Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

SURVEILLANCE: The Speaker, Who is Black, Offers a Reasonable Solution

Ashaki M. Jackson · Wednesday, March 30th, 2016

```
When I say hold us in prayer I mean touch
Black bodies as if
they are children knowing pain
for the first time
With your hands
I mean rescue
What is a prayer if not a shield?
What is touch if not food?
```



For 10 weeks, we will feature one poem per week from *Surveillance*, the new chapbook available now 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, 6, 7, 8, 9

This entry was posted on Wednesday, March 30th, 2016 at 11:15 pm and is filed under Poetry You can follow any responses to this entry through the Comments (RSS) feed. You can leave a response, or trackback from your own site.