Sweet, Heart, Fall, Men, Echoes, Song, Art, Night, Lasts, Light, Beach, Lying, Blue, Ocean, Aspiration, Empty, Flower, Taken, Glasses, Done

Deep in the sun-searched growths the dragonfly Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky.

~Dante Gabriel Rossetti

The worst moment for the atheist is when he is really thankful and has nobody to thank.

~Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Beauty without the beloved is a like a sword through the heart.

~Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Look in my face; my name is Might-have-been; I am also call'd No-more, Too-late, Farewell.

~Dante Gabriel Rossetti

It is beautiful, the world, and life itself. I am glad I have lived.

~Dante Gabriel Rossetti

You have been mine before - How long ago I may not know: But just when at that swallow's soar, your neck turned so, Some veil did fall, - I knew it all of yore.

~Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Places that are empty of you are empty of life.

~Dante Gabriel Rossetti

The sea hath no king but God alone.

~Dante Gabriel Rossetti

The Wombat is a Joy, a Triumph, a Delight, a Madness!

~Dante Gabriel Rossetti

If God in his wisdom have brought closeThe day when I must die,That day by water or fire or airMy feet shall fall in the destined

snareWherever my road may lie.

~Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Her hair that lay along her back Was yellow like ripe corn.

~Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Love is the last relay and ultimate outposts of eternity.

~Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Your eyes smile peace.

~Dante Gabriel Rossetti

I am not as these are, the poet saithIn youth's pride, and the painter, among menAt bay, where never pencil comes nor pem

~Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Sudden Light I have been here before, But when or how I cannot tell: I know the grass beyond the door, The sweet keen smell, The sighing sound, the light around the shore.

~Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Sometimes thou seem'st not as thyself alone, But as the meaning of all things that are.

~Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Tis visible silence, still as the hour-glass.

~Dante Gabriel Rossetti

And Love, our light at night and shade at noon, Lulls us to rest with songs, and turns away All shafts of shelterless tumultuous day.

~Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Beauty like hers is genius.

~Dante Gabriel Rossetti

From perfect grief there need not beWisdom or even memory;One thing then learned remains to me -The woodspurge has a cup of three.

~Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Was it a friend or foe that spread these lies; Nay, who but infants question in such wise, twas one of my most intimate enemies.

~Dante Gabriel Rossetti

At length their long kiss severed, with sweet smart: And as the last slow sudden drops are shed From sparkling eaves when all the storm has fled, So singly flagged the pulses of each heart.

~Dante Gabriel Rossetti

This sunlight shames November where he grieves In dead red leaves, and will not let him shun The day, though bough with bough be overrun. But with a blessing every glade receives High salutation.

~Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Gather a shell from the strewn beach And listen at its lips: they sigh The same desire and mystery, The echo of the whole sea's speech.

~Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Unto the man of yearning thought And aspiration, to do nought Is in itself almost an act.

~Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Still we say as we go,-"Strange to think by the wayWhatever there is to know, That shall we know one day.

~Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Give honour unto Luke Evangelist; For he it was (the aged legends say) Who first taught Art to fold her hands and pray.

~Dante Gabriel Rossetti

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