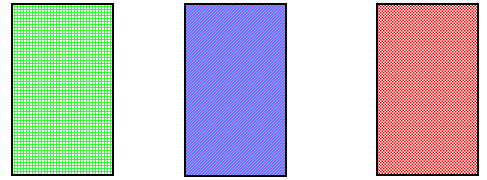


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The people along the sand
 All turn and look one way.
 They turn their back on the land.
 They look at the sea all day.

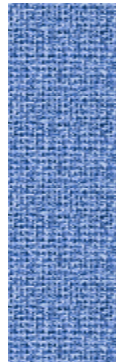
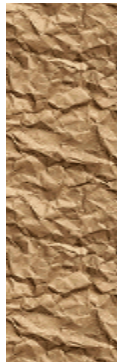
As long as it takes to pass
 A ship keeps raising its hull;
 The wetter ground like glass
 Reflects a standing gull.

The land may vary more;
 But wherever the truth may be -
 The water comes ashore,
 And the people look at the sea.

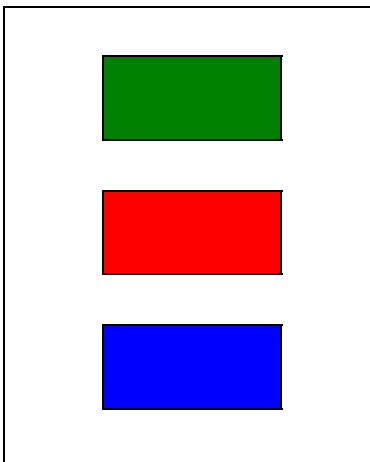
Robert Frost, 1936

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