

Any Human to Another

- 1 The ills I sorrow at
 Not me alone
 Like an arrow,
 Pierce to the marrow,
 Through the fat
 And past the bone.

- 2 Your grief and mine
 Must intertwine
 Like sea and river,
 Be fused and mingle,
 Diverse yet single,
 Forever and forever.

- 3 Let no man be so proud
 And confident,
 To think he is allowed
 A little tent
 Pitched in a meadow
 Of sun and shadow
 All his little own.

- 4 Joy may be shy, unique,
 Friendly to a few,
 Sorrow never scorned to speak
 To any who
 Were false or true.

- 5 Your every grief
 like a blade
 Shining and unsheathed
 Must strike me down.
 Of bitter aloes wreathed,
 My sorrow must be laid
 On your head like a crown.