

Edna St. Vincent Millay

Quotes

*Heart, Men, Life, Rain, Love, Flower, Beautiful, Lying, Thinking, Eye, Book, Fall,
Littles, People, Years, Hate, Summer, Dust, Children, Hands*

But you, you foolish girl, you have gone home to a leaky castle across the sea to lie awake in linen smelling of lavender, and hear the nightingale, and long for me.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Where you used to be, there is a hole in the world, which I find myself constantly walking around in the daytime, and falling in at night. I miss you like hell.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

My candle burns at both ends; it will not last the night; but ah, my foes, and oh, my friends - it gives a lovely light!

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Beautiful as a dandelion-blossom golden in the green grass, this life can be.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

I will be the gladdest thing under the sun! I will touch a hundred flowers and not pick one.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

The longest absence is less perilous to love than the terrible trials of incessant proximity.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

They say when you are missing someone that they are probably feeling the same, but I don't think it's possible for you to miss me as much as I'm missing you right now

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

There isn't a train I wouldn't take, no matter where it's going.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

The soul can split the sky in two and let the face of God shine through.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

I am glad that I paid so little attention to good advice; had I abided by it I might have been saved from some of my most valuable mistakes.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Gently they go, the beautiful, the tender, the kind; Quietly they go, the intelligent, the witty, the brave. I know. But I do not approve. And I am not resigned.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Parrots, tortoises and redwoods live a longer life than men do; Men a longer life than dogs do; Dogs a longer life than love does.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

You are loved. If so, what else matters?

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Life must go on; I forget just why.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

My heart is warm with the friends I make, And better friends I'll not be knowing, Yet there isn't a train I wouldn't take, No matter where it's going.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

And must I then, indeed, Pain, live with you all through my life?-sharing my fire, my bed, Sharing-oh, worst of all things!-the same head?- And, when I feed myself, feeding you too?

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Summer set lip to earth's bosom bare, And left the flushed print in a poppy there. I will touch a hundred flowers And not pick one.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Into the darkness they go, the wise and the lovely.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

It's not true that life is one damn thing after another; it is one damn thing over and over.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Beauty never slumbers; All is in her name; But the rose remembers The dust from which it came.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

I love humanity but I hate people.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Love is not all: it is not meat nor drink Nor slumber nor a roof against the rain; Nor yet a floating spar to men that sink.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

I know I am but summer to your heart, and not the full four seasons of the year.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

The fabric of my faithful love No power shall dim or ravel Whilst I stay here - but oh, my dear, If I should ever travel!

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

No one but Night, with tears on her dark face, watches beside me in this windy place.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

The young are so old, they are born with their fingers crossed.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

This book, when I am dead, will be
A little faint perfume of me. People
who knew me well will say,
She really used to think that way.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Beauty is whatever gives joy.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

How strange a thing is death, bringing to his knees,
bringing to his antlers
The buck in the snow . . . Life, looking out attentive
from the eyes of the doe.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Soar, eat ether, see what has never been seen;
depart, be lost, but climb.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

There is no shelter in you anywhere.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Cruel of heart, lay down my song.
Your reading eyes have done me wrong.
Not for you was the pen bitten,
And the mind wrung, and the song written.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Ah, I could lay me down in this long grass
And close my eyes, and let
the quiet wind
Blow over me

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

And reaching up my hand to try,
I screamed to feel it touch the sky.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Pour away despair and rinse the cup.
Eat happiness like bread.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

I, being born a woman and distressed
By all the needs and notions of
my kind.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Not Truth, but Faith it is that keeps the world alive.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

To a Young Poet Time cannot break the bird's wing from the bird. Bird
and wing together Go down, one feather. No thing that ever flew, Not
the lark, not you, Can die as others do.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

And all the loveliest things there be come simply, so it seems to me.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

I have loved badly, loved the great Too soon, withdrawn my words too
late; And eaten in an echoing hall Alone and from a chipped plate The
words that I withdrew too late.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

We think-although of course, now, we very seldom Clearly think- That
the other side of War is Peace.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

A ghost in marble of a girl you knew Who would have loved you in a
day or two.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

pity me that the heart is slow to learn what the swift mind beholds at
every turn.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Night falls fast. Today is in the past.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

let geese Gabble and hiss, but heroes seek release
From dusty bondage into luminous air.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

I drank at every vine, the last was like the first. I came upon no wine so
wonderful as thirst.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Childhood Is the Kingdom Where Nobody Dies.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Oh, friend, forget not, when you fain would note
In me a beauty that was never mine,
How first you knew me in a book I wrote,
How first you loved me for a written line.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

What should I be but just what I am?

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

You see, I am a poet, and not quite right in the head, darling. It's only
that.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Love is not all; it is not meat nor drink.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Please give me some good advice in your next letter. I promise not to
follow it.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

If I love you Wednesday, What is that to you? I do not love you
Thursday - so much is true.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Oh, children, growing up to be Adventurers into sophistry, Forbear,
forbear to be of those That read the rood to learn the rose.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Euclid Alone Has Looked on Beauty Bare.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

God, I can push the grass apart and lay my finger on Thy heart.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Life in itself / Is nothing, / An empty cup, a flight of uncarpeted stairs. / It
is not enough that yearly, down this hill, / April / Comes like an idiot,
babbling and strewing flowers.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Beauty in all things-no, we cannot hope for that; but some place set
apart for it.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

A person who publishes a book appears willfully in public eye with his
pants down.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

I do not think there is a woman in whom the roots of passion shoot
deeper than in me.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Not poppy, nor mandrake, Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world, Shall
ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep, Which thou owest yesterday.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Cut if you will with sleep's dull knife, the years from off your life, my
friend! the years that death takes off my life, he'll take from off the other
end!

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Music my rampart, and my only one.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

We are all ruled in what we do by impulses; and these impulses are so organized that our actions in general serve for our self preservation and that of the race.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

A Poem from Edna St. Vincent Millay: Grown-up
Was it for this I uttered prayers,
And sobbed and cursed and kicked the stairs,
That now, domestic as a plate,
I should retire at half-past eight?

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Not for the flag Of any land because myself was born there
Will I give up my life. But I will love that land where man is free,
And that will I defend.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Safe upon the solid rock the ugly houses stand. Come and see my
shining palace built upon the sand!

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Please don't think me negligent or rude. I am both, in effect, of course,
but please don't think me either.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

If I could have two things in one: the peace of the grave, and the light of
the sun.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

I hate people but I love gatherings.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Childhood is not from birth to a certain age and at a certain age. The child is grown, and puts away childish things. Childhood is the kingdom where nobody dies.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

A person who publishes a book willfully appears before the populace with his pants down. If it is a good book nothing can hurt him. If it is a bad book nothing can help him.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Life has no friend.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

I screamed, and--lo!--Infinity Came down and settled over me

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Earth does not understand her child, Who from the loud gregarious town Returns, depleted and defiled, To the still woods, to fling him down.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

It's not love's going hurts my days But that it went in little ways.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

If ever I said in grief or pride, I'd tired of honest things, I lied.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Euclid alone Has looked on Beauty bare. Fortunate they Who, though once only and then but far away, Have heard her massive sandal set on stone.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

What terrible fear causes Man to address the Void as Thou?

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Man has never been the same since God died.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Here's a song was never sung: Growing old is dying young.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Life in itself Is nothing, An empty cup, a flight of uncarpeted stairs.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Without music I should wish to die.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

April comes like an idiot, babbling and strewing flowers.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

The world stands out on either side, No wider than the heart is wide.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

I am not a tentative person. Whatever I do, I give up my whole self to it.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

... but the rain Is full of ghosts tonight

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Under my head till morning; but the rain, Is full of ghosts tonight, that tap and sigh, Upon the glass and listen for reply.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

O world, I cannot hold thee close enough!

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

To what purpose, April, do you return again? Beauty is not enough.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Life isn't all beer and skittles; few of us have touched a skittle in years.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Sorrow like a ceaseless rain Beats upon my heart. People twist and scream in pain-- Dawn will find them still again; This has neither wax nor wane, Neither stop nor start.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Lord I do fear / Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

I shall die, but that is all that I shall do for Death; I am not on his pay-roll.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

For the body at best Is a bundle of aches, Longing for rest; It cries when it wakes.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

All my life, Following Care along the dusty road, Have I looked back on loveliness and sighed.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

After all my erstwhile dear, my no longer cherished; Need we say it was not love, just because it perished?

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

But if I can't be sorry, why, I might as well be glad!

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

There is no God. But it does not matter. Man is enough.

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

Oh, you mean I'm a homosexual! Of course I am, and heterosexual too,

but what's that got to do with my headache?

~Edna St. Vincent Millay

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