

The last few days of winter?

We often tell each other about the sweet waiting time before The Christmas Eve. The children long for the Christmas tree and for the Christmas presents.

I feel in the same way in March and April. I long for the rain to wash the last snow away, so I again can enjoy the smell of humus and heather. Again sit on a rock on a hillside and look around me: Birds on the nest and maybe a fox on a walk; mountain peaks far away and the sea far out on the horizon.

At this time of year in late April, the light has come back long ago. It is bright when I get up in the morning and go to work, and it is bright when I get back again. But this year the snow still is present in large amounts in and around the

town. I still have to work myself to the bone into clearing away snow around my house.

The field ice from the Polar Sea also keeps us waiting. Last year the field ice arrived at the beginning of April. This year we have not seen it yet. It has reached South Greenland, but has still not appeared into our fiords at the west coast.

I know I am cheating. Just as the children sneak into a glance on the gifts hidden in the chest of drawers, but I have to do something about my longing. So I will sit down in a good armchair and look at my photographs from the walks of last summer.



Qaqortoq, South Greenland, March 2017