... and I am torn by my heart's desire to return and be with you.

I am full of love and longing, yet I am haunted by the memory of our past. But I must go on, for I cannot stay.

Nature may face, most swift in motion, but cannot change the past. But I will not let the fear of the unknown hold me back. I must move forward, for I cannot live without you.
As my eyes men take mildly away
And whisper to their souls to go.
Whilst some of their fair friends do say
To tell his truth given, & some say no.

Let us meet & make no noise
Nor trace floors nor take tempers near,
To tell the Layton our Lord.

Movings of the earth cause harm & fear,
Plain render what they do or mean.

But inspirations of the Speaker
Though greater, faint, are innocent.

But we by love, so much refine,
As our fathers know not what it is;
Inward know of the mind,
Catholic names, echoes & lips to rise.

Our two souls thereby which are one
Perish I must, and endure not yet.
A beggar, but an exopamine.

If they be two, they are two
As two staffs, compasses are made:
My soul the first fault makes no more
To move but both of them the one.

And though it is, the Center is
Which makes the other far abroad with room.

Gods & angels after it
And grows with it as it comes home.

Quoth God: 'tis to me who must
And makes me say, & who enjoinned me

John Donne 31 December 1622.

To the sea of men belong
A name hard said
The first letters to you is true
The last letter, true.