

The birth of our Planet Earth

The sun is lower and lower in the sky. I wait for the sun to reach the dense layer of the sea fog. It takes longer time than I expect. The cold comes creeping. I am not dressed for the cold, but I will be stubborn and I shake myself in the cold.

I worry about my tendered potatoes, the curled parsley and the chives that just are beginning to sprout. It will be a cold night. And maybe the arriving sea fog will cover the whole valley and makes everything even colder and moist?

In the next moment, I forget about the cold. The sun has lowered into the sea fog, and now a magnificent spectacle reveals. The golden sun colours the sea fog in unreal,

yellow and orange shades. The horizon emerges as, what I immediately think, could be a vision of the birth of our planet Earth:

Huge clouds of chemical vapours that rise from the dark core of the Earth. The surface of the Earth is an inferno of melted masses which during furious energy show ferocity to an alarming extent that we today only can experience when an active volcano spews melted lava out from the interior of the earth.

But it is only the sea fog and the sunset on this quiet, cold August evening in Qaqortoq in South Greenland.



Qaqortoq, South Greenland,
August 2015

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