

The beauty is in the details

Maybe I am getting old. Perhaps I am a bit lazy. I have got new habits.

When I am out in nature, I no longer have such a hurry to reach from one place to another. Instead I find a place where I can sit in peace and quiet and have a closer look at the details in the nature around me.

Not to sit and rest in a few minutes or half an hour. No for hours! I want to get the feeling that I become a part of the nature around me: Insects sits on my arm and take a rest. The ants do not anymore bother to bypass my boots, and take a shortcut over my legs. The birds are busy doing their work right over my head. A fox comes too close. It does not terrified run away, but considering just whether I really am worth being afraid of before

prowling on taking another route.

I open my mind for details around me. I see something that I would otherwise never have seen. In particular, I like to sit at the edge of a stream or a pond: Insects on the water surface, the spider web as a network stretched between dead trees. The sound of the wind in a dense rush bed.

This day I sit on the edge of a bog pool in Lille Vildmose in Himmerland in Denmark. I have mounted a macro lens on my camera, and down there in the bog hole filled with duckweed a leaf from a tree floats. The dead leaf forms in this lush green mass of duckweed a work of art with its orange red colour of death.

The dead leaf in its green grave is like the detail that often gets ignored.



The bog Lille Vildmose,
Himmerland, Denmark,
July 2016