

UNDER DRIVENDE SKYER UNDER DRIFTING CLOUDS

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Under drivende skyer

Ligger på ryggen i den dybe vegetation ved bredden af åen. Deroppe driver skyerne forbi. Mine tanker kredser omkring det, som vi ikke kan se, den atmosfære, der fylder rummet fra min plads nede i vildnisset op til skyerne. Luften – det usynlige. En forunderlig fornemmelse af det, vi ikke kan se, men som er så vigtigt for vores liv her på planeten.

Den store å løber lydløst forbi mit sted. Vandet finder sin vej i en blød, smidig bevægelse. Ingen krusninger på vandoverfladen. En lille brise får sivene til at bevæge sig, men intet andet høres. Utroligt at tusinder af liter vand løber lige forbi mit sted – så stille og i så rolig en bevægelse.

Det er en sælsom oplevelse. Intetheden. Det vi ikke kan se mellem os selv og skyerne deroppe. Vandet der strømmer forbi uden at afgive den mindste lyd. Hvor kan intetheden være smuk.

Jeg kommer til at tænke på Hemingways novelle, Store overvældende flod, om Nick, der tager ud at fiske ved floden. Hemingway følte, at han selv var en for kedelig person at skrive om, så han opfandt figuren Nick, der oplever en masse spændende. Men i denne novelle sker der intet særligt – og det er netop det, der gør den novelle til noget særligt.

Den oplevelse, jeg har her ved åen, føles virkelig som noget særligt.

Under drifting clouds

Lies on my back in the deep vegetation on the banks of the small river. Up there, the clouds drift past. My thoughts are about what we cannot see, the atmosphere that fills the room from my place down in the vegetation up to the clouds. The air - the invisible. A wonderful sense of what we cannot see, but which is so important for our lives on the planet.

Silently, the small river flows past my place. The water finds its way in a soft, supple motion. No ripples on the water surface. A small breeze makes the reeds move, but nothing else is heard. Amazing, that thousands of gallons of water run right close beside me – so quiet and in such a calm motion.

It is a strange experience. Nothingness. What we cannot see between ourselves and the clouds up there. The water flowing by without making the slightest sound. How beautiful nothingness can be.

I remember Hemingway's short story, Big Two-Hearted River. About Nick going fishing by the river. Hemingway felt that he himself was too boring a person to write about, so he invented the character Nick, who experiences a lot of exciting. But in this short story, nothing special happens – and that is precisely, what makes this short story special.

The experience, I have by the small river really feels like something special.



Lindenborg Å, juni 2015

The small river, Lindenborg Å, June 2015



Lindenberg Å, juni 2018

The small river, Lindenberg Å, June 2018



Lindborg Å, juni 2018

The small river, Lindborg Å, June 2018



Lindenberg Å, juli 2016

The small river, Lindenberg Å, July 2016



Lindenberg Å, juli 2017

The small river, Lindenberg Å, July 2017



Lindenberg Å, juli 2017

The small river, Lindenberg Å, July 2017



Vandløb i Rold skov, juli 2017

A small river, The Forest Rold, July 2017



Lindenberg Å, juni 2015

The small river, Lindenberg Å, June 2015



Lindenberg Å, oktober 2019

The small river, Lindenberg Å, October 2019



Lindenberg Å, juni 2015

The small river, Lindenberg Å, June 2015



Lindenborg Å, juni 2018

The small river, Lindenborg Å, June 2018



Lindenberg Å, juli 2017

The small river, Lindenberg Å, July 2017

KOLOFON

*Ugens foto: Under drivende skyer
Af Keld Jensen*

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COLOPHON

*Photo of the week: Under drifting clouds
By Keld Jensen*

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