

Gretel Ehrlich

Quotes

*Nature, Ocean, Rivers, Thinking, Animal, Mean, Fall, Long, Sadness, Memories,
Curves, Despair, Wind, Night, Fog, Autumn, Land, Water, Mind, Running*

To rise above treeline is to go above thought, and after, the descent back into bird song, bog orchids, willows, and firs is to sink into the preliterate parts of ourselves.

~Gretel Ehrlich

Everything in nature invites us constantly to be what we are.

~Gretel Ehrlich

To trace the history of a river . . . is to trace the history of the soul, the history of the mind descending and arising in the body.

~Gretel Ehrlich

A tree is a thought, an obstruction stopping the flow of wind and light, trapping water, housing insects, birds, and animals, and breathing in and out. How treelike the human, how human the tree.

~Gretel Ehrlich

Everything in nature invites us constantly to be what we are. We are often like rivers: careless and forceful, timid and dangerous, lucid and muddied, eddying, gleaming, still.

~Gretel Ehrlich

I thought: to be tough is to be fragile; to be tender is to be truly fierce.

~Gretel Ehrlich

I like big, open, spare landscapes. There's lots of room. Nobody bothers you... I feel as if I can think there.

~Gretel Ehrlich

Leaves are verbs that conjugate the seasons.

~Gretel Ehrlich

Honesty is stronger medicine than sympathy, which may console but often conceals.

~Gretel Ehrlich

Finally, the lessons of impermanence taught me this: loss constitutes an odd kind of fullness; despair empties out into an unquenchable appetite for life.

~Gretel Ehrlich

Walking is also an ambulation of mind.

~Gretel Ehrlich

It's no wonder human beings are so narcissistic. The way our ears are constructed, we can hear only what is right next to us or else the internal monologue inside.

~Gretel Ehrlich

Animals give us their constant, unjaded faces, and we burden them with our bodies and civilized ordeals.

~Gretel Ehrlich

To long for love, to have experienced passion's deep pleasure, even once, is to understand the mercilessness of having a human body whose memory rides desire's back unanchored from season to season.

~Gretel Ehrlich

To know something, then, we must be scrubbed raw, the fasting heart exposed.

~Gretel Ehrlich

Am I like the optimist who, while falling ten stories from a building, says at each story, I'm all right so far?

~Gretel Ehrlich

History is an illogical record. It hinges on nothing. It is a story that

changes, and has accidents, and recovers with scars.

~Gretel Ehrlich

Autumn teaches us that fruition is also death; that ripeness is a form of decay. The willows, having stood for so long near water, begin to rust. Leaves are verbs that conjugate the seasons.

~Gretel Ehrlich

The fog lifted in the evening and a blue-black band at the horizon marked the end of the sea and the beginning of thought. Where does a beginning begin when nothing has gone on before?

~Gretel Ehrlich

The toughness I was learning was not a martyred doggedness, a dumb heroism, but the art of accommodation. I thought: to be tough is to be fragile; to be tender is to be truly fierce.

~Gretel Ehrlich

True solace is finding none, which is to say, it is everywhere.

~Gretel Ehrlich

Islands are reminders of arrivals and departures.

~Gretel Ehrlich

There is nothing in nature that can't be taken as a sign of both mortality and invigoration.

~Gretel Ehrlich

Gary Snyder's *The Practice of the Wild* is an exquisite, far-sighted articulation of what freedom, wildness, goodness, and grace mean, using the lessons of the planet to teach us how to live.

~Gretel Ehrlich

Perhaps despair is the only human sin.

~Gretel Ehrlich

What Flaubert refers to as the "œmÃ©lancholies du voyage" is like the sadness I feel as one season departs and another arrives.

~Gretel Ehrlich

Ritual which could entail a wedding or brushing one's teeth goes in the direction of life. Through it we reconcile our barbed solitude with rushing, irreducible conditions of life.

~Gretel Ehrlich

Turbulence, like many forms of trouble, cannot always be seen. We bounce so hard my arms sail helplessly above my head. In evolution, wing bones became arms and hands; perhaps I'm de-evolving.

~Gretel Ehrlich

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