

The wild sea

The wild, foaming sea challenges all the senses. By the sea the sky is high, and the open spaces give the eyes the freedom to explore the endless areas of frothy white and blue waves.

The sea salt can be tasted and felt on the lips on such a storming day by the sea. The West wind howls in the ears, and the hard waves get the rocky coast to give rhythmic sounds like a heavy, deep breath. It is the sound of the ocean. A sound which are accompanied by the crying of the seagulls.

No other people are on the beach. But we are not alone. The seagulls are also attracted by the foaming sea. The birds challenge themselves to hover in the salt wind close to the wild sea. It sounds like they are crying of horror in the hard gusts of wind – or is it screams of pure delight?

The more frothy and heavy the sea are, the more equilibrium and peace we feel walking along the stormy sea. The life by the sea offers the opportunity to dream of the world behind the horizon. This coast is the place where the ocean ends – and the place the ocean begins.



The North Sea, Agger, Thy in Denmark, December 2013

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Go to the Text