

Paul Celan

Quotes

*Heart, World, Language, Reality, Writing, Poetry, Loss, Strong, Names,
Inspirational, Earth, Lasts, Holocaust, Eye, Snow, Bears, Happenings,
Flowering, Darkness, Two*

Only truthful hands write true poems. I cannot see any basic difference between a handshake and a poem.

~Paul Celan

Only one thing remained reachable, close and secure amid all losses: language. Yes, language. In spite of everything, it remained secure against loss.

~Paul Celan

A nothing we were, are, shall remain, flowering: the nothing--, the no one's rose.

~Paul Celan

Reality is not simply there, it does not simply exist: it must be sought out and won.

~Paul Celan

Poetry is a sort of homecoming.

~Paul Celan

The poem is lonely. It is lonely and en route. Its author stays with it. Does this very fact not place the poem already here, at its inception, in the encounter, in the mystery of encounter?

~Paul Celan

Don't sign your name between worlds, surmount the manifold of meanings, trust the tearstain, learn to live.

~Paul Celan

There's nothing in the world for which a poet will give up writing, not even he is a Jew and the language of his poems is German.

~Paul Celan

We are told that when HÃ¶lderlin went 'mad,' he constantly repeated,

'Nothing is happening to me, nothing is happening to me.'

~Paul Celan

German poetry is going in a very different direction from French poetry.... Its language has become more sober, more factual. It distrusts "beauty." It tries to be truthful.

~Paul Celan

They've healed me to pieces.

~Paul Celan

Death is a master from Germany.

~Paul Celan

There was earth inside them, and they dug.

~Paul Celan

in the air, there your root remains, there, in the air

~Paul Celan

The two heart-grey puddles: two mouthsfull of silence.

~Paul Celan

Illegibility of this world. All things twice over. The strong clocks justify the splitting hour, hoarsely. You , clamped into your deepest part, climb out of yourself for ever.

~Paul Celan

who is invisible enough to see you

~Paul Celan

How you die out in me: down to the last worn-out knot of breath you're there, with a splinter of life.

~Paul Celan

no one bears witness for the witness

~Paul Celan

The heart hid still in the dark, hard as the Philosophers Stone.

~Paul Celan

Each arrow you shoot off carries its own target into the decidedly secret tangle

~Paul Celan

He speaks truly who speaks the shade.

~Paul Celan

I went with my very being toward language.

~Paul Celan

Spring: trees flying up to their birds

~Paul Celan

The language with which I make my poems has nothing to do with one spoken here, or anywhere.

~Paul Celan

rush of pine scent (once upon a time), the unlicensed conviction there ought to be another way of saying this.

~Paul Celan

Read! Read all the time, the understanding will come by itself.

~Paul Celan

Black milk of daybreak we drink it at sundown.

~Paul Celan

you're rowing by wordlight

~Paul Celan

Tall poplars--human beings of this earth!

~Paul Celan

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