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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