

Anna Kamienska

Quotes

*Writing, Lying, Differences, Heart, Thinking, Light, Moved, Sound, Layers,
Silence, Numbness, Longing, Drowning, Poetry Is, Cutting, Men, Talent, Throat,
Confusion, Cells*

I write in order to comprehend, not to express myself.

~Anna Kamienska

Tell me what's the difference between hope and waiting because my heart doesn't know It constantly cuts itself on the glass of waiting It constantly gets lost in the fog of hope

~Anna Kamienska

This morning I suddenly catch myself: I'm not there, I'm so lost in thought, I don't know what's going on around me. Can you think yourself to death?

~Anna Kamienska

Even a painful longing is some form of presence.

~Anna Kamienska

My poems are more my silence than my speech. Just as music is a kind of quiet. Sounds are needed only to unveil the various layers of silence.

~Anna Kamienska

I've learned to value failed conversations, missed connections, confusions. What remains is what's unsaid, what's underneath. Understanding on another level of being.

~Anna Kamienska

Poetry is a presentiment of the truth.

~Anna Kamienska

We cling to words like drowning men to straws. But still we drown, we drown.

~Anna Kamienska

I'm moved by everything broken and crippled. Since that's how we

really are.

~Anna Kamienska

I returned to confirm there can be no return.

~Anna Kamienska

I have no talent. I write poems for myself, to think things through, that's all.

~Anna Kamienska

There are things better left untouched by words.

~Anna Kamienska

I am that which lies beyond time. Like a melody, which sounds completely only after the last note is played.

~Anna Kamienska

I don't write poetry when I wish, I write when I can't, when my larynx is flooded and my throat is shut.

~Anna Kamienska

The way a source strains toward the light, toward the air. Its laboring work, its effort, its black passageways like despair. That's the way a poet looks for words. With muscles, gestures.

~Anna Kamienska

Tell me what's the difference

~Anna Kamienska

Letters of the condemned. Last words scratched on a cell's wall. To write like that.

~Anna Kamienska

Where your pain is, there your heart lies also.

~Anna Kamienska

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