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High Noon

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HIGH NOON*

by Édouard Glissant

Then the sun, this single kingdom. Which was the earth of childhood, and still is, so simply. All this wounded time, finally coming to the secret of the salt born by an island. Such a large ambition, wanting to speak of time. Each one only stretches out this space in himself, where its word repeats, its light resounds.

I have seen my island on its south wind. The salt of the poem finally laid down in the earth, winding down.

—translated by Mary Ann Caws

* "High Noon" was originally published in French in *Sel noir* (Paris: Gallimard, 1983). The English translation is published with permission from Gallimard.