

Dylan Thomas

Quotes

*Thinking, Men, Sea, Eye, Light, Dream, Night, Lying, Life, Good Night, Hands,
Heart, World, Reading, Sleep, Believe, Dying, Grief, Writing, Love*

Do not go gently into that good night but rage, rage against the dying of the light.

~Dylan Thomas

I hold a beast, an angel and a madman within me.

~Dylan Thomas

Life always offers you a second chance. is called tomorrow.

~Dylan Thomas

Light breaks where no sun shines; Where no sea runs, the waters of the heart; Push in their tides.

~Dylan Thomas

When one burns one's bridges, what a very nice fire it makes.

~Dylan Thomas

Love is the last light spoken.

~Dylan Thomas

An alcoholic is someone you don't like who drinks as much as you do.

~Dylan Thomas

It snowed last year too: I made a snowman and my brother knocked it down and I knocked my brother down and then we had tea.

~Dylan Thomas

The best craftsmanship always leaves holes and gaps... so that something that is not in the poem can creep, crawl, flash or thunder in.

~Dylan Thomas

I went on all over the States, ranting poems to enthusiastic audiences that, the week before, had been equally enthusiastic about lectures on Railway Development or the Modern Turkish Essay.

~Dylan Thomas

Youth calls to age across the tired years: 'What have you found,' he cries, 'what have you sought?' 'What have you found,' age answers through his tears, 'What have you sought.'

~Dylan Thomas

I do not need any friends. I prefer enemies. They are better company and their feelings towards you are always genuine.

~Dylan Thomas

Cold beer is bottled God.

~Dylan Thomas

And now, gentlemen, like your manners, I must leave you.

~Dylan Thomas

He who seeks rest finds boredom. He who seeks work finds rest.

~Dylan Thomas

Come on up, boys -I'm dead.

~Dylan Thomas

My birthday began with the water - Birds and the birds of the winged trees flying my name.

~Dylan Thomas

I think, that if I touched the earth, It would crumble; It is so sad and beautiful, So tremulously like a dream.

~Dylan Thomas

Somebody's boring me. I think it's me.

~Dylan Thomas

My education was the liberty I had to read indiscriminately and all the time, with my eyes hanging out.

~Dylan Thomas

Why do men think you can pick love up and re-light it like a candle?
Women know when love is over.

~Dylan Thomas

The closer I move To death, one man through his sundered hulks, The
louder the sun blooms And the tusked, ramshackling sea exults.

~Dylan Thomas

Though lovers be lost love shall not.

~Dylan Thomas

I believe in New Yorkers. Whether they've ever questioned the dream
in which they live, I wouldn't know, because I won't ever dare ask that
question.

~Dylan Thomas

Though they go mad they shall be sane, though they sink through the
sea they shall rise again; though lovers be lost love shall not; and death
shall have no dominion.

~Dylan Thomas

Do not go gentle into that good night.

~Dylan Thomas

Whatever talents I possess may suddenly diminish or suddenly
increase. I can with ease become an ordinary fool. I may be one now.
But it doesn't do to upset one's own vanity.

~Dylan Thomas

To begin at the beginning: It is a spring moonless night in the small

town, starless and bible-black.

~Dylan Thomas

I like to think of poetry as statements made on the way to the grave.

~Dylan Thomas

And books which told me everything about the wasp, except why.

~Dylan Thomas

Oh, I'm a martyr to music.

~Dylan Thomas

Poetry is not the most important thing in life... I'd much rather lie in a hot bath reading Agatha Christie and sucking sweets.

~Dylan Thomas

I said some words to the close and holy darkness and then I slept.

~Dylan Thomas

Poetry is the rhythmic, inevitably narrative, movement from an overclothed blindness to a naked vision that depends in its intensity on the strength of the labour put into the creation of the poetry.

~Dylan Thomas

If you want a definition of poetry, say: Poetry is what makes me laugh or cry or yawn, what makes my toenails twinkle, what makes me want to do this or that or nothing and let it go at that.

~Dylan Thomas

Don't be too harsh to these poems until they're typed. I always think typescript lends some sort of certainty: at least, if the things are bad then, they appear to be bad with conviction.

~Dylan Thomas

... an ugly, lovely town ... crawling, sprawling ... by the side of a long and splendid curving shore. This sea-town was my world.

~Dylan Thomas

A horrid alcoholic explosion scatters all my good intentions like bits of limbs and clothes over the doorsteps and into the saloon bars of the tawdriest pubs.

~Dylan Thomas

When logics die, The secret of the soil grows through the eye, And blood jumps in the sun; Above the waste allotments the dawn halts.

~Dylan Thomas

After the first death, there is no other.

~Dylan Thomas

Out of the sighs a little comes, But not of grief, for I have knocked down that Before the agony; the spirit grows, Forgets, and cries; A little comes, is tasted and found good.

~Dylan Thomas

Man's wants remain unsatisfied till death. Then, when his soul is naked, is he one With the man in the wind, and the west moon, With the harmonious thunder of the sun

~Dylan Thomas

The only sea I saw Was the seesaw sea With you riding on it. Lie down, lie easy. Let me shipwreck in your thighs.

~Dylan Thomas

Never be lucid, never state, if you would be regarded great.

~Dylan Thomas

These are but dreaming men. Breathe, and they fade.

~Dylan Thomas

A good poem is a contribution to reality.

~Dylan Thomas

I've just had eighteen straight whiskies. I think that's the record.

~Dylan Thomas

Chastity prays for me, piety sings, Innocence sweetens my last black breath, Modesty hides my thighs in her wings, And all the deadly virtues plague my death!

~Dylan Thomas

Join the army and see the next world.

~Dylan Thomas

A worm tells summer better than the clock, The slug's a living calendar of days; What shall it tell me if a timeless insect Says the world wears away?

~Dylan Thomas

Do not go gentle into the good night. Old age should burn and rage at close of day.

~Dylan Thomas

Oh, isn't life a terrible thing, thank God?

~Dylan Thomas

The best poem is that whose worked-upon unmagical passages come closest, in texture and intensity, to those moments of magical accident.

~Dylan Thomas

I hold a beast, an angel, and a madman in me, and my enquiry is as to their working, and my problem is their subjugation and victory, down

throw and upheaval, and my effort is their self-expression.

~Dylan Thomas

I have been told to reason by the heart, But heart, like head, leads helplessly; I have been told to reason by the pulse, And, when it quickens, alter the actions' pace

~Dylan Thomas

The condition of the world today is such that most writers feel they cannot truthfully be "comic" about it.

~Dylan Thomas

It is the measure of my individual struggle from darkness toward some measure of light.

~Dylan Thomas

To begin, at the beginning.

~Dylan Thomas

Though wise men at their end know dark is right, Because their words had forked no lightning they Do not go gentle into that good night.

~Dylan Thomas

But oh, San Francisco! It is and has everything - you wouldn't think that such a place as San Francisco could exist.

~Dylan Thomas

And on seesaw Sunday nights, I'd woo who ever I would with my wicked eye!

~Dylan Thomas

Washington isn't a city, it's an abstraction.

~Dylan Thomas

The land of my fathers. My fathers can have it.

~Dylan Thomas

Beginning with doom in the bulb, the spring unravels.

~Dylan Thomas

The function of posterity is to look after itself.

~Dylan Thomas

I know in London a Welsh hairdresser who has striven so vehemently to abolish his accent that he sounds like a man speaking with the Elgin marbles in his mouth.

~Dylan Thomas

Too many of the artists of Wales spend too much time talking about the position of the artists of Wales. There is only one position for an artist anywhere: and that is, upright.

~Dylan Thomas

Great is the hand that holds dominion over man by a scribbled name.

~Dylan Thomas

The force that through the green fuse drives the flower drives my green age.

~Dylan Thomas

The moment of a miracle is unending lightning.

~Dylan Thomas

This poem has been called obscure. I refuse to believe that it is obscurer than pity, violence, or suffering. But being a poem, not a lifetime, it is more compressed.

~Dylan Thomas

Love drips & gathers, but the fallen blood Shall calm her sores..."

-Thomas, The Force that through the green fuse drives the flower.

~Dylan Thomas

I used to think that once a writer became a man of letters, if only for a half hour, he was done for. And here I am now, at the very moment of such an odious, though respectable, danger.

~Dylan Thomas

You just wait. I'll sin 'til I blow up!

~Dylan Thomas

Sleeping as quiet as death, side by wrinkled side, toothless, salt and brown, like two old kippers in a box.

~Dylan Thomas

The photograph is married to the eye, Grafts on its bride one-sided skins of truth.

~Dylan Thomas

... Rebel against the flesh and bone, The word of the blood, the wily skin, And the maggot no man can slay.

~Dylan Thomas

I learnt the verbs of will, and had my secret; The code of night tapped on my tongue; What had been one was many sounding minded.

~Dylan Thomas

Nothing grows in our garden, only washing. And babies.

~Dylan Thomas

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight, And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way, Do not go gentle into that good night.

~Dylan Thomas

All world was one, one windy nothing, My world was christened in a stream of milk.

~Dylan Thomas

[I'm]a freak user of words, not a poet.

~Dylan Thomas

This bread I break was once the oat, This wine upon a foreign tree
Plunged in its fruit; Man in the day or wind at night Laid the crops low,
broke the grape's joy.

~Dylan Thomas

Oh as I was young and easy in the mercy of his means, Time held me
green and dying Though I sang in my chains like the sea.

~Dylan Thomas

Poetry is what makes my toenails twinkle.

~Dylan Thomas

Dark is a way and light is a place, Heaven that never was Nor will be
ever is always true "Poem on His Birthday

~Dylan Thomas

A springful of larks in a rolling Cloud and the roadside bushes brimming
with whistling Blackbirds and the sun of October Summery On the
hill's shoulder.

~Dylan Thomas

Rage, rage against the dying light

~Dylan Thomas

And I rose In rainy autumn And walked abroad in a shower of all my
days.

~Dylan Thomas

A truly comic, invented world must live at the same time as the world we live in.

~Dylan Thomas

These poems, with all their crudities, doubts, and confusions, are written for the love of Man and in praise of God, and I'd be a damn' fool if they weren't.

~Dylan Thomas

Hands have not tears to flow.

~Dylan Thomas

Seventeen whiskeys. A record, I think.

~Dylan Thomas

And from the first declension of the flesh I learnt man's tongue, to twist the shapes of thoughts Into the stony idiom of the brain.

~Dylan Thomas

Break in the sun till the sun breaks down, And death shall have no dominion.

~Dylan Thomas

This world is half the devil's and my own, Daft with the drug that's smoking in a girl and curling round the bud that forks her eye.

~Dylan Thomas

Let the dry eyes perceive Others betray the lamenting lies of their losses By the curve of the nude mouth or the laugh up the sleeve.

~Dylan Thomas

Families, like countries, take their prophets unkindly, but a verse-speaker in the house is dishonor to be hooted.

~Dylan Thomas

I have just had eighteen whiskeys in a row. I do believe that is a record.

~Dylan Thomas

There is only one position for an artist anywhere: and that is, upright.

~Dylan Thomas

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