As you set out on the voyage to Ithaca, wish your road to be long, full of adventure, full of knowledge. Of the Laistrygonians, the Cyclops, the angry Poseidon, don’t be afraid, for such on your journey you shall never meet, if your thinking remains lofty, if refined emotion your spirit and body touches. The Laistrygonians and the Cyclops, the furious Poseidon you won’t encounter, if you don’t carry them inside your soul, if your soul doesn’t raise them up in front of you.

Wish your road to be long. That there be many summer mornings when with what pleasure, what joy you enter harbors you’re seeing for the first time, That you stop at Phoenician market places to buy fine things, mother of pearl and coral, amber and ebony, sensual perfumes of every kind, as many sensual perfumes as you can. To many Egyptian cities go, to learn and learn from the scholars.

Keep Ithaca always in your mind. Arriving there is your destination. But don’t hasten the journey at all. Better to last for many years and you be old by the time you anchor at the island, rich with all you gained on the way, not expecting Ithaca to give you riches.

Ithaca gave you the wonderful journey. Without her you wouldn’t have set out. She has nothing more to give you. And if you find her poor, Ithaca hasn’t deceived you. Wise as you will have become, so full of experience, already you’ll have understood what those Ithacas mean.

Constantine P. Kavafy (1863-1933)