

SEPTEMBER 2014

I decide to leave the path and head straight into the forest past the thick wall of firs. The ground beneath is typical of a fir forest. Waves of moss stretch further and further in, deeper until the tree trunks and the ground melt together into a green, almost black void. I lay down, stretch my arms out with my palms facing the moss, gazing up towards the branches. The scent of the moss embrace me, seeks its way through my body. It tells of an early autumn soon to arrive, the dampness that seeps through my clothes agrees. I stand up, walk further in. Needles, cones and *Linnaea borealis* enrich the mossy ground.

DECEMBER 2016

The ground is bitten by frost. The air is easy to breathe and our breaths look like pillars of smoke emerging from our mouths.

Down the slope, a few more meters and we are there.

No

It is difficult to put words on a loss that runs through your body like a shiver. As if the anguished ground mediated the feeling through my feet and upwards. Up, up and down again into the ground.

The ground is beyond recognition. Deep trenches stretch through the landscape, like scars that will never completely heal.

It smells of timber, resin and pain.

APRIL 2017

To reconcile with what has happened. Tiny firs sprout up from piles of sand. The moss and *Linnaea borealis*, replaced by willowherb and raspberry shrubs. The landscape who has been turned upside-down, goes through a metamorphosis.

The latter does not resemble the former.

Communication

Did you shout out to each other in silence when the forester arrived?

Marking you with red dots.

And when the machines came?

Did you shed any tears when you fell to the ground, mutilated and torn?

What happens underneath the ground? Are you still there?
Your roots thousands and thousands of meters stretching on and
on,
becoming intertwined with each other and the mycorrhiza. Deeper
down and you interweave.

Do you still speak to each other? Are you mourning?

Are you reconciling with what has happened?

Communication

An attempt to listen.

JULY 2018

I walk across the lacerated ground. Summer dusk. I bend over, dig a hole in the ground. Tiny pieces of roots get stuck under my fingernails. Dirt and fir needles attach themselves to my sweater, my pants, in my hair.

I feel the wind, but I can't hear it. No branches are there to convey the whispers of the wind.

I am surrounded by darkness.

I place a sheet of lightsensitive paper inside the hole, cover it, mark the spot with cones and sticks.

It feels as if I am burying a part of myself, placing myself in safe
keeping,
becoming one with the healing landscape.

Several days later I still find needles in my hair.

Time passes. The landscape is transforming. Seasons change.

NOVEMBER 2018

It is hard to locate the marked spots in the approaching dusk.
A sharp coldness creeps up through the ground.

I dig my hands into the earth. Digging deep until I find the paper.
The ground is cold, it is tingling.

Resting soil.

Sleeping roots.

JUNE 2016

Summer solstice. The night is cold and damp in a way that is associated with the early summer. My bare feet move across the thick layer of moss. Arctic starflower and Linnaea Borealis glow white in the bright night.

I walk further in, the dampness of the ground and the thick trunks of the firs wrap around my naked body.

I kneel, bend my head, legs up. For a moment i ceace to exist. My long hair unifies with the roots from the trees.

DECEMBER 2019

I walk across the thick moss among the firs that has been standing here since long before I was born. It smells of autumn, damp and of leaves that have turned into soil and all around me I hear drops dripping after last nights rain.

Dripp

Dripp

Dripp

I lay down on the ground, taking deep breaths, sinking deeper and deeper in.

JUNE 2020

here and there blueberries are sprouting through the ground, ferns
as well. All around them the ground is covered with needles, cones,
branches who stretch hither and tither.

The ground crunches underneath my feet.

Some individuals live to an age of approximately 100 years,
mother trees,
who's roots stretch far and deep and interweaves with the younger
individuals.

I stumble across the the ground who's been turned in and out.

I kneel down next to a stump.

Counting annual rings.

My fingers gets sticky from the resin, blood that slowly seep out.

Time does not heal all wounds

A ritual for the dead. A ritual for the living.
For those who stretch interweaved
throughout time and space.