

Flight

by Joanna Hastings

Spring came in like a seagull that year, raucous and combative. All their differences surfaced; her mess and chaos, his disapproving rules. Her shortcomings infuriated him. His clothes unironed? Dinner not yet made? She hated cooking, so she served raw mackerel, whole, with a half-eaten bag of chips (tussled from another desperate wife down by the harbour wall that afternoon).

When feathers sprouted she didn't even blink.

He showed her a catalogue for bird cages, and she launched skywards, squawking.

"Don't leave," he pleaded as she stretched new wings. "I can cook! I love you."

She shat on him.

#

Author bio: Joanna Hastings is a writer and editor. She has written plays, children's stories and poetry, and is currently working on a novel (coincidentally featuring a rather combative seagull in a supporting role). She can be found at joannahastings@bsky.social or through her editing website: joannahastings.com.