

Countee Cullen Quotes

*Heart, Dark, Black, Stars, Men, Poetry, Cutting, Fashion, Giving, Night, Poet,
God, Snow, Lovers, Love Is, Reap, Past, Forgiving, Lying, Way*

The truth is... everything counts. Everything. Everything we do and everything we say. Everything helps or hurts; everything adds to or takes away from someone else.

~Countee Cullen

There is no secret to success except hard work and getting something indefinable which we call 'the breaks.

~Countee Cullen

I was reared in the conservative atmosphere of a Methodist parsonage.

~Countee Cullen

If I am going to be a poet at all, I am going to be POET and not NEGRO POET.

~Countee Cullen

What is Africa to me: Copper sun or scarlet sea, Jungle star or jungle track, Strong bronzed men, or regal black Women from whose loins I sprang When the birds of Eden sang?

~Countee Cullen

We shall not always plant while others reap

~Countee Cullen

The key to all strange things is in thy heart.../ My spirit has come home, that sailed the doubtful seas.

~Countee Cullen

My poetry has become the way of my giving out what music is within me.

~Countee Cullen

We were not made to eternally weep.

~Countee Cullen

Dame Poverty gave me my name, And Pain godfathered me.

~Countee Cullen

For we must be one thing or the other, an asset or a liability, the sinew in your wing to help you soar, or the chain to bind you to earth.

~Countee Cullen

I have a rendezvous with life.

~Countee Cullen

What is last year's snow to me, Last year's anything? The tree Budding yearly must forget How its past arose or set

~Countee Cullen

Give but a grain of the heart's rich seed, Confine some under cover, And when love goes, bid him God-speed. And find another lover.

~Countee Cullen

Yet do I marvel at this curious thing:/ To make a poet black, and bid him sing!

~Countee Cullen

Not for myself I make this prayer, But for this race of mine That stretches forth from shadowed places Dark hands for bread and wine.

~Countee Cullen

Never love with all your heart, It only ends in aching.

~Countee Cullen

All day long and all night through, One thing only must I do: Quench my pride and cool my blood, Lest I perish in the flood.

~Countee Cullen

I cut my teeth as the black raccoon-- For implements of battle.

~Countee Cullen

I doubt not God is good, well-meaning, kind

~Countee Cullen

Ever at Thy glowing altar Must my heart grow sick and falter, Wishing
He I served were black.

~Countee Cullen

The loss of love is a terrible thing; They lie who say that death is worse.

~Countee Cullen

Lord, I fashion dark gods, too, Daring even to give You Dark despairing
features

~Countee Cullen

The night whose sable breast relieves the stark, White stars, is no less
lovely being dark

~Countee Cullen

Whatever lives is granted breath But by the grace and sufferance of
Death.

~Countee Cullen

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, So I make an idle boast; Jesus of the
twice-turned cheek Lamb of God, although I speak With my mouth thus,
in my heart Do I play a double part.

~Countee Cullen

Lord, forgive me if my need Sometimes shapes a human creed.

~Countee Cullen

Death cut the strings that gave me life, And handed me to Sorrow, The only kind of middle wife My folks could beg or borrow.

~Countee Cullen

Africa? A book one thumbs Listlessly, till slumber comes.

~Countee Cullen

Quaint, outlandish heathen gods Black men fashion out of rods

~Countee Cullen

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