

Reader GAY/LESBIAN/BISEXUAL

Alexander I Dick Cheney Alexander the Great Hans Christian Andersen Queen Anne Rita Mae Brown W.H. Auden Saint Augustine Sir Francis Bacon James Baldwin Samuel Barber Sir

Violets I have known

Trapped in a room with an African violet blooming loudly, I remember the feeling of not being opened like rusty unused scissors.

I recall the wet earth, our bed filling with intent as insidious as a leaky boot, the tilling of my lips on hers.

Like broken springs in an abandoned mattress that prod me to joke I am some kind of Christ.

I thought it was my place, was trying so hard, to introduce her to tents and grass and unwonted affection, as if they were friends of mine.

For any of these reasons, she led a sleepless night.

Later I drove her to the airport. Took all the right turns, stayed in the speed limit. And after, she gave me the violets which I tucked in the trunk

and found six days later, still green.

e.v.berkel

"For Christ's sake, open your mouths; don't you people get tired of being stepped on?"

Bette Midler

her mirror hangs low for me, the height of one i feel too young to hug like a mother. the bureau won't let me any nearer than armslength, the bed behind any further.

only when home alone i sneak into this sister less-sister's room, her's being the most sufficient mirror.

i baked us sweet things and she reflected on my penchant for sugar, her own for savouries.

she took her love out on many attractive men. my jealousy grew green, neither lush nor verdant, but mouldy. soon stale.

i felt adolescent, found pretty consolation in the belief that i was being led through

how much sweetness did she savour, another neglected-while-growing-up-only-daughter-of-estranging-parents? whose mother's too sweet voice occasionally dripped over the line. her replies distant, done in legalese.

waiting in the spartan for our meal the last time we met—two of her, two of me in the restaurant-enhancing

mirrors— she wanted something they weren't bringing because we weren't regulars, i think. my salad was greek — "in anticipation of exotic places"— hers green. without dressing. only lettuce in fact. and they put dressing on it. she couldn't digest dressing anymore. but ate it anyway. i remember

she always told the most dramatic stories, stories that caught my ear, held my gaze, but never drew me in.

for her i shall always be away.

e.v.berkel

gay angst

lust for a beautiful man
pity for a closeted priest
wonder at an accepting friend

desire for a trusting mate
hatred for an ethnocentric prof
anger at a passing fool

love for an understanding parent
care for a terrified fellow
fear at a careless word

and confusion
because
there's nothing wrong
with me.

dunning henschel

personal column

men,
fast cars,
and ocean surf

wind,
latex,
and driving rain

books,
summer,
and bottled beer

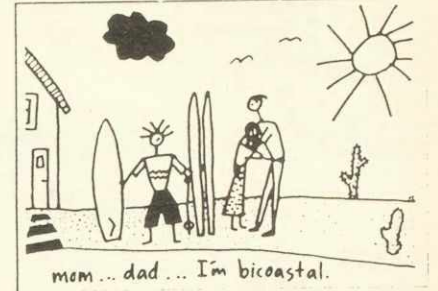
quiet,
music,
and conversation

smokes,
gliding,
and three am

dunning henschel

The Word is Out: Dalhousie's CKDU 97.5 FM broadcasts news, events, issues and interviews of interest to gays and lesbians in metro Halifax.

Dalhousie Student Union Building
Fourth Floor
Dan Hart or Brenda Barnes
(902) 494-6479
Broadcasts Tuesday's at 5:30pm



To My Professors

I like (most) of you a lot,
You try to be fair,
You teach us neat things,
But you're unbearably square.

I don't mean you're boring,
Or wear out-of-date clothes,
Don't mean you've bad intentions,
But you're such heteros

When students make jokes
And homophobic comments,
When you use het examples,
And imply that we are deviants;

Remember we're here:
The fag/dyke contingent,
And it's your duty to insure
We've a safe learning environ-
ment.

B. Bunting

cats

hired a cat,
a friend called her shy,
said one of hers was too, and
induced her to succumb to a
body-length caress,
had her throwing her head at her
fingers.

in time i do it too.
she's calling when i come in
tonight—
at last, opting not to run behind
the stove.

in heat or hungry?
it's too much trouble to jump into
my lap
where she would have all my
attention,
enough that her mangy refusal—
or is it self-respect?—
be brushed by my feet.

never mind my desire,
sharp and quiet, to love.
she races before me,
thinks i'm going in her direction,
suggests strongly that she thought
of it first.

i can abandon my traps when
she's here.
she may get caught in them.
i don't want to hurt her before i
know her.
and i don't want to when i do.

e.v.berkel

The Look

Who's he?
Look Up

He Looks,
I Look.

Look Away,
Look Back.

Look-Out!
"Look Where You're Goin!"

Look Down,
Walk Away

I am out therefore I am

"We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars."
—Oscar Wilde