

R. S. Thomas

Quotes

*Hands, Men, Silence, Mind, Heart, Flower, Way, Giving, Waiting, Book,
Imagination, Two, Space, Fall, Blood, Knowing, Platforms, World, Writing,
Creative*

Poetry is that / which arrives at the intellect / by way of the heart.

~R. S. Thomas

The silence holds with its gloved hand the wild hawk of the mind.

~R. S. Thomas

To live in Wales is to be conscious at dusk of the spilled blood that went into the making of the wild sky

~R. S. Thomas

The old men ask for more time; the young waste it. And the philosopher simply smiles, knowing there is none there.

~R. S. Thomas

You have to imagine a waiting that is not impatient because it is timeless.

~R. S. Thomas

The meaning is in the waiting.

~R. S. Thomas

somewhere within sight of the tree of poetry that is eternity wearing the green leaves of time .

~R. S. Thomas

I am left alone on the surface of a turning planet.

~R. S. Thomas

A recurring ideal, I find, is that of simplicity. At times there comes the desire to write with great precision and clarity, words so simple and moving that they bring tears to the eyes.

~R. S. Thomas

Verse should be as natural As the small tuber that feeds on muck And

grows slowly from obtuse soil To the white flower of immortal beauty

~R. S. Thomas

Man is a dream about a shadow. But when some splendour falls upon him from God, a glory comes to him and his life is sweet.

~R. S. Thomas

Imaginative truth is the most immediate way of presenting ultimate reality to a human being... ultimate reality is what we call God.

~R. S. Thomas

I have been all men known to history, Wondering at the world and at time passing; I have seen evil, and the light blessing Innocent love under a spring sky.

~R. S. Thomas

I turn now not to the Bible but to Wallace Stevens.

~R. S. Thomas

I'm obviously not orthodox, I don't know how many real poets have ever been orthodox.

~R. S. Thomas

Art is recuperation from time. I lie back convalescing upon the prospect of a harvest already at hand.

~R. S. Thomas

I have nowhere to go. The swift satellites show The clock of my whole being is slow.

~R. S. Thomas

Is there a place here for the spirit ? Is there time on this brief platform for anything other than mind 's failure to explain itself?

~R. S. Thomas

I am a man now. Pass your hand over my brow. You can feel the place where the brains grow.

~R. S. Thomas

The deep spaces between stars , Fathomless as the cold shadow His mind cast.

~R. S. Thomas

The darkness is the deepening shadow of your presence; the silence a process in the metabolism of the being of love.

~R. S. Thomas

We live in our own world , A world that is too small For you to stoop and enter Even on hands and knees, The adult subterfuge.

~R. S. Thomas

In the silence that is his chosen medium of communication and telling others about it in words. Is there no way not to be the sport of reason?

~R. S. Thomas

It is too late to start For destinations not of the heart . I must stay here with my hurt.

~R. S. Thomas

I have been Merlin wandering in the woods Of a far country, where the winds waken Unnatural voices , my mind broken By a sudden acquaintance with man's rage.

~R. S. Thomas

Deliver me from the long drought of the mind. Let leaves from the deciduous Cross fall on us, washing us clean, turning our autumn to gold by the affluence of their fountain.

~R. S. Thomas

Related Links:

- Hands Quotes
- Men Quotes
- Silence Quotes
- Mind Quotes
- Heart Quotes
- Flower Quotes
- Way Quotes
- Giving Quotes
- Waiting Quotes
- Book Quotes
- Imagination Quotes
- Two Quotes
- Space Quotes
- Fall Quotes
- Blood Quotes
- Knowing Quotes
- Platforms Quotes
- World Quotes
- Writing Quotes
- Creative Quotes