

Silence is not a human right

I often wonder how my friends are feeling in Denmark. On the way somewhere on the highway, in the subway, on the bus.

Here on the edge of the Greenlandic ice sheet, there is no traffic, no noise and no hurry.

I often wonder what it must be to live in Beijing. People everywhere, laughter, cry, children who shout with joy or weep bitterly.

Here on the edge of the ice sheet not a soul as far as the eye can see. The only leaving traces are made by the reindeers, when they migrate between the mountains.

I often wonder what it must be to live in London. Flashing electric signs. Music that thunders from inside the bustling pubs.

Here on the edge of the ice sheet it is the sun, which forms the dancing light. To the west the sky light up as a result of the reflection from the enormous ice sheet.

I often wonder what it must be to live in New York. A beautiful skyline. An eternal buzzing of cars, planes and trains, which carries millions back and forth in the big city.

Here in the wilderness on the edge of the ice sheet only the wind forms the sounds. When the wind is moderating, the mountains along the Greenlandic ice sheet are in a state of silence.

I often wonder why silence is not a human right.



Wilderness on the edge of the ice sheet, east of Kangerlussuaq , July 2010

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Quit

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