

My small cove

I have in the recent years had the pleasure of having a home right out to the fiord. From the flat, I can watch the beautiful rocky coast and the fiord. At this time of the year, the cold March, we experience incredible sunsets over the Akia peninsula on the other side of the fiord.

Just below my balcony is a small bog, where a small river leads its fresh water straight out into the fiord. The coast of the fiord forms a small natural cove here in my little valley. I follow from my windows the life in the small valley and the cove all the year round.

Here the dog owner finds space to walk his dog. Here the lovers hand in hand come sauntering to find the peacefulness. Here the families with young children on Sundays grill their sausages on a small fire. Here many people are testing their luck to catch a catfish or a cod.

The view varies from day to day and from hour to hour. The tide and the current are transporting icebergs and ice floes back and forth in the fiord. The large icebergs run aground until it is grinded at the bottom, and the tide again can bring it to deeper water. I often hear loud crashes when the stranded ice is breaking to pieces because the sea water has receded and get the ice floes to lose balance.

Twice a day the tide draws the sea level to its full height. The impact of the moon on our planet creates the tide that result in a variation in the sea level of three to five meters in the fiord. Quickly the small cove is filled with sea water, and the birds arrive to forage in the shallow waters. In March, the common eider, the purple sandpiper, the black guillemot, the razorbill and all the sea gull species dominate the small cove. Even the whales come close to the shore in their hunt for the capelins.

This little piece of nature is very important in my life. Even at night when I stand on the balcony and watch the northern lights, the ocean of the stars or the moonlight on the surface of the sea. In these moments the challenges of the everyday life are categorized as what they really are: Trivial, unimportant things in the stunning nature, we are surrounded by and are taking an active part in.

The Danish painter, poet, filmmaker and sculptor Per Kirkeby tells, that when he looks out in his garden, he enjoys the view, but he also gets insight. In Danish we have the words 'udsigt' and 'indsigt', like viewing out and at the same time looking inside your own deep thoughts. This is exactly what happens to me, when I am watching the life in my small cove.



Blue ice in the cove, Qernertunnguanut, March 2013