

A need for peace and quietness

A few times a year I travel from my residence Qaqortoq to my birthplace in Himmerland in Denmark. It is a long journey with stopovers and large parts of the journey takes place over a deserted ocean only interrupted by small isolated islands.

But when we arrive down over Denmark, we watch from the altitude ten kilometres above a dense pattern of light from large and small urban communities. A beautiful mosaic seen from ten kilometres altitude, but I must admit that I get a feeling of claustrophobia of an area, where people live site by site.

If I have the opportunity to visit the centre of Copenhagen my claustrophobia increases. The difference from my hometown Qaqortoq and South Greenland to this inferno of people,

noise, traffic and vision impressions quickly becomes far too much for me.

Out in the Danish countryside I all along notice, how busy people in the region in various ways breaks into my experience of nature: A train passes a place on a nearby railway, an aircraft is forming vapour trails in the sky and maybe let themselves hear, and everywhere people are driving around in their cars on their way from place to place in their busy everyday life.

Cyclists and other wandering people are popping up everywhere. It is difficult to find peace anywhere in these areas. In this situation I am going to miss the peace and quietness, which is not so difficult to find in the landscape of South Greenland.



East of Narsarsuaq, South Greenland, July 2016

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