

THE WHOLE TIME, THE SUN.¹

When we get out of the car, we stare at each other without blinking.

It was this burning, which I couldn't stand anymore, that made me move forward.²

The sun on our upturned faces dries the last of the water trickling into our mouths.³

All we can feel are the cymbals of sunlight crashing on our heads and, indistinctly, a dazzling spear flying up in front of us.⁴

Pain makes us pay attention; we watch our bodies.⁵

Take a closer look at the world. What hurts.

The day, already bright with sun, hit us like a slap in the face.⁶

1. Camus, Albert. *The Stranger*. Translated by Matthew Ward. New York: Random House, 1993.

2. Ibid.

3. Ibid.

4. Ibid.

5. Ahmed, Sara. *The Cultural Politics of Emotion*. New York: Routledge, 2015.

6. Camus, Albert. *The Stranger*.