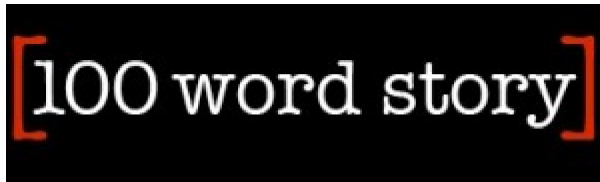


- [About](#)
- [Submit](#)
- [Photo Prompt](#)
- [Store](#)
- [Staff](#)
- [Contact](#)



- [Stories](#)
- [Essays](#)
- [Interviews](#)
- [Photo Stories](#)
- [Book Reviews](#)

## [Photo Story: Winter Birds](#)



Every winter, thinner ice on the lake, rotting and fragile. Soon the birds will go farther north, chasing the last crystal cold. Today, you and I watch as they come in, and you—who were born of my body, tearing at us both—you say I have more words and hours for my camera than you. But I will be gone before you, along with the lake ice, so I freeze ghosts of birds in silver. On the plate, there is no earth or sky, no aching past or shadowed future. I give you my birds this way: perfect, free.

**Kris Faatz's** first novel, *To Love A Stranger*, was released May 2017 by Blue Moon Publishers (Toronto). She admires Terry Pratchett and spoils cats shamelessly.

 [Share on Facebook](#)