

Coldness

I am in the heart of the polar wilderness. The snow creaks cold beneath my feet. Otherwise, silence as in the coldest tomb.

The coldness penetrates completely into the spine marrow. The hard grip of the coldness becomes a feeling cold all the way into my deepest mind.

The world seems to have lost the heat. The Earth sails further into the outer space, as an icy planet with only few traces of the life that once was.

The pale, lonely winter moon is the only one apart from me, who is present. This cold, desolate place feels so ... life affirming.



South Greenland, November 2014

Quit

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