



QUEER POETRY READING

WHEN?

11/09/25 | 20:00 ONWARDS

WHERE?

KAKTUS | TA' XBIEX



x



x

**luke
reads**

Us

I stared into your eyes and saw
Your love interest shining brighter than the flames
Emitting from the candle in our living room –

A dance between three
Is lost in a hurried rhythm
I supposedly accept this reality
But I grab the bedsheets you fucked me in
And I hurtle them two stories down
As they are now dirtied by him too –

Should I tell him
That you are a thief
Stealing heart chambers
And squeezing them until
Blood trickles over your hands –

A dance between three
You're not the only one to blame
I attempt to hunt
But my basket is empty
I don't catch anything
As I never learnt how to trap –

The next day
I tell you that everything is alright
But the anchors that hold me are
Rusty and about to erode

Luke Galea

Fragment 1

Deathless Aphrodite of the spangled mind,
child of Zeus, who twists lures, I beg you
do not break with hard pains,
 O lady, my heart

but come here if ever before
you caught my voice far off
and listening left your father's
 golden house and came,

yoking your car. And fine birds brought you,
quick sparrows over the black earth
whipping their wings down the sky
 through midair—

they arrived. But you, O blessed one,
smiled in your deathless face
and asked what (now again) I have suffered and why
 (now again) I am calling out

and what I want to happen most of all
in my crazy heart. Whom should I persuade (now again)
to lead you back into her love? Who, O
 Sappho, is wronging you?

For if she flees, soon she will pursue.
If she refuses gifts, rather will she give them.
If she does not love, soon she will love
 even unwilling.

Come to me now: loose me from hard
care and all my heart longs
to accomplish, accomplish. You
 be my ally.

Sappho (translated by Anne Carson)

Poem for My Love

How do we come to be here next to each other
in the night
Where are the stars that show us to our love
inevitable
Outside the leaves flame usual in darkness
and the rain
falls cool and blessed on the holy flesh
the black men waiting on the corner for
a womanly mirage
I am amazed by peace
It is this possibility of you
asleep
and breathing in the quiet air

June Jordan

Homosexuality

So we are taking off our masks, are we, and keeping
our mouths shut? as if we'd been pierced by a glance!

The song of an old cow is not more full of judgment
than the vapors which escape one's soul when one is sick;

so I pull the shadows around me like a puff
and crinkle my eyes as if at the most exquisite moment

of a very long opera, and then we are off!
without reproach and without hope that our delicate feet

will touch the earth again, let alone "very soon."
It is the law of my own voice I shall investigate.

I start like ice, my finger to my ear, my ear
to my heart, that proud cur at the garbage can

in the rain. It's wonderful to admire oneself
with complete candor, tallying up the merits of each

of the latrines. 14th Street is drunken and credulous,
53 rd tries to tremble but is too at rest. The good

love a park and the inept a railway station,
and there are the divine ones who drag themselves up

and down the lengthening shadow of an Abyssinian head
in the dust, trailing their long elegant heels of hot air

crying to confuse the brave "It's a summer day,
and I want to be wanted more than anything else in the world."

Frank O'hara