

The singing strokes of wings

I heard them coming before I could see them. The characteristic singing strokes of wings from the big white feathers told me who was coming in.

Already when I woke up, I noticed that something was different. Was the sun turned off or were I waking up too early?

The first look out the window gave a natural explanation: The entire coast was covered by a thick fog. The fog drifted as smoke in over the reeds and towards my house.

Soon I had the shoes on. The impressive chorus of bird song from the sand bars had started early morning. The fog had not changed the cheerful attitude on life by the wading birds. But I was not able to see the birds. The dense fog enveloped the coast.

I enjoyed the feeling of the cold, moist droplets from the fog on my face and my hands. The shoes got wet by the dew in the grass. I stood still and listened to the sea birds.

Suddenly I heard the strokes of wings from the big birds. I was not able to see them yet, but they flew low and they were in direct direction to me. The mute swan and its mate may be on their way somewhere out in the bog to forage – or were they destined for a place for their nest out at the lakes in the bog?



Near the village Dokkedal, Himmerland, Denmark, April 2018