Little Gidding (from Four Quartets)

We shall not cease from exploration
   And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
   And know the place for the first time.

Through the unknown, unremembered gate

When the last of earth left to discover
   Is that which was the beginning;
At the source of the longest river
   The voice of the hidden waterfall
And the children in the apple-tree
   Not known, because not looked for
But heard, half-heard, in the stillness
   Between two waves of the sea.
Quick now, here, now, always
   A condition of complete simplicity
Little Gidding (from Four Quartets)

(Costing not less than everything)

And all shall be well and
All manner of thing shall be well
When the tongues of flame are in-folded
Into the crowned knot of fire
And the fire and the rose are one.

by TS Eliot