Art, Heart, Believe, Poetry, Writing, Suffering, Men, Feelings, Giving, Struggle, Blow, Silly, Life, Class, Autumn, Happiness, Lying, Competition, Tears, Dream

The intellectual is a middle-class product; if he is not born into the class he must soon insert himself into it, in order to exist. He is the fine nervous flower of the bourgeoisie.

~Louise Bogan

I hope that one or two immortal lyrics will come out of all this tumbling around.

~Louise Bogan

The Initial Mystery that attends any journey is: how did the traveler reach his starting point in the first place?

~Louise Bogan

I cannot believe that the inscrutable universe turns on an axis of suffering; surely the strange beauty of the world must somewhere rest on pure joy!

~Louise Bogan

... politics are nothing but sand and gravel: it is art and life that feed us until we die. Everything else is ambition, hysteria or hatred.

~Louise Bogan

Perhaps this very instant is your time.

~Louise Bogan

Stupidity always accompanies evil. Or evil, stupidity.

~Louise Bogan

...in a time lacking in truth and certainty and filled with anguish and despair, no woman should be shamefaced in attempting to give back to the world, through her work, a portion of its lost heart.

~Louise Bogan

Your work is carved out of agony as a statue is carved out of marble.

~Louise Bogan

A thousand kindnesses do not make up for a thousand blows.

~Louise Bogan

I have lost faith in universal panaceas - work is the one thing in which I really believe.

~Louise Bogan

Poetry is often generations in advance of the thought of its time.

~Louise Bogan

Up from the bronze, I saw Water without a flaw Rush to its rest in air Reach to its rest, and fall.

~Louise Bogan

Innocence of heart and violence of feeling are necessary in any kind of superior achievement: The arts cannot exist without them.

~Louise Bogan

I'll lie here and learn How, over their ground, Trees make a long shadow And a light sound.

~Louise Bogan

No more pronouncements on lousy verse. No more hidden competition. No more struggling not to be a square.

~Louise Bogan

It is through the acceptance of a variety of aethetic and intellectual points of view that a culture is given breadth and density.

~Louise Bogar

The terrible beast, that no one may understand, Came to my side, and put down his head in love.

~Louise Bogan

But childhood prolonged, cannot remain a fairyland. It becomes a hell. ~Louise Bogan

What we suffer, what we endure, what we muff, what we kill, what we miss, what we are guilty of, is done by us, as individuals, in private.

~Louise Bogan

... how much of our inner substance is it good for us to give to public griefs? The whole modern tendency to agonize over the suffering of the entire globe is surely something new.

~Louise Bogan

Because language is the carrier of ideas, it is easy to believe that it should be very little else than such a carrier.

~Louise Bogan

Women have no wilderness in them They are provident instead Content in the tight hot cell of their hearts To eat dusty bread.

~Louise Bogan

Once form has been smashed, it has been smashed for good, and once a forbidden subject has been released, it has been released for good.

~Louise Bogan

Song, like a wing, tears through my breast, my side, And madness chooses out my voice again, Again.

~Louise Bogan

The women rest their tired half-healed hearts; they are almost well.

~Louise Bogan

O God, in the dream the terrible horse began To paw at the air, and make for me with his blows.

~Louise Bogan

O remember In your narrowing dark hours That more things move Than blood in the heart.

~Louise Bogan

True revolutions in art restore more than they destroy.

~Louise Bogan

O fortunate bride, who never again will become elated after childbirth! O lucky older wife, who has been cured of feeling unwanted!

~Louise Bogan

It is almost impossible for the poetess, once laurelled, to take off the crown for good or to reject values and taste of those who tender it.

~Louise Bogan

The measured blood beats out the year's delay.

~Louise Bogan

The fact, and the intuition or logic about the fact, are severe coordinates in fiction. In the short story they must cross with hair-line precision.

~Louise Bogan

All art, in spite of the struggles of some critics to prove otherwise, is based on emotion and projects emotion.

~Louise Bogan

The art of one period cannot be approached through the attitudes (emotional or intellectual) of another.

~Louise Bogan

I don't like quintessential certitude.

~Louise Bogan

At midnight tears Run into your ears.

~Louise Bogan

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