

# Galway Kinnell Quotes

*Way, Flower, Firsts, Speak, Memories, Blessing, Thinking, Falling In Love, Fall,  
Special, Blood, Laughter, Over It, Profound, Live Forever, Get Over, All Things,  
Loveliness, Track, Broken*

It is necessary to reattach a thing its loveliness, to put a hand on its brow of the flower and retell it in words and in touch it is lovely until it flowers again from within, of self-blessing.

~Galway Kinnell

Go so deep into yourself, you speak for everyone.

~Galway Kinnell

I will find that special person who is wrong for me in just the right way.

~Galway Kinnell

Never mind. The self is the least of it. Let our scars fall in love.

~Galway Kinnell

To me, poetry is somebody standing up, so to speak, and saying, with as little concealment as possible, what it is for him or her to be on earth at this moment

~Galway Kinnell

The first step in the journey is to lose your way.

~Galway Kinnell

Turn on the dream you lived through the unwavering gaze. It is as you thought: the living burn. In the floating days may you discover grace.

~Galway Kinnell

I have always intended to live forever; but not until now, to live now.

~Galway Kinnell

Sometimes it is necessary To reattach a thing its loveliness

~Galway Kinnell

Let our scars fall in love.

~Galway Kinnell

Kiss the mouth which tells you, here, here is the world. This mouth. This laughter. These temple bones.

~Galway Kinnell

That's the way it is with poetry: When it is incomprehensible it seems profound, and when you understand it, it is only ridiculous.

~Galway Kinnell

Prose is walking; poetry is flying

~Galway Kinnell

the rest of my days I spend wandering: wondering what, anyway, was that sticky infusion, that rank flavor of blood, that poetry, by which I lived?

~Galway Kinnell

Perhaps poetry will be the canary in the mine-shaft warning us of what's to come.

~Galway Kinnell

The first step... shall be to lose the way.

~Galway Kinnell

Is there a mechanism of death, that so mutilates existence no one, gets over it not even the dead?

~Galway Kinnell

The bud stands for all things, even for those things that don't flower

~Galway Kinnell

There are two versions to every poem - the crying version and the straight version

~Galway Kinnell

Goodbye, you who are, for me, the postmarks again of shattered towns--Xenia, Burnt Cabins, Hornell-- their loneliness given away in poems, only their solitude kept.

~Galway Kinnell

this one whom habit of memory propels to the ground of his making, sleeper only the mortal sounds can sing awake, this blessing love gives again into our arms.

~Galway Kinnell

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