

To know one's way round in the eternity

The sun was born more than four billion years ago. The mountains were formed four billion years ago.

The juniper bush may be over a hundred years. A naked bird is running away. The little vermin must be born yesterday?

I lean against the bare rock. It seems everlasting and hard when my cheek strikes its cool surface. Nevertheless, my hand removes pieces of tiny little gravel on my cheek when I pull myself together and walk on. Even the hardest stone is perishable. One day even the highest mountains will pass away.

The snow is virgin and clean. I am the first to put footprints in the powdery snow. Soon, the wind will have blurred the imprints of my shoes.



Kangerluarsorujuk, South Greenland, Juni 2014