

In a thousand years

I am the little rock on the bare, cold coast. I am not alone. The barnacles and the small algae have settled in my cracks and my wrinkles.

Every day a thousand years the tide is creeping up. More and more I am covered of the cold water. Finally, I am out of sight. But still I am here. Under the water.

A crab is hiding beneath me. A fish gives me a gently kiss. Up there above water, I can watch the sun rise. The sun seems to push the water back. Now the water again glides away, and again I feel the fresh air around my body.

A sandpiper place her wet feet on my neck. Now, the rays of the sun reach me. I feel the warmth and I again become the little rock on the bare, cold coast. In a thousand years.



The Godthaabsfiord, June 2013

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