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

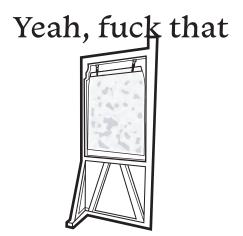
> my virginity hand in marriage a shot the lead

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 wabble 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



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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