

Longing for spring

These days, I am looking forward to the spring. Soon, the harsh winter will lose its grip. Soon, the feeling of being frozen to the marrow will be replaced by warmer days when I can sit outside and enjoy the fresh air and the coming of spring.

Everything is prepared for the spring. The ravens are flirting everywhere: Flying in the air, on the rooftops and also prancing around on the icebergs that have run aground outside the harbour. The snow bunting males are doing everything to impress their chosen mate.

A lot of signs remind me of spring. Here in South Greenland, I expect first and foremost that I relive the fresh and raw smell of humus and the smell of heather and crowberry.

Trees and shrubs are ready. The buds of the trees are bursting with power; a few weeks from now the green leaves will fold out.

The human beings continue to reside anywhere indoors, but in a few weeks or days they will open the doors and windows, and let the warm fresh air refill the living rooms with new life, and the roads and the squares will again be filled with people taking care about each other.

I am looking forward to walk out into the wilderness around the town and see how the flora and fauna make use of the heat of the sun, and how life once again fills the vast wildernesses with new colours and life.

The oldest houses in my hometown Qaqortoq here in southern Greenland have their own beautiful expression. In winter, they act as cosy and warm environment for our lives. In the spring they get new colours clothed in the warm rays of the sun. Another summer they will attract the attention of our guests as they have done for centuries.



Qaqortoq, March 2014

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Go to the Text