

Jessica Conway (SG) James Gillespie's High School

The Kitchen

The toaster groans with the heat,
The windows are silent, their mouths painted shut.
The chairs lie in quiet pain on the stone floor,
The dust is lazily settling itself on the surfaces.
The tap occasionally tries to make small talk but no-one replies.
The cooker lies open, a cold black cave.
The mugs stand, crowded on the draining board
And the blender looks out on the room with disgust.
The room is frozen in time, only the clock persists.