[](https://www.google.co.uk/url?sa=i&rct=j&q=&esrc=s&source=images&cd=&cad=rja&uact=8&ved=2ahUKEwjOk8_73NbeAhUQT8AKHUtfAUsQjRx6BAgBEAU&url=https://www.travelblog.org/Photos/4917259&psig=AOvVaw0F9WRBfLjy1G1ts277cSGP&ust=1542382532983903)The Passageways

***By Teighan McCann***

Look.

The giant table

Doors slamming

Little windows

Heat is stifling

Black.

The housekeeper

Frowning

Pushed me forward

‘Up to no good.’

Like a startled rabbit

Back out in the passageway,

I am struck

By how brightly lit it is.

Voices are shouting

Deafening.

A maid comes past,

How pretty she is

Sleek brown hair,

Hidden by her cap.

It’s not fitting for a head housemaid to be here.

It’s not fit for anyone.