

## 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