Any Human to Another

Countee Cullen
Two-part

The ills I sorrow at, not me a-

lone like an arrow pierce to the morrow, through the fat and

past the bone. Your grief and mine must in-

twine like sea and river, be fused and min-
gle. Di- verse yet sin-
gle, for-ev-er and ev-
er. Let no man be so

proud and so con-fi-dent, to think he is al-

lowed a lit-tle tent pitched in a mea-
dow of sun

and shad-ow all his lit-
tle own.

Joy may be shy, un-ique, friend-ly to few, sor-row

never scorned to speak to any who were false or true,

your ev-
ery grief like a blade shin-
ing and un-
sheathed must strike me down. Of bit-
t- ter aloes wreathed,
my sorrow must be laid on your head like a crown.