

When the elephants fight

While the elephants meaningless fight in the newspaper, the sea fog - like a ghost - creeps in over town and land. The sea fog reinforces my feeling of uncertainty. I feel insecure.

The gulf between the hungry and the comfortable classes is big and grow bigger. Am I a victim myself? Or am I guilty?

I do not change this place. The place changes me.



Qaqortoq, South Greenland, May 2017