

The shrimp catcher

My eyes follow inquisitive the man out on the sandbanks. It is low tide and in front of me a large expanse of sand partially covered by ponds, seaweed and ice floes is stretched out. It is a damp cold day, and the visibility is limited by fog and snow above the sea. It is difficult to see where the horizon goes from sea to sky. Only the man with the shrimp net breaks this large monotonous surface.

He probably pays no attention to me. His entire attention seems directed to the water holes in the sand. He wears a shrimp net on a long pole. A biologist on a field trip or a man trying to catch shrimps and crabs?

In my mind, he quickly becomes a shrimp-catcher. Except some flocks of seabirds which occasionally comes low flying along the coast, and the all-pervading foraging seagulls, the shrimp catcher is alone out there with his shrimp net.

He gives my picture perspective. I do not know, who he is, but I cannot help but to think that a person, who finds out here on the coast such a damp cold day in January, must share some values, which I also always am looking for: The value of feeling in harmony with the real nature.



The east-coast of Himmerland, Denmark, January 2016

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Go to the Text