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## Quotes

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Awake, north wind,  
and come, south wind!  
Blow on my garden,  
that its fragrance may spread abroad.  
Let my lover come into his garden  
and taste its choice fruits.

SONG OF SOLOMON 4:16

And this is how I see the East. I have seen its secret places and have looked into its very soul; but now I see it always from a small boat, a high outline of mountains, blue and afar in the morning; like faint mist at noon; a jagged wall of purple at sunset. I have the feel of the oar in my hand, the vision of a scorching blue sea in my eyes. And I see a bay, a wide bay, smooth as glass and polished like ice, shimmering in the dark. A red light burns far off upon the gloom of the land, and the night is soft and warm. We drag at the oars with aching arms, and suddenly a puff of wind, a puff faint and tepid and laden with strange odors of blossoms, of aromatic wood, comes out of the still night — the first sign of the East on my face. That I can never forget. It was impalpable and enslaving, like a charm, like a whispered promise of mysterious delight.

— JOSEPH CONRAD

The sea speaketh. Remember, why'm I a wave? Three silver nails in a blue field, turned gray by sea.

— JACK KEROUAC