

VERDENER I VERDENER WORLDS WITHIN WORLDS

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Verdener i verdener

Min have er mit private univers. Siddende på terrassen har jeg udsigt til græsplæne, rododendron buske, bregner, træer og det store hindbærkrat.

Men går jeg lidt tættere på, så indeholder mit univers nye små universer. Nede i græsset står tusindfryd blomsten. Her gemmer sneglen sig, og i rododendron buskens blomster kan jeg spotte myrer, bier og andre insekter.

Hindbærkrattet dækker over dets egne hemmeligheder. De er ikke til at få øje på, men jeg jo høre havesangerens synge derinde i krattet, og jeg lytter dagen lang til gærdesmuttens hidsige, høje fløjt. Hen på aftenen dukker pindsvinet frem fra krattet. Den

tykke, drægtige pindsvine-so skal hen til fuglenes bad og slukke tørsten.

I en busk er der et kæmpespind, som var en edderkop faret vild i sit eget fangstnet. Men inde i dette spind er der et nyt univers. Et univers fyldt med larver, der spiser sig mætte, indtil de kan forpuppe sig, og blive til smukke flyvende insekter, måske en lille bladhveps.

Min have er mit private univers. Måske skal jeg kalde det mine private verdener. For inde i den verden, jeg betragter med glæde hver dag, gemmer der sig nye verdener af små sårbare økosystemer med dyr og vækster, jeg end ikke kender navnene på.

Worlds with worlds

My garden is my private universe. Sitting on the terrace, I have a view of the lawn, rhododendron bushes, ferns, trees, and the large raspberry thicket.

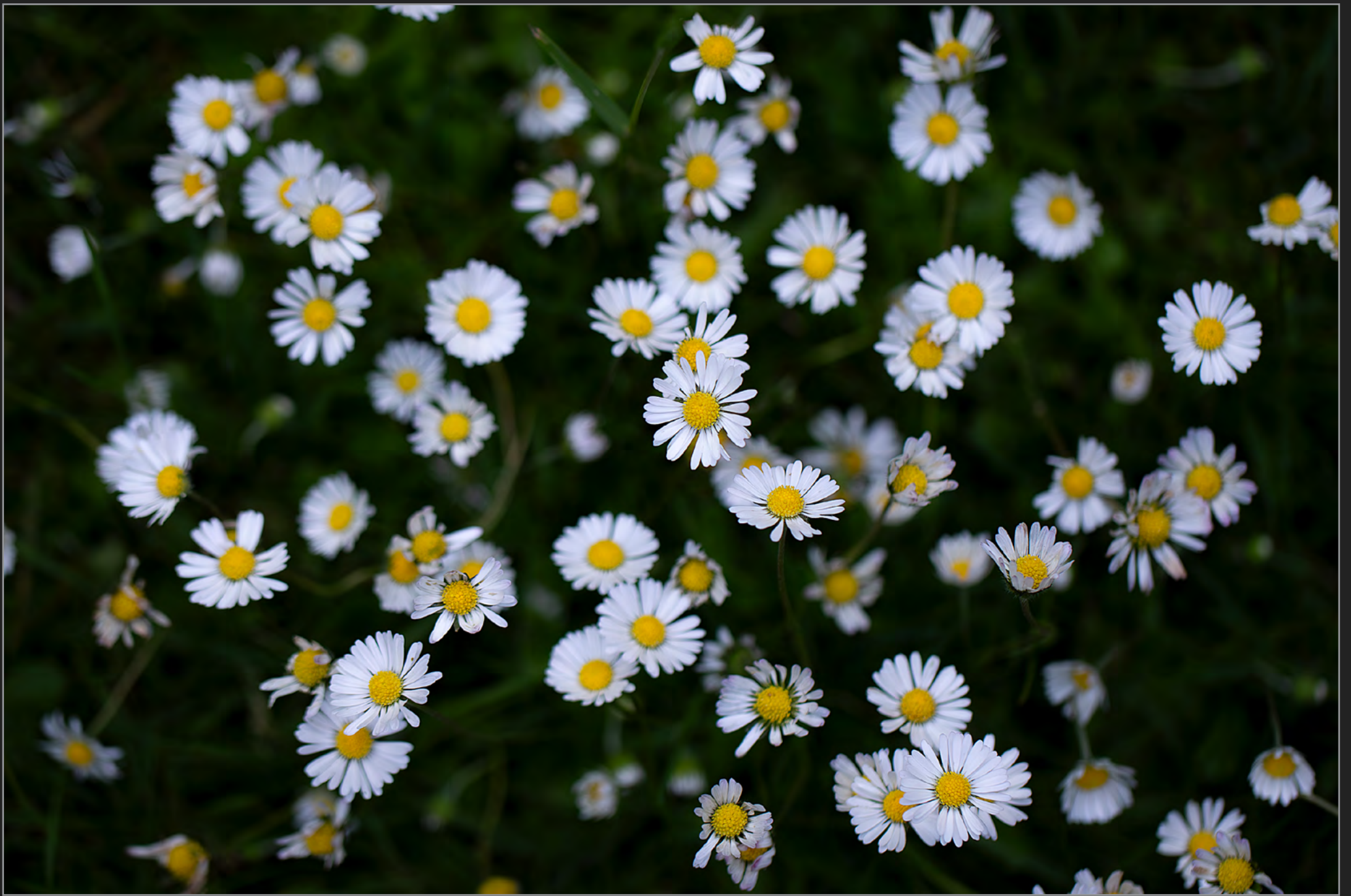
But when I look a little closer, my universe contains new small universes. Down in the grass stands the daisy flower. Here, the snail hides, and in the flowers of the rhododendron bush, I can spot ants, bees, and other insects.

The raspberry thicket conceals its secrets. They are not visible, but I can hear the garden warbler singing inside the thicket, and I listen all day long to the wren's sharp, high-pitched whistle. Towards evening, the hedge-

hog emerges from the thicket. The thick, pregnant hedgehog is on its way to the bird-bath to quench her thirst.

In a bush, there is a huge web, as if a spider had gotten lost in its own web. But inside this web, there is a new universe. A universe filled with grubs, eating their fill until they can pupate and become beautiful flying insects, perhaps a small saw fly.

My garden is my private universe. Maybe I should call it my private world. For within the world, I joyfully every day observe new worlds hide—small, fragile ecosystems with animals and plants whose names I do not even know.



Kongerslev, juni 2024

The village, Kongerslev, June 2024



Kongerslev, juni 2024

The village, Kongerslev, June 2024



Kongerslev,
maj 2024

The village,
Kongerslev,
May 2024



Kongerslev, juni 2024

The village, Kongerslev, June 2024



Kongerslev, juni 2024

The village, Kongerslev, June 2024



Kongerslev, juni 2023

The village, Kongerslev, June 2023



Kongerslev, maj 2024

The village, Kongerslev, May 2024



Kongerslev,
juni 2024

The village,
Kongerslev,
June 2024



Kongerslev, august 2023

The village, Kongerslev, August 2023



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The village, Kongerslev, August 2023



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KOLOFON

Ugens foto: Verdener i verdener
Af Keld Jensen

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COLOPHON

Photo of the week: Worlds within worlds
By Keld Jensen

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