

EN DRØM FØDES
A DREAM IS BORN

Keld Jensen

Nr. 25, juni 2020

No. 25, June 2020

En drøm fødes

Ude på havet varslers et mørkt skydække uvejr. De mørke skyer og solens stråler kæmper om magten. Denne gang synes skyerne og mørket at vinde.

Inde over land danner de høje bjerge horisonten. Bjergene står snedækkede, stille og rolige i modsætning til det frådende hav. Men vi ved, at det er en illusion. Oppe på disse bjerge er der isnende kulde, og den kolde vind er måske endog endnu hårdere end hernede tættere på havoverfladen.

Vi flyver over en uendelig kyst. Kysten dannes af skarpe klipper. I havet foran kysten ligger tusindvis af små øer og rev. I årtusinder er denne kyst blevet eroderet af det evige bølgeslag fra det kolde, stormfyldte hav.

Den lille helikopter rystes af de stærke vindstød, og under os kan vi under lavtliggende, forrevne skyer se, at bølgerne viser fråde, når de kastes mod klippekysten.

Med ørerne dækket af de udleverede hørevern hører jeg næsten ikke helikopterens motorlarm og rotoren over vores hoveder. Jeg betragter dette eventyrlige landskab i stilhed.

Ved siden af mig sidder en mor med hendes lille søn. Han peger ivrigt og fortæller en masse til moderen. Hans øjne funkler i begejstring. Hun kan ikke høre, hvad han fortæller, men hun smiler forstående til sønnen, selv om hun ikke kan skjule bekymringen over vindens ryk i den lille helikopter.

Drengen kigger på de to piloter i sæderne foran os. Instrumenterne har mange knapper og mange farver. De to unge mænd bærer hjelm og solbriller og taler sammen i deres lille mikrofon, der hænger foran munden.

Drengen glemmer helt de smukke omgivelser omkring os og fordyber sig i piloternes aktiviteter. En drøm er blevet født.

A dream is born

Out at sea, a dark cloud cover forecasts storm. The dark clouds and the rays of the sun are competing for power. This time, the clouds and the darkness seem to be winning.

On the landward, the high mountains form the horizon. The mountains stand snow-capped and quiet in contrast to the frothing sea. But we know it is an illusion. On top of these mountains it is icy cold, and the cold wind is perhaps even harder than down here closer to the sea level.

We fly over an infinite coast. The coast is formed by sharp rocks. In the sea in front of the coastline thousands of small islands and reefs lie. For millennia, this coast has been eroded by the eternal wave of the cold, stormy sea.

The small helicopter is shaken by the strong gusts, and beneath us under low-lying, rugged clouds we can see, that the waves form white sea foam, as they are thrown towards the rocky coast.

With my ears covered by the earmuffs, I hardly hear the noise from the motor and the rotor above our heads. I regard this fairy-tale landscape in silence.

Next to me a mother sits beside her little son. Eagerly he points and speaks to the mother. His eyes sparkle in excitement. She cannot hear, what he is saying, but she smiles at her son, even though she cannot hide the worry about how the wind rocks the small helicopter.

The boy looks at the two pilots in the seats in front of us. The instruments have many buttons and many colours. The two young men wear helmets and sunglasses and speak together in their small microphones, which hangs in front of their mouths.

The boy completely forgets the beautiful surroundings around us and immerses himself in the activities of the pilots. A dream has been born.



Sydgrønlands Vestkyst, september 2015

The west coast of South Greenland, September 2015



Sydgrønlands Vestkyst, september 2015

The west coast of South Greenland, September 2015



Sydgrønlands Vestkyst, december 2015

The west coast of South Greenland, December 2015



Sydgrønlands Vestkyst, december 2015

The west coast of South Greenland, December 2015



Sydgrønlands Vestkyst, december 2015

The west coast of South Greenland, December 2015



Sydgrønlands Vestkyst, september 2015

The west coast of South Greenland, September 2015



Sydgrønlands Vestkyst, december 2015

The west coast of South Greenland, December 2015



Sydgrønlands Vestkyst, december 2015

The west coast of South Greenland, December 2015



Sydgrønlands Vestkyst, december 2015

The west coast of South Greenland, December 2015



Sydgrønlands Vestkyst, september 2015

The west coast of South Greenland, September 2015



Sydgrønlands Vestkyst, september 2015

The west coast of South Greenland, September 2015



Sydgrønlands Vestkyst, september 2015

The west coast of South Greenland, September 2015



Sydgrønlands Vestkyst, september 2015

The west coast of South Greenland, September 2015



Sydgrønlands Vestkyst, september 2015

The west coast of South Greenland, September 2015



Sydgrønlands Vestkyst, december 2015

The west coast of South Greenland, December 2015

KOLOFON

*Ugens foto: En drøm fødes
Af Keld Jensen*

*PDF Version 1
Oprindeligt publiceret juni 2020*

Alle billeder og tekst © 2020 Keld Jensen

COLOPHON

*Photo of the week: A dream is born
By Keld Jensen*

*PDF Version 1
Originally Published June 2020*

All images and text © 2020 Keld Jensen