Art, Dream, Writing, Men, People, Book, World, Way, Fall, Pages, Moving, Littles, Sleep, Self, Thinking, Dark, Democracy, Hats, Soap, God

Being a poet is one of the unhealthier jobs--no regular hours, so many temptations!

~Elizabeth Bishop

All my life I have lived and behaved very much like the sandpiper - just running down the edges of different countries and continents, 'looking for something'.

~Elizabeth Bishop

The art of losing isn't hard to master; so many things seem filled with the intent to be lost that their loss is no disaster.

~Elizabeth Bishop

If after I read a poem the world looks like that poem for 24 hours or so I'm sure it's a good oneâ€"and the same goes for paintings.

~Elizabeth Bishop

What one seems to want in art, in experiencing it, is the same thing that is necessary for its creation, a self-forgetful, perfectly useless concentration.

~Elizabeth Bishop

I am overcome by my own amazing sloth...Can you please forgive me and believe that it is really because I want to do something well that I don't do it at all?

~Elizabeth Bishop

Sometimes it seems as though only intelligent people are stupid enough to fall in love & only stupid people are intelligent enough to let themselves be loved.

~Elizabeth Bishop

All the untidyactivity continues, awful but cheerful.

~Elizabeth Bishop

Democracy in the contemporary world demands, among other things, an educated and informed people.

~Elizabeth Bishop

Oh, must we dream our dreams and have them, too?

~Elizabeth Bishop

Hoping to live days of greater happiness, I forget that days of less happiness are passing by.

~Elizabeth Bishop

Heaven is not like flying or swimming, but has something to do with blackness and a strong glare.

~Elizabeth Bishop

Lose something every day. Accept the fluster of lost door keys, the hour badly spent. The art of losing isn't hard to master.

~Elizabeth Bishop

Icebergs behoove the soul (both being self-made from elements least visible) to see themselves: fleshed, fair, erected, indivisible.

~Elizabeth Bishop

It is like what we imagine knowledge to be: dark, salt, clear, moving, utterly free.

~Elizabeth Bishop

What the Man-Moth fears most he must do.

~Elizabeth Bishop

The whole shadow of Man is only as big as his hat.

~Elizabeth Bishop

I am sorry for people who can't write letters. But I suspect also that you

and I ... love to write them because it's kind of like working without really doing it.

~Elizabeth Bishop

Something needn't be large to be good.

~Elizabeth Bishop

Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture I love) I shan't have lied. It's evident the art of losing's not too hard to master though it may look like (Write it!) like disaster.

~Elizabeth Bishop

What childishness is it that while there's breath of life in our bodies, we are determined to rush to see the sun the other way around?

~Elizabeth Bishop

And as to experience-well, think how little some good poets have had, or how much some bad ones have.

~Elizabeth Bishop

Someone loves us all.

~Elizabeth Bishop

I've never written the things I'd like to write that I've admired all my life. Maybe one never does.

~Elizabeth Bishop

The art of losing isn't hard to master.

~Elizabeth Bishop

Ports are necessities, like postage stamps or soap, but they seldom seem to care what impressions they make.

~Elizabeth Bishop

Topography displays no favorites; North's as near as West. More delicate than the historians' are the map-makers' colors.

~Elizabeth Bishop

The pigs stuck out their little feet and snored.

~Elizabeth Bishop

I HATED the Salinger story. It took me days to go through it, gingerly, a page at a time, and blushing with embarrassment for him every ridiculous sentence of the way. How can they let him do it?

~Elizabeth Bishop

Time to plant tears, says the almanac. The grandmother sings to the marvelous stove and the child draws another inscrutable house.

~Elizabeth Bishop

Think of the long trip home. Should we have stayed home and thought of here? Where should we be today?

~Elizabeth Bishop

I was made at right angles to the world and I see it so. I can only see it so.

~Elizabeth Bishop

Insomnia" perhaps she's a daytime sleeper.

~Elizabeth Bishop

Open the book. (The gilt rubs off the edges of the pages and pollinates the fingertips.)

~Elizabeth Bishop

The armored cars of dreams, contrived to let us do so many a dangerous thing.

~Elizabeth Bishop

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