

Amy Lowell

Quotes

Flower, Heart, Men, Moon, Life, Gowns, Art, Soul, Beautiful, Writing, Dream, Inspirational, Horse, Missing You, Joy, Stagnation, Running, Wall, Literature, Poetry

I am tired, Beloved, of chafing my heart against the want of you; of squeezing it into little inkdrops, And posting it.

~Amy Lowell

Polyphonic prose is a kind of free verse, except that it is still freer. Polyphonic makes full use of cadence, rime, alliteration, assonance.

~Amy Lowell

Art is the desire of a man to express himself, to record the reactions of his personality to the world he lives in.

~Amy Lowell

All books are either dreams or swords, you can cut, or you can drug, with words.

~Amy Lowell

Happiness, to some, elation; Is, to others, mere stagnation.

~Amy Lowell

Oh! To be a butterfly Still, upon a flower, Winking with its painted wings, Happy in the hour.

~Amy Lowell

Happiness, to some, is elation; to others it is mere stagnation.

~Amy Lowell

Sexual love is the most stupendous fact of the universe, and the most magical mystery our poor blind senses know.

~Amy Lowell

When you came, you were like red wine and honey, and the taste of you burnt my mouth with its sweetness.

~Amy Lowell

Hate is ravening vulture beaks descending on a place of skulls.

~Amy Lowell

A black cat among roses, phlox, lilac-misted under a quarter moon, the sweet smells of heliotrope and night-scented stock. The garden is very still. It is dazed with moonlight, contented with perfume.

~Amy Lowell

Life is a stream On which we strew Petal by petal the flower of our heart.

~Amy Lowell

The stigma of oddness is the price a myopic world always exacts of genius.

~Amy Lowell

Happiness: We rarely feel it. I would buy it, beg it, steal it, Pay in coins of dripping blood For this one transcendent good.

~Amy Lowell

Poets are always the advance guard of literature; the advance guard of life. It is for this reason that their recognition comes so slowly.

~Amy Lowell

Love is a game-yes? I think it is a drowning.

~Amy Lowell

Youth condemns; maturity condones

~Amy Lowell

When I go away from you The world beats dead Like a slackened drum.

~Amy Lowell

How loud clocks can tick when a room is empty, and one is alone!

~Amy Lowell

Even pain pricks to livelier living.

~Amy Lowell

You are ice and fire the touch of you burns my hands like snow.

~Amy Lowell

Time! Joyless emblem of the greed of millions, robber of the best which earth can give.

~Amy Lowell

I shall go Up and down In my gown. Gorgeously arrayed, Boned and stayed.

~Amy Lowell

Art is like politics. Any theory carried too far ends in sterility, and freshness is only gained by following some other line.

~Amy Lowell

Oh! To be a flower Nodding in the sun, Bending, then upspringing As the breezes run.

~Amy Lowell

If what we worship fail us, still the fire burns on, and it is much to have believed.

~Amy Lowell

Poetry, far more than fiction, reveals the soul of humanity.

~Amy Lowell

When trying to explain anything, I usually find that the Bible, that great collection of magnificent and varied poetry, has said it before in the best

possible way.

~Amy Lowell

Rapture's self is three parts sorrow.

~Amy Lowell

May is much sunshine through small leaves.

~Amy Lowell

Don't ask a writer what he's working on. It's like asking someone with cancer on the progress of his disease.

~Amy Lowell

Moon! Moon! I am prone before you. Pity me, and drench me in loneliness.

~Amy Lowell

On the neck of the young man sparkles no gem so gracious as enterprise. Youth condemns; maturity condones.

~Amy Lowell

Can you see through the night, woman, that you stare so upon it? Man, what sparks do your eyes follow in the smouldering darkness?

~Amy Lowell

I know that a creed is the shell of a lie.

~Amy Lowell

Underneath my stiffened gown Is the softness of a woman bathing in a marble basin

~Amy Lowell

How hard, how desperately hard, is the way of the experimenter in art!

~Amy Lowell

A man must be sacrificed now and again to provide for the next generation of men.

~Amy Lowell

Guarded within the old red wall's embrace, Marshalled like soldiers in gay company, The tulips stand arrayed. Here infantry Wheels out into the sunlight.

~Amy Lowell

In my stiff, brocaded gown. With my powdered hair and jeweled fan, I too am a rare Pattern.

~Amy Lowell

Without poetry the soul and heart of man starves and dies.

~Amy Lowell

To understand Vers libre, one must abandon all desire to find in it the even rhythm of metrical feet. One must allow the lines to flow as they will when read aloud by an intelligent reader.

~Amy Lowell

Not a softness anywhere about me, Only whalebone and brocade.

~Amy Lowell

Fifteen millions of soldiers with popguns and horses All bent upon killing, because their "of courses" Are not quite the same.

~Amy Lowell

My! ain't men blinder'n moles?

~Amy Lowell

Brighter than fireflies upon the Uji River are your words in the dark, Beloved.

~Amy Lowell

To-night when the full-bellied moon swallows the stars. Grant that I know.

~Amy Lowell

I should like to bring a case to trial: Prosperity versus Beauty, Cash registers teetering in a balance against the comfort of the soul.

~Amy Lowell

Witches are moon-birds, Witches are the women of the false, beautiful moon.

~Amy Lowell

Everything mortal has moments immortal

~Amy Lowell

Poetry is the most concentrated form of literature; it is the most emotionalized and powerful way in which thought can be presented.

~Amy Lowell

All recurring joy is pain refined.

~Amy Lowell

I never deny poems when they come; whatever I am doing, whatever I am writing, I lay it aside and attend to the arriving poem.

~Amy Lowell

Great emotion always tends to become rhythmic, and out of that tendency the forms of art have been evolved. Art becomes artificial only when the forms take precedence over the emotion.

~Amy Lowell

Now you are come! You tremble like a star Poised where, behind earth's rim, the sun has set. Your voice has sung across my heart, but numb And mute, I have no tones to answer.

~Amy Lowell

Freighted with hope, Crimsoned with joy, We scatter the leaves of our opening rose.

~Amy Lowell

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