

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Poetry

“Meditation XVII” by John Donne

No man is an island, entrie of itself;
Every man 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;
Any man’s death diminishes me,
Because I am involved in mankind.
And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls;
It tolls for thee.