

VERDENS UDKANT

THE EDGE OF THE WORLD

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Nr. 22, juni 2020

No. 22, June 2020

Verdens udkant

Mosen ligger øde hen. Udbredt regn og en kold vind. Vi er alene herude.

Mosen tager sig anderledes ud, end sidste gang vi besøgte den. Solen og lyset er blevet til tusmørke. Det flade landskab virker koldt og uvenligt. Regnen og disen lukker horisonten til. Sigtbarheden er begrænset.

Det er i denne slags vejr, at mosen igen bliver det oprindelige, mytiske sted, som vores forfædre frygtede. Her kan fantasien virkelig spille en et puds. Man mærker mosens sjæl.

En vandretur på højmosen i den slags vejr er vanskelig. Regnen gør alt dyngvådt, og det

er ikke til at vide, om man træder i en lille vandpyt eller træder ned i et bundløst mud-der. Overalt er lyng og siv gennemkrydset af dyrenes stier, men for et tobenet menneske virker det ufremkommeligt.

Den store højmoses kæmpemæssige flade forsvinder i regnbygerne. Kun hen over søen ser vi liv. I tusindvis af hjejler letter fra søens bred. Noget har gjort dem urolige. Ude i disen danner de en mørk sky i deres søgen efter et nyt sted at slå sig ned.

Denne dag føles vildmosen som det, den engang var for vores forfædre: Verdens udkant.

The edge of the world

The bog lies waste. Widespread rain and a cold wind. We are alone out here.

The bog looks different than the last time, we visited it. The sun and light have turned into twilight. The flat landscape seems cold and unfriendly. The rain and haze close the horizon. The visibility is limited.

It is in this kind of weather, that the bog again becomes the original, mythical place our ancestors feared. Now, the imagination really can play you a trick. You feel the soul of the bog.

In this kind of weather, a hike on the bog is difficult. The rain makes everything

drenched, and you cannot be sure, if you are stepping into a little puddle or stepping into a bottomless mud. Everywhere, heather and reeds are traversed by tracks trodden by wild animals, but for a two-legged human it seems impassable.

The huge flat surface of the large bog disappears in the rain showers. Only across the lake, we watch life. Thousands of golden plovers flush from the shores of the lake. Something has alarmed them. Out in the mist, they form a dark cloud in search of a new place to settle.

This day, the wild bog feels like what it once was for our ancestors: The edge of the world.



Lille Vildmose, Himmerland, november 2018

The bog, Lille Vildmose, Himmerland, November 2018



Lille Vildmose, Himmerland, november 2018

The bog, Lille Vildmose, Himmerland, November 2018



Lille Vildmose, Himmerland, januar 2020

The bog, Lille Vildmose, Himmerland, January 2020



Lille Vildmose, Himmerland, oktober 2019

The bog, Lille Vildmose, Himmerland, October 2019



Lille Vildmose, Himmerland, november 2018

The bog, Lille Vildmose, Himmerland, November 2018



Lille Vildmose, Himmerland, februar 2020

The bog, Lille Vildmose, Himmerland, February 2020



Lille Vildmose, Himmerland, oktober 2019

The bog, Lille Vildmose, Himmerland, October 2019



Lille Vildmose, Himmerland, november 2018

The bog, Lille Vildmose, Himmerland, November 2018



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KOLOFON

*Ugens foto: Verdens udkant
Af Keld Jensen*

*PDF Version 1
Oprindeligt publiceret juni 2020*

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COLOPHON

*Photo of the week: The edge of the world
By Keld Jensen*

*PDF Version 1
Originally Published June 2020*

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