

Louis MacNeice

Quotes

*World, Thinking, Cities, Faces, Years, Prayer, Heart, Killing, Wall, Tails,
Glasses, Humanity, Spit, Kissing, Kings, Dream, Country, Somewhere Else,
Bud, Giving*

Let them not make me a stone and let them not spill me, otherwise kill me.

~Louis MacNeice

Time was away and somewhere else, There were two glasses and two chairs And two people with one pulse.

~Louis MacNeice

A pharaoh's profile, a Krishna's grace, tail like a question mark.

~Louis MacNeice

It's no go the merry-go-round, it's no go the rickshaw All we want is a limousine and a ticket for the peepshow.

~Louis MacNeice

Better authentic mammon than a bogus god.

~Louis MacNeice

The sunlight on the garden Hardens and grows cold, We cannot cage the minute Within its nets of gold

~Louis MacNeice

I am not yet born; O fill me with strength against those who would freeze my humanity.

~Louis MacNeice

World is crazier and more of it than we think, Incorrigibly plural. I peel and portion A tangerine and spit the pips and feel The drunkenness of things being various.

~Louis MacNeice

None of our hearts are pure, we always have mixed motives. Are self deceivers, but the worst of all Deceits is to murmur 'Lord, I am not worthy' And, lying easy, turn your face to the wall.

~Louis MacNeice

World is suddener than we fancy it.

~Louis MacNeice

Politics: distrust all parties but consider capitalism must go.

~Louis MacNeice

Down the road someone is practicing scales,
The notes like little fishes
vanish with a wink of tails

~Louis MacNeice

a fortress against ideas and against the Shuddering insidious shock of
the theory-vendors The little sardine men crammed in a monster toy
Who tilt their aggregate beast against our crumbling Troy.

~Louis MacNeice

blind wantons like the gulls who scream And rip the edge off any ideal
or dream.

~Louis MacNeice

World is crazier and more of it than we think, Incurably plural.

~Louis MacNeice

A city built upon mud; A culture built upon profit; Free speech nipped in
the bud, The minority always guilty. Why should I want to go back To
you, Ireland, my Ireland?

~Louis MacNeice

All that I would like to be is human, having a share in a civilized,
articulate and well-adjusted community where the mind is given its due
but the body is not distrusted

~Louis MacNeice

You know the worst: your wills are fickle, Your values blurred, your hearts impure
And your past life a ruined church-- But let your poison be your cure.

~Louis MacNeice

There seeps from heavily jowled or hawk-like foreign faces The guttural sorrow of the refugees.

~Louis MacNeice

I am not yet born; O hear me. Let not the bloodsucking bat or the rat or the stoat or the club-footed ghouls come near me.

~Louis MacNeice

And I envy the intransigence of my own Countrymen who shoot to kill and never
See the victim's face become their own Or find his motive sabotage their motives.

~Louis MacNeice

I am not yet born; O fill me With strength against those who would freeze my humanity,
would dragoon me into a lethal automaton would make me a cog in a machine, a thing with one face, a thing

~Louis MacNeice

Why do we like being Irish? Partly because It gives us a hold on the sentimental English
As members of a world that never was, Baptized with fairy water

~Louis MacNeice

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