

My Invitation

Sarah Slean

You are what they call the human season
You are all the alphabet in one
You are every colour of confusion
You are all the silence I've become
Love me for
 Stupid reasons
I like those most
 Wide-eyed but
 Worth believing
God knows
 Damn the angry voice that keeps us quiet
 The editor whose work is never done
 Keeping pretty words between my teeth and
Sweet confessions underneath my tongue
 Drowsy contemplation
 Do I let you in
 This is my invitation
But how do I begin?
 She has such an awful lot of soldiers
 Quite a lovely army all her own
 Night and day they stand before the fortress
 Very safe but very all alone

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