Beautiful, Mad, Wonderful, Book, Writing, Facts, Clouds, Cities, Stories, Lying, Tired, And Love, Interesting, Ideas, Falling In Love, Weakness, Missing, Blood, Lovely Things, Senselessness

Every sensitive person carries in himself old cities enclosed by ancient walls

~Robert Walser

I don't want a future, I want a present. To me this appears of greater value. You have a future only when you have no present, and when you have a present, you forget to even think about the future.

~Robert Walser

When we realize that words can destroy something good, wonderful, and dear, and that by keeping silent we can avoid causing the least damage or harm, it's easy to stay silent.

~Robert Walser

At least we should learn to understand our fellow beings, for we are powerless to stop their misery, their ignominy, their suffering, their weakness, and their death.

~Robert Walser

Today I told myself that in actual fact anyone who takes an innocuous and random delight in his life is an absolute lummox.

~Robert Walser

I am not here [in the sanitarium] to write, but to be mad.

~Robert Walser

That lovely things exist is a lovely thought.

~Robert Walser

How uninteresting interesting things can become.

~Robert Walser

Listening to music, I always have exactly the same feeling: something's missing. Never will I learn the cause of this gentle sadness, never will I

wish to investigate it.

~Robert Walser

With all my ideas and follies I could one day found a corporate company for the propagation of beautiful but unreliable imaginings.

~Robert Walser

That is all very senseless, but this senselessness has a pretty mouth, and it smiles.

~Robert Walser

The novel I am constantly writing is always the same one, and it might be described as a variously sliced-up or torn-apart book of myself.

~Robert Walser

One is always half mad when one is shy of people.

~Robert Walser

To the question: How do the authors of sketches, stories and novels get along in life, the following answer can or must be given: They are stragglers and they are down at heel.

~Robert Walser

Oh, whoever has been himself alone can never find another's loneliness strange.

~Robert Walser

I contemplated pride and love. All this contemplativeness. When will I be free of it?

~Robert Walser

It doesn't take much to show love, but at some time or another in your, praise God, disastrous life you must have felt, honestly and simply, what love is and how love likes to behave.



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