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RACHEL ROSE

DRONE

Glaze eyes. Then glaze soul: the dull, dull deadly
dull faceless work of those killed
whose names we don't know
by those whose names we don't know. Drone:
we can't mourn or condemn
because we can't see. It's a hive of bees,
it just stupefies us, we breathe in the smoke
smoke, smokescreen war, collateral damage, compound
fracture. Smart bombs kill only bad men
and those who chose the wrong side: suspect wives,
bodyguards, accidental children,
a cat on a wall of stone. Drone. In a hotel room,
eyes half-mast, he sucks the plastic spout of a honey bear,
drifts to the place where poppies come from.
It doesn't help if we shout: he's gone. Gone.
It doesn't count if you do it standing up. If you do it
with good intelligence. If you do it from very far away
so they are small ants so they don't know
what hit them. What hit them? Lemons
hail at impact. They want to minimize
casualities, improve accuracy.
We are too far away to hear the news,
we hang upside down, there are Djinn of dust,
we swarm the enclave, clean the stingers,
strum our throbbing abdomens,
swell our lethal hexagons. Drone.
It's good hygiene. No broken bodies
on screen, just the buzz of America's Biggest
Loser, just the long, long boring war.
So turn the channel already, bury first-born souvenirs
sent home on ice, medicate all post-coital
stress syndrome. Drone. When there's no spectacle,
how can we mourn? One button,
and they are erased: a slight tornado
of dust, unwrapped chest, fractured
human shield. Her arms relax, she spills
her body's wine: blood
dervish, tea and teaspoon.

Eyelashes: son. Drone.