

Discover her, Columbus, discover her anew:  
Your descendants have grown tired of their own  
shadow.

What way lies open now to the stumbling Jew?  
What road will tell that tired remnant where  
- he must go?

There's a limit to even vomiting and diarrhea.  
~~And~~ So here they are. Have a look.  
good. We've made it, my dear.

To Tatiana  
Love  
Derek