

Pathways

Approximate translation for who does not speak Danish

Near the campfire

Part 1

When I was a child, I often went with my family to the mountains to walk.
I remember a small canvas backpack, which I unfortunately had to share with a friend.
We were proud to carry a portion of the meal, like the adults.
These mountain hikes never left me.

Near the campfire

Part 2

Today, when I walk, I feel like a child :
this little bag and its freedom, the pleasure of orienting myself, the perspectives that change as I progress, a lake in the distance, the inaccessible summit of a mountain, who follows me with his eyes and then hides behind a tree...
At the beginning, a thousand thoughts are swirling in my head, in loops, stubborn, sometimes more discreet.
I call them the dust-thoughts.
Step by step, in the effort, the dust falls away, the presence slowly settles into my body, my dreams are slowly attuned to the landscapes crossed and form, to my eyes, a poem.

Water text

Part 3

When you grow up, you kind of lose the sense of adventure.
For example, puddles are no longer seen other than as an obstacle to avoid.
We forget that they offer clouds and birds their reflection.
They think better than we do.
They learned the art of shivering from the wind.
When we grow up, we lose the surprise traps.

Into the forest

Leaving the trails,
Cast anchor and compass,
Open his ears, his nostrils,
To become a hominid, twig on the primate branch

On the primate branch

Small reality, in the middle of other tiny realities, I perceive the world as a mammal, vertebrate, human.
My reality is in color, I distinguish the smallest details, but at night everything goes out.

If I were a deer, I'd see in the dark
If I were a rabbit, I would kiss the landscape with one look without turning my head
If I were a bee, I would detect magnetic fields
If I were a starfish, I'd have eyes on my arms
If I were an elephant, I would feel the landscape
If I were a spider, I would have 8 eyes all around my head
If I were an owl, I would only see the colors of the night
If I were a whale, I'd see the world in grey
If I were a mole, I'd watch with my nose
If I were a duck, I would look behind my back without turning my head
If I were a dog, I wouldn't grab the red
If I were a bird, I would perceive ultra-violet light
If I were a bear, I would perceive with my whole body
If I were a fly, I would have built-in radar