

Anna Akhmatova

Quotes

*Song, Heart, Years, Summer, Eye, Dream, Secret, Wings, Memories, Long,
People, Angel, Fall, Stars, Children, World, Death, Mother, Night, Age*

My shadow serves as the friend I crave

~Anna Akhmatova

You will hear thunder and remember me, and think: she wanted storms.

~Anna Akhmatova

All has been looted, betrayed, sold; black death's wing flashed ahead.

~Anna Akhmatova

Italy is a dream that keeps returning for the rest of your life.

~Anna Akhmatova

It is unbearably painful for the soul to love silently.

~Anna Akhmatova

Sunset in the ethereal waves: I cannot tell if the day is ending, or the world, or if the secret of secrets is inside me again.

~Anna Akhmatova

You will hear thunder and remember me, And think: she wanted storms. The rim Of the sky will be the colour of hard crimson, And your heart, as it was then, will be on fire.

~Anna Akhmatova

Forgive me, that I manage badly, Manage badly but live gloriously, That I leave traces of myself in my songs, That I appeared to you in waking dreams.

~Anna Akhmatova

Call me a sinner, Mock me maliciously: I was your insomnia, I was your grief.

~Anna Akhmatova

Real tenderness can't be confused, It's quiet and can't be heard.

~Anna Akhmatova

We learned not to meet anymore, We don't raise our eyes to one another, But we ourselves won't guarantee What could happen to us in an hour.

~Anna Akhmatova

Hands, matches, an ashtray. A ritual beautiful and bitter.

~Anna Akhmatova

There is a sacred, secret line in loving which attraction and even passion cannot cross.

~Anna Akhmatova

Your voice is wild and simple. You are untranslatable Into any one tongue.

~Anna Akhmatova

If I can't have love, if I can't find peace, / Give me a bitter glory.

~Anna Akhmatova

The stars of death stood over us. And Russia, guiltless, beloved, writhed under the crunch of bloodstained boots, under the wheels of Black Marias.

~Anna Akhmatova

We aged a hundred years, and this happened in a single hour: the short summer had already died, the body of the ploughed plains smoked.

~Anna Akhmatova

If you were music I would listen to you ceaselessly And my low spirits would brighten up.

~Anna Akhmatova

As the future ripens in the past, so the past rots in the future -- a terrible festival of dead leaves.

~Anna Akhmatova

Rising from the past, my shadow is running in silence to meet me.

~Anna Akhmatova

I am not one of those who left the land to the mercy of its enemies. Their flattery leaves me cold, my songs are not for them to praise.

~Anna Akhmatova

I have long had this premonition of a bright day and a deserted house

~Anna Akhmatova

Sweet to me was not the voice of man, But the wind's voice was understood by me. The burdocks and the nettles fed my soul, But I loved the silver willow best of all.

~Anna Akhmatova

Not, not mine: it's somebody else's wound; I could never have borne it. So take the thing that happened, hide it, stick it in the ground; whisk the lamps away.

~Anna Akhmatova

The secret of secrets is inside me again.

~Anna Akhmatova

It was a time when only the dead smiled, happy in their peace.

~Anna Akhmatova

... he is rewarded with a form of eternal childhood, with the bounty and vigilance of the stars, the whole world was his inheritance and he

shared it with everyone.

~Anna Akhmatova

Mary Magdalene beat her breasts and sobbed, His dear disciple, stone-faced, stared. His mother stood apart. No other looked into her secret eyes. Nobody dared.

~Anna Akhmatova

I go forth to seek To seek and claim the lovely magic garden Where grasses softly sigh and Muses speak.

~Anna Akhmatova

Courage: Great Russian word, fit for the songs of our children's children, pure on their tongues, and free.

~Anna Akhmatova

Today I have so much to do: I must kill memory once and for all, I must turn my soul to stone, I must learn to live again. Unless ... Summer's ardent rustling is like a festival outside my window.

~Anna Akhmatova

No foreign sky protected me, no stranger's wing shielded my face. I stand as witness to the common lot survivor of that time, that place.

~Anna Akhmatova

And you know, I agree to everything: I will condemn, I will forget, I will give comfort to the enemy, Darkness will be light and sin lovely.

~Anna Akhmatova

The word dropped like a stone on my still living breast. Confess: I was prepared, am somehow ready for the test.

~Anna Akhmatova

Now no one will listen to songs. The prophesied days have begun.

Latest poem of mine, the world has lost its wonder, Don't break my heart, don't ring out.

~Anna Akhmatova

Wild honey smells of freedom The dust - of sunlight The mouth of a young girl, like a violet But gold - smells of nothing.

~Anna Akhmatova

I should be proud to have my memory graced, but only if the monument be placed... here, where I endured three hundred hours in line before the implacable iron bars.

~Anna Akhmatova

Song falls silent, music is dumb, But the air burns with their fragrance, And white winter, on its knees, Observes everything with reverent attention.

~Anna Akhmatova

Who will grieve for this woman? Does she not seem too insignificant for our concern? Yet in my heart I never will deny her, Who suffered death because she chose to turn.

~Anna Akhmatova

No, not under the vault of another sky, not under the shelter of other wings. I was with my people then, there where my people were doomed to be.

~Anna Akhmatova

The triumphs of a mysterious non-meeting are desolate ones; unspoken phrases, silent words.

~Anna Akhmatova

I seem to myself, as in a dream, Am accidental guest in this dreadful body.

~Anna Akhmatova

A loss, but who still mourns the breath of one woman, or laments one wife? Though my heart never can forget, how, for one look, she gave up her life.

~Anna Akhmatova

A choir of angels glorified the hour, the vault of heaven was dissolved in fire. "Father, why hast Thou forsaken me? Mother, I beg you, do not weep for me.

~Anna Akhmatova

I know beginnings, I know endings too, and life-in-death, and something else I'd rather not recall just now.

~Anna Akhmatova

Let whoever wants to, relax in the south, And bask in the garden of paradise. Here is the essence of north—^{and} it's autumn I've chosen as this year's friend.

~Anna Akhmatova

Poems are my link with the times, with the new life of my people.

~Anna Akhmatova

This Cruel Age has deflected me.

~Anna Akhmatova

All that I am hangs by a thread tonight

~Anna Akhmatova

We are all carousers and loose women here; How unhappy we are together!

~Anna Akhmatova

But Fear and the Muse in turn guard the place
Where the banished poet has gone
And the night that comes with quickened pace
Is ignorant of dawn.

~Anna Akhmatova

That was when the ones who smiled
Were the dead, glad to be at rest.

~Anna Akhmatova

You do not know just what you've been forgiven.

~Anna Akhmatova

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- Song Quotes
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- Summer Quotes
- Eye Quotes
- Dream Quotes
- Secret Quotes
- Wings Quotes
- Memories Quotes
- Long Quotes
- People Quotes
- Angel Quotes
- Fall Quotes
- Stars Quotes
- Children Quotes
- World Quotes
- Death Quotes
- Mother Quotes
- Night Quotes
- Age Quotes