

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

SURVEILLANCE: The Public Confuses Death with Pornography

Ashaki M. Jackson · Tuesday, February 16th, 2016

You sit in the violence Teeter
into the video from your safety
You are – each time – unsure
of what you're viewing: Videos
of Black bodies crumbling so primitively
it is convincing

*

You have long trusted
your vision Can recall the arch of Bathsheba's
dark miracles
from your palace roof You are entertained
Watching this makes you faithful
to God and all of his craft

*

You are cautioned not to interpret
what you see Told that the videos lack circumstance
You wonder what is off
screen What justifies these chronicled deaths
You are lucid and hidden You can see
the bodies fold and fold like dusky silk
but do not protest
It is captivating You watch again
aroused and trusting the beauty of the scene
What is called when you long for
images when you want more?

For 10 weeks, we will feature one poem per week from *Surveillance*, the new chapbook forthcoming from Writ Large Press. These poems by Ashaki M. Jackson explore police killings of Blacks captured on video and the public's consumption of these videos. Previous poems: [1](#), [2](#), [3](#)

This entry was posted on Tuesday, February 16th, 2016 at 9:01 pm and is filed under [Poetry](#)

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