

NATTENS LYDE

THE SOUNDS OF THE NIGHT

Keld Jensen

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Nattens lyde

Der, hvor vi sidder, kan vi stirre ned i et mørkt og bundløst svælg. Pludselig mørknede himlen. Skæbnesvangre sorte skyer trak op over vores skjul. Natten blev dunkel, mørk og uden lyde. Midt i nattens stilhed føler vi en afsondrethed her ved bredden af den sorte og uhyggelige sø. Fra søen spredte sig en dunst af dødbringende, gådefulde, stillestående dampe, som steg op fra det rådne søvand.

Nogenlunde sådan kunne man forestille sig, at Edgar Allan Poe ville have beskrevet vores mørketur forleden.

Vores mørketur var noget anderledes, men det blev så sandelig en stemningsfuld oplevelse at bevæge sig ud i den store mose en mørk nat. Vi bevægede os ud i mosen klokken halv fem om morgenen. Vores mål var et sted ved den lille tilvoksede sø midt i den store højmose.

Vi indrettede os til at opleve mørket og dets lyde omkring os i timerne, før vi kunne opleve solopgangen i øst. Selv om vildmosen her i Østhimmerland er et af de mest øde steder i vort land, så kan vi rundt omkring se

lysskæret fra Aalborg og også fra de mindre landsbyer omkring mosen.

Naturoplevelsen i mosen er helt anderledes, end når vi bevæger os rundt derude om dagen. Straks efter, at vi var kommet på plads ved søbredden, trak mørke skyer op over himlen. Vinden fik sivskoven omkring os til at duve frem og tilbage og give en susende lyd. I det fjerne hørte vi et par gange kronhjortens dybe brøl ude i mosen. Vi fik en god snak om det, der faldt os ind. Flere gange holdt vi stillepause for at lytte til naturens lyde.

Den store vildmose er som en anden verden i den mørke nat. På et tidspunkt tjekker vi lige nyhederne på mobiltelefonen. Israel har startet landkrigen i Libanon.

Ved daggry begyndte fuglene at dukke op på himlen. Vi bryder op og tager på en tur rundt i højmosen og senere ud til havet. Mosens fugle lader sig se her tidligt om morgenen: Gæssene, gulspurven på hegnet og nogle sølvhejrer, der er i fuld gang med at finde godbidder nede i mosens våde mark.

The sounds of the night

Where we sit, we can stare down into a dark and bottomless abyss. Suddenly, the sky darkened. Ominous black clouds gathered over our hideout. The night became dim, dark, and silent. Amid the stillness of the night, we feel a sense of isolation here by the shore of the black and eerie lake. From the lake, a stench of deadly, mysterious, stagnant vapors spread, rising from the decaying lake water.

One could imagine that Edgar Allan Poe might have described our recent night journey similarly.

Our night journey was somewhat different, but it certainly was a mood-filled experience to venture into the vast bog on a dark night. We set out into the bog at half-past four in the morning. Our destination was a spot by the small, overgrown lake in the middle of the great raised bog.

We settled in to experience the darkness and its sounds around us in the hours before we could witness the sunrise in the east. Even though this wild bog in East Himmerland is one of the most desolate places in our country, we could still see the glow of lights from

Aalborg the smaller villages surrounding the bog.

The nature experience in the bog is entirely different from when we walk there during the day. As soon as we settled by the lake-shore, dark clouds gathered over the sky. The wind made the reed forest around us sway back and forth, producing a rustling sound. In the distance, we heard the deep roar of a stag a couple of times, out in the bog. We had a good conversation about whatever came to mind. Several times, we paused in silence to listen to the sounds of nature.

In the dark night the great wild bog is like another world. At one point we are just checking the news on the mobile phone. Israel has started the land war in Lebanon.

At dawn, the birds began to appear in the sky. We packed up and went for a visit around the raised bog and later out to the sea. The bog's birds are visible here early in the morning: the geese, the yellowhammers on the fence, and some great white herons busy finding treats in the bog's wet fields.



Lille Vildmose, oktober 2024

The bog, Lille Vildmose, October 2024



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KOLOFON

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Af Keld Jensen

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COLOPHON

Photo of the week: The sounds of the night
By Keld Jensen

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