

My nothing place

I have just arrived to this nothing place. A beach, two great black-backed gulls deeply offended flies away.

A lot of sea snails and acorn barnacles. Cold seawater. Rocks, stones and gravel. Coated by alga. Slippery rocks. A horizon of lonely, snowy mountains.

The tide is going out. Low tide. The water is dull and moves only when my foot hits the surface of the water.

Anything else present? People? Other animals? Spirits? No, nobody. Oh yes, maybe spirits, but they do not try to attract notice.

A typical nothing place. Such a place I like.

I want to be honest and come to a confession: There is no room for you with me at this place. And nor you.

I love being alone in this nothing place.



In the neighbourhood of Qaqortoq,
South Greenland, May 2017