Book, Writing, Hands, Reading, Emptiness, Distance, Real, Soul, Weakness, Purpose, Wounds, Littles, Silence, Speak, Enough, Night, Journey, Petals, Wander, Invisibility

Through the ear, we shall enter the invisibility of things.

~Edmond Jabes

How could an argument soothe or settle a controversy when every word is a nest for a bird of doubt? (meaning of words as inferences)

~Edmond Jabes

Silence is no weakness of language. It is, on the contrary, its strength. It is the weakness of words not to know this.

~Edmond Jabes

We do not truly speak except at a distance. There is no word not severed.

~Edmond Jabes

One rose is enough for the dawn

~Edmond Jabes

Always in a foreign country, the poet uses poetry as an interpreter.

~Edmond Jabes

For the writer, discovering the work he will write is both like a miracle and a wound, like the miracle of the wound.

~Edmond Jabes

Ah, the sun will catch me, in my disturbing transparency. What am I but an awareness of the dark, forever?

~Edmond Jabes

To whom to speak when the other no longer is? The place is empty when emptiness occupies all of the place.

~Edmond Jabes

My hands are full when you give me your hand.

~Edmond Jabes

The soul has words as petals.

~Edmond Jabes

It is not certainty which is creative, but the uncertainty we are pledged to in our works.

~Edmond Jabes

As long as we are not chased from our words we have nothing to fear. As long as our utterances keep their sound we have a voice. As long as our words keep their sense we have a soul.

~Edmond Jabes

God, on the other side of my table, composes His book whose smoke envelops me: for the flame of my candle is His pen.

~Edmond Jabes

In the morning, you tear up the pages of your fever, but every word naturally leads you back to its color, its night.

~Edmond Jabes

Only what touches us closely preoccupies us. We prepare in solitude to face it. (The Little Book of Unsuspected Subversion)

~Edmond Jabes

Wound me . . . I can only feed on my humiliated blood.

~Edmond Jabes

One wound is enough to feed the open wounds of the sky.

~Edmond Jabes

What is not grasped has all the chances to become real.

~Edmond Jabes

By the light of our insistent truths we wander into death

~Edmond Jabes

The book is an unbearable totality. I write against a background of facets.

~Edmond Jabes

The hand opens to the word, opens to distance.

~Edmond Jabes

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