The Unravelling

The ball of wool unwinds
without its pins.

Hazelnuts fall from the hem
of my skirt - it is carousel.

I am unspooling
into the stumble-murk of you,

shadow boxing all the would be
monsters of us,

spinning floss webs, candied dreams
of fairground attraction.

But I know the caravan is parked
for only one week in summer,

where I smell the last town's dresses,
paper bags and popcorn promises.

I step right up, both lips smudged,
my silly eyes cracking in the sunlight.