

Patricia A. McKillip

Quotes

Imagination, Men, Heart, Writing, People, Moon, Lying, Moving, Silence, Land, Names, Here I Am, Hands, Love Is, Night, Behinds, Eye, Dream, Sea, Golden

Imagination is the golden-eyed monster that never sleeps. It must be fed; it cannot be ignored.

~Patricia A. McKillip

Those who fear the imagination condemn it: something childish, they say, something monsterish, misbegotten. Not all of us dream awake. But those of us who do have no choice.

~Patricia A. McKillip

It's an odd thing, happiness. Some people take happiness from gold. Or black pearls. And some of us, far more fortunate, take their happiness from periwinkles.

~Patricia A. McKillip

There was the gaudy patch of sunflowers beside the west gate of the palace of the Prince of Ombria, that did nothing all day long but turn their golden-haired, thousand-eyed faces to follow the sun.

~Patricia A. McKillip

She is our moon. Our tidal pull. She is the rich deep beneath the sea, the buried treasure, the expression in the owl's eye, the perfume in the wild rose. She is what the water says when it moves.

~Patricia A. McKillip

The odd thing about people who had many books was how they always wanted more.

~Patricia A. McKillip

Night is not something to endure until dawn. It is an element, like wind or fire. Darkness is its own kingdom; it moves to its own laws, and many living things dwell in it.

~Patricia A. McKillip

Love and anger are like land and sea: They meet at many different

places.

~Patricia A. McKillip

Words, he decided, were inadequate at best, impossible at worst. They meant too many things. Or they meant nothing at all.

~Patricia A. McKillip

[Imagination] must be visited constantly, or else it begins to become restless and emit strange bellows at embarrassing moments; ignoring it only makes it grow larger and noisier.

~Patricia A. McKillip

When you put your hands and mind and heart into the knowing of a thing ... there is no room in you for fear.

~Patricia A. McKillip

That's the beginning of magic. Let your imagination run and follow it.

~Patricia A. McKillip

Wisdom never learned silence, and it is most annoying when least wanted.

~Patricia A. McKillip

Content, it dreams awake, and spins the fabric of tales. There is really nothing to be done with such imagery except to use it: in writing, in art.

~Patricia A. McKillip

Then you will have to trust me. Beyond logic, beyond reason, beyond hope, trust me.

~Patricia A. McKillip

Research the imagination. It was as obsolete as the appendix in most adults, except for those in whom, like the appendix, it became inflamed for no reason.

~Patricia A. McKillip

The man was hit in one eye by a stone, and that eye turned inward so that it looked into his mind, and he died of what he saw there

~Patricia A. McKillip

What?" It was a good word. Like a rock in a river, sticking up to let you land on it, so you could make your way across the flow.

~Patricia A. McKillip

Shall I add a man to my collection?

~Patricia A. McKillip

But even in the schoolyard I'd been aware of that silence, that reserve in him, as though he'd been raised by foxes and language was his second language.

~Patricia A. McKillip

Only yesterday a young woman came to me wanting a trap set for a man with a sweet smile and lithe arms. She was a fool, not for wanting him, but for wanting more of him than that.

~Patricia A. McKillip

Peace, tremulous, unexpected, sent a taproot out of nowhere into Morgan's heart.

~Patricia A. McKillip

I do not want to choose which one of you I must love or hate. Here, I am free to do neither. I want no part of your bitterness.

~Patricia A. McKillip

Men see what they are most afraid of.

~Patricia A. McKillip

...that once were urgent and necessary for an orderly world and now were buried away, gathering dust and of no use to anyone.

~Patricia A. McKillip

Love is an obsolete emotion, ranking in usefulness somewhere between earwigs and toe mold.

~Patricia A. McKillip

Epics are never written about libraries. They exist on whim; it depends on if the conquering army likes to read.

~Patricia A. McKillip

All I wanted, even when I hated you most, was some poor, barren, parched excuse to love you. But you only gave me riddles.

~Patricia A. McKillip

I don't teach lies, but I do not teach all I know is true.

~Patricia A. McKillip

There are no simple words. I don't know why I thought I could hide anything behind language.

~Patricia A. McKillip

I write fantasy because it's there. I have no other excuse for sitting down for several hours a day indulging my imagination. Daydreaming. Thinking up imaginary people, impossible places.

~Patricia A. McKillip

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