

# Reply to Ciardi



by *Jess H. Brewer*

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Fragment of a poem by American poet John Ciardi in *Saturday Review*, April 30, 1966:

*To the laboratory then I went.  
What little right men they were exactly!  
Magicians of the microsecond precisely wired  
to what they cared to ask no questions of  
but such as their computers clicked and hummed.  
It was a white-smocked, glass, and lightened Hell.  
And there Saint Particle the Septic sat  
lost in his horn-rimmed thoughts.  
A gentlest pose.  
But in the frame of one lens as I passed  
I saw an ogre's eye leap from his face.*

*Reply to Ciardi*

**Well, fuck you too, John.**

Wait...I can do better than that:

What one *perceives* is the creation of one's own mind  
in its attempt to explain what *occurs*, which is not.

The naked Poet King believes his mind governs occurrence  
instead of the other way around  
and hates the humility of those who know they don't know  
and are only asking "*What occurs?*"

He who believes himself God  
will always see the unbeliever as Satan.