

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## SURVEILLANCE: The Speaker, Who is Black, Interjects the Black Conflict

Ashaki M. Jackson · Wednesday, March 2nd, 2016

We say *King Watcher please guide us*  
 It opens its mouth and makes no sound Moves  
 its godly eye in our direction and does not blink  
 We expect it to provide safety  
 with the certainty of the sun We praise  
 it for keeping us alive We want eternity  
 like King Watcher who has never known death  
 We assume it has known pain We do not question  
 if it finds us undesirable We are  
 made in its image We are who we want to be  
 We show King Watcher where it hurts  
 and ask for repair We call on that god  
 in need in ache We ask for something in return  
 We beg with offerings—with bodies  
 bleeding on all altars We ask if it has ever bled  
 We ask for explanations We get  
 no comfort We take  
 its silence as a response  
 We make the silence remarkable  
 Give it a language Call it real  
 We want it to be disturbed like a crumpled body  
 We call for its retaliation because we want retaliation  
 We want to be protected to belong to the king  
 and to not long We want its big eye to see us  
 and say *mine* and to answer and to be generous with consolation  
 We want more than surveillance

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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](#), [4](#), [5](#)

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