

FORVANDLINGEN THE TRANSFORMATION

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Forvandlingen

Mosen virker lys og åben. Hestene på de åbne marker virker kåde. Der, på en hegnspæl sidder rødbenet. Vedefuglen med de lange røde ben fortæller alle, at nu kommer der en fredsforstyrrer. Fuglen er en værre sladderhank.

Tunge regnskyer dukker op i horisonten. Fra vest trækker et regnvejr ind over mosen. Fuglene på himlen finder ly. Fra deres opholdssted sidder de og skutter sig, da regnen når dem. Mosen er pludselig som forvandlet. Nogle hårde vindstød får mig til at gyse. Luf-ten virker pludselig så kølig.

Alt bliver mørkt, vådt og koldt. Jeg bevæger mig fra de åbne marker ind i sumpskoven af små træer og krat. Spindelvæv hænger ned fra grenene fyldt med regndråber. En ræv skriger et sted derude. Hvad vil den fortælle? Var det et angstskrig?

De gamle tørvegrave, der førhen var drænet for vand og stod begroet med lyng, krat og træer, er nu store bassiner med stillestående, koldt, mørkt vand. Tørvejorden farver vandet sortbrunt.

Mange steder strækker grene i toppen af buske og træer fortsat op fra dybet. Birketræet

døde, da vandstanden igen blev hævet i mosen. De fattige rester af den døde træstamme er nu udkigspost for rovfuglen på dens jagt efter byttet nede i vildniset. Nogle steder kæmper store træer for overlevelse. De står med det nederste af stammen og rødderne i mosens kolde vand.

Inde i det tætte krat er der dybe vandhuller med mørkt, brunt, koldt vand. Næsten skjult af bregnerne. Olie fra dødt plantemateriale ligger som en blå hinde hen over overfladen på det stille vand. Det bliver den sidste olie for mange insekter, der er blæst ned på vandoverfladen. De bliver snart opslugt af dybet.

Mosens grund bevæger sig under mine fødder. Jeg ved, at tørvelaget her er mange meter dybt. Tørvelagenes døde, vandmættede og sure miljø fortæller historien om for længst forsvundne tider. Det sure miljø og fraværet af ilt nede i tørvemassen konserverer alt det nu døde.

På min vej igennem vildniset får jeg fornemmelsen af en anden verden. Grene griber ud efter mig, mens jeg forsøger at finde vej ud af labyrinten af vandhuller i den mørke sump.

The transformation

The bog seems bright and open. The horses in the open fields seem playful. There, on a fence post sits the redshank. The wading bird with the long red legs tells everyone the arrival of a disturber of peace. The bird is a devil of a gossip.

Heavy rain clouds appear on the horizon. From the west, a rainstorm sweeps over the bog. The birds in the sky find shelter. From their whereabouts, they sit and shake themselves as the rain reaches them. The bog is suddenly as if transformed. Some harsh gusts of wind make me shudder. Suddenly, the air seems so cool.

Everything gets dark, wet and cold. I move from the open fields into the swamp forest of small trees and scrub. Filled with raindrops, cobwebs hang down from the branches. Somewhere out there, a fox is screaming. What will it tell? Was it a cry of terror?

The old peat banks, which used to be drained and were overgrown with heather, scrub and trees, are now large basins with stagnant, cold, dark water. The peat soil colours the water blackish brown.

In many places, branches at the tops of shrubs and trees continue to stretch up from

the depths. The birch tree died when the water level again was raised in the bog. Now, the poor remains of the dead tree trunk are the observation post for the bird of prey hunting for the prey down in the tangle. All over the place, large trees are fighting for survival. They stand with the bottom of the stem and the roots in the cold water of the bog.

Inside the dense tangle there are deep waterholes with dark, brown, cold water. Almost hidden by the ferns. Oil from dead remains of plants lies like a blue membrane over the surface of the still water. It will be the last oil for many insects blown down on the surface of the water. They are soon engulfed by the deep.

The ground of the bog moves under my feet. I know that the layer of peat is many meters deep. The dead, water-saturated and acidic environment of peat layers tells the story of days of long ago. Down in the mass of peat, the acidic environment and the absence of oxygen preserve all the now dead.

On my way through the wilderness, I get the feeling of another world. Branches reach out for me as I try to find my way out of the labyrinth of waterholes in the dark bog.



Lille Vildmose, Østhimmerland, juli 2012

The bog, Lille Vildmose, East Himmerland, July 2012



Lille Vildmose, Østhimmerland, juni 2015

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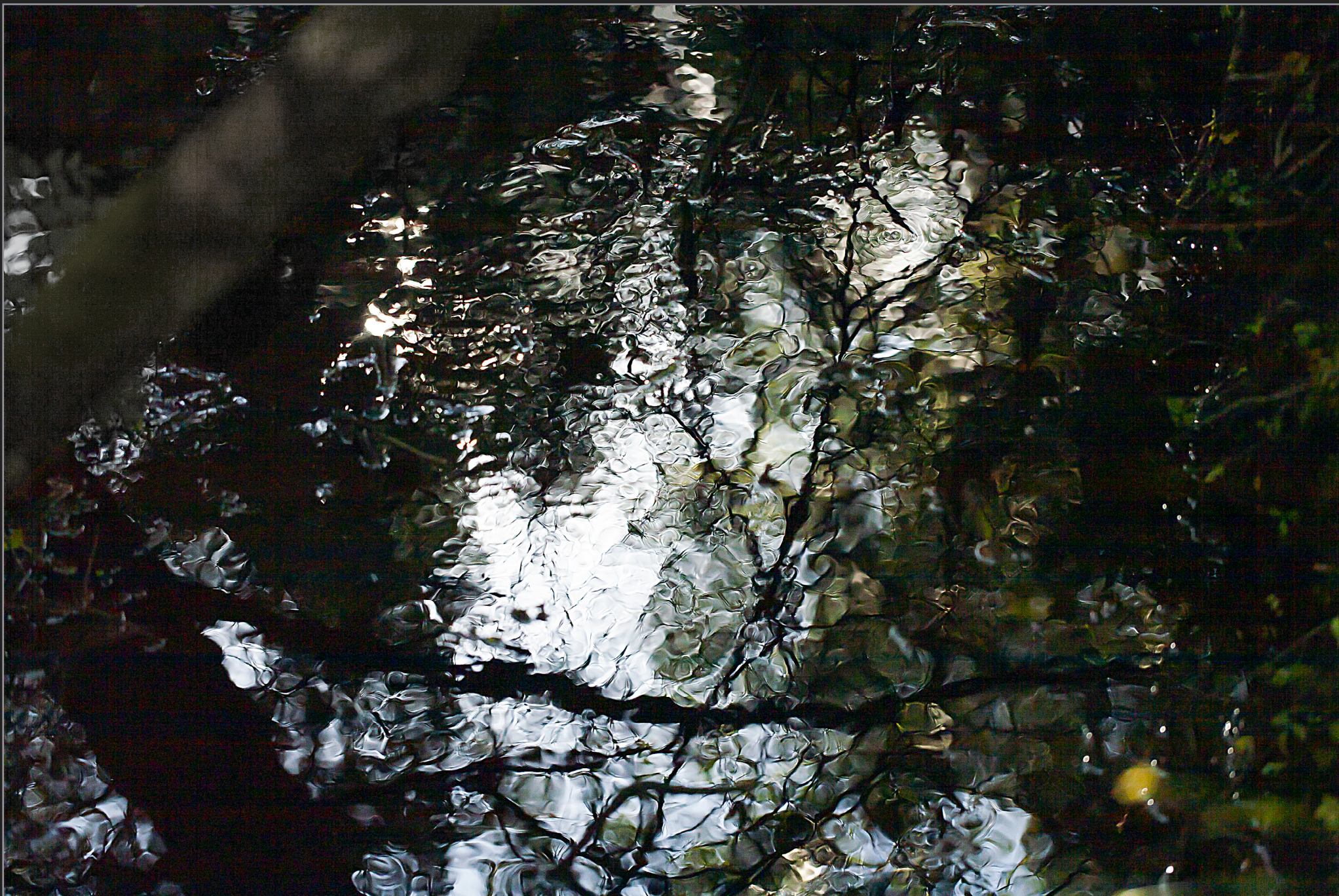
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KOLOFON

*Ugens foto: Forvandlingen
Af Keld Jensen*

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COLOPHON

*Photo of the week: The transformation
By Keld Jensen*

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