

# 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](#)

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