



The Tale of Salt

Grant Maclean

Fable

Once ...

... in an antique land

there ruled a wise and just queen

This woman was beloved by all her peoples
and there had been peace for many a moon.

One dawn, she called her three children :

“Oh, my daughters, my time is coming
and only one of you may reign.

Bring for me a token of your love that I may
decide who.”

The eldest daughter brought a glittering
trinket.

“Oh, mother! I love you more than the
shimmering beauty of this gold. My love for you
is immeasurable – beyond compare”.

The younger daughter brought a diamond of
the rarest clarity.

“Oh, mother! My love for you shines clearer than
the light of this gemstone. My love for you is
indefinable, and beyond value – like this jewel”.

The youngest daughter brought a rough hewn
bowl of salt.

Her two sisters scorned the gift.

“This is your love? One of us will rule.”

Her answer spoke to her Queen.

O love of my heart

When I put these crystals on my food

I think of you

When I cry tears of joy

you laugh with me

When I weep for your absence

I taste your memory

When I perspire in the golden sun

you bathe with me

You are my salt. You are beyond price

In time, the queen passed, in peace

and in time all the sisters became wiser

The ripening crops in all their lands became their gold

and the sweetest rain, their diamonds.

Salt is forever in our oceans

beneath us and within us

This is for you

Forever

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