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