

SORT VAND
DARK WATER

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Sort vand

Jeg bevæger mig langs en af de store tørvegrave ude i mosen. I dag er tørvegravene forladt af tørvearbejderne. De står fyldte med vand til bristepunktet. Det mørke, kolde vand er trængt ind overalt. Uden for den tiltrampede sti er mosen våd og forekommer på steder uden vegetation som bundløst mudder.

Solen er ved at gå ned. Jeg prøver at være rationel, men fantasien truer hele tiden med at spille mig et puds. Når jeg stirrer ned i det sorte vand, er det som at stirre ned i et mørkt, bundløst intet. Omkring mig vokser skyggerne op og danner figurer, som var de ikke af denne verden.

Tågen har for længst lagt sig over nogle af de laveste dele af mosen. Tågen stopper lydene. Jeg hører kun mit eget åndedræt og nogle gange et lille plop, når en gasboble bryder den blanke, stillestående vandoverflade. Er det en frø eller en salamander, der åndede under vandet? Eller måske

uddunstninger fra et dødt dyr, der er gået til bunds? Ufrivilligt kredser mine tanker om, hvorvidt der nede i mosens dyb fortsat ligger ukendte moselig, som aldrig er blevet fundet?

Vandet er en dræber. Træerne havde deres velmagtsdage, da mosen stod uberørt efter mosebruget, men fortsat blev drænet. Da var her tørt. Nu står træerne som fortabte kæmper med den nederste del af de mægtige stammer og rødderne nede i det sorte vand. Mange af træerne har også i år formået at sætte løv, men det lakker mod enden for disse prægtige organismer.

Det har været en solrig dag, men her i solnedgangens time mørknes himlen. Dystre skyer dækker nu størstedelen af den blå himmel. Jeg får en fornemmelse af afsondrethed herude på mosen. Omgivelserne er ikke længere venlige. Jeg tænker, at hvis der eksisterer dæmoner i denne verden, så må det være i dette øjeblik, de

kommer frem fra mørket.

Overfladen på det sorte vand er fyldt med dødt løv. Her ser jeg birkens blade, inden de forsvinder ned i dybet i det sorte vand. En hinde af olie fra de forliste blade driver rundt på vandoverfladen.

Snart vil nattens lyde dominere herude på den øde mose. Er det ræven, der græder et sted derude? Mine støvler sætter fodspor i den bløde mosejord, men aftrykket oversvømmes straks af det mørke vand. Hvis der sker mig noget, så vil ingen kunne følge mit spor.

Jeg har oplevet nogle af de fjerneste egne på jordkloden. Der hvor ingen mennesker bor, og hvor der før mig måske aldrig har været mennesker. Men her i mosen ved kanten af det sorte vand fornemmer jeg i tusmørket en større afsondrethed fra omverdenen, end jeg nogensinde før har oplevet.

Dark water

I am walking along one of the big peat banks out in the bog. Today, the peat banks are abandoned. They stay filled with water; the water has reached breaking point. The dark, cold water has penetrated everywhere. Outside the tread down path, the bog is wet and occurs in places without vegetation such as bottomless mud.

The sun is setting. I try to be rational, but the imagination keeps threatening to play me a puddle. When I stare down into the black water, it is like staring down into a dark, bottomless nothing. Around me, the shadows grow up and form shapes, as if they were not of this world.

The dense fog enveloped hours ago above some of the lowest parts of the bog. The fog brings the sounds to a stop. I only hear my own breath and sometimes a small plop, when a gas bubble breaks the glossy, stagnant water surface. Is it a frog or a salamander that breathed underwater? Or maybe discharges from a dead

animal that has gone down to the bottom? Involuntarily, my thoughts revolve around whether, deep in the depths of the bog, there are still unknown dead bodies of people from time immemorial, that have never been found?

The water is a killer. The trees had their days of power, when the bog stood untouched after the exploitation of the bog, and the bog was still drained. The ground was dry. Now the trees stand as lost, struggling with the lower part of the mighty stems and the roots down in the dark water. Also, this season many of the trees have managed to come into leaf, but it is limping towards the end of these magnificent organisms.

It has been a sunny day, but here in the hour of sunset the sky darkens. Now, gloomy clouds cover most of the blue sky. I get a sense of seclusion out here on the bog. The surroundings are no longer friendly. I think that if there are demons in this world, it must be in this moment

that they emerge from the darkness.

The surface of the black water is filled with dead foliage. Here I see the leaves of the birch before disappearing into the depths of the black water. A membrane of oil from the wrecked leaves drifts around on top of the water.

Soon, the sounds of the night will dominate out here on the deserted bog. Is it the fox crying somewhere out there? My boots set footprints in the soft bog soil, but the imprint is immediately flooded by the dark water. If anything happens to me, no one will be able to follow my track.

I have experienced some of the most remote regions on the Earth. Places, where no people live and perhaps where no human beings have been before. But in the twilight here in the bog at the edge of the black water, I sense a greater seclusion from the outside world, than I ever have experienced before.



Lille Vildmose, oktober 2019

The bog, Lille Vildmose, East Himmerland, October 2019



Lille Vildmose, september 2019

The bog, Lille Vildmose, East Himmerland, September 2019



Lille Vildmose, januar 2020

*The bog, Lille Vildmose,
East Himmerland, January 2020*



Lille Vildmose, august 2019

The bog, Lille Vildmose, East Himmerland, August 2019



Lille Vildmose, februar 2020

The bog, Lille Vildmose, East Himmerland, February 2020



Lille Vildmose, februar 2020

The bog, Lille Vildmose, East Himmerland, February 2020



Lille Vildmose, marts 2020

The bog, Lille Vildmose, East Himmerland, March 2020



Lille Vildmose, april 2019

The bog, Lille Vildmose, East Himmerland, April 2019



Lille Vildmose, juli 2019

The bog, Lille Vildmose, East Himmerland, July 2019



Lille Vildmose, marts 2020

The bog, Lille Vildmose, East Himmerland, March 2020



Lille Vildmose, juli 2019

The bog, Lille Vildmose, East Himmerland, July 2019

KOLOFON

*Ugens foto: Sort vand
Af Keld Jensen*

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COLOPHON

*Photo of the week: Dark water
By Keld Jensen*

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