

MAY

#  
5

“Under a rain of blows, the rebellious child shook with laughter, exposing his throat; not one so much as touched him.”

— *Claude Cahun*

2023

# EXOTHERWSE



*photograph by Claude Cahun*

## Somebody

*Bat Collazo*

*for Jack*

You put unbaited worms back alive after fishing,  
reverse robin, pinky like bird's beak  
into dirt, to give them a head start.  
And you and the fish get along fine:  
respecting someone's no reason for not eating them.  
And to speak of eating, when porridge pot's low,  
it's kids first, elders first, whatever they can eat,  
even if your stomach's wide-open like blue eyes, blue sky, and:  
you open all the cages in Hell, just on a whim,  
because folks inside are stirring,  
causing a racket.  
You give them room to gad about  
and then you read them some stories to think on.  
Any book'll do, good or no.  
What do we call this? Common decency?  
Tenderness?  
Just is, that's all,  
the unremarked.  
It matters, you matter.  
You matter to me.