

A river of sea fog

I have come to the age where I must go for a pee in the middle of the night. The sleep-drugged walk to the toilet often continues into the kitchen to get something cold to drink. Every time I feel the call to go to the French window to look out over the town, the mountains and the fiord.

I live in the outskirts of Qaqortoq in South Greenland near the top of one of the surrounding mountains. My house is located on the road called Tuia. Tuia is a Greenlandic name which means 'shoulder'. The location of the house gives me an incredible view over the town and the surrounding nature.

Beneath me the town lies with its small port. The port is frequently visited by small and large ships. This night a naval vessel from the Danish navy has entered the harbour.

Furthest out on the horizon I can see the

Davis Strait, where huge icebergs drift around. There are fifteen kilometres to the ocean from the town, but the clear Arctic air makes the icebergs and the horizon in the Davis Strait to be absolutely visible.

In the Arctic summer there is almost light all round the clock. Here in May the evening sun first disappears behind the mountains around ten o'clock at night.

This day I reached my nightly observation post a quarter to five in the morning. The sea fog came floating in through the mountain pass from the Davis Strait and the tongue-like fog quickly embraced the town below me. Above the sky was clear and blue, and it was slowly coloured in the colours of dawn.

Of course I grabbed my camera and went out on the icy cold terrace to get a picture of this unique natural phenomenon.



Tuia, Qaqortoq, May 2015