

HAR DU SET NOGET?
HAVE YOU SEEN ANYTHING?

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Har du set noget?

Få kilometers cykeltur fra mit hus åbner der sig en helt ny verden. En verden i den dybeste harmoni som kun naturen kan skabe.

Jeg sætter min cykel op af et hegn. Jeg får travlt med at finde mit fotogrej frem. Tæt på grusvejen, inde mellem sivene, kan jeg høre rørdrummens mærkværdige stemme. Efter få minutter står jeg klar, men rørdrummen har ikke tænkt sig at lade sig fotografere i dag. Den forbliver gemt i rørskoven.

Nu venter en gåtur på omkring tre kilometer på grusvejen. En del naturturister har fundet samme idé, men de sidder inde i deres biler, mens de stirrer ud ad vinduerne. Nogle ruller vinduet ned: *"Har du set noget?"* Jeg svarer afvisende. Det virker så absurd. De mener elgene. De vil se elgene.

Det andet er ikke interessant for dem. Bilens motorlarm og deres snak gør, at de ikke kan høre de hundredvis af lærker, viber og andre fugle, der begejstret fortæller om deres tilstedeværelse. Gæssene ser de måske heller ikke. De store fugle holder sig også i baggrunden,

mens de holder øje med deres små, sårbare gæslinger. *"Har du set noget?"*

På min gåtur ser jeg små og store flokke af de smukke traner. Jeg gætter på, at omkring et hundrede af de store fugle står inde på græsmarkerne i behørig afstand fra vejens trafik. *"Har du set noget?"*

Et rødben poserer på en pæl. Havørnen er på ekspedition hen over det lavvandede område med de lækre gæslinger. En rå tumler ud på græsmarken fra rørskoven. Den forsvinder hurtigt igen. Den har nok sit lam inde i skjullet. *"Har du set noget?"*

På en rusten marktromle har en lille tue af mos slået rod. Bladene fra kløverplanterne danner et grønt tæppe af friske grønne farver. Overalt står mælkebøtten med dens gule kurveblomster i stærk kontrast til de grønne farver. *"Har du set noget?"*

Da jeg når tilbage til cyklen, er jeg træt, men glad. Jeg har ikke set de indhegnede elge, og har-du-set-noget-trafikanterne er for længst forsvundet i deres jagt på naturoplevelser.

Have you seen anything?

A few kilometres of bike ride from my house, a whole new world opens. A world in the deepest harmony, which only nature can create.

I put my bicycle up against a fence. I make haste to find my photo kit. Close to the dirt road, between the reeds, I can hear the strange voice of the bittern. After a few minutes, I am ready, but the bittern does not want to be photographed today. It remains hidden in the forest of reeds.

Now, a walk of about three kilometres waits on the dirt road. Some nature tourists have found the same idea, but they sit inside their cars as they stare out the windows. Some roll down the window: *"Have you seen anything?"* I rebuff. It seems so absurd. They mean, have I seen the moose. They want to see the moose.

Everything else seems not to have their interest. The noise of the car and their talk, make it impossible for them to hear the hundreds of larks, lapwings and other birds, which enthusiastically tell about their presence. Also, the geese they perhaps fail to notice. These large birds stay in the background while

keeping an eye on their small, vulnerable goslings. *"Have you seen anything?"*

On my walk I see small and large flocks of the beautiful cranes. I size up about a hundred of the big birds standing on the grass fields at a proper distance from the traffic on the dirt road. *"Have you seen anything?"*

A redshank poses on a fence post. The sea eagle is on an expedition across the shallow water with the delicious goslings. A roe tumbles out onto the grass field from the reed forest. Quickly, it disappears again. Probably, it has a lamb in the reed forest. *"Have you seen anything?"*

On a rusty roller, a small tuft of moss has taken root. The leaves from the clover plants form a green carpet of fresh green colours. Everywhere the dandelion with its yellow flowers stands in sharp contrast to the green colours. *"Have you seen anything?"*

When I get back to the bike, I am tired but happy. I have not seen the fenced in moose, and for a long time ago the have-you-seen-anything road users have disappeared in search of their nature adventure.



Lille Vildmose, maj 2021

The bog, Lille Vildmose, East Himmerland, May 2021



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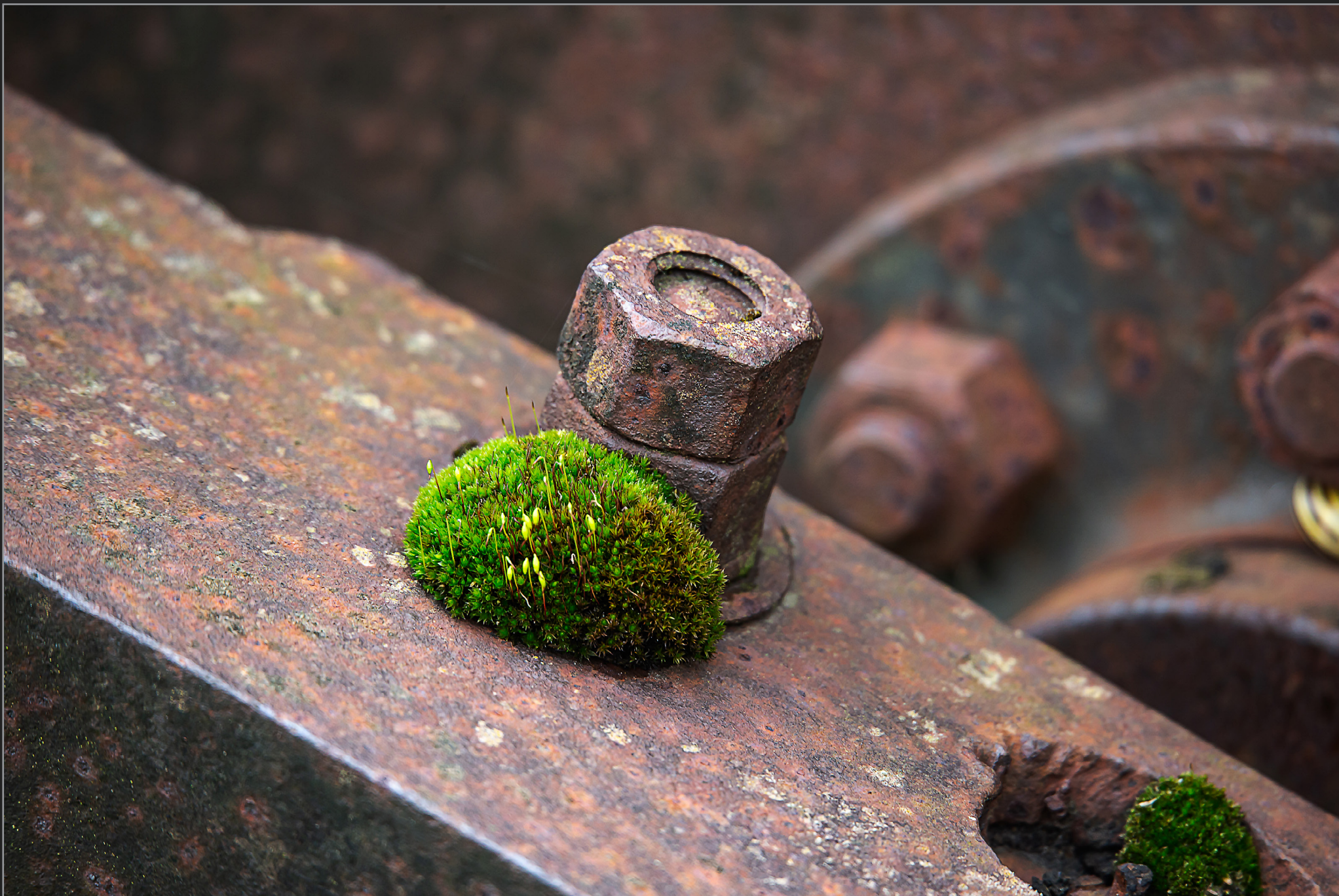
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KOLOFON

*Ugens foto: Har du set noget?
Af Keld Jensen*

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COLOPHON

*Photo of the week: Have you seen anything?
By Keld Jensen*

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