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 becomeLove me for
Stupid reasons
I like those mostWide-eyed but
Worth believing
God knowsDamn 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 tongueDrowsy 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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