Because it is eternity, it embraces the whole of time, the past as well as the future. In many respects, the drone dreams of achieving through technology a miniature equivalence to that fictional eye of God.
—Grégoire Chamayou, A Theory of the Drone

Like, I want to say. For nothing’s new—think how the iron balls once soared above Gansu, 1227, bronze muzzle smoking and impassive.

Consider the goose feather fletching it replaced, slipping the curved bow, below which history keeps careening. Imagine in tandem the third-string QB’s cannon opening over Ohio as Hannibal wakes on the banks of the Agri.

In league, the Pacific Fleet sinking while Gainsborough empties again and again those lonely skies in London. In Latin, “war” can be confused, in some forms, with “beautiful.”

Jus in bello. That not beauty only might be just but cavalry stampeding a chariot. The general booming Verdi while Atlanta burns.

What of alien, infrared goggles peeling back the night?
Silent engines that sit atop the clouds,
    a narrator’s governing ken? We fall so hard

    for omniscience, allow—in a damp palm, or slid
under the teller’s glass, In God

    We Trust—one
    prismatic eye to eye

us forever from its jade pyramid,
    to stamp, always, its yes

    of progress. All at once—
    finger pressed to the encyclopedia’s tense

spine, click after click—figurative, linked
    up. Aramco burning.

    The spiking futures. We are eyes
    on a vehicle flashing lights and it looks like

about 7 personnel to the east of that vehicle; how copy?
    We are eyes

    on Wrigley, overgrown with ivy.
    On Giotto’s putti swimming alone

    in the dark.
The great, flightless auks.

    Assos’ five Doric columns tilting faster
toward the Aegean—I, I, I, I, I.

    Like
    Was blind, but now I see—