

COREY VAN LANDINGHAM

The Eye of God

*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.
Those great, flightless auks.

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

Like
Was blind, but now I see—