Men, Lying, War, Hands, Heart, Thinking, Long, Horizon, Children, Wind, Fate, Rain, Sky, Saws, Finals, Land, Book, Eye, Truth, Pain

Sometimes, the most profound of awakenings come wrapped in the quietest of moments.

~Stephen Crane

A man said to the universe: 'Sir, I exist!' 'However,' replied the universe. 'The fact has not created in me A sense of obligation.

~Stephen Crane

Every sin is the result of collaboration.

~Stephen Crane

Perhaps an individual must consider his own death to be the final phenomenon of nature.

~Stephen Crane

Truth ... Is a breath, a wind, A shadow, a phantom; Long have I pursued it, But never have I touched The hem of its garment.

~Stephen Crane

The fact has not created in me A sense of obligation.

~Stephen Crane

Half of tradition is a lie.

~Stephen Crane

But I like it Because it is bitter, And because it is my heart.

~Stephen Crane

Think as I think," said a man, "or you are abominably wicked; you are a toad." And after I thought of it, I said, "I will, then, be a toad.

~Stephen Crane

There is nothing- No life, No joy, No pain- There is nothing save opinion, And opinion be damned.

~Stephen Crane

Mother, whose heart hung humble as a button the bright splendid shroud of your son, Do not weep. War is kind.

~Stephen Crane

Everything is bicycle.

~Stephen Crane

I saw a man pursuing the horizon

~Stephen Crane

A little man said to the Universe. "Sir! I exist." The Universe replied: "That's fine." Just don't think it creates any obligation on my part.

~Stephen Crane

When the prophet, a complacent fat man, Arrived at the mountain-top He cried: "Woe to my knowledge! I intended to see good white lands And bad black landsâ€" But the scene is grey.

~Stephen Crane

It was surprising that Nature had gone tranquilly on with her golden process in the midst of so much devilment.

~Stephen Crane

And it was as if fate had betrayed the soldier. In death it exposed to his enemies that poverty which in life he had perhaps concealed from his friends.

~Stephen Crane

He saw that it was an ironical thing for him to be running thus toward that which he had been at such pains to avoid.

~Stephen Crane

A mysterious fraternity born out of smoke and danger of death.

~Stephen Crane

It was not well to drive men into final corners; at those moments they could all develop teeth and claws.

~Stephen Crane

If there is a witness to my little life, To my tiny throes and struggles, He sees a fool; And it is not fine for gods to menace fools.

~Stephen Crane

Do not weep, maiden, for war is kind. Because your lover threw wild hands toward the skyAnd the affrighted steed ran on alone, Do not weep. War is kind.

~Stephen Crane

It perhaps might be said--if any one dared--that the most worthless literature of the world has been that which has been written by the men of one nation concerning the men of another.

~Stephen Crane

Do not weep, babe, for war is kind. Because your father tumbled in the yellow trenches, Raged at his breast, gulped and died, Do not weep. War is kind.

~Stephen Crane

I saw a man pursuing the horizon; Round and round they sped. I was disturbed at this; I accosted the man. "It is futile," I said, "You can never-""You lie," he cried, And ran on.

~Stephen Crane

Over the river a golden ray of sun came through the hosts of leaden rain clouds.

~Stephen Crane

A MAN FEARED A man feared that he might find an assassin; Another that he might find a victim. One was more wise than the other.

~Stephen Crane

Tradition, thou art for suckling children, Thou art the enlivening milk for babes, But no meat for men is in thee.

~Stephen Crane

A serious prophet upon predicting a flood should be the first man to climb a tree. This would demonstrate that he was indeed a seer.

~Stephen Crane

He vaguely desired to walk around and around the body and stare; the impulse of the living to try to read in dead eyes the answer to the Question.

~Stephen Crane

Let me into the darkness again.

~Stephen Crane

Tell her this And more,â€" That the king of the seas Weeps too, old, helpless man. The bustling fates Heap his hands with corpses Until he stands like a child With surplus of toys.

~Stephen Crane

Doubtless there are other roads.

~Stephen Crane

When it came night, the white waves paced to and fro in the moonlight, and the wind brought the sound of the great sea's voice to the men on shore, and they felt that they could then be interpreters.

~Stephen Crane

In the swirling rain that came at dusk the broad avenue glistened with

that deep bluish tint which is so widely condemned when it is put into pictures.

~Stephen Crane

The red sun was pasted in the sky like a wafer.

~Stephen Crane

When the suicide arrived at the sky, the people there asked him: "Why?" He replied: "Because no one admired me.

~Stephen Crane

The man had arrived at that stage of drunkenness where affection is felt for the universe.

~Stephen Crane

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- Sky Quotes
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