

HOW DO YOU KNOW
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How do you know but every bird that cuts the airy way, is an immense world of delight, closed by your senses five?

Seest thou the little winged fly, smaller than a grain of sand?
It has a heart like thee, a brain open to heaven and hell,
Withinside wondrous and expansive; its gates are not closed;
I hope thine are not.

William Blake

