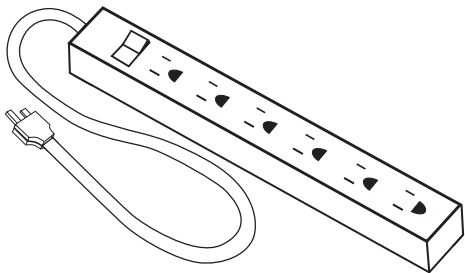


I HAVE
THE BEST
METAMOURS
& WHAT MORE
COULD I ASK FOR?



LEWIS FIGUN WESTBROOK

1 CURRENT-LY HAVE TWO

Daisy chaining with hints of pansie,
the shine of lavender, an everlasting
carnation of violet love

I make one of my partners explain
lighting to me, and they grin with a
mouthful of possibilities

They call it

love by extension

the reflection, tension shared in
rippling stories, all our firsts

coming in as any servings as we want

I close my eyes and remember

wasn't a partner yet, but i witness an
app date blossom

was present for cracks and kintsugi

i remember how long it took to finally
meet

and now we have our own greeting

A GROUNDED FAMILY OF 5

A loop of connecting power. Each LED set to a different color

Pink, textured to combine a wave with weighted comfort
joy in anger, in being solid

Grass Green, light enough to dance with the new wind but steady enough to hold steps

Yellow with the strike of morning, a kind of home like nothing else, a slow setting gradient to maroon when you need it

Burning Blue, the safety of deep darkness that invites all those difficult conversations but no forced questions

There is a joke to be made about primary colors and the way nesting partner decorates our lips

EXTENDED EXTENSION

A love that seems endless

An oak clipping turned to fern

4-ry friends

Best friend brunches

Reid, Pippa, Ham, and Ruby Squirt

Did you know

apple seeds never birth the same tree?

Grab bag of characteristics. Both

pollen and flowering, self-unfruitful

A zine I write causes a crying

scene at a dinner party

A traveling crop top, passes pink

through 3s

Meals manage

to feed so many

Did you know

Fairy lights are a safer extension cord

than most extension cords in America?

Now that is some kind of queer joke

the way fairies hold me, cupped so

gently, soft light kisses

(OR GORDED GORDS)

my partner tells me
they call everyone, down a list of
starred contacts, it makes me smile
knowing I am just one bulb on a wire

Tiny sparks, a collective working for
the smallest moments of joy. Like
A pin shield, the kind that announces
your title

a fridge decoration, the vibe to point at
after a trademarked day

It is not just one singular source

A polyamorous set up, a lighting
console to keep up with all the moving
parts

I have the best metamours
because they carry so much love

The LED possibility
adjustment to every whim



VOLT PAST THE FEARS

An expression of the potential
difference

one we celebrate

you always need one partner tall
enough to reach the top cabinets

One to dye hair, the other to cut
strands

alternating voltage, the polarity
reverses direction periodically

One of my metamours
tells me their attractive is upheld
by novelty

The other one agrees with me
that their fissuring couch is bad
a new armature, coming soon

say hello to friends, siblings, meta-
mours once removed, a meta in law, a
circuit
complete

a roughly circular, unstraight line

A CHARGE. A SWITCH. A SHOCK

I love the queer scene we make,
pulsing with childhood memories of
crappy TV

they sit on the couch, I arrive
too early, flowers in hand,
matching partner still getting ready

I wait, no nerves

there is a british man casted to the tv,
or a vinyl whispered by Ritt Momney

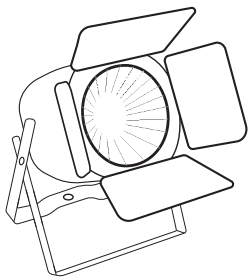
I swear, one time, someone
did make the joke

be home by midnight

The magic won't fall away though
waiting, we talk about books

newest art, that recent hike
a rpg game, maybe the one they are
building but maybe not

Or we both just gasp at adorable cats
I watch a kiss goodbye with a smile, a
start jumping at my feet, just before a
kiss hello



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. Plus a lover of queer relationships, and especially metamours.

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