

MOSEKONENS BRYG

THE BREWING OF THE BOG WIFE

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Nr. 43, november 2019

No. 43, November 2019

Mosekonens bryg

Videnskabsfolkene har forklaringen på alt. Universet, stjernerne, vores klode, ja, selv det mindste kryb på planeten Jorden har de udforsket.

Dette gælder også den tåge, der denne morgen dækker den kolde, våde mose. Den videnskabelige forklaring på, at der dannes tåge, er, at vandet i søer og grøfter og i jordbunden er betydeligt varmere end luften over landskabet.

Men vi ved jo godt, at videnskabsfolkene tager fejl. Den sandfærdige og ældgamle forklaring på tågen er mosekonens arbejde. Hun brygger. Mosekonens bryg. Mosekonen er ikke en af os. Hun tilhører de underjordiske.

Vi bevæger os ind i mosen lidt før solopgang. Mod øst er himlen oplyst i sarte lyse nuancer. Solen står lige under horisonten, og mosen

ligger fortsat i tusmørke. Overalt ligger et dække af tæt tåge.

Mosen tager sig anderledes ud, når vi befinder os inde i tågen og i tusmørket. Afstandene virker større end normalt. Det føles som om, at mosen har foldet sig ud og nu dækker et langt større område. Også lydene er anderledes. Stemmerne fra tusindvis af gæs og sangsvaner virker mere intense end normalt.

Røgen fra mosekonens bryg ligger ikke stille. Tågen bevæger sig hele tiden. Nogle gange fortættes den, og svanerne på søen er ikke længere synlige. Pludselig kommer de til syne igen.

Jeg kender mosens landskab, men meget er fremmed denne tidlige morgenstund. Det er ikke sidste gang, at jeg før morgengry bevæger mig ind i tågen fra mosekonens bryg.

The brewing of the bog wife

The scientists have an explanation of everything. The universe, the stars, our planet, yes, even the smallest creepy thing on planet Earth they have explored.

This also applies to the fog which this morning covers the cold, wet bog. The scientific explanation for the formation of this fog is, that the water in the lakes, in the ditches and in the soil is considerably warmer than the air above.

But we know the scientists get it wrong. The truthful and ancient explanation of the fog is the work of the bog wife. She is brewing. The brewing of the bog wife. The bog wife is not one of us. She belongs to the subterranean spirits.

Shortly before sunrise we are moving into the bog. To the east, the sky is illuminated in delicate shades of light. The sun is just

below the horizon, and the bog remains in the twilight. Everywhere a cover of dense fog envelope the landscape.

The bog looks different, when we are inside the fog and in the twilight. The distances seem larger than usual. It feels like the bog has folded out and now covers a much larger area. Also, the sounds are different. The voices of thousands of geese and whooper swans seem more intense than usual.

The smoke from the brewing bog wife does not lie still. All along the fog is moving. Sometimes it condenses and the swans on the lake are no longer visible. Suddenly they come into sight again.

I know the landscape of the bog, but this early morning much is strange. It will not be the last time that I move into the brew of the bog wife before dawn.



Lille Vildmose, Himmerland, november 2019

The bog Lille Vildmose, Himmerland, November 2019



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KOLOFON

*Ugens foto: Mosekonens bryg
Af Keld Jensen*

*PDF Version 1
Oprindeligt publiceret november 2019*

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COLOPHON

*Photo of the week: The brewing of the bog wife
By Keld Jensen*

*PDF Version 1
Originally Published November 2019*

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