Futurity as *possible* futures is multiple. Yet in the offing, the future will be singular. (McTaggart: contradictory temporal predicates applied to the same . . . "time".)

If we say of the future that we "have it," we are in the present. Present tense of "have." But the question, if it is a question, is about which determinate state of affairs the not-now but possible — the future — will bring.

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If I try on each utterance as if for size, as if to see if it fits the mind that wears it, or what it feels like to wear it – not simply to "think" that which the line means – not as it were to think the other's thoughts in one's own mind – but something even more intimate than that – an actual confluence in consciousness or being – because the language uttered and the language read – are not only the same language, experienced as it were from the other side – the two sides being the speaker and the hearer – the language itself facing both ways?

Or being like a plane separating and joining two volumes. But when reading a page as opposed to hearing the other speak, the duality of speaker and hearer disappears. And it is in that disappearance that a space opens up that is language itself: a plane separating two spaces that, because it is separating the two spaces, has two faces, one facing toward each space. But those two faces transmute into a plane that is facing neither of the two spaces but opens out in a way that shows the language itself as its own space – neither that of the speaker nor the hearer-reader but the space of language itself, in the contemplation of which the ontological status of both the speaker as the source of the language and oneself as its receiver come to their appearances. Is it like this: Someone is saying these things either addressed to me or which I overhear? Well, that too is something that is emergent in each moment of reading. Who is the person uttering these words? What am I to receive them? If I read the words aloud, I become their speaker, and how I am disposed in relation to that is specific in each

instance. One might characterize what I do if one were to observe it. Am I impersonating the enunciator – the poet? Performing the poem's drama? Or do I in some sense actually become the poet when I enunciate his words in a certain register – not so much how I vocalize the poem, but how I take up a position in and through how I speak the poem: I make the poet's words my words. But here a certain observation of Gotlob Frege comes into play. The poem asserts nothing. I assert something through the words of the poem. But what I have just observed implies that Frege's distinction is not universal or unique. When I read the poem I am in search of what it says, and what it says is not the *possibility* of saying what it says. It actually says it. It doesn't say, "Hey – here is this possibility of utterance." It is much more like an actual assertion itself. I assume it is an assertion, and I seek out what that assertion is, interpret it, as we say. But here again we are in a whole panoply of registers. And the Kelly Poet takes as his medium the range of a range-like fold of such possibilities: Assertion. Presentification. Allusion. Inquiry. Imperative. The actual line hangs in a space whose coordinates are these possibilities, and I am in that space, disposing a spontaneous judgement among them. The line becomes its meaning in each instance of reading – perhaps like the collapse of the wave function in a quantum observation. But unlike the observer of quantum reality, I can return to the line and hear a different possibility, make a different observation.

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Inquiry without a question mark. The question mark is performative of inquiry. It doesn't *represent* asking a question. It is the gesture in the writing that ASKS the question. But the question is also marked by grammar internal to the sentence, and leaving the question mark off can have the affect of refusing to perform the gesture of inquiry implied by the grammar. This may have the effect of rendering the sentence Fregean: the possibility of asking the question, rather than the actual asking of it. But can also force the clause out of the interrogative altogether — making it a relative clause — a sentence fragment.

*

The absence of the question mark *detaches* the question and the asking of it from commitment to asking it, while at the same time allowing it to appear as a question one has been compelled to ask. Does this not also detach the asker from the panoply of possible answers, and thus from the ontic territory opened by the question itself, thus effecting a liberation from the (karmic) compulsion to propound the inquiry?

22.1 What can I know about these moral things.

*

One must hear the rhythm and heed in some way the unthematic character of the text to optimize receptivity to its meaning, finding the right

speed at which to read the poems. To hear their rhythm one must dull the complexity of cognitive response — *or inwardly expand one's capacity to field instantly the complexity of meaning the text arouses in one as one reads.*

Growth of mind. Growth of space of mind.

Self-awakening through the induction of the text is something other than interpretation.

That we live in an "interpreted world" (Marsha Lind, quoting Elliot R. Wolfson): interpretation here does not take into account the work of liberative cognitivism or para-cognitivism: the use of the inevitability of interpretation as the concrete context for liberation from any specific and ultimately the entire range and compulsiveness of interpretation itself.

*

I am hungry for meanings I can use. (I say that, not R.K. here)

Use for what? What category of activity in each case governs my reading? Today: prepare a lecture about this text. So I'm not really "reading it"? Or bracketing my own actual responses so as to use them to provide material for my lecture?

Self-reflected consciousness spoils the event.

But it also may be as if the text itself has already traversed a path across all such readerly acts of self-description. To read it – knowing that – initiates the reader through gleanings of such an itinerary.

The meanings come towards me from the text – but what they say is conditioned vastly by my own cognitive "set" – my general preoccupation – but more aptly by the exact state of my own being at the very moment in which I read. And yet, that general pre-occupation also has its say in the composition of my "state."

Hexagon 23

- 1 Hear for once with your own ears.
- 2 For a child everything is miraculous in us.
- 3 Expectant stillness in soft air.
- 4 Two birds my tinnitus.
- 5 Storm soon under noon.
- 6 It breathes out from this very rib.

*

"Wonderful!" I say.

The inner exclamation when the apprehension of meaning flashes at just the right temperature to provide the pleasure of the moment – readerly expectation fulfilled.

Or nothing happens. Read it again. Not much. Later perhaps, when a different poised expectation *listens*.

Or the meaningful [meaningfuel] continues to appear – spreads itself – delivers cognitive riches – your riches. Your own thoughts coming towards you from the poem.

You make a judgment of the poem on this basis. Mark the passage. Expect the same pleasure when reading it later again . . .

Eating the same cookie again and still again, re-read. re-eat. [R.K.? G.Q.?)

Foolish thought. And yet, sometimes, the same pleasure or release or understanding iterates.

Some realized act of intelligence lodges in one's intellect and stays there for a while. One is tempted with thoughts of eternal truths, because of what is in fact the trans-temporal longevity – or repeatability – of verbal utterance.

The question of *that which is really not in time* needs to be distinguished from these experiences – from the *de facto* trans-temporality of the text – and its repeatability, its iterability; its seemingly objective structure.

*

Say you read the words at the wrong moment. Just words go by. Then something catches. Something that hooks the thoughtflesh as if something *not* just words. You hear the meaning. Or it stops you in your mind tracks. An irritation activates beneath that which registers as understanding. Go back and read again. Not eat again now. No analogy. You let the words occur again so that their activations might come to clarity, or you might work the exact energy of them into sense. Apply your words to the words of the text. Interpret. Comprehend.

27.1 Any act at all comprises power.

First time I misread "comprises" as "compromises." My act against power. But no, it says "comprises." Act is power. As power. Compels power. Summons power. Act is power. There must be power potent if there is an act.

Duchamp again. What is an act? What kinds of acts are there? That we "act somewhere" says Olson.

27.2 Me was the hairdresser skeptic as before.

Nothing. Not "the dresser" — hairdresser. Hairdresser skeptic?
Nothing. "Me" as subject? Baby talk?

27.3 Once men wore leather soles in this broad town.

"Once" rides out of "as before." And the leather soles grow broad, paving the broad town. No sneakers then, no sneakers there. Rather thick-hide protection against civic latitudes. You do not prance along this city's thoroughfares or change directions too precipitously or leap in the air to score, but make your paces, your gaiting, match the rhythms of the urban locality.

27.4 Now we use their skins to patch the sky.

Now the device of temporal contrast. Once — as before — now. The animals whose leather once soled shoes, now patch the sky. Unmentioned animals. How so? Nothing. The sky is broken, but what leather patches it? Nothing. Discontinuity like the gap between uses of leather, kinds of footwear.

27.5 Past centuries leave healing dust behind.

Another kind of gait kicks up dust, and the dust does not settle quite. Or the buildings themselves turn to dust. So dust is trace of a double

valence: evidence of continuing consequence; evidence of what has broken down behind.

Time heals but the healing itself is impermanent. I won't stop to dive further into this one.

27.6 Cocktail of cremains liquefy newed muse. "cremains" ? typo for remains?

Nope.

Hexagon 28

- 1 Swallow the evidence of Bayreuth and Berlioz.
- 2 Catullus's bones resemble scented talcum.
- 3 Grind and reuse to rouse the unemployed.
- 4 Skydiver Biber violin astringent tea.
- 5 The long quiet opiate of work begins.
- 6 What is the be in before and behind.

Hexagon 29

- 1 To have an idea hard work for the hand.
- 2 Things work as hard as they have to.
- 3 Bring peace at last to the calendar.
- 4 No need for time the princess sleeps alone.
- 5 That halo round her head is human hair.
- 6 Adobe mansions ideas are more like rain.

If you understand it but don't agree, say, what appears is that the line is not at all of necessity being written down to solicit or elicit agreement – it might not even be being "meant"; rather, say, put down to see what it sounds like to say that, to have said that. To bring its purely verbal possibility to light. Then to see what it might be like to think it. For instance:

30.4 By dulling their ears drink makes people listen.

Over heard, as if quoted. Preceded two hexagons before:

28.1 Swallow the evidence of Bayreuth and Berlioz.

An imperative that opens fields upon fields of reference and possible intention. Bayreuth as synecdoche for Wagner, or literally the continuing festival? Swallow: meaning "efface, destroy hide"? Or "accept against one's inclination"? Entering however on a space where remains remain?

28.2 Catullus's bones resemble scented talcum.

More remains. The remains of acts of creation – Wagner, past centuries.

Catullus's bones: His poetic work? Why scented talcum? Can one really

think the Kelly poet thinks this? Hardly. Something someone might say. A weird thought occurred to him.

28.3 Grind and reuse to rouse the unemployed.

Ground to powder. Dust remains.

The reference realm possibly skids outside any frame I have going for them. Grind and reuse the bones. Re-contextualize the poetry. But to rouse the unemployed? Unemployed poetasters? Reprocess the past? Okay, I have expanded the frame, apparently to include the consequent.

28.4 Skydiver Biber violin astringent tea.

Don't know Biber's music enough to connect. Down soaring violin arpeggios whose qualities are like astringent tea? Tea — music that is supposed to be affable, sociable, invigorating or soothing; but in this case . . . (more music anyway.

28.5 The long quiet opiate of work begins.

We have veered into a narrative zone, a generalized narrativity: One has taken a draught, imbibed (sic) the necessary context-creating conditions, and the slow work of its infusion has had its onset. But that inspiration of the ground-up past dulls as it also quickens, though its

addictive qualities do not compromise its setting to act. The long quiet character of its onset conducive to work.

Shift again into the interrogative without its mark:

28.6 What is the be in before and behind.

Clearly the poet is pretending ignorance. The prefix of the preposition taken as if of ontological pertinence. What kind of "being" is to be attributed to the instances of that which precedes – the references, in the texts left behind – to Wagner, Berlioz, Catullus, Biber – and before that to the vanishing healings of past centuries?

But the shifting between imperative, presentification, narrative, and inquiry, keeps active a transform space where the objects under transformation are whole rhetorical/grammatical attitudes. One is moving in the space of these structures simultaneously with their instantiations, even their instauration. Simultaneously with the thoughts they "rouse" in us, otherwise "unemployed" in the use of them. One's own thought-space thought-flesh. Whether one observes or fails to observe the transforms – the movements from grammatical form to form – that movement may become active subliminally in one's reading them.

Hexagon 29 (again)

1 To have an idea hard work for the hand.

- 2 Things work as hard as they have to.
- 3 Bring peace at last to the calendar.
- 4 No need for time the princess sleeps alone.
- 5 That halo round her head is human hair.
- 6 Adobe mansions ideas are more like rain.

An element in one line becomes an element in a different space in the next. ("Hard" in lines 1 and 2.) Or there is slippage at the site of that element—of their connections or repetitions—an association where the associative linkage is at least one slot removed. A minimalism of association. How much distance can be allowed before there is no association at all? And sometimes that distance is crossed—that minimality is violated. There is simply discontinuity. Or that is how it appears in a moment's reading. But in any case the space of the dimensions is composed partly of tensions around such minima and such associations.

I think, for instance, because of my knowledge of Charles Olson, that the line "To have an idea hard work for the hand" links on to Olson's remark in the attack on Ferrini in *Maximus Letter 5* is it? "to think is to lift a hand exactly," if I remember it right, or more privately, a line in a poem of mine: "to think is but to move an anxious hand." In any case there is a disjunction between to have an idea and the work of the hand, the gap between which is sparked by a range of thought—that handiwork, or manual skill is also intellectual work of a sort, or has a cognitive component—but if one stays with the line, its elements keep on ricocheting off one's spontaneous or reflective hermeneutic.

But there is a second similar spark charging difference around "hard" and "work" in the third line. The disjunction: the idea that things “work” at all is parallel to the gap between idea and hand – a kind of rhyme in hermeneutical space – that they work as hard as they have to. The incongruity of things "working" at all shifts into a recognition of the oddness of the idea of things having to work through the remark that they work as hard as they must. Hard as they must to be things? To be relevant to their uses or functions? Do they only “work” if we hold their shoulder to the wheel? Otherwise, lumpen entities, they hold their meanings in themselves.

Next line is even more distant from the previous than the previous two are from each other. Possible complete disjunction.

29.3 "Bring peace at last to the calendar."

A slight hint of a spark between the agonistic character of things doing hard work, and the warfare inherent in the calendar. But is "Bring" imperative or does it carry forth the "things" as subject of "Bring" as verb? How is the calendar lacking in peace? As if time itself were captured by calendricity? (A pet idea of mine!) and that thinghood brings it as it were to land? A calendar of objects, like the Mayan calendar, say, as opposed to ours dominated by simple numerical succession and one dimensional cyclicity? Apokatastasis of multiply interacting cycles and epicycles? How

do they know when Easter is anyway? Must the Church Fathers keep on asking the Jews?

Next line: 29.4 No need for time the princess sleeps alone.

Here the link is explicit — no particular tension there — between calendar and time. But a new distance opens — the fairy-tale princess Snow White or Sleeping Beauty? Something ominous and violent in the thought that the necessity for time, say in developing a relationship, is unnecessary because no one is guarding the "princess"? Does time sleep in the maiden's narcolepsy? Or does time degree zero move on apace through slumber? Does incubation that gestates the news of one's fate, incubate fate itself? Conduct one's being along the line of one's storying? a la Duncan, say?

But princess-reality sublimates to the angelic, and then is brought down to thingly earth again: 29.5 "That halo round her head is human hair." But thinghood transmogrified by halo and royalty. Finally, a large break.

29.6 Adobe mansions ideas are more like rain.

Now not thingly ideas merely but an elaborated species of such things — things as mansions and mansions not of brick or wood but adobe. We are in the US Southwest, where complex architectural structures are incongruously mansionlike — they aren't, say, the property of family or

individually accumulated wealth, royalty say, but collective. Adobe compounds. Collective buildings maintaining the intricacy and sociality of thought – and then – neither sociality nor financial accumulation – but accumulating naturally like rain.

Are these thoughts (my thoughts) packed into these words? They are potentials within a poetic space, whose energetic fields are complexly and tremulously established and/or dissolved. When we think them, we fall thrall to our own thought. When we allow them to rise and dissolve, our own thought becomes a meaning space the poem induces, and from which we are for the moment in a state of liberation.

The multiplicity of meaning-events that the structure allows, stimulates, induces – can only occur if the text is proffered as both completing its own assertions and allowing them to multiply or shimmer within the fields that the text itself comprises. Without commitment to the field of thought, the thought within the poet-mind would not be able to proliferate. The associative links must occur, and if occurring "be" there. But the allowance of their multiplicity and their transitoriness together with their complex if virtual structural relations – involves a simultaneous detachment from that commitment. *A being-present in the midst or through the concourse of a thinking to which the very attachment that allows the thinking to occur is in the occurrence released.* A supervisory intelligence that permits, remains attentively present for, lets go. And in so doing opens a space in the participation with which the reader may evolve commitment, attention,

and release, as if by a kind of poetic induction too. But the induction itself is also voluntary. One must be willing and in fact participate. But in a mode that is neither simply reactive nor simply inventive. It occurs perhaps through the discovery of the Middle Voice as the concourse of one's own readerly "activity."

*

Consider the structure whereby noticing the interconnection of shifting "elements" comes to configuration in one's noticing. This structure is threefold: it is formed in one's mind; it is apprehended as pertaining to the text; it is inferred or simply heard or read as belonging to the mind of the poet.

As belonging to all three it is also as it were a possibility in "language" — and that in such a way that for the poet its coming to formation in the poem is a limning of something emerging in and from language itself. It is language speaking through the poet so that structures latent within it come to appearance. Chomskyan "Deep Structures" or differently, Wharf's "Cryptotypes" come to mind. Except that in Kelly these configurations are not theoretical structures, but existential "fields" which the poet consults, arouses, allows to be active in him, and so forth. But which also, correspondingly can be attended to by the reader. The reader enters the field of the poem and allows the structures of language the poem allows to become articulate, to become articulate in him or in her too.

And insofar as that allowance in the poet is an "act," albeit an act in the Middle Voice — particularly in regard to the fact these structures require some participation to come to appearance — they are as it were secondary moments in the reading — secondary to the noticing of the discrete elements or moments of meaning, their polysemous occasions — their shifting senses. Though they happen to the reader, they are also the products of the reader's activity, so that the Middle Voice in this regard is involved in that apprehension/attention too.

Though structures as grasped tend to appear to possess a certain atemporality, the fact that their elements are transitory and shifting — this engagement with action/allowance/Middle-Voice — puts the reader in a paradoxical situation in relation to time — the witness as it were of the emergence of temporary eternities, transitory atemporalities. The observation of which is initiatory.

*

A thought is a cube.

The impossible interface between invertible cuboids: language itself as situated between its interlocutors.

*

Whatever rhetorical, syntactic, or literary-critical category you perceive in the reading of a moment of the poem, it is as if the poet held that category or categoricity in advance, and in the very next gesture, liberated it—either calling to its opposite, its contrary, or to some other associatively juxtaposed category, so that you too now share perhaps in that liberative transition. The contradiction, opposition may, if you will, resolve by *your* passing cognitively to the open space in which all these cognitions and categorizations both are possible, and hence available, and non-bindingly determinate in their transitory appearances . . .

That the preparedness of the poet's mind to receive and allow and indeed seek out imaginative, focused, and preternaturally apt utterances—and in a mode that does not hold onto its aptnesses or accuracies, but kisses their joy as they fly as it were—that such a liberative space of preparedness of mind is shared with the reader as the reader fields, accepts, seeks, the meanings the text seems to proffer.

*

Does the text accumulate? Do its structures and the space they happen from (or in) gather towards that space itself? Is there a kind of denouement? A kind of closure, other than the formal closure of each hexagon? Do these questions apply to the text, to an accumulating

initiation in the poet's being, to an accumulating event in the reader's possible initiation? Or does that to which any such accumulation might tend, in fact portend the very liberation space from which all three take their being and therefore take their dissolution? There is no summative accumulation, then (though there is, or might be, a sense of something accumulating, gathering, coming to a head – in one's own reading) – except to a condition that cannot be explicated or displayed as the conventionally determined subject of the text – a kind of continuum beyond those transfinitely many meanings and meaning systems, even the vast proliferation of significances from which the particular texts derive and/or toward which they accumulate . . .

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Is there a musical or energetic shape or shapeliness that shapes the hexagons in their sequence?

*

One could write a commentary on what specific lines or sequences "mean" and another on the structures they ride on, the apparent structures that they elicit or that elicit them; and the different availabilities of one's readerly experience that would be accessed in each of these.

**

The cognitive listening — the audient intelligence — that is alive continuously through the composition; with its own intervallic setting: its listening to the elements or units of the language as they are uttered so that a kind of responsiveness is registered within the concourse of each line, within each hexagon, within the consecution of the hexagons. A responsive listening that takes the utterance it allows as object — as text — takes itself as reader internal to the very act of writing/listening.

What does it mean to listen to an utterance in writing? Even the literal sounds — the vowels and consonants — are virtual, not voiced as uttered, but as *composed*; yet their composition involves a sense of sound that would not be literal sound even if the vowels and consonants were actually articulated vocally. Sound is inflected by linguistic context, syntax, semantics, phonematic identity, morphematic categoricity; but those structures of seemingly comprehensible syntactical analysis themselves are inflected by the "music" — the poetic composition, in which they occur. And that reflectively is something that arises as acts within a listening, a listening guiding the acts of utterance. Middle Voice.

But even Middle Voice is a metaphor. Action and passion are operative in their concreteness, their actuality, not only in their comprehensible identities. They are inseparable from their mystery, their ontological pertinence and grooming; they are daemonic events, inevitably. You cannot step into the stream of the text without opening a path to that in your own being that is inseparable from the mystery of your

being — or your opacity to that mystery — or obliquity from it — or obliviousness to it.

In Kelly's poetry, a certain urbanity masks the above circumstance. Protects it. Will not let the poetics be reduced to it. You can't say "mystery" too insistently, for instance. "A mystery. Cashes?" To quote a moment in Olson where the idea of a mystery is abrogated altogether in relation to the hazards of nature. As signifier, the mystery itself is short-circuited very familiarly in the modern and post-modern temperament, in which the Kelly poet does not refuse to share. But the apophasis that refuses "mystery" as signifier is not thereby immune from its activity in fact. The hazards of nature themselves are irreducible to nature when nature itself refuses itself as signifier.

Nature presences as sensation, perception, immediacy of sensuous contour, immediate fact. Are there such moments or facts in *The Hexagon*? But the instantaneous responsiveness to the event of utterance stands at the site of immediate sensation. The actual thought just arisen, just gone by, "presentifies" as if it were a transitory sensation. It solicits response in the knot of significance that its cognition complicates.

*

The rigorous insistence of the separation between the lines and between the hexagons persists through to the end, like a faithfulness to a chosen musical modality. But an accumulation of meaning, an allowance of

assertion in spite of everything, because of everything, compels itself across that insistence.

Is there a subtly changing modulation of the various distances among the intervallic elements, that itself is modulated towards the end of the book, towards meaning itself? A certain relaxing of the insistence upon maximal polysemousness. An allowance of even vatic utterance to glisten. The insistence insisted upon protects these utterances and their glistening. You cannot walk away from the music without its specificity ringing in mind's ear.

Through these utterances perennial Kelly themes are allowed their force, their force of assertion, which itself has accumulated across a lifetime of utterance. You do not escape them. Kelly does not evade or deny them. But that very allowance is allowed through the kind of detachment that the music itself is sustained by and that it itself sustains. Non-ordinary assertiveness, of themes whose thematic pertinence cannot be asserted thematically, but whose non-thematic assertion still requires the thematic to be its occasion and, in its act, the object of its own apophasis. Think this if you can. Or read the poem.

**

Hexagon 634

- 4 In the face of the Given Other we see the god.
- 5 Look in the mirror until you see that face.
- 6 Then forget the one who does the looking.

Hexagon 636

- 1 In the face of the given other we see outside of time.
- 2 The changeless nature gleams through our response.
- 3 The permanent good is what someone finally says.
- 4 Because I meant you and it all is waiting.
- 5 I tell just enough to touch your hand.
- 6 Let all the words change places till they see.

Hexagon 637

- 1 Eden words finally get to listen.
- 2 I am committed to the distance between us.
- 3 Be honest for once and let the children out.
- 4 Stylistically transmitted diseases catch your breath.
- 5 The long walk by the marina remembers me.
- 6 Woods you wander to make the day too long.

Hexagon 638

- 1 Celebration of the unremembered.
- 2 In that country they have a feast of the forgotten.
- 3 Withered flowers wrapped around a dead tree.
- 4 Old avowals are burned in the pyre.
- 5 We are letters in a mysterious document.
- 6 Worked into stone it takes no time for time to pass.

Hexagon 639

- 4 Kairos the appointed time when God turns into you.
- 5 You forget the animal you ever were before.
- 6 You were alive at that hour and that is guilt enough.

Say there are these three positions: the reader's spontaneous cognition; the hearing meanings as if the meanings in the poet's mind; attributing the meanings to the text itself, apart from author's intent or one's readerly subjective experience of reading.

Attempt to categorize with these three labels a given moment of reading. The categories are adventitious. The reading is not localizable, capable of being rendered concrete enough for the categories to apply too tightly. One's mind is bounced about by shiftings-syntactical and content so unprecedented in its modes of (dis)continuity — one is reminded of Arakawa-Gins architecture, where material hazards disrupt one's psychomotoric cognitions so that

Apart from all these structure-cognition-form related questions, the matter of the poem's induction or initiation also involves that which the meanings actually point to, and the intelligence that discovers, notices, invents, permits these pointings, these meanings. The solicitations of meaning itself are not infrequently registered in a declarative utterance, say.

333.3 An animal is pure demand.

A general proposition in the form of a declaration about its instances. An animal means any animal. The quantifier "Every."

How so? I dare to ask myself. And I cover a certain track of thought to recover what I might think this declaration means. Its justification. The ancillary thoughts that might support it. And all THAT thinking – attributable in the threefold. My thought; text's meaning; author's intent.

What demand? How "demand"? Demand as primitive to any reflection or action. Everything from menacing presence of an animal as a demand laid upon one in its presence; to a reflection about animal instincts, say. All that is as it were "in the text" but brought forth in my reflection; but then, reflection on how the poet came to assemble such a congeries of ideas in that simple utterance.

34.2 You were my Palestine a stone house.

(Palace Stein.)

35.4 Everything has much to say but less so we.

Another complexification of the poem's dimensionalization. That it is the thing that speaks, the poet that listens and records. The line a recording of the poet's listening to what the things bespoken have to say. A doctrine of the whole of the poet's work, but less a doctrine than a practice – the working of a view. A practice way beyond the hypothetical enactment of an attitude or twee opinion. Again and again, that the things are being

bespoke, are being listened to, is the mind-stopping answer to the question "where does the poet acquire his meanings?" We the readers are witness to the events in which these meanings occur as the things are heeded in their speaking. And the things are not just material objects or living presences. They are thoughts themselves, events of language themselves. Given heed and allowed to take up positions in a music such that the hearing of them as speaking is given recognition by being set to form.

Formulations that for me might be well-wrought rubrics, maxims, sites of accumulating thought-results from untold hours and years of reflection, are for the Kelly poet, almost throwaway occasions. They too might embody intricate skeins of past reflection, but they are there for us to think about: who knows what the poet does with them beyond the setting them into form.

36.2 Every logical proposition is a Mohawk war canoe.

Says I (writing this somewhere): "A concept is a hyper-vigilant myth with a penchant for violence." But I hold on to my apothegm and think I have thought it endlessly. The parallel thought in Kelly . . . the line goes by. If there is further thinking to it, it will find another form.

The sequentiality of the hexagons, the lines in the hexagons — are there to allow the thoughts to elaborate themselves, but do not give space

for that elaboration as it were to become locally solid even where they are memorable utterances and iterable as such. That the poem's thought moves on seems to be of the essence of precisely the way its meanings proliferate and complexify. What one has rendered explicit returns to the background as the various kinds of discontinuity/continuity exercise themselves, line by line.

What accumulates across the hexagons might be themes, but also "emes," as I say. Even themes are emes. They do not accumulate as iterations of a doctrine they articulate, or do not do so only. As one proceeds with the poem, iterations and reiterations of themes and elements occur to one spontaneously. The grooves and series of thematic or emic entities become established in one as they may. The three-fold recurs in a different way pertinent to these iterations, to one's reception, of them. But the fact that the field of their occurrences/recurrences is something that is established through one's reading is essential to the way the text is initiatory/inductive. The initiation doesn't occur at the site of reflection but of accumulation. One undergoes the text and is changed in the offing. The hazard of readership is that one submits one's own thoughtflesh to such transformations. The only question would seem to be whether one is up for the transformational process or finds reasons to reject or resist it — or in one's non-interest or obliviousness or incapacity — or if for good reason, if one has one — one declines to attend. Attention however is already participatory, Middle Voice. To continue reading after one has rejected its initiatory character — one might say is a serious ethical question. A spy in

church. Literary espionage – in the form of Criticism. Vigilance against deleterious initiation. Don't read this poem. Politics. Surveillance. Abrogation of disinformation. Neutralization of Propaganda. Middle Voice not audible.

The practice of a kind of Hermeticism can arise from the wisdom that one's means can be seen to cause deleterious initiations to prosper. And that objection to such initiatory textuality can be held as a principle. Stay in the shadows. So, in a censorious environment, the initiatory goes into hiding. Today the wild proliferation of poetic texts and their universal preservation as information/ documents perhaps provides cover. But there is no cover from search engines where the free deployment of linguistic forms is essential to the initiatory work.

44.1 Remember that far ahead.

The kind of consultation memory is may not be bound to the ordinary temporal schema. Or else, the temporal schema itself, in that it lays out time before it happens, and that it is the schema and its contents that memory consults, why shouldn't it access the future and not only the past? But "that far ahead" – occulted reference. How far?

44.2 Now the rhythm is all in thinking nothing heard.

I could quote this line as it were straight, in spite of a rabbit hole of syntactic ambiguities – an unambiguous proposition about the condition of this poetry's aesthetic principle – except for the "Now." Is this the "now" that indicates a transition in thought that is in fact also a consequence? Or is it a temporal shifter? In the first case, the transition implies an occult referent; in the second, the proposition is not a universally proclaimed, or even locally general principle, but a local condition.

44.3 The deaf snake does not fear the music.

So many structural conditions available to project meaning. How "fear" floats backwards and forwards across this utterance. Are snakes deaf? Or is there a kind of snake that is deaf? In either case the "fear" of snakes adheres to the word "snake" but redounds to its subjectivity rather than to that which it inspires. But ah the music! We are in snake-charmer land, where the snake is hypnotized by the charmer's tune, presumably through a kind of apprehension. So the line seems to parse as a metonym: one does not fear a cause to which one has no sensual access. Is that it? But the snake charmer's music is more insidious than that, for it is not only the snake's fear that is invoked by the reference, but the aura of ominous and hazard . . . Next line:

44.4 Songbite a bitter prophecy a tune to come.

*

If I "learned" the microspaces that each utterance opens, would I enter upon the mind-being that is the Kelly poet's? A region particular to language? Or a topographic feature of my own intelligence, my own engagement with language? For surely language learns me through the iteration of its possibilities. In me. By me. Through me.

I bring my micro-meaning fields – my participation in the public semantic web/net – to my reception of the poetry, and let it vibrate on my thoughtflesh, let myself elaborate its possibilities concretely in the reading.

As if the whole of the mind were the playing field; but then the mind is reduced to a configuration of its particles: nothing too much larger than a single line, locally; and yet the meanings assayed and produced by minimal and local operations accumulate across these 640 hexagons, 3840 lines, so the space of language's meanings, of the poet's thus realized intelligence/consciousness, the space potentially opened in one's readerly being (but not only one's readerly being) is significantly grand. The limitations of syntax imposed by one-liners are no limitation at all, in that sense, but allow the feeling for the large space to grow and appear in a way that a more liberal regime of syntactical possibilities would tend to absorb into its own syntactic figures and spaces.

Consider rhymes and rhythms of thinking across hexagons —
analogous iterations conjuring the thought that governs the analogies.

45.2 The other side of this only place again.

46.2 Somewhere has been here before.

Intuition of a space-time opened. Space itself applied as concretely
iterated as space?

This is a place. It has an other side. That other side itself is a place.
But this is the only place — so its reiteration — its "again" — is an imperative
that calls for time to reiterate the only place. Place doubles in its identity.

Here is a place. That which can be somewhere is a place. Expectation:
that something has been here before. Or this heredom has distributed itself
temporally. But no: the identity of a place has occupied this place. Place is
tinctured by times and identities. Assertions and imperatives.

46.4 It was empty till you came.

46.6 I was empty till you came.

(H)ermetic (D)efinition: "Why have you come to trouble my decline? / I am old / I was old till you came." Distant echo.

*

An unexpressed syntactically- or rhetorically-demanded necessary utterance folded backwards within the small space of what one hears/cognizes in the line.

*

48.1 Things My grace and goodness shew She cried.

48.2 Because a mercy means us and no mildly.

<no mildly> several folds away, but I can't get there without folding in several steps, several absent utterances. We ourselves are meanings, and that is a product of a "mercy" — a granting, as it were, beyond our deserts. And the expression or creation that enacts this mercy is uttered in a form that is in no way characterizable as a being uttered "mildly."

Now what am I "unpacking" here? My reading? Kelly's intention? An implication folded in the text? It would seem a bit much to assume that

Kelly "meant" this – and yet that the text is intended to "allow" such a thing – beyond the deserts of readerly valor? Do I go too far here?

48.3 The boat cracked and the fish came out.

The fish protected now from the fisherman's intent, since his boat is foundering, come out of hiding, no danger now. The crack in the vessel set the captured content free.

48.4 Origin of animal life on earth to make a mineral speak.

Split the stick and find Jesus, a hidden text alluded to behind all this? The origin of species, the revelation of that which is hidden in an already formed element? Emergence as Uncovering? Aletheia?

When I paraphrase the movement in the lines, I distract attention, distract my attention, from that movement itself. But when I attend, that attention itself elicits that distraction.

Meaning elides/eludes the duality between attention and distraction. If I do not attend, there is no distraction. If I do, the need to articulate further that to which I bring my attention, or that which is coming into view as I attend, distracts me from that on which I would hold my focus.

No meaning without configurative activity; configurative activity creates/betrays its genuine inspiration.

The lines bring under the figure of "rhyme" their internal infoldings, occultations, stimulations, distractions, multiplications.

The single line-form draws attention back from the distraction of the meaning it discovers. Only there to find a parallel distraction.

The short line, serial form, establishes a space of parallel distractions. A space that is both my own and the poet's, and between us, a structure of the poem, of language itself in its possibilities, concretely revealed.

And yet each line conducts its foldings in new ways. The parallelism is never rote; never merely a further instantiation of an articulable structure.

49.1 To be born by water or a bay is to be held.

I feel this even as I read the line the first time. Then I attend what I feel, draw out the thought induced by it from my own cognitive possibilities. <To be born by water.> to come to birth; the primal mound rising from the primal waters; or to be a bay – either one is to be held. An infant in its mothers arms, an inlet bay by surrounding shoreline. To bear is to hold. To be a boat carried on waters, or to be the waters themselves

confined as a bay. One is an object, defined; to come into being is to be defined, confined.

But the form of paraphrase is a distortion of the complexly implicative, folded, elements of the line. It is not simply to provide an articulated final cognitive utterance – a paraphrase – that the poem as poem puts itself forth. The poet's intent is not simply to induce the finality of an articulated observation of parallelism that a paraphrase accomplishes. It is to induce the very space in which its folding first unfolded for the poet in the mediation of its utterance. Now I am the water, the mother-source, the flux and projection of my birth, the being held that is the coming into being – and that in a subliminal intuition itself coming into being with my reading.

The processing of the lines, line after line, fold after fold – furthers the furthering of meaning without inducing closure. It forecloses closure but by inducing the continuation of meanings found in a space where there are always further meanings still.

One has no choice but to stop where one in fact stops – can, in the time of reading – induce no further meaning. And yet the poem is there, in spite of one's stopping; it keeps going in a stillness that is the text's de facto closure. Stiff line by line in fact. Hexagon next to hexagon.

Curiosity picks it up again. Where will it lead me now?

The rest of Hexagon 49 instructs in this:

- 2 Meek habit of all days before.
- 3 Now inspan the bigamous seeds of the Apeiron.
- 4 Climb the harvest and let it chariot.
- 5 Weigh had more than we suppose the animal.
- 6 The part I love is always waiting.

The three-fold repeats from my own utterance to my text and its possible readers. You there on the thither point of an oblivion I must not conjure too haptically. The jointures of Kelly-speak arise in my mind too, and I must inhibit them to inhabit them, to continue the modality of this text. I do not wish simply by a kind of poietic induction, to continue to propagate the Kelly text, dance the Kelly-space. Another kind of induction is requisite. Another manner of furtherance.

A bit more theoretical than Kelly's perhaps. A different tempo of cognitive spacing, a rhythm of different utterance types; an allowance of a different degree of iterativeness; of polysyndeton, say. A different poetry.

I want to reach a thought that should remain relatively stable through the serial utterance of its inversely telescoping variants. But the space I would open is not discontinuous with the space the Kelly poet opens. The ontology of this is what concerns me – again – not to foreclose it

but to be in its embrace, liberated, liberating – opening and opening. I enact concern by saying concern. Each word its special thralldom.

I can feel when the Kelly person's attitudes enter the space of the poem – when the studied detachment of the upfolding line structures allows for the intensity and concern of actual personal utterance. Assertions with less ambiguity. Ambiguity may still be there if you hear it, or if you fish it out, but your readerly activity, perhaps induced by the overwhelming polysmeity of so much of the text, still is freighted with a different degree of responsibility if one chooses to hear many meanings where for a moment a single one seems to be asserting itself.

Hexagon 50

- 1 Always saying thank you never sure to whom.
- 2 You I know but is the you I think the you you know.
- 3 It doesn't matter much of stone to utter thanks is all.
- 4 Rilke says our only job is praise itself is chemistry.
- 5 Stuff the rough cloth into the copper athanor.
- 6 Things love being suddenly together.

Hexagon 51

- 1 Silence language so that it can speak.
- 2 We cut the levee to let the meaning blur.
- 3 Will is the opposite of paying attention.
- 4 Listen to the color red and ask no questions.
- 5 It tells you everything if you listen.
6. This whole animal called permission.

Almost entirely Instructions. Commands. Or direct assertions. The voice of wisdom, or the self-instructions of a poet, defining the rules of composition. Or of a being defining and engaging rules for the enhancement of consciousness, the realization of true being.

And the question here becomes what is the nature of action that covers the hearing — reading — of such instructions? When I hear a command, do I have a choice to obey or disobey? How does this relate to my idea, that one has to understand — and in a sense assent to language — before one can reject what it says? That you have to assent in order to reject what you have, by understanding, assented to? But what is the case when you hear the language as an imperative? And that imperative pertains to language itself, poetry itself? Has one already begun to perform the instruction by simply reading its articulation?

But of course that would only be possible on the grounds of some understanding of what the imperative is commanding. SO:

51.1 Silence language so that it can speak.

Here one attempts the instruction to arrive at an understanding. I must silence language as it arises in me, to understand what "to silence language" means. And I am instantly minded of a kind of asceticism — the common instruction in many "meditation" contexts to inhibit one's inner

dialogue, produce a clam state or inner silence, inside of which to listen becomes possible. But here the condition of language itself manifests as the consequence of the obedience the instruction promulgates. And is it not language speaking that commands the silence that allows it? Intransitivity of imperatives. One must have already obeyed the injunction to apprehend what is to be obeyed. But here that understanding is the very antithesis of silence — and that on both ends of the injunction.

Far too much has already gone into this hermeneutic to allow *The Hexagon* to progress. Consult the text to amplify the initial offering and observe what the aura of the first instruction gathers in its consequence, or as its explication:

51.2 We cut the levee to let the meaning blur.

The levee damns the flood. We cut (dig? compile?) it to effect such an inhibition. What is on the hither side of blurred meaning — what if we did not cut the levee, or alternatively, took "cut" to mean "impede"? Unblurred meanings would not perhaps be univocality, but universality — the unbroken flood means everything. Blur is an advance towards understanding. The levee lets the flood of significance at least to begin to achieve articulation. Cutting the levee is the act of silencing language. Articulation, its speaking. Aha! At least a certain "perhaps" allows the reading to proceed.

51.3 Will is the opposite of paying attention.

Declarative utterance defining the relation between two pertinent faculties. A tendentious assertion. But one which jibes with a reflection from which I do not by any means demure: for if "Attention" objectivises, "Will" enacts; and I myself insist that action not be reduced to an objectification. But is the contrast twixt will and attention opposition? Is not attention also a function of will, and does not will depend on its own capacity for attentiveness? Middle Voice, I say. Intransitivity of attention and will. (Sometimes you just have to fight it out, for meaning's sake.)

And shall we consider the imperative – injunction – and our obedience to it and understanding of it – not a matter of will? I will obey. I won't. And if the injunction is that I enact a certain focus of attention:

51.4 Listen to the color red and ask no questions.

Another opposition or contrast, this one without the tendentious calling attention to the implicit opposition: Listening; inquiring. Listen without committing to the modality of inquiry. An open listening that does not determine an object by forming an inquiry to objectify that to which it attends. Listen to what? The color red, for instance. No need for inquiry. The thing attended to in listening propounds what is to be known entirely. No need for inquiry:

5.5 It tells you everything if you listen.

And now a summary of the exercise this hexagon proposes:

5.6 This whole animal is called permission.

Do I need to call out the metaphor: that the complex composed in this hexagon is alive?

*

52. 1 Listening affirms no matter who speaks.

Everything depends on whether you hear spontaneously "no matter" as object of "Listening" before you hear it as referent of "who speaks." If you do, you hear the line with a rather sharply decisive joint between an affirmative and a negative statement about listening. A jittering or jostling of cognitive space.

The contrast between the two joints deserves some reflection, given how we have been reading.

1. "Listening affirms no matter." The activity of listening is itself neutral regarding that which one is listening to. It is detached observation par excellence. The very possibility of detachment.

2. Listening as such is already an affirmation of the person listened to — regardless of that person's qualities. What appears between 1 and 2 as an opposition — whether affirmation is neutral or affirming, on closer look — regarding just what the opposition might be — suggests nothing of the sort. "Listening affirms no matter" denies affirmation to its subject matter universally. "Listening affirms no matter who speaks" affirms the listener by granting attention. In both cases, there is a kind of detachment, but a different kind in each case — detachment from the affirmation of content; detachment from judgement regarding the person of the speaker.

52.2 Clouds are the loudest part of what we art.

As if the "are" were repeated, a mistake perhaps attracted by the assonance in "part."

Lets look at the last word first. "Art." The almost instantaneous recognition of phonematic identity to a heard phonological element is brought to attention. One hears "are" and then almost instantaneously corrects it to the grapheme — "art." In reading the text, one has of course seen the word "art" before one hears the morpheme "are" and therefore corrects it almost as soon as one hears-pronounces it. Assuming that one reads poetry by allowing its sound to resound in mind's ear even if one is reading silently.

An entire critical problematic regarding the Saussurean analysis of the systematicity of language is engaged in this sudden abruption into attention of a minute shift in morphological identity. Which morpheme is it? That question depends upon there being prior to the *identification* of the morpheme a sensory trace that one might consult, however spontaneously, however quasi-instantaneously, to make the determination. At the level of auditory sensation this is clear. One has heard the opening phonemes and heard them as the "ar" of "Are" and then retrospectively, however almost instantaneously, corrects what one has heard as one senses and identifies the phoneme "t" to yield the word/morpheme "art." But in the visual reading, the apprehension of the grapheme "art" precedes the internal and silent listening that creates the auditory sequence of cognitions. The challenge, if it is a challenge, to received Saussurean wisdom, is that the act of cognitive recognition of a sensory event — a sense datum — must precede the activation of the systematicity — the system of contrasts and differences between phonemic positions — of "langue" to yield the identification of the morpheme. There is sensory presence prior to and as the condition of the cognition that allows the systematicity that distributes the phoneme to its place in the language to occur. Be that as it may, in the poem, if read silently, something even more complex and problematic occurs, since the visual recognition of the morpheme "are" precedes the virtual production in the mind's ear of the phoneme "ar", its recognition as inducing the morpheme "are" and requiring the correction by the morpheme "art." But the virtual production — if it is virtual — say rather sub-vocal — of the sensory event does reproduce the sequence: sensation, trace, identification

of phoneme, aggregation to identify its morphemic function, correction, revision—just as if it were heard in actual audition. In any case a micro-cognitive complexification of the rendering of a temporal sequence is actually involved. The tiny span of time between the onset of the "are" and the correction of the content of that moment due to the cognition of the morpheme "art" renders the passage of time complex, for what was an instant ago the content of the past ("are") has been revised after the fact because of a visual sensation ("art") recorded *before* it and in some sense suspended behind the scenes across the temporal interval, and the image trace of the passage of time itself contains that act of revision.

What is true for such a micro-cognition opens sentience to the minute temporality and its conundrums that really does obtain in the conduction of any use of language whatsoever, and hovers just below the sensual-cognitive threshold particularly in micro-poetic events where ambiguity and spontaneous revision of cognitions spontaneously achieved are utterly pertinent, in fact unavoidable. The complexities of hermeneutics ride on an actual complexity of temporal structure intimate to the reading and reception of the line. The simultaneous flux and suspension over temporal transiency does not yield easily either to topological modeling or phenomenological bracketing. One is at a lost where and when to open and close one's brackets, where and when and how and whether to spatialize the actual form of temporal extension.

You can see that I have had to go on at length to bring to light something that happens in an instant, but it is that happening not that analysis that is pertinent to the ontology of the poem. The mind is jostled or jittered slightly, but at a level that is intimate with the sensory reception of the poetry and on the limen between sound and sense – or better between sensuous sense and cognitive sense.

The jointure in syntax in the previous line, 52.1, is another such jostling or jittering, at a slightly different structural site, infra-syntactically, rather than infra-phonematically. But the mental music that the poem sings relays a subtle sensing of that difference. An interval between such jostlings. An opening of a hyper-dimensional spacing where such events would have to be charted, were an analysis to attempt to complete itself, certainly in a hermeneutic register, but which is pertinent and felt nonetheless without such explicit hermeneutics.

No doubt only practiced meditators trained to follow instantaneous transitions in sense and cognition, would find themselves in a position to field and reflect such minutiae. But Kelly is a Buddhist practitioner. So am I.

*

Alterity and detachment.

Detachment in the sense I mean is not in relation to an other, but to the self. That is, it is performed without alienating the content from which one is detached. One neither suppresses it nor renders it an object. That is the difficulty of the practice of detachment with regard to poetry. Another difficulty is that in "not following one's thoughts" — in the sense of not actively elaborating, working on, driving one's cognition to a settled understanding — one is not actually thinking at all. Detachment in relation to thought would require a special performance in which one does not suppress the train of thought and still does allow awareness to be present in a manner that is not involved or better not affected in the activity of that development. The question in relation to *The Hexagon* is whether in the poetic practice registered there one can see the trace of and even gain experience in just such a species of detachment. Each line unfolds a series of cognitive performances and at the same time allows one's cognitive gaze to be present to that which is unfolding and to the unfolding itself — and this in the by the now familiar threefold manner in regard to the poet's thought, in regard to the language of the poem, in regard to one's own activity in reading it. One is thrown onto the presence of one's own awareness in such a manner that both the development of the cognitive content and one's capacity to be present to that development (with or without commitment to it — but with observation of the very process by which commitment is assembled or denied) takes place or might take place.

And the activity by which one allows one's own thought to read the thought of poet and poem is made available, or the possibility of its

becoming available is offered by the manner in which the poetry presents itself, unfolds itself. By disrupting (and to different degrees even facilitating) cognitive commitment in the ordinary sense; that is, by allowing an endlessly varying multiplicity of productive interventions — the very space of assertion, inquiry, command — is opened for intuition; and that space is simultaneously a formal aspect of the poetry, an affordance the poet has in regard to his own mind, and a space that one intuitively grows or opens in one's self in the process of reading.

I am forging a link between the idea of detachment and the idea of that space or spacing.

*

52.1 Listening affirms no matter who speaks.

52.2 Clouds are the loudest parts of what we art.

"*Clouds*" are visual obstructions. But the assonance with "*loudest*" kinesthetically associates them with noise. Clouds obstruct. They occupy the foreground regarding our access to our own being. Or our knowledge of our own being. The listening that affirms finds obstruction dominant. This whole thought posits itself as a "cloud" to cognition.

52.3 Trees full-fledged early May when will you fly away.

Add "direct address" to our catalogue of textual modalities besides assertion, interrogation, command. The poem addresses the trees (or is it "early May"?) But it is birds not trees that can be "full-fledged" (though the common locution makes the phrase a metaphor meaning "fully developed" in general). In early May the trees would only just be "full-fledged" – fully green with leaves. The address to them, in proximity to the clouds that obstruct our very being with theirs (another element say in a natural landscape), expresses the wish that the obstruction to what we are be dispersed. A wish for enlightenment, for access to our nature. But the absence of the question mark, again, partly neutralizes the inquiry – the desire for enlightenment itself objectivized. A passing nothing, possibly. An event within a locution.

52.4 Walk on the steel grid over quiet hell.

A far more severe imperative/image of the struggle for wisdom.

52.5 A doorway says it all the whole house listens.

Now one's being becomes a house space, and the whole matter of enlightenment is addressed at the entranceway – the site where sensuous input arrives, where that at which it enters is the house rendered pertinent to cognizance through the kind of listening addressed throughout *The Hexagon*.

52.6 In my confusion I know the clouds know something.

The confusion of being clouded nonetheless senses that that very clouding harbors cognizance. "In my confusion" is both a description of the state of the poet's mind in the location of this Hexagon, and an assertion of the unreliability of the assertion it frames. But confusion itself is infused with cognition. Cognition itself clouded by confusion. Is this "confusion" or the special "clarity" even confusion embodies? The final line, though in the form of an assertion, awakens the question.

53.1 You're never alone when you have a sky.

I think instantly of an inner sky and its mystical sense of the vast internal commonality in which the multiplicity of beings severally share. But of course, without such association, the ordinary sky is surely intended. But the same universality, the same commonality, is suggested even if one hears the ordinary sky. The total context of the poem, however, by this time has long foreclosed the possibility of hearing the simple declarative assertion as, say an ordinary "wise saying." It is a wise saying proffered for use or contemplation. "Think about this," it is also always saying. "What about this." (Without a question mark.) And you are off in your thinking. The detachment has been achieved by the sheer multiplicity of the poem's utterances and their continuously varying sense of seriality. But that sense is what offers the line as a possibility, a provocation. A

presentation that hangs around for a while, while the next provocation comes on the scene.

Hexagon 58

- 1 What is moral got there from the ground.
- 2 I knew the ones that loved or other flame.
- 3 Who cares what I think some what I say.
- 4 The middle of something is always again.
- 5 Cut your finger winder how anyone can kill.
- 6 Terror needs no logic gives no milk.

Something around here seems to intensify. Something in the poet's thought deepens a notch. It is surely not simply an issue of attachment. Walking the ground of the complexity the composition has in fact opened for the poet, seems to be taking more anxious issue with itself.

As if the expectation that the poet knows the reader is reading the lines as detached allows him to say things directly without ponderous assertion. The detachment is working its way into the process by which the underlying energy motivates and finds its permission.

58.1 What is moral got there from the ground.

Hexagon 59

- 1 Don't know whether I'm alive or dead.
- 2 Went through the white mouth gate and fell.
- 3 Tile is baked but why always cold on my skin.

- 4 Every picture is a doorway to come through.
- 5 Everyone you meet is a door to open and go in.
- 6 The tree inside hangs ripe with fruit.

All the previous readerly event-types and issues are still in effect, yet another tone has entered as from the moral ground. It is no longer possible to glibly proffer interpretations. One must move in one's affect with the undertone, be pulled along.

Now the hexagons start to accumulate deeper poetic spacings.

The Talmud is opened by a kind of bibliomantic aleatory to the tractate called *Levanah*, the moon. The impossibility of separating the living from the dead. Green nature set upon by moonlight. The stony interiors of churches and their silences.

60.6 In those halls you hear your not-self think.

Need I say it. Detachment thematized in a theophanic ambience.

*

Are my concerns I think to hear in this poetry only echoes of my own spiritual itinerary, or does the hyperspace or meta-space from which these utterances project their possibility project my possibility too? Will I be able to grow into the immensity this music builds towards? Here I am only one

sixth of the way through and already feeling myself climbing! The sky
through the mineral is the answer. If answer is required.

**

Hexagon 65

- 1 Yellow buses drive them to the obvious.
- 2 Count the noons and multiply by minnows.
- 3 Hurry the river the stars are impatient.
- 4 Pedagogical value of silence absence night.
- 5 We need to be meadow before we wake up.
- 6 Blue glass mother-of-pearl an ocean.

An arrogation of conundrums: koans without the formality of zazen and
bonze — formality of one line and hexagon, rather —

A collocation of images with spiritual import, instructions to the imaginal
faculty, derived from that faculty, properly oriented.

You *can* get there, from here, already are, by being where
the saying utters —

there where the figures

rise from

"bridges go nowhere that is their secret" 67.4

what secret?

yours

his ours

*

(my words):

the secret of poetic figures accumulating to the realization

they already individually contain

and have abandoned

for the next accumulating

standing

where they are

each line

in the polyphony of its contextualizations

in your reading

in language

as the poem delivers it

as all there is

...

The body full of the import of images.

Resonance and its requisite emptiness.

He is standing after the completion of the work.

68.6 Because I was new I got things right at last.

*

The imaginal capture does not forget images of extreme suffering.

66.3 Exhausted soldiers in flooded barracks.

Consider detachment vis à vis *that*.

69.1 Marks in clay remember bleeding men.

But cast in a hexagon, hard hearted configuring:

69.2 We mean less when we weep hard heart.

69.3 Bird in the roof strange zoos colonize humans.

69.4 Castaway a century ago still in damp clothes.

That is the whole point of detachment. That it is not a simple matter.
That it deepens as it goes.

*

54.1 The great thing about language comes so many ways.

The locution "The great thing about" expects a predicate saying what that "great thing" is. In stead one gets a different kind of predicate

qualifying the subject directly. Instead of "the great thing about language is that it comes in so many ways," the introduction to the noun clause is deleted, and in that way you get a direct assertion, making the subject immediately present rather than the antecedent of a qualifying clause. The variation in syntax from the expected illustrates the point, or the double point, that on the one hand says what the great thing about language is — and makes it great — in the same breath.

*

A hierarchy of behindnesses.

The utterer of the immediate utterance.

The composing mind that proceeds fore and aft that utterance.

The poet mind behind the composition of the work.

The ocean of work behind that.

Poetry in general.

Language as such.

(language)

*

To whom am I listening, listening to this poetry over time?

. . . my own mind

listening . . .

*

Nothing the language utters can bespeak — with determinate finality — that which it would say, that which it would home in on, land . . .

But that which the poem bespeaks is the capacity of language to seek, home in on, land . . . apprehensions of what is.

Reality and its siblings, twins, or relatives, compatriots, antagonists, enemies. Apprehensions not only of the Real. Or the Real is the modalities of apprehension themselves, not that which one homes in on as the only real or only "The Real." Though one expects that much of the will, the intent, in the poetry does home in on the real, one seeks adequate utterance for the other modalities too.

What modalities? dream, imagination, experiments with the possibilities language provides.

But since apprehension itself is not *alien* from "the real" and is reality's mode of coming to appearance, apprehensions that do not seek adequacy to a reality (other than as apprehended) are essentially included. A mode of detachment as simple presentation. One presents what the apprehending apprehends, as utterance as such.

The term then is the apprehensible – Being, say, as that which allows what comes to appearance to do so. Not Reality – which would simply be the term for that which what claims or wishes to render positively; i.e., without error – takes as its aim. But the apprehensible – the apparencies – comprise a wider field.

*

What is the mind, that it seems to speak from this ocean of apprehensions? That its breadth and depth come to bear in the on-moving accumulation and prospectus of verbal utterance?

I must broaden my field of apprehension to hear its speech; and in apprehending I enter that field. I am that mind.

But not exactly. For the mind of the poem darkly ranges beyond its achieved articulations.

**

What is the time of the line?

1. Conventional prosodic rhythm: the accentual or quantitative (vowel-length) series of the line.

2. Syntactical time: How prosodic time is "taken up" by the syntactical functions controlling the order-like contexts of the semantic, i.e., morphemic elements.

3. But prior to this, the phonological movement underlying prosodic time. How differentiate this from prosodic time? The latter is a configuration of the former. One hears or does not hear prosodic time depending on habits, knowledge, predilection, and concretely so in each actual reading.

How one hears — how one articulates or arranges what one hears — into measured speech — speech-song, overtaking speech-noise — as an act of creative hearing — where what one creates in hearing, is the intent of the utterer of the language coming towards one, that in an instant allows one — as reader-creative-hearer — to become the site of the poem's utterance.

Reader and poet become one through the mutual act of allowing language to speak.

4. Absorption of phonological/prosodic/syntactic time into the temporality foregrounded by the content: the absorption of phonology into phonematics, phonematics into morphemics; morphemics into felt meaning — the references of the emes; the affect of the temporalities; the "music" in that sense.

5. All the complexities introduced by the ambiguities in each of the above, and the concrete functioning of such things in each reading. The movement of attention towards and away from the concretely presented line.

Of course all the above applies to any poetry whatever, but in the case of *The Hexagon*, because the lines are isolated and juxtaposed with such relentlessness and concreteness, this analysis applies as if to the actual structural properties of the text. The complexity of the experience of reading *The Hexagon* solicits an informal cognizance of such an analysis. These matters are forced into one's readerly ken, and the spontaneous work upon them that arises in reading becomes an implicit realm not possible to render extrinsic — either to the experience or the text itself, and indeed the creative ambience of the poet's process. The Threefold again.

*

Hidden words in the aura of assonance/alliteration under semantics:

70.1 For lore lingers long as bodies feel.

I hear "forlorn" as conjured by the temporal feature of "lore" or because "lore" retains narrative and meaning, iterated by "lingers long" but where somehow longing and the sense of loss hovers in the mist. All this commandeered for a general proposition that the lingering is dependent on

somatic resonance; the jointure to a proposition occurs as "long" followed by "as" becomes retroactively "as long."

So the retroactive meaning crinks or cranks the time of reading. What was gathered in the "for lore lingers *lorn*" crinks backwards or is revised with the hidden "as" but the sense received remains as part of the sense of the proposition. The feeling intellect, as it were, or the feeling cortical activity that spontaneously receives the first phrase, itself joins the assertion of the bodily context for the longevity of the lore.

The rest of the hexagon, then, might seem to stem from this proposition of the lingering longevity of somatically affected "lore."

70.2 Tree craft and low arriving drink from your hat.

Ten gallon hats? Cowboy lore?

70.3 Once in the street they never come back.

Fallen women?

Well, the relation to lore is tenuous.

And the hexagon terminates after a passage through "tree craft" of various associative linkages. Until the temporality of a standing tree grasped as if a kind of machine is presentified.

From 70.6 "A tree's machine for standing there our teacher" we go to:

71.1 Aberration I want to bring perverse to you.

"I want" indicates that contingency, that adventitious moment, that break in the significant complex. It is, of course, its own kind of performativity. It does the thing it expresses the desire to perform. It tells of the wanting that drives it, and accomplishes that wanting: As if discontinuity and recourse to contingent mentality, cortical spontaneity, were "aberration" and the aberrancy, recognized as "perverse," self-describes its own operancy. The syntactical ambiguity of "perverse" (where the adjective does duty somewhat archaically as an adverb, but also rides in as a substantive: a perverse *thing*) yokes the line back into the rigors of *The Hexagon's* more general complexity. The jointures, the crinkings of readerly time, the performativity, are by now the familiar machinery of the poetry. But this familiarity orients and does not circumscribe or obviate the various cortical activities the readerly mind undergoes/performs in the reading. (Undergoes/performs: Middle Voice).

*

I want just to keep on reading and not stop to reflect in such detail; but somehow I cannot, or do not. To read it at all is to stop and reflect upon the spontaneous inklings of sense aroused in the "simple" linear, line by line, prosodic, hearing-creative, reading. But I feel too, I want to experience the "music" of the rhythmic insistence of the regular termination of each poetic event as a line. Line after line, 1,2,3,4,5,6, then Stop. All the complexification internal to the lines and their accumulating affect function

as qualifications of that on-moving rhythmicity, but gain that affect in the pause, the caesura as it were, at the end of each hexagon.

(There is also an accumulating affect of the book's title, as if the entire work were an exposition of the platonic form that is the hexagon.)

To step back from the cognitive complexity to the music that occasions it. To allow my own cortical activity to find its own accumulation — accumulation to or what, from what? The space into which it is being initiated as it undergoes the text, the transmission of the poetic space conjured by the poet and projected through the poem.

But the intuition will not reduce to a simple reception or even a participating activity. The undergoing of the initiation is that replete with actions/performances/receptions/integrations/ . . .

Ok.

I swear: as an exercise I am going to read four whole hexagons without stopping to work out what I hear in them . . .

*

Well, I got through two hexagons before I couldn't resist registering new insight. That the practice of reading the lines without stopping to

(e)laborate the spontaneous feel of meanings that arise line by line, the discontinuity inherent to the sequence, works to disrupt/instruct my mind in the necessary release of foregone meaning as the next syntagm, the next proposition, the next presentification, rides in upon the music. I WANT to stop and ACQUIRE the insight I feel the lines I'm letting go of have in store — if only I could work out what I already intuit and retain it, as if now I might have in my own possession the formulations the poem inspires and also shows itself to be the registration of. The music teaches the resistance to this, the disruption of this, without inhibiting or repressing it. What should I do? All of the above. You can take possession of the acquired gnosis, or feel the gnosemic music. But both at once? It requires a further capacity for cortical acceleration as it were. How fast on the draw ARE you, my Gunslinger. But Gunslinger has eliminated the draw! His bullets in series target their own consequence, hit themselves in the rear. Not just "Warp Velocity" — at Warp 10, Arrival is simultaneous with Departure. At the speed of light, the speed of thought, the photon experiences perfect timelessness. The Now where time has not only stopped but abrogated itself altogether. The absolute of simultaneity, interpretation simultaneous with reception. The absolute of anagogy. All meanings grasped in the instant. I'm just saying.

*

Or perhaps allow oneself one moment of elaboration — just enough to receive the exact intuition poetically stimulated by a single reading. Then on to the next. Don't work it out further. Keep moving, but not so fast that

the intuition does not even have time to form. Let it form. Give it notice. On to the next.

The next line and the forward momentum of the hexagon itself delivers the reader to the site of contingency, contingent interruption — interruption of the tendency to elaborate what one has intuited in order to take possession of one's understanding. The next line is coming. Better attend. Don't stay put in one's own activity. One is reading a poem, after all. Detachment: keep on moving or allowing the poem to move on.

*

"To take possession of one's understanding." But not only understanding: appropriation; denegation; *bde* (Tibetan for pleasure/bliss), not indifference but delight! One wants to appropriate that which one has taken delight in. Not for elaboration but — just for the joy of it! (Distinction between pleasure and Bliss: the denouement, *jouissance*, of desire versus the continuity of the unanticipated but un-differentiated, undeferred — Bliss of being.)

I can't resist: 72.4 "Old rock related to a troll by marriage."

Why? Why do you like this?

And I'm off into a kind of hermeneutic that is a justification, not an explication. I unfold my understanding in order to show it to you. At that moment, I have become the poet. The line is my line. I put it in my poem, my creation, my *ta'wil*. Another feature of poem as initiation. When the adeptus major (is it?) rejects the system and reconfigures it as his own. Across the abyss of reason which is the reason of nonsense, to the house of Choronzon, the infinite analogon at the end of anagogy, where to survive you must enter upon an absolute abrogation of survival itself, cognition itself. Being Beyond the Abyss of Reason.

Try again. Four hexagons.

*

Phew! Made it this time. Back to the task at hand, which is not to evade hermeneutic for the sake of detachment. Not to *breeze through*.

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*

Experience of ambiguities as *exclusive* alternatives. I.E. That one thinks one has to choose between one meaning or the other; or alternatively, that one first hears one meaning, then notices a second, and thinks to correct one's reading, replacing the second with the first. One's own psychological set regarding this. Readerly insecurity. The ambiguities

are rarely exclusive alternatives. But how to accept them as inclusive requires attention in each case singular, or even, according to type.

73.1 Lamb on the table turns wise eyes within.

First reading: Van Eyck Ghent altarpiece. Christ-lamb's eyes as inward eyes.

Second Reading (correction): Big lamb for dinner on platter. All beings are my mothers. (Buddhist meditation for vegetarian compassion.)

Third reading: But no — when would a lamb on a platter include the lamb's head? (My memory of reading about secret Trungpa Dinner for specially invited Elites: — telling Robert about this?).

Or I turn my eyes inward, as if the line directed me to contemplative inwardness.

73.2 The tree inside keeps talking me.

Inwardness of first line in any reading, allows "tree inside" to follow from the awakening inward gaze. Natural, perhaps, that given an inward tree, it might also be a talking one. I hear, on this reading, "talking TO me," not "Talking Me" which, instantly corrects. I myself am not only turned inward to hear the talking tree's address: I myself am that tree's utterance. The textual provenance shifts radically from the psychological to the

ontological. What I AM is shifted to the language-like product of a metaphysical tree whose inwardness is ontological creation.

*

Registers of reading. What ideas about the possibilities of the text are active in me at the moment I actually read, materially affect what I read, what I hear in the moment's reading.

I forget that I am listening for the poet's detachment, for instance, and I don't hear that in the reception of a given utterance. It is as if I collapse to hearing the direct statement of the utterance, rather than hearing the detachment that accompanies and allows it. That happened just now as I read:

74.6 I know everything as long as I don't think.

I think of the poetic stance that Kelly, Olson, and at moments I myself entertain. Olson's remark somewhere: "It is not true that you can't know everything." My life-long reflection on the weirdness of this. What could it mean? A stance in one's Being that grasps itself as cognitive/ontopoietic from the root. "Everything" is the term of the originarity of one's ontopoietic condition. It is that from which one starts to cognize. One's being is lodged in "that which is" and which by seeking to know, belongs to knowing in general — that knows everything by the inalienable identification with knowing itself. But the activity of thinking so

circumscribes one's particular knowing in that sense, that its all-inclusiveness is not only lost and cut down, but every thought-thing is brought into question.

But now I've returned myself to the matter of detachment: detachment from thinking awakens knowledge of everything.

*

Another form of alternation: that one re-reads the line to CHECK for alternative readings that perhaps one didn't hear the first time through. You don't want to go so fast you miss the multiplicity, the aura of many meanings hovering over that one pass through the line.

Or the rejection of such a search. No! I'm not going to keep on looking for the multiples, looking to unpack them and add my discovery of them to the sense of what the line is saying. On with it! Get on to the next line. Wait for the multiples to impel me to notice them.

Or the willingness to unpack a line just for the pleasure of discovering an entire complex act of intellection condensed/compressed within it: nuts to the interference with the on-going flow and rhythmicity of the sequence of lines.

75.6 Academics gaitered in long-march polity.

Shall I do it? Academics: 1. the category of academic thought; 2. individual professors committed to such thought. Gaitered: what they put on their feet, i.e., the material accouterments of material actions that make it possible to pursue the academic enterprise. That gaitering is in itself the polity – or policy – that valorizes and makes possible the long haul toward academically contextualized, intellectual goals. This seen as "polity" – the very fabric of collectivist commitment to the academic enterprise, not just an abstract matter of practical policy. Long-march of course political – Maoist metaphor for long-term commitment and courage.

Shall I go on in this vein?

76.1 A star in heaven crosses someone out.

I think of Zukofsky's poem about Lenin. "A star immemorial, and after us immemorial." Leaping from Mao to Lenin is not too great a distance to traverse. But every man and every woman is a star. With its own proper motion and trajectory. If the star is one's individuation – does that individuation come at the expense of another's? Yes, if "Stardom" itself is individuation as in the common parlance – the absolute elitism of the "star-system," and its radical lack of generosity toward being number 2 or the hoi-polloi quite generally, or just to that being which did not quite achieve the star's ascension. The star in motion crosses in front of / crosses out – another.

76.2 Light itself is hyper-focused silence.

The literal sense of a star as the source and focus of a ray of light — not the whole orbicular emanation of a field of luminosity filling silent space, but the character of it as a ray — an exaggeration of focus, of singularity. And that it is silence itself — that vast expanse of cosmic space that is focused in the star-ray. Hyper-focus contradicts the vast expanse, and yet is its own possibility and activity. Nuit and Hadit. The hyper-concrete concretizes and in that sense is the continuous, the continuum composed of transfinitely many infinitesimal points or distinctions.

76.3 If we were really silent we could see everything.

Here I remark how scattered among these utterances are lines that simply articulate principles or reflections on mystical/contemplative practice. "I know everything as long as I don't think." This is another. What interferes with omniscience — omni-vision — is our lack of silence. Inner silence — that we not make noise in ourselves — not only opens audition but the whole range of sensuous cognition. Sight in particular. Inner Silence is prerequisite for any listening, yes, but for the opening of vision to its own opening field.

76.4 Robust chancleer impersonates encyclopedias.

Two oppositions: inner silence versus outer exuberant expressiveness: inward knowing of everything primordially; outward encyclopedic knowledge of all categories of fully articulated worldly things to know.

A technique of textual expansion: the proposition of antitheses crossing each other.

**

75.1 The back door to come in remember-music.

75.2 Hymen was the little god ruled the rest.

An obscene turn, or at least pan-sexual turn. "Back door" and "hymen."

But then the space of meaning around an imagery that is paralinguistic in its meaning-range.

75.3 Where the crow walks the rain must remember.

We have "remember" from "remember-music." But here the crow walking and the rain remembering combine in a region that will not be pressed for logic. Or at least when I press, something refuses. Unless that crow . . .

*

Crow power overcomes environs, even the sad rain, that makes the crow's magic requisite for motion. How hard must it rain for the crow to be unable to fly. He walks among puddles with such undaunted dignity, that the rain must recall to itself its own capacity to disrupt him.

Hexagon 77

1 Well the wit be on us now.
2 Scary blue beginnings poets blather of.
3 *Blerwm Blerwm* on their lips-harp.
4 Some strum some keyboard folderol.
5 All that is child's play and outworn.
6 I would be further from myself.

The poet rejects the music remembered, the "folderol" of music-laden poetic expressiveness, but also the mystical origins of poetic assertion?

"lips-harp"

77.4 Some strum some keyboard folderol.
77.5 All that is child's play and outworn.
77.6 I would be further from myself.

The rejection of such expressivity is couched in the terms of detachment. But how and in what respect is this detachment proffered? 78 continues a reflection on the matters of poetics possibly broached in 77.

78.1 In bed with color I need your art to carnate in.

The subject of mixing metaphors, or mixing symbolic resonance contexts. Metaphors standard to the language: "In bed with" meaning mixed up with. But the graphic literalness of back door and hymen partly literalizes the sexual context for involvement with a given aesthetic field: "In bed with colors" reads: mixed up sensually with colorific phenomena, he himself requires the art of the other – the thou – as it were – for the carnate-carnality of his reality to manifest or become grounded. And lest one think from carnate to Christian Incarnation – the next line presentifies "another body" – Buddhist reincarnation?

("She comes in colors everywhere")

and another metaphorical mixture, this time a reversal or neutralization of body/mind dualism:

78.2 Another body for this beast this ghost of mind.

The hermeneutic however cannot get stuck on these almost determinate meanings.

Always – I am tracking the poet, the poem, or my own thought?

*I speculate on what the poet must think in order to interpret what he means.
I trust my sense of the language to interpret what the poem says. I track my own*

activity of interpretation – my spontaneous intuition of content, my reflected elaboration – to read my own mind and impart sense to the text.

But the detachment referred to –

78.4 Listen soft and let me let me the old man cries.

78.5 For he is living in this forest still.

78.6 Kind to children but his mind on else."

Dramatized here: the old man cries – but the poet is in his eighty's. His mind is elsewhere than on the forbearance he practices even to the childish folderol of poetic music?

Detachment detached. He practices detachment through narrative and dramatization and description to refer to detachment itself.

But isn't detachment "mind on else"? Perhaps.

I am caught as it were, back down in my desire for more or less paraphraseable interpretation – the deliverances of a meaning I can use to build my sense of the poem's sense. But the initiation of the poetry which I also desire to experience has long passed beyond such assays of univocity. The language continues to fold and crink its own time – the lines do. *Shifts in reference-context-possibilities continuously disrupt from simple sense.*

79.1 Give art your all and art gives all you need.

Seems a straight-out further commentary on previous remarks that seemed to compel understandings *vis à vis* poetics and aesthetics, but the next line shifts thrice:

79.2 Lap is such a magic kind of politics.

Lap. Sex again? Compounding more or less contemporary ideological critiques relating sex and politics, but adding the not-so-contemporary reference context of magic. Sex magic. Magic sex. The "tantric" transformation of the inalienable politics of interpersonal interchange? And if that has got you referenced into a rich but legible multiplicity of interconnected references, next line introduces a new crink in micro-time:

79.3 And there things be enough to tell thee.

My ear wants to switch it to "And there be things enough to tell thee." But the "there" will not allow that and remains both introductory and locative:

a demonstrative pronoun pointing back to the realm where art, sex, magic and politics elaborate – and my desired transposition makes it say in that complex realm there are "things enough" to talk about? But also to "tell thee" to *read* you. To bring you out. And it is the archaic "thee" that attracts the archaic "there be things enough" – draws it out of what is exactly

written . . . which now sounds like another almost archaicism: a subjunctive "there would be things enough" . . .

79.4 Climb my tree if you dare espouser.

My tree. Metaphor for the complex syntactical sprouting thing that the syntax of the previous line has become. Read me if you dare. But another twitch: *espouser*? French? If you dare espouse the weird complex thought the poet has laid into the syntax and senses of his line? If you dare marry? Marry what? That to which you are in your sensing of meaning espoused? As if to understand were already to espouse? — *a thought that will be suspended over the next three lines and the next stanza – not expressed but somehow laying in wait or in shadow, accompanying what does appear there.*

79.5 A line from hither meets a silver gap to yon.

79.6 Every question is an accusation.

E. Richard Sorrenson's South Pacific ocean-dwelling people feel that the interrogative mood expresses disaffection.

79.5 characterizes and mythologizes a movement in the meaning-progress that actually is not quite apt; or rather the gaps across the syntax crinks — the space now focused on or configured as a gap — is silver. Who'd of thought *that*? The poet wants or the magician compels — the spaces

potentially opened by the tricky machinations of composing – to appear as silver. Transfigured. Radiant.

If you question this – if you reject the spontaneous *espousal* of your own understanding spontaneously arisen as you read, so much as to put in question or put to question or put a question *to* – the poet – that rejection of spontaneous espousal amounts to an accusation.

80.1 Every question is a naked man.

But that very questioning (an assertion functioning as a question. Without a mark. What else is new.) – exposes you.

But now the text returns to the first person.

80.2 I thought I heard speaking but it was shadow.

The speaker is now the auditor. What he thought he heard, what you thought you understood, was not a speaking, but the shadow – a shadow moving in mysterious space; an utterance you thought interpretable as speech, but actually the only partly legible projection or tracing of the movement of something else. So much for poetry as "reception" – men from mars, muse-like inspiration.

The repetition of syntax and address from the last line of 79 to the first of 80 opens the possibility of other iterative relations among the lines. The iteration continues:

80.3 A question is always an aggression.

But now the shadow slithers across the mind gap and, as midnight, returns to speech:

80.4 In this country midnight learned to talk.

The "In this country" practices both the disruptive discontinuous introduction of new matter, which also is felt as reprise, iteration — here of the locative "there" of 79.3.

But now the subject of the act of reading is conflated with the more general arising of mental intuitions — and a reiteration of the mode: a question without a question mark. But a question that if aggressive, is aggressive against itself, against the poet, but also neutralized — rendered into a kind of topic.

80.5 What can you do with what comes to mind.

And an alternative that suggests that utterance is furtherance of what comes to mind:

80.6 Or swallow the bitter juice of silence.

You swallow what comes to mind, and it itself becomes the bitterness of a silence that arises in the place of the suppressed. Or you accept (swallow) the consequence of suppression.

*

81.2 Now be lilac where everything is the time is cool.

Subjunctive in previous suggests possibility here. The way unusual grammatical possibility in paratactic proximity to another such possibility "attracts" it into cognizance. Here: the subjunctive becomes hortatory/performative: everything is tintured lilac – an ontological configuration – and then that is corralled for "time" that is tintured by a quality now associated with lilac. Another syntactic type: the opening of what would normally be a new sentence without previous period or opening capitalization.

81.3 Fools think spring is some kind of an answer.

Lilac time opens "spring." "Some kind of answer" to what kind of a question? The realm of cyclic, seasonal time, where winter seems dearth, destruction, and spring rebirth? And only a fool will feel the return of spring as an answer to the dark question of mortality? But "answer" here is

not a response to an explicit question at all but rather, perhaps to a complaint—a withering feeling brought on by wintry despair. But "fool" is the spring itself, the April-fool—or Stevens' "all fools slaughtered," when midsummer's come, or the spring green leggings of the tarot fool who dances from peak to peak of perennially wintry mountains.

81.4 Catching line drives in the outfield fast asleep.

81.5 Pitch darts by instincts in a darkened room.

A wild leap from "left field"(ha!) suddenly baseball enters the poem. As if a whole new possibly fugal subject with its range of referents, associations, metaphors. Skip from baseball through pitching to pitching darts, to the complex rhyme between throwing darts by instinct when you can't see the target to catching line drives while sleeping, again where you can't perform the operation because no access either to information where the line drive is headed or your own locomotive abilities to run after them. Metaphors for the performance of the impossible where cybernetic process would be required but are not there to enable one?

82.6 All done with burdens with a belch of ease.

I first heard "All done with" as in "that is how its done"—how impossible performances are accomplished "with burdens"? and the awkward repetition of "with" stops me. But then I heard the whole phrase "All done with burdens" as in "I'm through with carrying burdens" as a

single unit and the clunking first "with" loses its force and the line loses its awkwardness. But instead of the end of burdens being given as a kind of commodious relief, it is abandoned with a belch! As if to focus on the somaticized materiality of the burden. Something funny not just portentous.

The non-sequitors in this hexagon are in something of a new register. Open a new charge in the *Hexagon space*, the space of materially ordered (by verse form) discontinuities.

Hexagon 82

- 1 There is a better word for any given thing you see.
- 2 Shape it in your hands until it is like your remember.
- 3 Terrible moment when I smell me in the dark.
- 4 Because it is fright really as old Melville said.
- 5 Ishmael was a colored man Ishmael was black.
- 6 Only on board a danger are all men brothers.

With "Hexagon 82" there seems to be an expansion of reference spanning the poem-time and giving a subtly different kind of context for the polysemy. The introduction of Melville and Moby Dick. Once the reference materializes with the direct reference to Melville in 82.4, the earlier lines in *The Hexagon* retroactively conjure other Moby Dick possibilities:

82.1 There is a better word for any given thing you see.

Shaping in hands calls to the kneading of the sperm oil. Say.
Remember. Member.

The Melville material continues in 83—the sea, cold hands, some white thing, watching men work, harpooner . . .

The secondary associations possible in the lines hover in a space dominated by Melville.

Hexagon 84

- 1 I will find thee bedded in the rock my dove my inscription.
- 2 Reading you I learn who in fact I am.
- 3 Don't start talking when the words come close.
- 4 Where shall I tell thee where the body does.
- 5 In grain of wood to read all history.
- 6 Stalks of chard and mustard vegetable bones.

The introduction of the archaic "thee" earlier now is taken up in a way that allows the grammatical contrast between "you" and "thee" to suggest inquiry.

I must slowdown to receive the emanations of the lines now—allow the secondary meanings to approach and be there. I must not accumulate them so much as allow them to accumulate and interact in the receptive space. Not too quickly elaborate verbally what I think they are.

84.3 Don't start talking when the words come close.

Another "instruction" in the ascesis of reading.
Such an instruction overheard from the poet's mind.
Such an instruction articulating a practice already in one's own
reading somewhat in use.

84.4 "Where shall I tell thee where the body does."

The unusual "tell" here again: Where the body does what? Where the
body "tells thee" — *reads* thee, makes thee out.

Vast range of freely associated senses and sense ranges, roped in by
the line-length. Each associative link opens a space which openly
conditions the consequent, and sometimes what precedes, as with the
Melville Material.

Does the space of association hover in a locally atemporal zone that
itself comes to being / to relevance in text time? As if the sequentiality of
the lines were like the sequentiality of the "space" of "the specious
present" — images of locally brief time-spans that form fields that evolve
and shimmer, but remain across time complexly the way short term
memory retention does, but also differently — the way the availability of
textual presence does. You can go back and read a line or a hexagon, either
in immediately preceding sequentiality, or actually anywhere in the text.
And that going back is different from the way you can move attention back
to that which is present in short term memory, though they can easily

overlap: I don't actually re-read the line, but go over it again from memory. Say.

But one's reading itself establishes its own pattern. I am reading the poem sequentially (except when I'm not). I am not too violently going back or leaping ahead. That is my habit and creates a certain sense of the relation between text-time and my actual time — text-time that is the text-time of my reading; text-time in general; text-time conditioned by properties of the text. Text-time as conditioned by properties of my reading practice, generally, locally. All that.

One can see how the reiteration of introduced elements if cognized as such articulate and bring up to reflective consciousness repetitions that may or not be felt if not so explicitly cognized. The archaic "thee" for instance — the introduction of baseball, the introduction of Melville. Any of the particular syntactical inventions/eccentricities/aberrations — noticed so far — or not noticed but subliminally affective anyway — things perhaps to be noticed later on and as a consequence, previous instances brought to mind.

The subliminal versus the explicitly reflected polyphonies of elements; multiplicities simultaneously fluctuating in my reading. Reflected upon or not, or glimpsed at and not developed reflectively.

My insistence that all this be referred to the problematic of Being itself and not reduced to instances of interesting poetically induced psychological phenomena. "Ontology" just a stand-in term for the real problematic of "Being" in language as indicated, made possible, made necessary in the poem.

But also the work to work with what occurs.

85.1 Imagine these lines inscribed in stone.

An instruction. I do it. Or start to do it. Conjure a range of actions recently pertinent for me: Holser's inscriptions in art space. Babson's inscriptions in Dogtown. My own imagination of doing this with an old poem of mine mentioned and quoted in *Dark Light Casts White Shadows*.

But the poet proceeds to develop the imagination towards Egypt.

If I read too fast but catch the ambiguities or some of them but don't allow them to accumulate or don't reflect upon them, develop them, inquire into them, put them to my own use, well, I start using the collecting of what I notice as if to work up a continuing "description" of the poem. As if my reading principally were the production of the description of the thing I'm reading. What else is reading? The process of undergoing a text has articulating a description of it certainly as one of its possibilities. But even a good description requires a multiplicity of modalities of reception/

undergoing. Being struck by, affected by, putting to use (to articulate an understanding, say) . . . to experience the development of one's own intelligence . . . not merely intelligence about poetry . . . but about the "matter" that the poetry concerns — including itself, its poet, its reader . . . the threefold again.

*

I keep reading the line over and over again in order to come to a "first" reading!

What do I really read when I read the line the first time?

To ask that—even to give it articulation without reading it again—I am already having recourse to the trace of that "really" first reading. There is really no real first reading, then. But surely there is a time before the first reading.

The re-reading is particularly necessary when the particular disjunction, discontinuity, crinking, ambiguity etc. does not spontaneously parse on "first" reading. That each line seems to offer a new species of such discombobulation — compels re-reading.

Try this one:

87. 2 Love is micromanaged or love's lie.

I have to work to make "or love's lie" link even paratactically on to "Love is micromanaged." Finally – after maybe four times across the line – I hear "or love's lie" as presentification. The difficulty is with the apostrophe. I hesitate over whether it represents a conjunction or a genitive. I can't find the conjunction so I settle on the genitive. The alternation is between a general statement about Love or a presentification of a meaning-realm in which Love itself is a lie. Now I work to combine the alternation into a thought and present that to myself. I haven't done that yet. Now I'll try. If Love is not managed in detail, the failure to do so renders the love-episode as an instance of the way Love itself isn't real. One has to work at love to keep it true.

But "micromanaged" isn't just manage in detail. You accuse your associate with micromanaging, where detail is superfluous or counterproductive. But what is Love here? Is the first phrase a sarcastic or cynical remark generalizing about the nature of love? Is love's lie the impossibility of love? But how are the two phrases a disjunction? Or the very opposite of what is asserted: Love is a lie when micromanaged.

This line follows a line that seemed to require no such laborious parsing, and yet it too is filled with sententious polyphony:

87.1 I dream the blue house who am I.

It is easy to grok the metaphor of the "I" being a house, even a blue one. The poet tells his dream and in the same sentence, by virtue of a simple relative clause, interprets it. But actually the relative clause is not so simple. Normal grammatical rules would require that, for "blue house" to be antecedent, "which is I," not "who am I." Further, the conditions of the poem itself in which questions regularly are not marked with a question mark, open this possibility, that "who am I" is a question. And the line not only gives dream-image an interpretation, but asks a question about the nature of the dreamer. Is the first "I" in the line the same "I" that is symbolized by the blue house, and/or that is signified by the second "I"? Or a puzzle challenge, a riddle. My head's am orange wig, my words prevarication. Whom am I?

*

I don't have a principle by which, in continuing to write my reading, I decide how to move on rather than stay fixed at a given point and dredge out all the meaning that occurs to me.

*

87.3 The car starts the bird stays song is like that.

Two phrases offered to articulate a contrast: starting and staying. Is "song" the object of "stays" so that the bird song is continuant while the

starting car is on its way – its starting itself an indication of a transient condition – starting – ?

In the middle of the line a new sentence without punctuation indicating it indicating an interpretation of the first phrase. "song is like that" A kind of rhyme with the first line, where the second (relative) clause interprets the first. The rhyme: second part of line interpreting the first. Difference: relative clause versus predicate containing simile whose reference is a demonstrative.

87.4 The story never begins two maidens play on metal harps.

"Never begins" rhymes with "starts." The contrast between starting and staying continues while also continuing the reference to musical articulation.

What is a metal harp? A harp with metal strings? Something like a dulcimer? A jew's harp? The Brooklyn Bridge? ("Harp and altar of the fury fused--/ How can mere toil align thy choiring strings?")

87.5 I saw the face of the volcano roaring stone talk.

A Jew's harp. Because of "face." Talking stone's theme amplified.

The reiteration of thematic material suggests an underlying or overminding (Harmon) permission/requirement that new material enter under the aegis of thematic connection but need not do so. The dyad: connection/disconnection begins to suggest itself as an underlying/overminding condition of composition.

As with many dyads, what first suggests itself as a binary with two possible values, quickly, if grasped as a unitary dyad, spreads itself into a kind of polar field where there are degrees of difference rather than absolute disjunction. Continuity and discontinuity admit of degrees, experienced depending upon what ancillary thoughts are stimulated in the reader regarding the terms of that connectivity/disconnectivity.

87.6 Try to understand the meaning of the turquoise rosary.

Disconnection: shift to an imperative; reference to religious practice and religious object. Connection: but turquoise is a kind of stone, and the quest to find meaning renders the rosary an entity with semantic/meaning – a kind of talking. But clearly a different kind of stone-talk than the vociferous speech of a volcano.

**

Shall I go back and now read the whole *Hexagon* to cull a new sense of the whole across the six discontinuities? I'd just start to generate new meanings.

Once I've taken the "who am I" as a question — a space opens between that dubeity and the problematic of Love, its micromanagement, its lie. The connection/disconnection between Love and Self. There is an erotic under flux in the connection between bird song, the two maidens, the seeing of a face. Distant, but not non-occurring in my reading. My second reading. But I detect it was distantly there in my first.

Stop here.

*

I now read three hexagons without pausing, and the meanings that occur to me spontaneously, subliminally, call to each other across the three of them. 88-90.

Hexagon 88

- 1 Can't be closer than to come.
- 2 Irawaddy spillway wets a gory dagger.
- 3 Bring war home with you till we say no.
- 4 Eden reopens when no one kills.
- 5 What an easy way to win a whole new world.
- 6 Angry brother fingers unclench his rock c'est tout.

Hexagon 89

- 1 Mixed signals lose battles clash of register banners trail in mud.
- 2 A woman's voice among the tenors climbs their staff.
- 3 Call it opera because it works down deep inside the ears forgot.
- 4 Merciless listener reads abandoned reference books.
- 5 In heraldry three wolf heads cut off and one nude corpse.
- 6 Ads show us all the crimes we did and fled and lingered in.

Hexagon 90

- 1 Thetis smiling out of her wet clothes.
- 2 Grasp northern gods by knobs of both their knees.
- 3 Every god is from the arctic every god needs sun.
- 4 The sun was my sister and I had no mother.
- 5 We come out of each other street by street.
- 6 The further away you are the deeper inside you.

Themes of war. Gory dagger, bring war home, Eden when no one kills, angry brother, lose battles, clash of register, "staff."

Staff of officers, staff of music. Opera – across a woman's voice: but the war theme works as secondary voice in the polyphony – merciless/heraldry/crimes.

. . . And other themes mixed in: other forms of violence, sexuality, and the peculiar resonance of moisture in violence and sex:

88.1 Can't be closer than to come.

88.2 Irrawaddy spillway wets a gory dagger.

But 90.1 Thetis smiling out of her wet clothes. Sea nymph. Greek. But opera for Robert never is far from Wagner, so the gods become northern ones.

*

Hexagon 91

- 1 Always new-ward axiom seek tell me.
- 2 Swan-ward yelping comfort the desolate hotel.
- 3 Chanting the Heart of wisdom Sutra over and over.
- 4 The cloud disperses its molecules persist.
- 5 We breathe the mist of foreign prayers alien poetries.
- 6 Batter my heart open old oaken deity.

Suddenly explicit religious context-references appear: *Heart of Wisdom Sutra (Prajnaparamitahridaya Sutra)* in which the "emptiness" of all "aggregates" is proclaimed. Though interestingly what follows is precisely an apparent reference to the very doctrine of aggregates that *The Heart Sutra* negates:

91.4 The cloud disperses its molecules persist.

But the next line picks up from the "mist" rather than the particulars and turns back to refer to "foreign prayers alien poetries." Is *The Heart Sutra* alien, given that Kelly has been a Buddhist practitioner for more than twenty five years at the time of writing? Next line refers to a famous Hopkins poem that would echo the breaking up of aggregates in a Christian but then not so Christian context:

91.6 Batter my heart open old oaken deity.

The "oaken" connects the three-pronged god of Hopkins' poem with Zeus! Though of course suggesting oaken casks? In any case "old" links on to alien. Kelly's earlier Christianity? The misty continuant of previously affecting poetry?

The mode of referentiality and the mode of containment in the poem. The distancing of the lines from assertoric utterance seems different from what has occurred before, and one is minded of how the method – simple one-liners in six-fold stanzas – continues to remain open regarding the *kinds* of distancing they make possible, the kinds of utterance, reference, content they allow to come to the fore.

Is nothing happening but the permission of spontaneously arising events from Kelly's fecund store to lodge themselves, be molded into – forms the one-liners are capable of enclosing?

*

At "Hexagon 93" and "94" I begin to feel that the differences between the way the hexagons are containing their content is enlarging. There seems to be a new sense of contrast between the overall regulation of the contents, box by box, as it were. In "93" every line begins with "I". "94"

begins with a "then" that seems to refer back to the previous hexagon ("93") as if it were a narratological episode to which "94" is a successor.

And now it seems the modalities of poetic speech are beginning to speak. Larger rhetorical forms ride across the discontinuities. Series of narratological markers infect the otherwise truncated limitation of the lines.

Hexagon 94

- 1 Then the summer stopped and the poor sky broke.
- 2 Credited everything heard caution metallic sodium.
- 3 Who scared the dusty dog who built the chair.
- 4 They wound a human chain around the destined town.
- 5 He spoke that very day the No One of the north.
- 6 Green my counsel and a postcard from your mom.

Each line introduces another character or set of characters: "who" "they" "he" "your." The rhythm runs them in a continuously unfolding rhythmical series.

Hexagon 95

- 1 Hospital for the healthy this old world is.
- 2 Rank on rank the redcoats came out of the mist.
- 3 We talk about color but it is not the color.
- 4 It is not color that works on us but the beings who ride the color.
- 5 Color is *vahana* the steed that Being rides to reach us.
- 6 Who are they who do who are the riders of the blue.

95.2 Begins a series on "color" that continues unbroken through the rest of the hexagon.

Beings ride on colors as messengers from Being itself.
Anthroposophical spiritual entities mounting the apparencies of qualities.

Ontological inquiries ride on the poetry, gather the proliferating fugal subjects which can recur now with remarkable fluency. The "I," the ambiguously interrogative and relative "who," the act and referentiality of "looking." The curiosity of temporal predicates. Birds and their multiplicitous poetic, imagistic, and symbolic deployabilities.

Hexagon 96

1 Where was the looking when I was.
2 The hen pheasant crossed the road before the road was.
3 I followed her into the yearning a body always is.
4 I will have my way with time I thought I owned her.
5 But there was flying to be done an altitude of clothes.
6 White white like the bosom of a waterfowl.

How can I maintain the readerly space the poem has so amply induced in me, when it runs with such explicit counterpoint against even my ample polyphony of cognitivities? At every line I am brought as it were "down" into the reception and elaboration of the ambiguities of references, symbolical intentions, syntactical foldings and unfoldings, logical intricacies — that the overall state of sentential complexity that the poem is

inducing begins to call from, as it were, outside these meaningful complexities.

Receive oneself in the direct address of the second person:

97.6 Betray yourself with passing woodlands you are no king of.

I am minded of my own idea that a storehouse of meaning is so much an infinite domain that it passes hopefully to continuity where simplicity is the only recourse:

97.1 Beyond comparisons a need for sleep the pillow damp.

Why is the pillow damp? I pause to wonder. Tears? Sweat? Erotic exudates? Affective profligacy?

97.2 Damaged citizens relent against their systems of belief.

Thank god, the next line clots up a bit. I can slow down in the race towards transcendent meaningfulness.

97.3 Trust one if that blame nobody at all all molecules deceive.

But the clotted line itself is clotted with already realized modalities of significance. It would take all day to unpack the possibilities. The continuum is already looming.

*

The logical problematic of the independence of the meaning of an utterance from the act of uttering it becomes somewhat comical in the proliferation of the very *kinds* of contextualization that these lines continue to elaborate. Simple detachment, or the simple question about whether a proposition retains its meaning when quoted, when referred to, when placed in a drama, when placed inside scare-quotes . . . But when placed in a Kelly-like Hexagon!? Ha! Even detachment itself undergoes so wildly proliferating a species of multiplication that . . . that what?

One must first experience the meaning before one can be detached from it. That would seem to be a working principle. So one works at receiving the meaning. Or unpacking, reflecting on, the intuition that arises spontaneously as one is exposed to it, as one reads. And all the folds and enfoldments, the polysemeity of words, the counterpoints of syntactic possibilities, the polyphonies of realized senses. Then one asks, what is the "sense" of this proliferant fecundity — say for the author — for the revelation of language as such — for one's own "enlightenment"? Is one at play in the forest of a grand anagogy? Anagogy leading to what? to where? to the matter of "enlightenment" as pertaining to language? to poetry? to

thinking? to the colors of being? Being sends forth as its messages? *One can see that in chasing after the "meaning" of the poetry one is impossibly far behind what the poetry has already complexified in relation to itself.* And not only the poetry – in the simple sense of the historical position of contemporary verse, the psychological or even spiritual history of the poet, of one's own involvement in the reading/writing/reception/interpretation of poetry. That the context of such existences is an ungraspable multiplicity, for which the idea of a mathematically transfinite dimensionality of terms is itself but a metonym – an infinity of possibilities one usually expects works of art *to cut down on*, to present a manageable object that one might at least be able, for the privileged time/slot one relegates to attending the poetry – to circumscribe. But *The Hexagon* will not allow this. Its very formal limitation – its six-lined groupings, its sequentiality; its termination at 640 hexagons (call it "3840 Types of Ambiguity" Pace Empson!) seems wildly illusory given the meaning spaces it induces. *Dichtung und Wahrheit?* (Goethe) Ha! The poet would not only be truthful but be an aperture for the pouring forth of that which "truth" either as "adequate representation" (*veritas*) or direct disclosure (*aletheia*) (Heidegger) – must bow out in relation to. The "cry of its occasion and not about it?" (Stevens). But its occasion would seem to be the whole of manifest Being! No joke! The concreteness of the "cry" spread out to include all articulation, affective and sentential – "about it?" The occasion itself already encloses its infinitely proliferating possibilities for "identity." The opposition "expression/representation" fantastically exploded.

**

Use/mention; assertion/display. The idea that the appearance of a logical structure in a poem such as *The Hexagon* is "mention" or "display" as opposed to "use" or "assertion" requires an enormous qualification. First because *The Hexagon* invents/discovered innumerable modes of display; second, because display requires full apprehension/participation in use for that which is on display to BE on display. My term "detachment" is meant to cover all the nuances of the relation between the terms of this duality. In order to detach from the actual use of an utterance, I have first of all to be *using* the utterance. Otherwise the detachment is trivial and has been accomplished beforehand.

But there is also the problem of temporality – the time of an utterance versus the time of its position or working in the text. And the problem of how these two temporalities relate or are even distinguishable.

Again: poet's time; text's time; reader's time.

*

Consider the lines where the multiple readings cancel, or where the space created by that multiplicity is erased or partially occluded or blocked by the collision course of the senses of the multiple readings.

98.2 Where do you get off when I come in on random avenue.

Taking "when I come in on random avenue" to be direct reference to the discontinuities of *The Hexagon*: the unanticipatable entrance of fresh material. The opening clause has two immediate readings: 1. the derisive colloquial "where do you get off" meaning, "on what authority do you act?" —presumably NONE! 2. A question formed in relation to "when I come in." The first reads: on what authority do you ignore me? The second, how do you extricate yourself from receiving my unanticipated utterance? But the two seem connected, and by a connection that seems to require a bit of explication. I might extricate myself from the random utterance by pugnaciously pushing back on the challenging "where do you get off?" and that push-back might be precisely how I get off the avenue of being randomly addressed. Now, once I have arrived at this "interpretation," what do I do with this particular line from "Hexagon 98"? Do I treat my explication of it as an interpretation of that which is on display? But exactly how much is on display? For after all, much of my interpretation is my own activity, suggested by what I choose to attend in the utterance, but also as a response to receiving the utterance as an actual assertion addressed by the poet through his poem to me. If I don't feel the force of the utterance —read it to begin with as simply an instance of language on display, say, why bother with the complexities of interpretation? On the other hand, I might TAKE it as to begin with on display, and check out my response to its assertoric force as part of my investigation of what it "might" mean. But which of these procedures I follow is a choice I make,

not something I can derive absolutely from the text. And yet, in some sense, I do derive this from the text.

Interestingly, what I began by opening with a specific consideration: "Consider the lines where the multiple readings cancel, or where the space created by that multiplicity is erased or partially occluded or blocked by the collision course of the senses of the multiple readings"; And that with which I thought to enter at 98.2 because I guessed (before due consideration) that there were two cancelling meanings — soon went off on an altogether different tac. But are the two meanings contradictory? One meaning is a simple question of procedure, another a beligerant confrontation. If I take it as a choice between these two readings, I must choose. But clearly I didn't take it as a choice. I heard both meanings and intuited that there was a space where they could be connected, and that space proceeded to open before me. But did the poet *intend* precisely the space that opened, the connection between the two meanings I found? Or was there a prevenient or supervenient intent operant through the whole poem in which the possibility of such openings was intended, but all that was intended, all that was potentially intended or allowed to be operant — was so in some way altogether other than through something like an explicit intent? And does this not open the question of where the very idea of "intent" falls in regard to the "poetics" of *The Hexagon*, and through it, poetics quite generally?

Abrogation of an "intentional fallacy" in the conventional (Ruskin?) sense would be an all-too facile disposition of this issue. As if we knew what "intention" was sufficiently well to simply dub its application a "fallacy." As if we inhabited a smug habitation of logic from which we could discern such a "fallacy." No. Intention is much more strangely lodged than by a logic that we might possess it in.

I want to space what opens as a space in which these questions may or may not open, may or may not be relevant, and which, at each point in the reading, my own cognitive (action) behavior in relation to them conditions my reading. But that that situation is pertinent to what the text is, and what the poet is "doing" — set aside the matter of "intending" — all along. What kind of "action" is involved in the making of *The Hexagon* and in my reading of it? For the disposition of this question connected to the meanings the poem articulates passes all the way out to the life/ontological contexts of the contents of those meanings.

98.3 We are made to stand on corners and not be sure.

The very uncertainty of the above investigation is referenced. Who is this "we" but the reader in general? Who the "I" of the previous line — now no longer the poet Robert Kelly but the poet of random entrances more generally. The transition from "I" to "we" between 98.2 and 98.3 retroactively changes the "I".

98.4 What was who thinking when I woke or what.

Cognitive structure almost drowning in the alliterative run that affords it. However: As usual a few logical cogs are slipped, but cogs that continue to elaborate for me that which I have been processing. "What was who" seems to acknowledge the slippage between personal "I" and general "we" as problematic – but that switches instantly again with the word "thinking" – for a "shadow utterance" flashes in the locution – "what was (I) thinking" is the natural language expression for a gesture of self-criticism in relation to an action about which one has second thoughts; and then in another instant, the inevitable cog-slippage: the introduction of another change of scene as it were – "when I woke" – and then the whole complex shifts again to the off-hand, (self)-dismissive "or what"; as usual, a question without a question mark – here where the lack of question mark emphasizes the dismissive quality of the gesture.

The next two lines keep on walking:

98.5 Geese come down and walk the cornfield clean.

98.6 Reflect your self until enlightenment.

98.6: Use or mention? An instruction pertinent to Buddhist enlightenment? A qualification or interpretation of the previous line? – a metaphor or analogy: as the geese walk the cornfield clean, you must reflect yourself as practice toward enlightenment. The comparison, or

perhaps assertion, that self-reflection might act as purification? Or as it were the quotation of such an instruction. Your choice. Or application.

*

Onward — the being of the past — fugal subject:

99. 1 Or could was have been a pirate queen abaft of longing.

"was" introduced as "mention" but in a complex web of intensions: made the subject of a past-tense verb type; set in a figure involving the rear — "abaft" — an atmosphere of longing/cum/nostalgia? for imperial imagery?

But the subject — the past — its ontological status, remains thematic for quite a while.

*

Again I'm reading ahead to change the pace of reception. To feel what has accumulated in my reading. As I write short sentences, I hear *The Hexagon* rhythms pacing their sequence.

Two tendencies: keep on moving to hear the music. Stop to let the thought sink in.

*

A simple sentence written to recall something that happened. Placed in the hexagon. Holding a place down of simple reference. For a moment. For a line-position.

*

Keep moving to hear the poet in his time — thinking, composing. He doesn't stop to think out the implications of his utterance. He picks up what the last thought trails in his mind and goes from there. Or starts up from nowhere trusting the sentential rhythm, the one-liner iterations of a poetic beat, the six-line terminus or count.

The iterations and reiterations of themes, words, types, etc.: pickings-up-on what is actually occurring — traces and insistencies — even traces and acts of thoughts somewhat pursued — but never further than the one-line utterance, six-line stanza, allows.

*

The nature of the music of the stanza is that it tolerates interruption to receive interpretation, but only so much — exactly this much. Before it dissipates and has to be picked up again, re-reading for the rhythm, rather than for the hermeneutical densities, polyphonies.

*

What I call in my Terry Winters book (*Placing Space, Picturing Time: Emergent Pictoriality in Some Recent Painting by Terry Winters* (Autonomedia, 2015) has its corollary for poetry: call it Emergent Cognition.

Emergent Cognition has its antithesis in Cognitive Mastery. This latter would be top-down cognition: that you command all the possibilities for the cognitive realm and, from the vast survey of that availability, allow complex cognitive structures to come to appearance as if as instances or examples of the complexity over which one holds mastery. But in Emergent Cognition no such mastery, no such vast survey prevails. Rather — that survey, that over-arching view, that possession of the total space itself, appears as an horizon, a tease, a desire, a quest, a goal. And yet the paradox is that it is that very goal that renders cognitive emergence possible. One seeks that which allows that seeking to proceed along its path. Not so much that "one throws out on the road ahead the angel one will meet" as in Olson's picking up of Corbin's formulation — but perhaps that the angel throws you out ahead, along the path you travel, casts the very path itself across its own horizon, its own spatiality, its own spacing. No doubt these are complementary formulations, contraries perhaps, not contradictories.

But the pertinence here, is that hexagon by hexagon, line by line, the space that enfolds and is enfolded by the complexity that comes to appearance in its emerging composition, that emerges in each cognitive event of composition, textual construction, or reading – the vast space of its possibility – is conjured, called upon, allowed, but also indeed effaced, eclipsed, occulted, erased. For the thing disappears in its very appearance – its unmanifest actuality is occulted by its actual coming to manifest in each occasion – an actuality each interruption manifests further obscures, or sends upon another trajectory.

And to allow this to come to appearance, contradictories were pertinent here too.

(The famous *Coincidentia Oppositorum* is insufficient. It is the coincidence, perhaps, of *contradictories* NOT ONLY of contraries that is at stake or in play.)

What I say is true for *The Hexagon* is also my experience with my drawings.

One could speak of the Hidden Habitations of the Hyper-Continuum. Being drowning in its own surfeit of oxygen.

*

Sometimes it seems poetic devices – assonance, planned alliteration, phrase structure repetition – function like the most meager and almost trivial introduction of conventional elementary poetic acts to allow mere patterns to occupy the prosodic foreground, working against meaning, and all the other modalities of polyphony.

Hexagon 108

1 Other other be my pal now nobody smokes anymore.
2 Spoke into the volcano vanished in a fume of word.
3 Breakfast broke lunch lurched dinner didn't.
4 I come from the tar pits to call you home.
5 Bones in ancient gravy birds in ancient sky.
6 Horror follows clefts desire led the way.

smoke, spoke, broke in the first three lines.

Or

108.3 Breakfast broke lunch lurched dinner didn't.

As if to highlight and emphasize the trivial gesture of arbitrary alliteration. But here the dyad – "use or mention" – finds a new application. Is the triviality itself "use" or "mention" – direct performance of a conventional poetic device, or a picture of that device? Meanwhile an impulse of association ripples cross the line: from "nobody smokes any more" 1 – through volcano and its spume of word in 2, to the tar pits of 4 . .

.

Apostrophe to the "other": the calling to the addressee by repeating the call of its name — "Other other" — 108.1

"Other other be my pal now nobody smokes anymore." Sad for of the loss of the social act of offering another a cigarette as a gesture of amity?"

"Other other" — the politics of alterity — general presence of that which is not within one's own scene familiarity — "be my pal" — lexically crossing the long gap between the almost technical "other" to the intimate "pal" — the gap crossed by the ruefulness about the loss of the gesture of offering a cigarette.

•

Every pronouncement attracts an envelope of correlative meaning, but also personal response. The elaboration or becoming conscious of that meaning may not be just a matter of clinical, critical reading, but the very fabric of response itself. Indeed the clinical reading may be a mask for personal response, or the substance of it, or an attempt to articulate it, or an attempt to express it, communicate it. Validate or to repress it.

*

In listening for the poet's thought, one hears all the modes of elaboration one is intuitively, subliminally, or consciously deploying to elicit the meaning. The poet himself is alive in the envelope, the ambient senses of the phrases, the words he utters, the fielding of meaning in the field of composing the poem. The writing affords the possibility of detaching oneself – the poet himself – from the one-dimensional act of literally intended monothetic senses of utterance.

Detachment might be the simple condition for the elaboration and allowing to come to full articulation of objective verbal meaning, or it itself may be differentiated by the various kinds of utterance evincible from what is said. Similarly, the meaning-space enveloping the poem maybe thought of as a total space of meaning to which the poem tends and from which the poem proceeds, or itself something that must be differentiated according to the many ways it comes to appearance, subliminally accumulates, or otherwise can be called into apparency by the writing, by the reading, by the objective historicity of the language in which the writing occurs. And indeed, the various utterances and their volatile contextuality may be taken as the conjuring of such spaces, the elicitation of the multiplicity of their character, the artistic elaboration of them, the onto-metaphysical demonstration of them, etcetera.

*

"Who are we? What are we?" cries Thoreau, alone before the naked presence of the uninhabited Maine Woods. "Who are we? What are we," cries this reader, before the infinitely garmented urbanity of the Kelly poet's conductance of language.

109.5 Art is what does nothing but makes them think.

109.6 Art is what makes them think.

Think of the anonymous "they" here. Who are "we" in the positioning of that anonymity, that generality? That generalizing, alienating "they" places "us" outside them. We are already thinking?

And anonymity – the agentless character of "Art." The register of pronouncement here. The encyclopedia of pronouncements about what "Art" is. The contrast between the rhetoric of such a pronouncement and the question of the nature of the "act" that is involved in each gesture of this poetry, of each event of reading.

"Makes one think" as a generic phrase – assumes the "they" are passively stimulated and otherwise not yet thinking. What is "think" here in relation to what thought itself has "become" in the thinking that is this poem, the work of the poet, ourselves in the reading of it?

*

The atemporality of the text, of the mind space of its reception, of the identity of reader, writer, text. How concrete or differently concrete these different atemporalities are.

Don't get me started.

*

How enormous the space of "all the meanings" the lines thus far have seemed to mean — and the contraction from the solicitation of such an accumulating space that must occur for each further line to be heard. And how this is so, must be so, for the writer, the Kelly poet in composing them. And how this feature of the condition of expansion/contraction of mind space of poet and reader, conditions the ontology of what the text is.

*

I would rise to the fullness of the intimate and actual possibility that the poem is. And must attend each concrete line in its immediate rhythmos, its local context, to do so. And that without failing to hear, to listen for, to attend, the enveloping possibilities for meaning. And that in a continuously varying expansion and contraction of readerly attention, across the whole distance between vulnerable reception of each pronouncement, each presentification, each exhibited poetic structure, and

the reaching for/ reception to / the vast possibility space that is each line's ultimate occasion.

And it is not simply a matter of the simultaneous relevance say of local poetic event and global poetic context. Because local and global interpenetrate each other and separate from each other in a problematic manner. I can do nothing but hold this situation up to the corresponding problematic of myself, my very life and happenstance.

*

But what to make of pronouncements, themes, grand themes, generalizations however couched in poetic figures, however complexly ambiguated and made to vibrate or float or vacillate or stun inside their local envelopes of meaning? For surely they are in the work to be "thought about" – as in any meaningful text.

Say the content of the hexagon – the impossible interior of the cube – were its thematic "content." The way a concept, say, is like a box, contains or houses its "extension" – that over which it forms a concept. And the hexagon with its six faces, inner and outer, their structural complexity, their arrangement in actual and virtue relations to each other – the verbal/rhetorical, poetic "structures." The examining of the geometrical or quasi-geometrical structure, analog to the reading of the poem.

*

Starting from a common phrase:

116.1 To have come so far not sure of having left.

Duncan: "We have come so far, all the old voices sing once more"; or Olson, similarly if obversely, "I have only to feed off myself."

Hesitant Buddhist pondering: the non-progressive character of a traversing/progression: Eliot again again: "and know the place for the first time." As if a PARODY of all that. A moment of self-cynicism. A picture of that.

116.3 The edge of things is best since closest to between.

My thought exactly!

*

Thoughts in the poet's mind available for arrangement in the poem. Spicer's "furniture rearranged by Martians." Here there is certainly the furniture: say Kelly's Buddhism, or the thought-store of a life-time. But the

mode of their arranging, of their being arranged, is not susceptible to generalization under a single figure. The poet's own presence of awareness, as his habitual thoughts offer themselves for composition, have themselves a full panoply of perspectival situations, savvy, rhetorical distance, detachment, internal commentary and qualification; not only antithesis, but often where antithesis, in the form of inner stepping away, is intuitable — again those distances are various, as are the gestures of stepping away.

116.1: Is the common thought in the infinitive that sets up the line — how is it uttered? 1. He thinks this, say, in relation to this poem; long-life in general; as a verbal cliché? Set up with the intent to comment upon already there at the beginning? Or does the phrase call itself with simply vanishing intentional context and give rise to the second part of the line as reflection?

Any line is there in the seemingly trivial sense of textual atemporality — it is "always" there to be returned to, to be read again — but as the target for reflection — seemingly always there for further attention, reflection. But then it isn't "always there." Perhaps one has returned to it *enough* and has no further impulse/motive to continue allowing it to elaborate itself in one's reflection. Or one just decides to move on, abandoning the unrealized potentials. Are the unrealized potential reflections/elaborations "still there" in the curious sense of potential presence? Are the un-discovered meanings hiding in wait within the atemporal/ever-available repeatability of the line? An entire metaphysics — some aspects of which have perhaps never been

developed — is, along with these potentials, implicit, quasi-present as another order of potentiality. That the poem asks to be interpreted.

Or does it? How does it do so? What license or demand tinctures the text such that this itinerary of complex readings seems to be solicited by it?

Perhaps it just sits there. Mutely. Not even awaiting its hermeneut!

Well, the poly-present multiplicity of possible contextualizations for the utterances are just what solicit inquiry — a kind of cortical attention — the parallel to my idea of “cortical” art — the spontaneous activity of the mind-brain that seeks to resolve a multiplicity of senses — the intuitive spontaneous basis for explicit interpretation. That the poem is contrived to activate such cortical activity. The Kelly poet — a lifetime of such contrivances focused particularly sharply in *The Hexagon*.

*

Once one has become acclimated to the alternative readings the hexagons without exception require, one's habits of first-level reading become disrupted.

117.2 A myth that flowers tell: light grows from shadow.

I read the first clause as if "flowers" were the verb and "tell" an object: that which is the result of a flowering of a myth — a poker player's tell? Somehow generalized as if "tell" were some kind of abstract substance of which the poker player's "tell" were an instance, and that the phrase meant something like a particular myth whose flowering produced a "tell" — the give-away — of a secret meaning or nature. But the unusual presence of the colon indicating a paraphrase — "light grows from shadows" — perhaps, as flowers appear from dark earth — covers both senses. Perhaps. But my point is that the poetry creates a kind of odd conditioning. One so anticipates the unconventional, the unexpected, that one sees the underside — the shadow, the unlikely syntax or semantics, the disrupting element — in the foreground. Obviously such conditioning is specific — specific to me — but I wouldn't wonder if something like it would happen to anyone staying with the text.

By now I'm so WITH the poet that without at all anticipating what he says or means, I am well-prepared.

In any case a nourishing/flowering darkness shines through the stanza:

Hexagon 117

- 1 I am an empty room what is your name.
- 2 A myth that flowers tell: light grows from shadow.
- 3 Any deep woods tests your grasp of grammar.
- 4 She buried a book in the ground so it grew inside her.

5 If even one word slips all the bridges fall.
6 She crouched and wrote her finger name in mud.

*

How do "themes" or motifs iterate themselves across the hexagons?
Often by word alone, but just as often by something like the semantic field
proximate to that word.

116 has the line 116.3. "The phone rings in every cloud." No "cloud"
in 117 but plenty of dark and shadow. In 118.1: "In this room we keep
cloud in this a peculiar sound."

The empty room of 117.1 and the cloud of 116.2 combine together
with the broadly present theme of sound and its peculiarities, its
exigencies.

I want here to open the theme of sonic – phonological –
working/functioning in this poetry.

118.2 Housekeeping is hardest for the head.

118.3 The hero's habit is to cleave the hardest wood.

118.4 The bridge goes nowhere but a harp in air.

Housekeeping "slips" from "we *keep* cloud" in the first line. Slipping
from peculiar usage – where an abstract sense of "keep" as in "keep track

of" or "keep up a practice" — here the keeping of cloud, what could that mean? And with such a somewhat uncomfortable inquiry, something like a peculiar, perhaps virtual sound. But "Housekeeping" renders that sense of functioning as a secondary morpheme in a notion where its sense of "keeping" — attending — is subdominant, recessive, subordinated to the overall sense. Housekeeping itself becomes a metaphor, since here it applies to the head — no doubt, the intelligence, the mind — and the difficulty of keeping itself in order. But the line is ferociously alliterative, and alliterative over the least likely alliterative consonant, the aspirated "h." And the aspiration of the "h" itself is subtly contrastive with the sense of "hardest," meaning most difficult, but in link with head, a subtle under-presence of "hard-headed" feels there, so that the breathy H contrasts with the hardest hard; a hard whose materiality, as in say, hard wood, is held in suspension in the next line, but also made subtly present: One cleaves wood, not word, so by the end of the line one almost mishears word as wood. An implicit alliteration on W, in a line which almost belligerently continues the alliterative H's.

The contrast or complementarity or conflict or dissociation between sound and sense in poetry is certainly one of the first things one is taught in English classes about poetry. But exactly how do sound and sense adjoin? Some time ago I expressed this in the formula that a rhyme is a speculation on an analogy, and it is certainly true that when one becomes hyperconscious of rhymes and other iterative elements — alliteration, assonance — one might very well search for a meaningful analogy or

resonance between the rhyming words. But just as often, the underlying sound field does not particularly mirror the sense, but rather manifests a fluctuant non-rational, affect – the particular affect of poetic song – or the particular affect of the particular poem's way of singing, without there being too explicit a parallelism between that affect and the poem's sense, such as it is.

In *The Hexagon* the discontinuities in sense are so constant and abrupt, that their rhythmic constancy creates a sound of its own, a count of six then a pause – that renders the specific phonological affect of the singing of each line subordinate, or at least continuant or supportive with that abruptness.

Each line sings. But their consequence flows into an “aria” only under great constraint. And when it does it is striking, because the under-riding affect is lodged at such a distance from the surface sound. We must watch for this.

I'm minded of that moment in *The Loom* where the Kelly poet is struggling for his very being with his interlocutor, named something like “Elizabeth of the Head” as I remember, who takes him down for a particularly sonorous rhetorical speech with, “No need for opera, Robert.” Or something like that. But the opera goes on, here under the pressure of a lifetime of corrective constraints. In some manner, opera wills out.

*

Unusual opinions stated in one liners without discussion, but where the internal ambiguity and complexity is suddenly absent: “Hexagon 119” and following.

The Real vs Reality. The latter that which is assumed to be the case such that an adequate or accurate account of it can be given. The logic of verification/falsification. Facts. States of affairs. The former: being without regard to such descriptions, representations, verifications. Not the concern of logic.

121.6 Travel the axis of the invisible to the real.

Wise sayings unproved.

122.3 Men grow old by owning things.

To read these under an interpretation, one must pass as it were outside the reading of the text as a continuous fabric. A possibility of the form: the lines allow themselves to be isolated.

And this extends to the interrogative: a question put forth as such in isolation, poised against consensus:

123.4 But what if it's the letter that gives life.

The details in proverbs of a logos theology.

124.4 Theology without belief I preach the god of praxis.

124.5 Know god by being god as you know love by loving.

124.6 At the end of belief you can almost see the real.

The linkages between the lines become more clear, if still complex and articulating a textual space of resonance and richness.

The multiple meanings still accumulate a field even where the lines are not wildly complex internally. One could extract a Robert Kelly catechism of vatic assertions. And the impulse to theology is not at all suppressed – but displayed and proffered.

And an onto-mythology.

Hexagon 126

1 From our first words the air is born.

2 Vowel song to voyage truth among the living.

3 Open your mouth when you come to a door.

4 All a house knows how to do is listen.

5 Sometimes an empty room begins to speak.
6 Knothole in clear pine shows the other side of time.

*

Theological inversions.

The name of god is you.

128.6 Let God believe in me and someone meant it.

Consider the movement in that line. First the text converts, changes, the hortatory subjunctive of the creative word of Genesis: God said "Let . . ." The speech diverts the divine locution to a hortatory subjunctive imposed on God. And then of course, the grammatical site of belief is inverted. Let God believe in me. But now the entire grammatical situation wrenches forth even further. "And someone meant it." The identity of the speaker is thrust into the indefinite while the speaker of the words that perform this thrust are still coming forth from the speaker of them. And the infinite doubt correlative to the inversion is brought into play while the possibility of its alleviation is convened.

I feel that the poem does not relent in its seeking its own alterities while sustaining at the same time the formal conditions of its utterance. Whatever modality breaks upon consciousness through its successful articulation occasions a fresh dialectical effort to enact an alterity for it — an alterity that returns to the ground from which the first articulation sprang

and extends that ground by enacting the further emergence of its self-alterity and expressing what is not only a potential richness. The potentialities would thus be emergent – come to be for the first time – if it were not for the fact that the prosecution of the poetic process were not being conducted in a simple linear temporality. Just such temporality is rendered unavailable by the articulations of the utterance. For they are, once uttered, no longer in time, and the priority of their condition is no longer a temporal priority. Richness exposed, in the event of richness expressed, discovered/invented. For the strenuousness of the invention is paramount. The poet stops. Takes stock. Looks around. Listens around. Finds another step to take and takes it.

The reappropriation by the ground of the alterities it inspires alters the ground both for the first time and *ab initio*. The inter-inalienability of difference and same. The assertion of radical alterity has its motive in the condition of actuality. But actuality has its own alterity in that which binds to it its very prosecution.

*

Example of an assonance (rhyme) that though not exactly an analogy with an identity, still functions to offer a connection that arises with it as a logical relation:

129.1 When in doubt water the flowers.

Doubt is connected to flowers. Of course in a sense the relation is a kind of opposition, or contrast or difference, and the sense is that somehow the positivity and definiteness of the flowers and the act of watering them should ameliorate the negativity of the doubt. But the heavy landing as it were on the "ow" of flowers works a sonic field where the harmony between the elimination or working of doubt is effected by the flowers. Though the connection through sound is asemantic or irrational, the logic of the connection is not. It would be different from the way a sonic field can be established which does not in any definite way resonate with the sense, but is part of the textual coloration, as it were.

*

129.2 Phlox dutchman's breeches spiraea drizzle.

I resist this one, probably because I don't know what spiraea is or what a dutchman's breeches refers to or what the specific connotation of phlox is, other than its link to the flowers of the previous line. There is something new and wildly chunky in the disconnections. In the absense of access to sense, the sonic field foregrounds. A line of very long syllables — phlox / dutch — where the syllabic quantity is stretched by the complex consonants : ph, x, tch. br, ch. sp, dr, zzl. It is this that gives it a chunky feel, and the sound of it exacerbates the neglect or forced restraint against syntactic markers. No syntactic marker at all except the genitive of

"dutchman's" and the possibility that "drizzle" is a verb. Otherwise, complete paratactic nominatives. There are Jackson Mac Low events that are like this, perhaps.

Now that I dwell on it — the Dutchman's breeches appears before mind's eye — loose fitting pantaloons, almost puffed with air, bound at the ankles. Providing the "air" perhaps of

129.3: Air is a week of its own turning but to whom.

A professional linguist could demonstrate, probably, the precise transgression of grammatical propriety of "Air is a week." What kind of predicates could the "sortal" (is that not it?) "air" take? <"Air" is a sortal.> (metalinguistic). <Air is a gas.> A substance. Or <Air is fluctuant.> <[The] Air is cold.> <Air is life.> (synechdoche.) <Air is thought.> Alchemical category. "The wind carries it in its belly." Air-wind. But what category of poetic troping does "Air is a week" require? Well. Instead of substantive, temporal properties. "of its own turning" — The qualities of a conventional temporal span are themselves evoked with enormous strain. How does a week "turn"? Well it "turns" into another week. Air spins as in a whirlwind, but it hardly turns in the successive sense unless it turns into something else: air into water, say, in alchemical transmutation. Or dust-devil, hurricane, tornado.

And if this isn't strained enough, the entire operation questions itself. If the convention that is a week with its aerial properties turns into another week, for whom (no question mark) does it do so. The machine of meaning grinds to a halt. In a chunky atmosphere, like I say. But leaves a trace.

And as if to continue a reflection on just this grinding, the rest of the hexagon seems to long for an exit from its own exigencies.

Back to Kelly's first extended poetic event, the withdrawn book *Weeks*.

129.4 Who does this turning every ask an aggression.

129.5 Breathe for me little valley every leaf a breather.

129.6 Body listens but spirit nills there is no bridge.

I don't comment on the thematic continuants of aggressive inquiry, body over spirit agitprop; the eme of Bridge. Again:

"Oh harp and altar of the fury fused
How could mere toil align thy choiring strings?"
(Hart Crane, Proem to *The Bridge*.)

*

Every unexpected and not immediately intuitive assertion seems to require the question, why this? But the interrogative is interfered with by the "charge" of aggression. So the reader in his spontaneous inquiry is

alienated – put on guard – asked perhaps to seek another mode of enriching his sense of sense than posing questions to the poet or performing familiar interrogations of the text. What is required then? An operancy of receptive rather than aggressive cognitive inquiry. The inquiring *yin* versus the interrogating *yang*. An openness and a receptive waiting, rather than a searching for positive cognitive closure.

In hearing the chunkiness of the syllablisms, I was receptive. In searching for a linguistic analysis, aggressively cognitive. The body listens. The spirit nills.

APPENDIX

George Quasha's Preverbs and Robert Kelly's Hexagon

Preverbs veer to the definite — that which wants to be said in spite of its impossibilities.

The Hexagon wants to be impossible in spite of its ineradicable clarities.

*

I walk away with something thought
something to think,
something to close with,
with the Preverb;

with the Hexagon the edifice that clings to me generously
shows how it might happily
also vanish away.

*

Every articulate edge
inaugurates and obliterates
the sides it divides

if you see it,
only that which it separates
says what it shows

but if you see those two,
the space it opens has quite become invisible

*

oh how the radiant sun shines from the impossible

oh how the impossible shows in the shining of the sun

dark is the radiant shadow

radiant the vanishing sun

all the ways of daylight/nightlight happening always

stand up young man

you are already the crack
in the edifice of dawnlight