Flower, Summer, Morning, Sweet, Laughter, Winter, Children, Garden, Sunrise,
Beautiful, Animal, Beauty, Love, Lying, Uplifting, Happiness, Healing,
Perception, Ghost, Stars

I wonder what spendthrift chose to spill Such a bright gold under my windowsill! Is it fair gold? Does it glitter still? Bless me! It's a daffodil!

~Celia Thaxter

Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget That sunrise never failed us yet.

~Celia Thaxter

Already the dandelions Are changed into vanishing ghosts.

~Celia Thaxter

When in these fresh mornings I go into my garden before any one is awake, I go for the time being into perfect happiness.

~Celia Thaxter

There shall be an eternal summer in the grateful heart.

~Celia Thaxter

The toad has indeed no superior as a destroyer of noxious insects, and he possesses no bad habits and is entirely inoffensive himself, every owner of a garden should treat him with utmost hospitality.

~Celia Thaxter

It seems to me the worst of all the plagues is the slug, the snail without a shell. He is beyond description repulsive, a mass of sooty, shapeless slime, and he devours everything.

~Celia Thaxter

Like the musician, the painter, the poet and the rest, the true lover of flowers is born, not made.

~Celia Thaxter

Ever since I could remember anything, flowers have been like dear friends to me, comforters, inspirers, powers to uplift and to cheer.

~Celia Thaxter

This very act of planting a seed in the earth has in it to me something beautiful. I always do it with a joy that is largely mixed with awe.

~Celia Thaxter

When the snow is still blowing against the window-pane in January and February and the wild winds are howling without, what pleasure it is to plan for summer that is to be.

~Celia Thaxter

One golden day redeems a weary year

~Celia Thaxter

Peacefully The quiet stars came out, one after one; The holy twilight fell upon the sea, The summer day was done.

~Celia Thaxter

As I hold the flower in my hand and think of trying to describe it, I realize how poor a creature I am, how impotent are words in the presence of such perfection.

~Celia Thaxter

I am fully and intensely aware that plants are conscious of love and respond to it as they do to nothing else.

~Celia Thaxter

To stand by the beds at sunrise and see the flowers awake is a heavenly delight.

~Celia Thaxter

Look to the East, where up the lucid sky; the morning climbs! The day shall yet be fair.

~Celia Thaxter

No sadder sound salutes you than the clear, Wild laughter of the loon.

~Celia Thaxter

The summer day was spoiled with fitful storm; At night the wind died and the soft rain dropped; With lulling murmur, and the air was warm, And all the tumult and the trouble stopped.

~Celia Thaxter

The eternal sound of the sea on every side has a tendency to wear away the edge of human thought and perception.

~Celia Thaxter

Dear little head, that lies in calm content Within the gracious hollow that God made In every human shoulder, where He meant Some tired head for comfort should be laid.

~Celia Thaxter

It is curious that the leaf should so love the light and the root so hate it.

~Celia Thaxter

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