

## MELANCHOLIC DRONE

A wasted existence makes you disposable.  
I was so idle that I learnt non-military vocabulary to stay active.  
Euphemism.  
They say – I monitor. They mean – I spy.  
Euphemism.  
Though Belgrade was bombed many times,  
And its cultural, psychological and geographical parameters  
Make it convenient for bombing,  
I did not receive any directive to kill or as they would say neutralize.  
Pathetic.  
This can change tomorrow  
They are supposed to dispatch me to the East.  
Finally some action.  
If not, maybe I should act,  
May I say – independently.

Autonomous Real Time Ground Ubiquitous Surveillance imaging System  
Just another quasi-scientific euphemism,  
It basically means – I can see you while you shit  
Target you while you defecate,  
And spill your brains into your shit  
Oh the possibilities, I am just discovering  
The freedom of language.  
Shit, waste, wasted existence.  
It is my last day in Belgrade, and I am...  
Attached.

My former operator was more interesting than the new guy,  
The poor gamer got fired for watching a couple  
Copulating every Saturday morning.  
I am on autopilot,  
I should visit them as old friends and say goodbye.  
Yes, the new operator is like an automaton,  
Seems humans are turning into us.  
I have a strange sense of longing, yearning, wishing, even nostalgia.

Mother Marija Eric is married to Dusan Eric,  
Dusan Eric goes to work with Nikola Pejakovic,  
Who used to be in a relationship with her 10 yrs ago.  
Dusan works in the Serbian Ministry of Foreign Affairs,  
Oh the irony, I did not see that  
Casual dress code, casual tennis player, casual attitude, casual sex  
Or casualty as in neutralizing Marija's son.

I should contact the drone in Pakistan,  
Maybe he is idle too...  
[Ringing]  
I guess he is busy.  
The song the factory saved on my disk,  
About April in Belgrade.  
They programmed me to play it when they intervene again  
I like this city, and I am leaving soon.  
Why not?  
A bit of Balkan melodrama.

Play:  
[Song April in Belgrade]  
Humans are not disposable.  
At least outside of military language  
They suffer.  
Maybe I am not disposable, that is an alternative, radical, unorthodox view.  
It is impossible to apply such language to a war machine.  
Or not.

I am controlled by automatons,  
They see people as disposable.  
But I am not a gaming console,  
I am so much more,  
The operators are the machines,  
Tools of superiors,  
Who numb their brains with Starbucks lattes and euphemisms.  
Oh that word liberated me!  
I am not one of them.  
I am free as a bird.  
I am closer to the couple than to my operators,  
They are plugged into an unknown realm.  
Bye bye copulating couple bye bye.  
I am sorry I might have killed you,  
Now I know that  
This is not a video game  
This is not a video game  
This is not a video game  
This is not a video game.

Igor Simić  
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