

Responses to *The Storm* by William Rothenstein

There is no back door
Replaced instead by the rosemary and minted gardens
Another door
Followed by the turning, spiral staircase
And a room of slanted ceilings.

The perfect life
A country home,
The smell of grass
6 o'clock starts
A neighbour greets you good morning
A father kisses his wife on the cheek
Wishing her the perfect day.

Respect your father
A line heard too often.
The deep sky, a storm maybe
Fear clings to the inside walls.
Poison spreading
Inside old family portraits
Uncle Albert, 1823,
Contained inside the room
With slanted ceilings,
Counting bruises.

By Colbie McKinnon, All Saints' Academy

The door opens in front of
Me it is a large hallway with a
Wooden staircase with paintings
Hung
At the top is another hallway lined with doors.
One door in particular stands out. The yellow door is open
Cracked paint peels as if it was old and sickly.
Inside there is furniture scattered.
Like a scene paused in time while
The world continues outside.
A chair lies on the floor
Paper scattered
The room is encased
In books. A globe lies on the
Floor as the screws from where
It once was held has decayed.
The books are fading away along
With all the other furniture getting
Smudged away, blending into the room.
The door groans in pain.

On the desk
A letter lies open foreseeing events about to happen.

By Asraf Khan, All Saints' Academy

Look up. Dim windows.
It's the left hand side;
The right window is darkest.

Knock. Door's open.
Deep breaths, enter.
Fusty interior, the feeling of
Abandonment.

Remember the darkest window?
Everything's ancient.
Ascend the stairs in the
House.

Thunder clouds. Nothing will happen.
The landing. That door...
The need to enter, to uncover the
Mystery.

The darkest room. Power cut?
Typical! Flick on the torch - it's
Like reading a story. It is I suppose.
My story.

HELP. It's scrawled across a
Wardrobe. In chalk? As if
Somebody leant out from
Inside.

By Katie Cotton-Betteridge, All Saint's Academy.