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.