



No man is an island,  
Entire of itself.

Each is a piece of the continent,  
A part of the main.  
If a clod be washed away by the sea,  
Europe is the less.

As well as if a promontory were.  
As well as if a manor of thine own  
Or of thine friend's were.  
Each man's death diminishes me,  
For I am involved in mankind.  
Therefore, send not to know  
For whom the bell tolls,  
It tolls for thee.

—John Donne