

ALISON WOLFE FROM PRENTON - FINALIST

Connections

Once, I was a dropped stitch
Making a run for it
Down to the cast-on line,
Ravelled out, almost nothing,
Space instead of colour.
Then, I was held fast, woven
Slowly, gently, hooked up,
Lifted through the laddered rungs.
Other stitches drew around,
Meshing, making a context.
Now, no more empty spaces
I have a place, a role.
I'm part of the fabric,
The colour of my thread
Important to the whole.