

JULY 2019

A SUMMER'S NIGHT



White nights.

Colourless light, not white, rather green maybe, a dim green, cool and repellent.

The vigorous green of the day, the colour of lush nature, of growth and flourishing became weak and powerless.

Without light there are no colours but this slight brightness of summer nights adds a vivid gleam to the grey. A greenish grey and a flat turquoise blue dominate the open landscape, a dark green looms in the shadow, or maybe is it rather a brown or a purple? In any case it indicates a place one prefers to avoid, even if one last glow worm got lost in there searching for a wife, confused and forlorn.

Whoever comes to late, has lost the game.

The solstice bonfire has burned down, a cold wind is blowing across the water and the bright golden strip on the horizon has disappeared.

I feel chilly.

My neighbour tells me that it will be raining tomorrow.

Great weather for fishing.