

Anne Sexton Quotes

*Heart, Thinking, God, Children, Life, Writing, White, Eye, Poetry, Men, Hands,
Lying, Sea, Home, Dream, Beautiful, Kissing, Sleep, Stars, Marriage*

Emerald as heavy as a golf course, ruby as dark as an afterbirth,
diamond as white as sun on the sea.

~Anne Sexton

Saints have no moderation, nor do poets, just exuberance.

~Anne Sexton

I am a collection of dismantled almosts.

~Anne Sexton

Put your ear down close to your soul and listen hard.

~Anne Sexton

As it has been said: Love and a cough cannot be concealed. Even a
small cough. Even a small love.

~Anne Sexton

I'm lost. And it's my own fault. It's about time I figured out that I can't
ask people to keep me found.

~Anne Sexton

Watch out for intellect, because it knows so much it knows nothing and
leaves you hanging upside down, mouthing knowledge as your heart
falls out of your mouth.

~Anne Sexton

Meanwhile in my head, I'm undergoing open-heart surgery.

~Anne Sexton

O starry night, This is how I want to die

~Anne Sexton

O yellow eye, let me be sick with your heat, let me be feverish and
frowning.

~Anne Sexton

I am alone here in my own mind. There is no map and there is no road.
It is one of a kind just as yours is.

~Anne Sexton

It doesn't matter who my father was; it matters who I remember he was.

~Anne Sexton

I am crazy as hell, but I know it. And knowing it is a kind of sanity that
makes the sickness worse.

~Anne Sexton

The joy that isn't shared dies young.

~Anne Sexton

The fish are naked. The fish are always awake. They are the color of
old spoons and caramels.

~Anne Sexton

I am younger each year at the first snow. When I see it, suddenly, in the
air, all little and white and moving; then I am in love again and very
young and I believe everything.

~Anne Sexton

Depression is boring, I think and I would do better to make some soup
and light up the cave.

~Anne Sexton

But my future is a secret. / It is as shy as a mole.

~Anne Sexton

Only my books anoint me, and a few friends, those who reach into my

veins.

~Anne Sexton

I would like a simple life / yet all night I am laying / poems away in a long box.

~Anne Sexton

...became a woman who learned her own skin and dug into her soul and found it full.

~Anne Sexton

Come, my pretender, my fritter, my bubbler, my chicken biddy! Oh succulent one, it is but one turn in the road and I would be a cannibal!

~Anne Sexton

We are all writing God's poem.

~Anne Sexton

Let God be some tribal female who is known but forbidden.

~Anne Sexton

I would like to bury all the hating eyes under the sand somewhere.

~Anne Sexton

It was as if a morning-glory had bloomed in her throat, and all that blue and small pollen ate into my heart, violent and religious

~Anne Sexton

Sometimes I fly like an eagle but with the wings of a wren

~Anne Sexton

Sometimes the soul takes pictures of things it has wished for, but never seen.

~Anne Sexton

I try to take care and be gentle to them. Words and eggs must be handled with care. Once broken they are impossible things to repair.

~Anne Sexton

Perhaps I am no one. True, I have a body and I cannot escape from it. I would like to fly out of my head, but that is out of the question.

~Anne Sexton

I'm the crazy one who thinks that words reach people.

~Anne Sexton

The stars are pears that no one can reach, even for a wedding.
Perhaps for a death.

~Anne Sexton

You must be a poet, a lady of evil luck desiring to be what you are not, longing to be what you can only visit.

~Anne Sexton

The snow has quietness in it; no songs, no smells, no shouts or traffic.
When I speak my own voice shocks me.

~Anne Sexton

I'm hunting for the truth. It might be a kind of poetic truth, and not just a factual one, because behind everything that happens to you, there is another truth, a secret life.

~Anne Sexton

The sanest thing in this world is love.

~Anne Sexton

There is rust in my mouth, the stain of an old kiss.

~Anne Sexton

Some women marry houses. It's another kind of skin; it has a heart, a mouth, a liver and bowel movements.

~Anne Sexton

Frog has no nerves. Frog is as old as a cockroach. Frog is my father's genitals. Frog is a malformed doorknob. Frog is a soft bag of green.

~Anne Sexton

Be careful of words, / ... they can be both daisies and bruises.

~Anne Sexton

I'm an empress. I wear an apron. My typewriter writes. It didn't break the way it warned. Even crazy, I'm as nice as a chocolate bar.

~Anne Sexton

Our eyes are full of terrible confessions.

~Anne Sexton

I am torn in two but I will conquer myself.

~Anne Sexton

One can't build little white picket fences to keep nightmares out.

~Anne Sexton

I imitate a memory of belief that I do not own.

~Anne Sexton

I was the girl of the chain letter, the girl full of talk of coffins and keyholes, the one of the telephone bills, the wrinkled photo and the lost connections.

~Anne Sexton

think of innocent Icarus who is doing quite well: larger than a sail, over the fog and the blast of the plushy ocean, he goes. Admire his wings!

~Anne Sexton

I am stuffing your mouth with your promises and watching you vomit them out upon my face.

~Anne Sexton

I will be steel! I will build a steel bridge over my need! I will build a bomb shelter over my heart! But my future is a secret. It is as shy as a mole.

~Anne Sexton

It's a little mad, but I believe I am many people. When I am writing a poem, I feel I am the person who should have written it.

~Anne Sexton

... a starving man doesn't ask what the meal is.

~Anne Sexton

A woman who writes feels too much.

~Anne Sexton

Maybe I am becoming a hermit, opening the door for only a few special animals? Maybe my skull is too crowded and it has no opening through which to feed it soup?

~Anne Sexton

Let there be seasons so that our tongues will be rich in asparagus and limes.

~Anne Sexton

It's all a matter of history. Brandy is no solace. Librium only lies me down like a dead snow queen. Yes! I am still the criminal.

~Anne Sexton

God has a brown voice, as soft and full as beer.

~Anne Sexton

The tongue, the Chinese say, is like a sharp knife: it kills without drawing blood.

~Anne Sexton

She is so naked and singular. She is the sum of yourself and your dream. Climb her like a monument, step after step. She is solid.

~Anne Sexton

Our children tremble in their teen-age cribs, whirling off on a thumb or a motorcycle.

~Anne Sexton

I am younger each year at the first snow.

~Anne Sexton

Daisies in water are the longest lasting flower you can give to someone. Fact. Buy daisies. Not roses.

~Anne Sexton

We are America. We are the coffin fillers. We are the grocers of death. We pack them in crates like cauliflowers.

~Anne Sexton

The windows, the starving windows that drive the trees like nails into my heart.

~Anne Sexton

They [daisies] are my favorite flower. There is something innocent and vulnerable about them as if they thanked you for admiring them.

~Anne Sexton

Poems aren't postcards to send home.

~Anne Sexton

Don't bite till you know if it's bread or stone.

~Anne Sexton

I am so imperfect, can you love me when really my soul is deformed?
Will you love me anyhow?

~Anne Sexton

To tell the truth days are all the same size and words aren't much
company.

~Anne Sexton

Even so, I must admire your skill. You are so gracefully insane.

~Anne Sexton

To love another is somethinglike prayer and it can't be planned, you
just fallinto its arms because your belief undoes your disbelief.

~Anne Sexton

Though rain curses the window let the poem be made.

~Anne Sexton

The beautiful feeling after writing a poem is on the whole better even
than after sex, and that's saying a lot.

~Anne Sexton

A woman / who loves a woman / is forever young.

~Anne Sexton

The sea is mother-death and she is a mighty female, the one who wins,
the one who sucks us all up.

~Anne Sexton

Somebody who should have been born is gone.

~Anne Sexton

Psychiatry is a dirty mirror.

~Anne Sexton

Poetry to me is prayer.

~Anne Sexton

When I'm writing, I know I'm doing the thing I was born to do.

~Anne Sexton

All I am is the trick of words writing themselves.

~Anne Sexton

Rocks crumble, make new forms, oceans move the continents,
mountains rise up and down like ghosts yet all is natural, all is change.

~Anne Sexton

The future is a fog that is still hanging out over the sea, a boat that
floats home or does not.

~Anne Sexton

this is no dream just my oily life where the people are alibis and the
street is unfindable for an entire lifetime.

~Anne Sexton

Nature is full of teeth that come in one by one, then decay, fall out.

~Anne Sexton

At six I lived in a graveyard full of dolls, avoiding myself, my body, the
suspect in its grotesque house.

~Anne Sexton

Yes, I know. Death sits with his key in my lock. Not one day is taken for granted. Even nursery rhymes have put me in hock.

~Anne Sexton

I am not lazy. I am on the amphetamine of the soul. I am, each day, typing out the God my typewriter believes in.

~Anne Sexton

I raise my pelvis to God so that it may know the truth of how flowers smash through the long winter.

~Anne Sexton

The silence is death. It comes each day with its shock to sit on my shoulder, a white bird, and peck at the black eyes and the vibrating red muscle of my mouth.

~Anne Sexton

I think it will be a miracle if I don't someday end up killing myself.

~Anne Sexton

Poetry is my life, my postmark, my hands, my kitchen, my face.

~Anne Sexton

Writers are such phonies: they sometimes have wise insights but they don't live by them at all. That's what writers are like...you think they know something, but usually they are just messes.

~Anne Sexton

Death's in the good-bye.

~Anne Sexton

I've grown tired of love You are the trouble with me I watch you walk
right by

~Anne Sexton

I have forgiven all the old actors for dying. A new one comes on with the same lines, like large white growths, in his mouth. The dancers come on from the wings, perfectly mated.

~Anne Sexton

Now that I have written many words, and let out so many loves, for so many, and been altogether what I always was a woman of excess, of zeal and greed, I find the effort useless.

~Anne Sexton

Bless all useful objects, the spoons made of bone, the mattress I cook my dreams upon, the typewriter that is my church with an altar of keys always waiting.

~Anne Sexton

The sky breaks. It sags and breathes upon my face. in the presence of mine enemies, mine enemies The world is full of enemies. There is no safe place.

~Anne Sexton

Once upon a time we were all born, popped out like jelly rolls forgetting our fishdom, the pleasuring seas, the country of comfort, spanked into the oxygens of death.

~Anne Sexton

I am out of practice at living. You are as brave as a motorcycle.

~Anne Sexton

Then all this became history. Your hand found mine. Life rushed to my fingers like a blood clot. Oh, my carpenter, the fingers are rebuilt. They dance with yours.

~Anne Sexton

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