

Lewis Figun Westbrook

To take, or to
steal, now that
is the question



Half of the clothes in my closet are stolen

And by stolen, I mean
gifted

I mean

My sister left for college
Brother woke to a growth spurt

Partner broke up with their worst ex, realizes they never wanted to try to fit in

My ex decorated it for me, stained inner pocket

My ex metamour laid
out patterns, I slowly
picked out cloth, lent a
shirt

I call it all stolen

It is not stolen, not
according to legal
definition,
not a pig involved incident

And when I explain
this, I normally call it a
bit

A little joke, a funny
exaggeration
But that's not true

I stole it from my sister,
as it this is still my
sister's

This is still my
friend's, my partner's,
still attached to someone
else

I am just borrowing it,
just stepping into their
arm holes

Sleeves give the best long
distance hugs

Fabric swells to meet
memories and
intentionality

but also, it's not that big
of a deal

It is just that something
about stolen feels

correct

I stole this
and it is still theirs

I did not take, my fingers
a young queer saying
'fuck you' to big
corporations

I stole, not entitled, not
earned

I have it and it is not mine

Not my credit to steal
a piece of cloth with
attribution stitched into
the brag

in a quiet room, I tell my
partner that take feels
like a man, take

my virginity
hand in marriage
a shot
the lead

No, I do not take.

My grip is never tight
enough to take.

Always so revocable

I steal

glances
seconds
my own heart
the show

I steal my thunder
back because the origin of
that phrase was a man
thinking that to wobble a
sheet of metal was *unique
sound effect*, another man
used it to win audiences
what a thunder machine
I steal because I was
taught to always wait for
a man to give permission

Yeah, fuck that



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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