

The clothesline of time

They are hard to spot. We can watch the hungry people in Africa and the refugees from Syria on television. Our own pass below the radar.

But we all know it! Something should be done! We have fellow human beings who suffer. We do not have to travel to other countries to see the poor and needy.

We make measurements and statistics. We place the numbers in tables. Along the way, we make notes about each other's notes, and make speeches about each other's speeches.

Meanwhile, the days fly by. Some people in the statistics are leaving. Several travel away. To heaven or elsewhere. They disappear from the tables of statistics.

Out there the snowstorm rages. We cannot hang our clothes on the clothesline of time.

Some tell in a speech that now they will realize action! The only action they realize is to tell us they will take action.

Anything seems better than recognizing the powerlessness.



Nuuk in a snowstorm, May 2013

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