

Return to Work

By Amy Devine-Rigg



Return to sea. Return to park
where the magpies wipe their open beaks
on the wooden beams of the swing set.
I pass a woman in the cafe whose heels
are tipping outwards in their sensible shoes
and I ache to ask her about the first bird
that she saw today, about the way she has to
cut the toast to convince her son that it is
a good thing to need. Return to toast, scratchy
on the roof of your mouth by the light of
the family TV. Return to your family, whatever
that is. Return to family living rooms and the
kitchen table. Return again—again!—to the sea,
the warm salt-like blood in your cheek.
Return to holding hands with someone over
the printer, over the cubical walls, tell them
that they look divine even in this awful lighting.
Return to lighting—candles, smiles, fireworks,
up and within and outside of everything unholy.
Return. Return. Return. The magpies are waiting
with open beaks.

Image: "[a song at twilight](#)" (CC BY 2.0) by [Peter Kerrawn](#)