

Nowhere

On my hikes in the mountains, I often find myself in a place which best can be described as 'nowhere'. In the Greenland wasteland we still can find landscapes which bear no name. Landscapes which are beautiful but do not contain something unique in the form of large aggressive rivers, thundering waterfalls, characteristic peaks or rare flora.

Such a place I found this day in June. The valley was surrounded on all sides by hills and a few hundred meters upwards the mountain sides disappeared in a dense layer of rainy clouds and fog.

The place was oppressively silent. The air was condensed in small raindrops on all surfaces and wet everything through. I found myself as in a void as forgotten and unknown to the outside world. Even my thoughts had difficulty to manifest itself in anything coherent.

This place or space I often hunt for at my hikes. The void provides a great-needed peace of mind, which is in complete contrast to the fast-paced life, we usually live.



The mountains east of Nuuk, June 2002