

The man on the ice

I did not spot the man on the ice before I already had taken the photograph. You have to look carefully to find him and the footprints he has formed in the snow on the ice of the lake.

This Sunday afternoon the frost is biting extra hard in the skin. My eyebrows are already covered by a thin layer of ice, and my eyes are watered. Perhaps this is the explanation for why I did not see the man on the ice in the first place? That I did not immediately spot him is telling me how huge this landscape is. From my position, he seems no bigger than an ant.

While the day draws to its close, the weather seems to change. The sun has shone all day long. It is like walking into a huge sea of light. The snow on the mountains around the town and the lake reflects the rays of the sun as a large uneven mirror.

The sun sets. It draws long shadows across the large snow- and ice-covered lake, as I watch the scenery from my place up here on the mountain. Soon the sun will no longer be able to reach the surface of the lake. And the man down there must walk home in the evening twilight.

Up in the sky storm clouds are formed. On the horizon the emerging wind already has started the snowdrift on the top of the mountains. A cold tongue of white clouds drifts slowly over the nearest mountain. Soon the top of the mountain will be shrouded in clouds.

The man on the ice maybe is aware of the changes. But his view is not as good as mine. Hopefully he is well prepared, so he safely copes with the cold on the long walk back to the town, now that the heat of the sunrays soon will leave him.



The lake Storesøen outside Qaqortoq, February 2014