

What can be keeping the winter?

It is in the beginning of December. The winter seems again to be delayed. In this landscape in North Jutland in Denmark, the first frost has coloured the vegetation in the colours of autumn, but there has been no snowfall at all.

This day in the early December the Kongerslev Rectory Heath at the edge of Lille Vildmose feels wet and cold. The sun tries to heat the cold landscape up. Down in the valley, which adjoins the large grass slopes to the south, the landscape is shrouded in mist. The mist creates an exciting atmosphere among the scattered bushes and trees of the heath.

I sit down on a stump of tree and try to keep still. All around me the dead landscape wakes up. A hare is strutting around not far from me. Occasionally it stiffens and seems listening intense. But it does not be aware of me and continues to forage. Far out in the mist, I can hear a chainsaw work with firewood for the winter. The visibility is not good today, but the acoustic picture is clear.

This landscape is my native soil. It is the landscape of my childhood. Just as I, this landscape has changed over the years. It is not aged as I am, but many trees from my childhood have long ago disappeared.



Kongerslev Rectory Heath. North Jutland, Denmark, December 2014

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