

Robert Creeley

Quotes

*Writing, Thinking, Reading, Kids, Wife, Men, Design, Towns, Play, Loneliness,
Rain, Term, Longing, Quagmire, Manners, Information, Reality, World, Behinds,
Bed*

The awful thing, as a kid reading, was that you came to the end of the story, and that was it. I mean, it would be heartbreaking that there was no more of it.

~Robert Creeley

What has happened makes the world. Live on the edge, looking.

~Robert Creeley

What a great thing! To be a writer! Words are something you can carry in your head. You can really 'travel light.'

~Robert Creeley

I know this body is impatient. I know I constitute only a meager voice and mind. Yet I loved, I love. I want no sentimentality. I want no more than home.

~Robert Creeley

The pattern of the narrative never of necessity wants to end, it never has to.

~Robert Creeley

I heard words and words full of holes aching.

~Robert Creeley

I will go to the garden. I will be a romantic. I will sell myself in hell, in heaven also I will be.

~Robert Creeley

For love - I would split open your head and put a candle in behind the eyes.

~Robert Creeley

Writing is the same as music. It's in how you phrase it, how you hold back the note, bend it, shape it, then release it. And what you don't play

is as important as what you do say.

~Robert Creeley

Communication is mutual feeling with someone, not a didactic process of information.

~Robert Creeley

Suddenly the whole imagination of writing and editorial and newspaper and all these presumptions about who am I reading this, and who else other people may be, and all that, it's so grimly brutal!

~Robert Creeley

Locale is both a geographic term and the inner sense of being.

~Robert Creeley

I don't think any man writing can worry about what the act of writing costs him, even though at times he is very aware of it.

~Robert Creeley

Form is never more than an extension of content.

~Robert Creeley

O love, where are you leading me now?

~Robert Creeley

It is hard going to the door cut so small in the wall where the vision which echoes loneliness brings a scent of wild flowers in the wood.

~Robert Creeley

God give you pardon from gratitude and other mild forms of servitude.

~Robert Creeley

No matter how wild reality was obviously often being, it was an absolutely secure place, as a tone and intelligence, and a thing

happening.

~Robert Creeley

Moon, moon, when you leave me alone all the darkness is an utter blackness, a pit of fear, a stench, hands unreasonable never to touch. But I love you. Do you love me. What to say when you see me.

~Robert Creeley

Love, if you love me, lie next to me. Be for me, like rain, the getting out of the tiredness, the fatuousness, the semi- lust of intentional indifference. Be wet with a decent happiness.

~Robert Creeley

Hopefully, I write what I don't know.

~Robert Creeley

My nature is a quagmire of unresolved confessions.

~Robert Creeley

My love's manners in bed are not to be discussed by me

~Robert Creeley

Oh well, I will say here, knowing each man, let you find a good wife too, and love her as hard as you can.

~Robert Creeley

The Lady has always moved to the next town and you stumble on after Her.

~Robert Creeley

Comes the time when it's later and onto your table the headwaiter puts the bill

~Robert Creeley

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