

DER HVOR SKOVEN BEGYNDER WHERE THE FOREST BEGINS

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Der hvor skoven begynder

Der var engang en græsplæne her. Klippet, ensfarvet, ordentlig — et grønt tæppe, man kunne gå hen over uden at lægge mærke til noget som helst. I dag er en stor del af den væk, og i stedet er der noget, der ligner uorden, men som i virkeligheden er det modsatte: Et system så gammelt og gennearbejdet, at ingen menneskehånd kunne have opfundet det.

Haven grænser op mod skoven, og grænsen er ved at blive utydelig. Det er, som om skoven har opdaget, at der pludselig er plads, og har taget imod invitationen. Frøene fra nabotræernes urter er landet, spiret, bredt sig. Nogle morgener er det

svært at sige, om jeg står i min have eller i skovens yderkant — og det er præcis den tvetydighed, jeg har ønsket mig.

Det, kameraet fanger på nært hold, er det, øjet normalt springer over. En blomst, der på afstand bare er ”lilla” eller ”hvid”, viser sig i makroformat at være en hel arkitektur: Årer, hår, kirtler, en indre geometri, der er finpudset gennem årtusinder for at tiltrække insekterne.

Og de kommer. Siden plænen blev til vild have, er antallet af besøgende insekter eksploderet. Skovmyrer, fluer, biller og sommerfugle. Ingen af dem var der, da græsset endnu blev holdt kort.

Det er let at tænke på en vild have som forsømmelse — som noget, der blot fik lov at gro. Men det billede holder ikke ved nærmere eftersyn. Det, der er sket her, er ikke fravær af omsorg, men en anden slags omsorg: Som haveejere at trække sig tilbage som eneste myndighed over jorden og lade skovens egen orden brede sig ind over hegnet. Resultatet er ikke vildnis. Det er et fællesskab, jeg kun er én del af — og fotografierne er mit forsøg på at vise, hvor mange andre deltagere, der burde være plads til i de fleste haver.

Fotografierne er taget i min have i juli 2026.

Where the Forest Begins

Once, there was a lawn here. Mown, uniform, orderly—a green carpet you could walk across without noticing anything at all. Today, much of it is gone, replaced by something that looks like disorder but is, in fact, the opposite: a system so ancient and so intricately developed that no human hand could have invented it.

The garden borders the forest, and the boundary is becoming increasingly indistinct. It is as though the forest has noticed that there is suddenly room to expand and has accepted the invitation. Seeds from the wild plants beneath the neighbouring trees have drifted in, germinated, and spread. Some mornings,

it is difficult to tell whether I am standing in my garden or at the edge of the forest—and that ambiguity is exactly what I had hoped for.

What the camera captures up close is what the eye normally passes over. A flower that appears simply “purple” or “white” from a distance reveals itself, in macro, to be an entire architecture: veins, hairs, glands, an internal geometry refined over thousands of years to attract insects.

And they come. Since the lawn was transformed into a wildflower garden, the number of visiting insects has increased dramatically. Wood ants, flies, beetles, and butterflies. None of them were here when the grass was kept short.

It is easy to think of a wild garden as neglect—as something simply left to grow. But that impression does not withstand closer inspection. What has happened here is not an absence of care but a different kind of care: As a gardener, stepping back from being the sole authority over the land and allowing the forest’s own order to extend across the fence. The result is not wilderness. It is a community of which I am only one part—and these photographs are my attempt to show how many other participants there ought to be room for in most gardens.

These photographs were taken in my garden in July 2026.



Kongerslev, juli 2026

The village, Kongerslev, July 2026



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KOLOFON

Ugens foto: Der hvor skoven begynder
Af Keld Jensen

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COLOPHON

Photo of the week: Where the Forest Begins
By Keld Jensen

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