

Biographical Writing – Week 3: How well can we know another and how much can a diary help us to know strangers? A poem by John Donne on knowing ourselves and connecting to others

**No man is an island,
Entire 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.
As well as if a manor of thy friend's
Or of thine own 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.**

- **John Donne**



Bang-Bang, Dublin, 1973 or so (spot the key)