

The waterfall

September is a good month to hike at Nuuk. First of all, the cold night air finishes the mosquitoes and other insects off. Simultaneously, the night frost is given the vegetation the beautiful red, orange and brown colours of autumn.

Up to this weekend there was a heavy fall of rain, and I knew that the landscape in the wilderness outside the town will be as changed, because even the smallest streams would be swollen. In several places, I have great difficulty in moving forward when the rivers led as much water from the mountains.

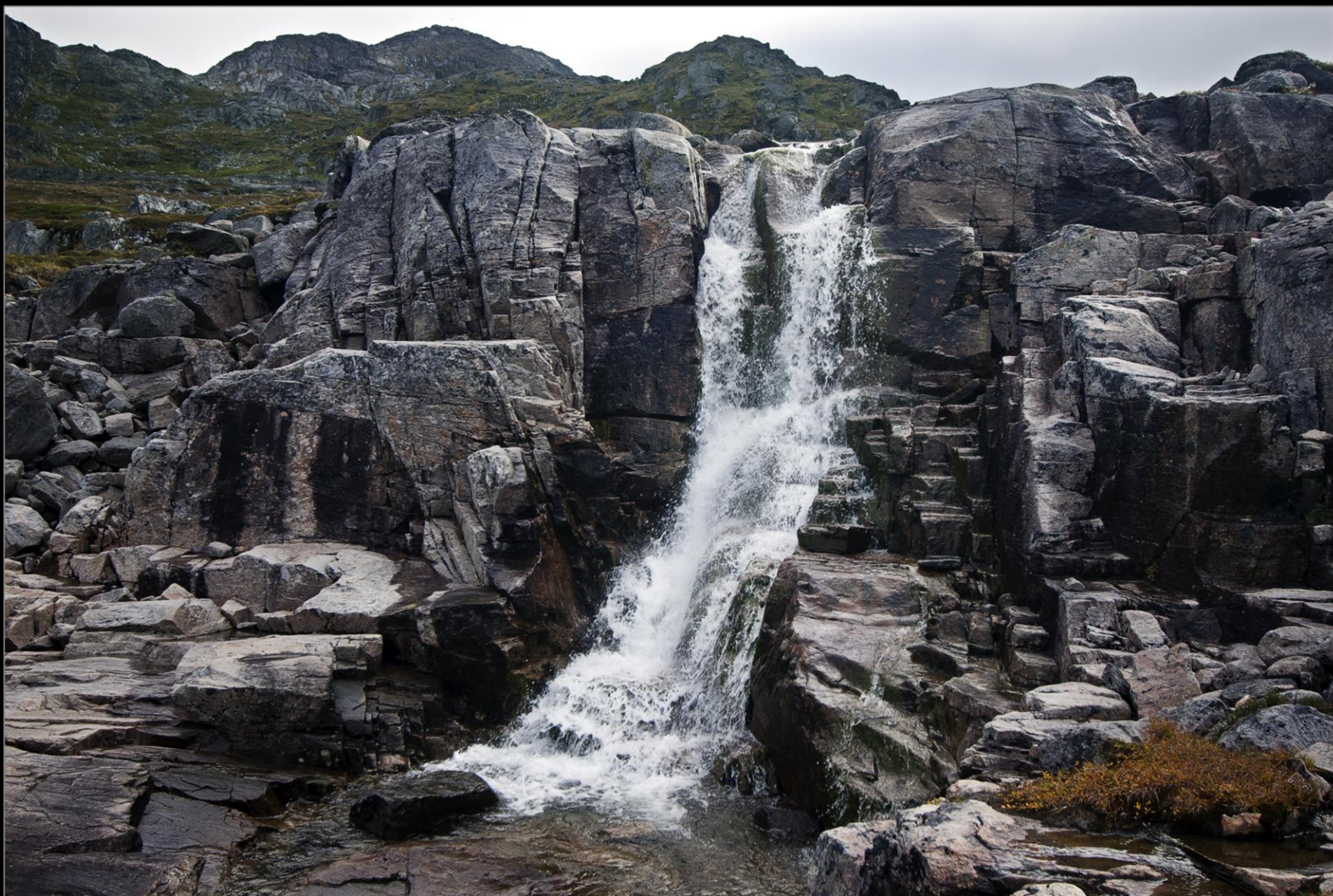
Some distance east of the town is a valley where a few large rivers carry water from the mountains down to the fiord. From certain vantage points you can watch and hear several big or small waterfalls where the water is in a perpetual current flow over the edge of a cliff and falls

several meters. Out here on a quiet day in autumn, the silence only is broken by the roar of the waterfalls.

This day, I feel the urge to sit very near one of these waterfalls. Some of the water from the rushing river reaches right up and sits down in small drops on my rain gear. The rain gear is necessary because there are constantly new rain showers in the valley. With me, I have a small vacuum jug of hot coffee.

My thoughts are running wild, while I watch this natural work of art. It is as if millennia of erosion of rocks by water, frost and ice have planned everything down to the smallest detail. Every detail seems so perfect and the colours of the wet stones could not be chosen better.

Is my condition, seated at the foot of the waterfall of the river, what we call being in harmony with nature?



Waterfall outside Nuuk, September 2005

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Go to the Text