

Kii-kii-kii

Heavy rain for hours. The dirt roads, the footpaths, the meadow and the wilderness in the bog are sopping wet. Only the vegetation of grasses and mosses keep us up safe from the deep swampy peat soil just below the roots of the plant.

The life on the bog seems to have come to a standstill. Far out in a swampy meadow a couple of cranes wade around in search of titbits in the shallow standing water. Some swans are stretching their necks to watch what we are doing. In the high grass, we occasionally can see the head of a deer foraging.

We only observe few birds on the mighty sky over the flat bog. Some young birds of the kestrel have taken off. They must have a wonderful experience now, shortly after leaving the nest, testing their innate flying abilities.

In front of us on a fence post we catch sight of a bird. The kestrel female. It chooses to be seated, although we gradually are close to its fence post.

Perhaps she is proud and shows us her young ones above us. Maybe she is just tired after having cared for the eggs and the chicks in two months in the bird's nest somewhere out here in the wilderness?

Kii-Kii-Kii the kids call up under the heavy rain clouds. The kestrel in front of us takes off and glides quickly across the meadow. It chooses a new vantage point in some small trees not far from us.

The female kestrel has no hurry. Right now there is plenty of food in the form of a lot of mice, which in the warm summer has seen the light of day out here on the vast bog.



The kestrel,
Falco tinnunculus,
Lille Vildmose in
Himmerland,
Denmark,
August 2016.