

I AUDIENS
RESIVED IN AUDIENCE

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I audiens

Jeg er altid pokkers lang tid om at komme afsted. Mit grej skal pakkes. Cyklen skal tjekkes en sidste gang. Der skal lukkes og låses. Jeg er altid lidt irriteret på mig selv, når jeg hopper op på cyklen. Men denne irritation fordufter hurtigt.

Cyklen er et symbol for frihed for mig. Jeg suser af sted i al slags vejr. Det føles herligt at indånde den friske luft, og øjnene spiller levende for at få det hele med.

Normalt har jeg planlagt, hvor jeg vil cykle hen. I dag er turen endnu mere dedikeret. Jeg skal ud til et bestemt sted i den store mose. En bekendt har fortalt mig, at på dette sted har han for nyligt set isfuglen. Mit ærinde i dag er at tage direkte ud til stedet og fotografere denne skønhed, der med rette kan kaldes juvelen blandt danske fugle.

Cykelturen ud i mosen tager normalt under en halv time, men min erfaring fortæller mig, at der altid dukker noget op under vejs, som jeg lige skal se nærmere på eller fotografere. Det sker også i dag. På de oversvømmede marker gør regnsproven sig til for sin mage. Der er forår i luften her i midten af april.

Men jeg er fast besluttet på, at jeg skal nå ud

til stedet, hvor isfuglen måske fortsat befinder sig. Det er et vandløb på nogle få hundrede meter. Vandløbet forbinder to af mosens store søer. Begge søer er genetablerede efter tidligere at have været drænet bort. Den ene sø er faktisk netop blevet genetableret. Dette betyder, at store træer, der før stod på landjorden nu, står med rødderne i vand ude i kanten af søen.

Da jeg ankommer til mit mål, er der intet at se. Jo, masser af fugle ude på søen, og tæt på letter rastløse canadagæs fra søen, men de vender hurtigt tilbage. Deres instinkt fortæller dem, at de snart skal videre på deres rejse langt mod nord.

Jeg har egentligt opgivet mit oprindelige ærinde, og står bare og nyder fuglelivet omkring mig. Men pludselig lader juvelen sig se. Den sætter sig diskret på en vandret gren i de oversvømmede, væltede træer. Og der bliver den siddende.

Jeg fotograferer på livet løs, mens den lille fugl poserer ved at vende og dreje hovedet. Den lille fugl holder øje med mig.

Audiensen varede et kvarter, men jeg følte det som en evighed i audiens med denne fuglenes juvel.

Resived in audience

I am always slow to leave. My gear needs to be packed. The bike must be checked one last time. The house must be closed and locked. I am always a little annoyed at myself when I jump on the bike. But quickly this irritation evaporates.

The bike is a symbol of freedom for me. I am whizzing off in all weathers. It feels wonderful to breathe the fresh air, and the eyes play live to get it all in.

Normally, I have planned the route for my ride. Today, the tour is even more dedicated. I am going to a certain place in the great bog. A friend has told me that at this place, he recently has observed the kingfisher. Today, my errand is to go straight out to the place and photograph this beauty, which deserve to be titled the jewel among the Danish birds.

Usually, the bike ride out into the bog takes less than half an hour, but my experience tells me that something always pops up that I just need to look at or photograph. This happens again today. In the flooded fields, the curlew is active. Spring is in the air here in mid-April.

But I am determined that I should reach the

spot where the kingfisher may still be. The place is a small stream, about a few hundred meters long. The stream connects two of the lakes in the bog. Both lakes have been restored after previously being drained away. In fact, one lake has just been re-established. This means that large trees which used to be on the land now have their roots in water at the edge of the lake.

When I arrive at my goal, there is nothing to see. Yes, lots of birds out on the lake, and restless Canadian geese fly up from the lake, but they quickly return. Their instinct tells them, that they soon will be on their journey to the far north.

Actually, I have given up my original errand, and I am just enjoying the bird life around me. But suddenly the jewel shows itself. The bird sits discreetly on a horizontal branch in the flooded, fallen trees. And there it sits on.

I photograph for dear life. The little bird poses by turning its head, while it keeps an eye on me.

The audience lasted fifteen minutes, but I felt it like an eternity in the audience with this jewel of the birds.



Lille Vildmose, april 2018

The bog, Lille Vildmose, April 2018



Lille Vildmose, april 2019

The bog, Lille Vildmose, April 2019



Lille Vildmose, april 2020

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The bog, Lille Vildmose, April 2019



Lille Vildmose, april 2019

*The bog,
Lille Vildmose, April 2019*

KOLOFON

*Ugens foto: I audiens
Af Keld Jensen*

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COLOPHON

*Photo of the week: Received in audience
By Keld Jensen*

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