

Slean Sarah

"My Invitation"

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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 up 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?

Well 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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