



# 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**