

The classic herald of rain

Immediately, I knew that it was a good friend who announced his arrival. All around me, the great bog covers the landscape. Vast grasslands with tufts of reeds. Splashing wet and more rain was coming.

It was exactly the classic heralds of rain who reported its arrival: The curlew. It sat down on a tuft in the wet grass and made himself known with its beautiful whistle: *Tyyit, Tyyit*.

This bird's whistle has always led me to stop and enjoy this special atmosphere at the bog. The bird's whistle seems both melancholy and mystical. Most spellbind it sounds when a flock of curlews high in the sky crosses the bog in a joint conversation that only they themselves understand.

The large curlew is a brown and grey bird that is well camouflaged out here in the bog. Often it lives withdrawn from all human activity. But it is easy to recognize with its characterized long, slender, downcurved bills, long legs and beautiful song.

It was a short reunion. An immediate response came from a place far away, and the magical bird was again on the wings on the way to its mate out there on the wet bog.



Lille Vildmose, Himmerland, Denmark, April 2018

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Quit

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