

## Down by the small river

The evening darkness sets in. The swallows are busy, catching the last insects this summer day. They fly low over the rush bed. The rush is moving slightly in the wind, but still some of the swallows manage to catch the straw close to the top. The waving rush is perhaps their night's lodging.

The ripe wheat in the open fields is coloured very yellow by the last rays of the sun. In a few days the combine harvester will eat its way through the straw and just a stubble field will be left.

The only intruder in this perfect idyll is the horsefly. The horses in the field are half asleep flicking their tails. They stand close to each other to protect themselves from the painful bite from this insect.

The small river meanders like a dark line through the valley. Although the summer has long been dry, the river is filled with water from the tributaries further up the river run. It feels comforting to regard the quiet flowing, dark water.

The small river is surrounded by high vegetation on both sides. Here at the old railway bridge over the river, it is the grass that dominates. The last rays of the sun strike the grass, while the dark waters of the river form the background.



*Lindborg Å behind Komdrup, Himmerland in Denmark, July 2013*

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