

Drone

The root of *drone* is burden. A drone burdens the music, insisting, calling

the ear to its pulse. On the *rubab*, the sympathetic strings are not struck.

Tuned to a certain pitch, each draws vibrations from the air. As mirror-tone,

as aura, the drone is the melody's other body: its root in the surround.

*

A woman sings a tiny melody to the bees in their hive. She tells

of a death in the family, of a sorrow swelling within the home. Whispers,

sweet syllables. Once, this ritual of "telling the bees" helped keep

true sympathy with the colony and speed the production of honey.

*

The drone glides its way outward. Its eye scans a world of forms,

their texture, wavelength, radiance. It goes wherever. There are no

borders for a drone. Attuned, piloted by a strange intelligence,

it knows which sites to light upon, the softest targets to pursue.

*

In the work of Kristeva, the *chora*
surrounds the infant's body. Untuned,

signs swim across its face, its fingers,
writing a noise that can't be read.

The mother's touch teaches the child
how to be inside itself, how to make

sense within its skin. Later, the noise
lives on as trace: as a mind's remains.

*

In a cell, tying you to the black chair,
a torturer reveals to you your body

as a place, a site whose boundaries
are destroyed. Now, like him, you

want something: your self. Humming,
babbling lyrics to American melodies,

the torturer tells you he is sympathetic,
he truly is, but you better learn to talk.

*

The sympathetic strings are not struck.
In a cell, tied to the black chair,

a woman sings a small melody.
Signs swim across its face, its fingers,

to secure the production of honey.
The drone glides its way outward.

The mother's touch teaches the child
its other body: its root in the surround.