

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](#)

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