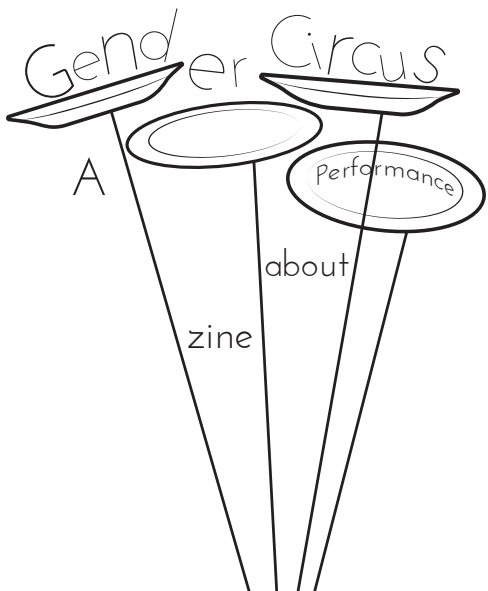
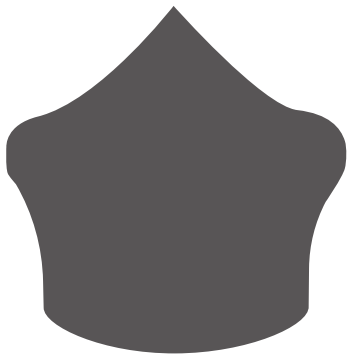


Lewis Figun Westbrook

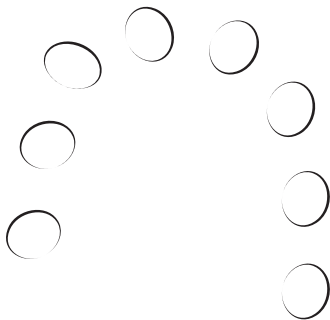


When I enter new spaces, I
often feel like I am clown in
a circus



I walk onto the stage,
face the audience,
and

toss all my expressions, my
nonverbal cues, into the
air



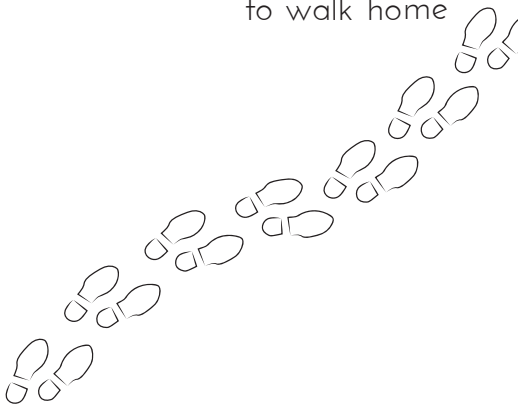
It is forever a balancing act.

Even when I succeed I am
still the freak show. One
worth buying a ticket to
watch



But still a freak show. Still
the kind of thing you want
curtains to cover at the end
of the night.

The show ends and you get
to walk home

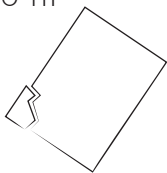


The hour hits midnight and
you expect me to disappear,
to pumpkin away. But I
don't.

I keep living after the
story ends.

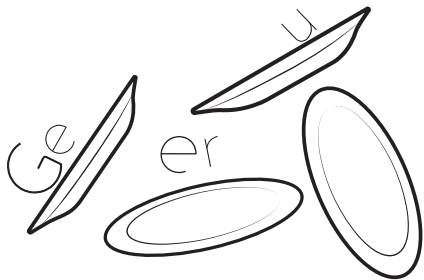
I stop performing.

Stop cutting pieces to fit
neatly in storylines.



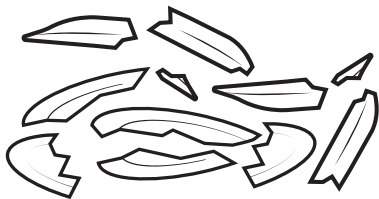
You know, as a child I always
closed my eyes to daydream.
Eyelids providing safety with
just a whisper, a hint of a
crowd in the back of my
throat.

I think I got something right
there. I let myself take the
lead



It's scarier to walk on the
same floor, to step over
cracked plates

But it's a good excuse to stare
at my toes.



Lewis Figun Westbrook is a queer artist who wants their bio to be some kind of joke. A writer of too many genres and artist of too many things.

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