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## Drone

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I am the drone of a banjo's fifth string.  
I am the drone that gives bottom  
to the chanter in a highland fling.

Haw, hum. I am the drone of drone itself,  
planted so pleasurably in the mouth.  
A monotone. A lodestone. I'm an MQ-9,

a Reaper Drone, ranging wide, circling  
in the sky. No windows, no cockpit.  
No one onboard. See how my Hellfires

fly faster than sound. I am drone,  
from the tymbal under the cicada's wing.  
I gather no pollen, and have no sting.

Arriving unheard, I haunt the sky  
and inseminate the queen before I die.  
I am a poetry that celebrates power.

I bring. I bring. The white house  
is empty. I bomb air. I bomb stone.  
My country, 'tis of thee I sing.

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