Girl, Thinking, People, Heart, Sometimes, Writing, Reading, Dark,
Disappointment, Wish, Looks, Names, Coffee, Worry, Should, Book, Snow,
Morning, Fiction, Butterfly

I wish there was someone I could have written to after that, someone I could have written to explain how awful it was to have someone touch you, then look at you properly and change his mind.

~Helen Oyeyemi

Home is where your teapots are.

~Helen Oyeyemi

I collected pictures and I drew pictures and I looked at the pictures by myself. And because no one else ever saw them, the pictures were perfect and true. They were alive.

~Helen Oyeyemi

The first coffee of the morning is never, ever, ready quickly enough. You die before it's ready and then your ghost pours the resurrection potion out of the moka pot.

~Helen Oyeyemi

I feel like an old lady; my hero is Miss Marple.

~Helen Oyeyemi

Because things grow. Wherever there is air and light and open space, things grow.

~Helen Oyeyemi

There were days when he touched the tip of her nose and it was enough, a miracle of plenty.

~Helen Oyeyemi

The language of [Catholic] mysticism - its repeated attempts to lay consciousness itself bare and speak all the intensely opposing yet interconnected parts of it that cannot be spoken.

~Helen Oyeyemi

I think, basically, what I'm good for is reading - a lot.

~Helen Oyeyemi

I dont have a style. I just try to write what the story demands.

~Helen Oyeyemi

I do tend to feel more connected to dead writers, perhaps because they have finished their work.

~Helen Oyeyemi

I love taking things out of context and playing with them and chopping up rules.

~Helen Oyeyemi

You don't return people's smilesâ€"it's perfectly clear to you that people can smile and smile and still be villains.

~Helen Oyeyemi

If you should find yourself in a place that is indifferent to you and there is someone there that your spirit stretches to, then that person is kin.

~Helen Oyeyemi

Nobody ever warned me about mirrors, so for many years I was fond of them, and believed them to be trustworthy. . .

~Helen Oyeyemi

Imagine having a mother who worries that you read too much. The question is, what is it that's supposed to happen to people who read too much? How can you tell when someone's crossed the line.

~Helen Oyeyemi

That's the ideal meeting...once upon a time, only once, unexpectedly, then never again.

~Helen Oyeyemi

Wanderer, there is no road, the road is made by walking. The poem tells me it's no big deal that I'm not like Snow. I can be another thing; I'm meant to be another thing.

~Helen Oyeyemi

And she walked away, and she walked away, and that was that, and that was that.

~Helen Oyeyemi

Because he says he can't stand you and you act like you can't stand him, and whenever a man and a woman behave like that toward each other, it usually means something's going on.

~Helen Oyeyemi

This was a little house, with a ceiling that kept getting higher and higher, a hot place with no windows. This was anger.

~Helen Oyeyemi

Would that be dangerous, to not look while being looked at? ~Helen Oyeyemi

I know of witches who whistle at different pitches, calling things that don't have names.

~Helen Oyeyemi

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