

Change of colour

After an extremely dry summer the rain comes. For days the rain falls. The rain hits the windows of the house, and every little raindrop, crushed against the glass, gives a sound that makes it so nice to sit indoors and enjoy the warmth and comfort. Often the rain is intense, and I can hear the hard sound when it hits the roof.

One day the weather clears up again. The sun peeps out, and now I understand what also happened. The cold rain and the weather shift have pushed the temperature down below freezing. The landscape is as changed. The sun highlights the new dominant colours:

The water surface of the fiord is azure. The rain and the melt water from the ice sheet have made the fjord water so fresh that it gets a new milky appearance toned into a fine light azure colour.

Also the mountains have changed. At the top the highest peaks are now powdered with a new layer of snow. And the hillsides appear in the evening sun in beautiful shades of colour that form the whole spectrum from light yellow, brownish to orange and bright red colours.

It happens every year. Still I am amazed by the intensity of the colour change after the first nights of frost in Septembers.

Many plants get the colour of death. Many plants are annuals, and their existence is over. It is strange how life-affirming the death can be.



Fiord view, Narsaq,
September 2015