

Evening mood

This evening the wind died down. It is winter, and the bog is lonely all by itself while the birds are migrated to the south or out to sea.

The cold dark bog water reflects the late evening sun. The trees are trying to survive with their roots down in the cold bog water. December darkness will soon fall, and without moonlight the bog will soon be in complete profound darkness. You can feel lonely out here in the wet, dark bog.

This year no snow fell in December. Many places the farmers' fields were places of lush green of winter barley. Whooper swans arrived from the northern Scandinavia and foraged on these green oases.

But out in the open bog nothing is green. Everything has gone into hibernation. On our trip through the bog, we only see a few birds of prey exploring the flat landscape. They hunt the rodents that have to overwinter in the bog.

It is difficult to imagine; but in three or four months the bog once again will be filled with life. The lakes in the bog will be filled with all sorts of birds and the big areas of rush will be buzzing with life.



*Evening mood, Lille Vildmose,
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