

The eye up there

The bird seems to be forever hunting over the reed swamp. In an elegant hovering pose, it searches life down in the reed swamp. Tireless searching for food for her young birds in a nest nearby.

I stop on the dirt road in the middle of the bog and watch the beautiful hunt. The bird does not seem to pay attention to me as I stand with my bicycle and my camera. At one time, I think it is flying away, but the moment after it returns. It seems to have the concentration fully aimed at the reed swamp as it hovers over.

Down in the reed swamp birds and other small animals can live in peace for the fox. The fox will not swim, and apparently it does not like wet feet. But the dangers always lie in wait for these little mammals, the chickens and the amphibians down among the common reed. Many a duckling has, as the last of his life, seen a shadow rushing down from the top of the reeds like a bolt from the blue.

The marsh harrier had beared a lot of names in the Danish folklore: The goshawk (hønsehøg), the reed falcon (rørfalk), the fish hawk (fiskehøg), the dwarf kite (dværg glente), big hawk (stor høg), the bog hawk (mosehøg) and the Danish hawk (dansk høg). It has always been admired for its beautiful hovering, but also notorious for eating on the barnyard fowls of the farm.



The marsh harrier, Lille Vildmose, Himmerland, Denmark, May 2018