

But one day, when you are sitting somewhere, alone in that crowd, and that awful feeling of displacedness comes over you, and really as an ordinary person you are not well equipped to look too far inward and set yourself aright, because being ordinary is already so taxing, and being ordinary takes all you have out of you and though the words "I must get away" do not actually pass across your lips, you make a leap from being that nice blob just sitting like a being a boob in your amniotic sac of the modern experience...to being a person lying on some far away beach, your still body stinking and glistening in the sand.

Jamaica Kincaid, *A Small Place*

The world holds few as worthy of the Simorgh's throne as you, But you must empty this first glass; the wine that follows it is love's devoted sign. If petty problems keep you back -- or none -- How will you seek the treasures of the sun? In drops you lose yourselves, yet you must dive Through untold fathoms and remain alive. This is no journey for the indolent -- Our quest is Truth itself, not just its scent!

Farid ud-Din Attar, *The Conference of the Birds*

