

Li-Young Lee

Quotes

*Writing, Voice, Memories, Body, Want, Sweet, Light, Blood, Water, Infinity,
Wind, Fate, Luck, Sentences, Multitudes, Mind, Wings, Dream, Revealing, Self*

People who read poetry have heard about the burning bush, but when you write poetry, you sit inside the burning bush.

~Li-Young Lee

Brimming. That's what it is, I want to get to a place where my sentences enact brimming.

~Li-Young Lee

Memory is sweet. Even when it's painful, memory is sweet.

~Li-Young Lee

Every time you write a poem it's apocalyptic. You're revealing who you really are to yourself.

~Li-Young Lee

While all bodies share the same fate, all voices do not.

~Li-Young Lee

There are days we live as if death were nowhere in the background; from joy to joy to joy, from wing to wing, from blossom to blossom to impossible blossom, to sweet impossible blossom.

~Li-Young Lee

Maybe being winged means being wounded by infinity.

~Li-Young Lee

Poetry is the language of extremity. Poetry is a transfer of potency. You feel something potent and then you transfer it onto the page.

~Li-Young Lee

The knowledge that it takes to write a poem gets burnt up in the writing of the poem.

~Li-Young Lee

Some things never leave a person: scent of the hair of one you love, the texture of persimmons, in your palm, the ripe weight.

~Li-Young Lee

In writing poetry, all of one's attention is focused on some inner voice.

~Li-Young Lee

The problem with memory is that it changes whatever it touches. It is never that accurate. As a result, I end up modifying and revising my own experiences. It's myth making.

~Li-Young Lee

We suffer each other to have each other a while.

~Li-Young Lee

I don't mind suffering as long as it's really about something. I don't mind great luck, if it's about something. If it's the hollow stuff, then there's no gift, one way or the other.

~Li-Young Lee

The lyric self is the self; the narrative self is not.

~Li-Young Lee

Could it be in longing we are most ourselves?

~Li-Young Lee

I am that last, that final thing, the body in a white sheet listening.

~Li-Young Lee

A door jumps out from shadows, then jumps away. This is what I've come to find: the back door, unlatched. Tooled by insular wind, it slams and slams without meaning to and without meaning.

~Li-Young Lee

A poem is like a score for the human voice.

~Li-Young Lee

And I never believed that the multitude / of dreams and many words
were vain.

~Li-Young Lee

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- Fate Quotes
- Luck Quotes
- Sentences Quotes
- Multitudes Quotes
- Mind Quotes
- Wings Quotes
- Dream Quotes
- Revealing Quotes
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