

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