

Sylvia Plath

Quotes

*Thinking, Writing, People, Men, Heart, Inspirational, Feminism, Depression,
Want, Bell Jar, Sleep, Lying, Long, Stars, Eye, Mother, Real, Baby, Running,
World*

Please don't expect me to always be good and kind and loving. There are times when I will be cold and thoughtless and hard to understand.

~Sylvia Plath

If I didn't think, I'd be much happier.

~Sylvia Plath

If you expect nothing from anybody, you're never disappointed.

~Sylvia Plath

I ride earth's burning carousel. Day in, day out.

~Sylvia Plath

What horrifies me most is the idea of being useless: well-educated, brilliantly promising, and fading out into an indifferent middle age.

~Sylvia Plath

Go out and do something. It isn't your room that's a prison, it's yourself.

~Sylvia Plath

I desire the things that will destroy me in the end.

~Sylvia Plath

And by the way, everything in life is writable about if you have the outgoing guts to do it, and the imagination to improvise. The worst enemy to creativity is self-doubt.

~Sylvia Plath

If neurotic is wanting two mutually exclusive things at one and the same time, then I'm neurotic as hell.

~Sylvia Plath

Perhaps some day I'll crawl back home, beaten, defeated. But not as long as I can make stories out of my heartbreak, beauty out of sorrow.

~Sylvia Plath

Remember, remember, this is now, and now, and now. Live it, feel it, cling to it. I want to become acutely aware of all I've taken for granted.

~Sylvia Plath

There must be quite a few things that a hot bath won't cure, but I don't know many of them.

~Sylvia Plath

Kiss me and you will see how important I am.

~Sylvia Plath

I took a deep breath and listened to the old bray of my heart. I am. I am. I am.

~Sylvia Plath

When you give someone your whole heart and he doesn't want it, you cannot take it back. It's gone forever.

~Sylvia Plath

Why can't I try on different lives, like dresses, to see which fits best and is more becoming?

~Sylvia Plath

I have the choice of being constantly active and happy or introspectively passive and sad. Or I can go mad by ricocheting in between.

~Sylvia Plath

because wherever I satâ€”on the deck of a ship or at a street cafÃ© in Paris or Bangkokâ€”I would be sitting under the same glass bell jar, stewing in my own sour air.

~Sylvia Plath

Widow. The word consumes itself.

~Sylvia Plath

And I, stepping from this skin
Of old bandages, boredoms, old faces
Step to you from the black car of Lethe,
Pure as a baby.

~Sylvia Plath

Hour by hour, day by day, life becomes possible.

~Sylvia Plath

Nothing stinks like a pile of unpublished writing.

~Sylvia Plath

To the person in the bell jar, blank and stopped as a dead baby, the world itself is a bad dream.

~Sylvia Plath

There is nothing like puking with somebody to make you into old friends.

~Sylvia Plath

Backward we traveled to reclaim the day
Before we fell, like Icarus,
undone; All we find are altars in decay
And profane words scrawled
black across the sun.

~Sylvia Plath

After all, we are nothing more or less than we choose to reveal.

~Sylvia Plath

Opinions are like orgasms...mine matters most and I really don't care if you have one.

~Sylvia Plath

I write only because
There is a voice within me
That will not be still

~Sylvia Plath

Stars open among the lilies. Are you not blinded by such expressionless sirens? This is the silence of astounded souls.

~Sylvia Plath

The hardest thing, I think, is to live richly in the present, without letting it be tainted & spoiled out of fear for the future or regret for a badly-managed past.

~Sylvia Plath

I think I made you up inside my head.

~Sylvia Plath

How we need another soul to cling to, another body to keep us warm. To rest and trust; to give your soul in confidence: I need this, I need someone to pour myself into.

~Sylvia Plath

I wonder why I don't go to bed and go to sleep. But then it would be tomorrow, so I decide that no matter how tired, no matter how incoherent I am, I can skip on hour more of sleep and live.

~Sylvia Plath

We should meet in another life, we should meet in air, me and you.

~Sylvia Plath

It is so much safer not to feel, not to let the world touch me.

~Sylvia Plath

I wish you'd find the exit out of my head.

~Sylvia Plath

The worst enemy to creativity is self-doubt.

~Sylvia Plath

So many people are shut up tight inside themselves like boxes, yet they would open up, unfolding quite wonderfully, if only you were interested in them.

~Sylvia Plath

I want to be able to sleep in an open field, to travel west, to walk freely at night.

~Sylvia Plath

Let me live, love and say it well in good sentences.

~Sylvia Plath

What I fear most, I think, is the death of the imagination.

~Sylvia Plath

It's a hell of a responsibility to be yourself. It's much easier to be somebody else or nobody at all.

~Sylvia Plath

Intoxicated with madness, I'm in love with my sadness

~Sylvia Plath

And I sit here without identity: faceless. My head aches.

~Sylvia Plath

I am gone quite mad with the knowledge of accepting the overwhelming number of things I can never know, places I can never go, and people I can never be.

~Sylvia Plath

I am jealous of those who think more deeply, who write better, who draw better, who ski better, who look better, who live better, who love

better than I.

~Sylvia Plath

How we need another soul to cling to.

~Sylvia Plath

August rain: the best of the summer gone, and the new fall not yet born.
The odd uneven time.

~Sylvia Plath

Apparently, the most difficult feat for a Cambridge male is to accept a woman not merely as feeling, not merely as thinking, but as managing a complex, vital interweaving of both.

~Sylvia Plath

I felt my lungs inflate with the onrush of scenery—air, mountains, trees, people. I thought, "This is what it is to be happy.

~Sylvia Plath

Love set you going like a fat gold watch. The midwife slapped your footsoles, and your bald cry Took its place among the elements.

~Sylvia Plath

I love my rejection slips. They show me I try.

~Sylvia Plath

So learn about life. Cut yourself a big slice with the silver server, a big slice of pie. Open your eyes. Let life happen.

~Sylvia Plath

I lean to you, numb as a fossil. Tell me I'm here.

~Sylvia Plath

I am not cruel, only truthful.

~Sylvia Plath

I wanted to crawl in between those black lines of print, the way you crawl through a fence, and go to sleep under that beautiful big green fig-tree.

~Sylvia Plath

I am myself. That is not enough.

~Sylvia Plath

I felt very still and empty, the way the eye of a tornado must feel, moving dully along in the middle of the surrounding hullabaloo.

~Sylvia Plath

Life has been some combination of fairy-tale coincidence and joie de vivre and shocks of beauty together with some hurtful self-questioning.

~Sylvia Plath

I sank back in the gray, plush seat and closed my eyes. The air of the bell jar wadded round me and I couldn't stir.

~Sylvia Plath

We stayed at home to write, to consolidate our outstretched selves.

~Sylvia Plath

How can you be so many women to so many strange people, oh you strange girl?

~Sylvia Plath

But I wasn't sure. I wasn't sure at all. How did I know that somedayâ€•at college, in Europe, somewhere, anywhereâ€•the bell jar, with its stifling distortions, wouldn't descend again?

~Sylvia Plath

â€“I hate myself for not being able to go downstairs naturally and seek comfort in numbers. I hate myself for having to sit here and be torn between I know not what within me.

~Sylvia Plath

I talk to God but the sky is empty.

~Sylvia Plath

Love life day by day, color by color, touch by touch.

~Sylvia Plath

So much working, reading, thinking, living to do! A lifetime is not long enough.

~Sylvia Plath

There is a certain unique and strange delight about walking down an empty street alone.

~Sylvia Plath

My mother said the cure for thinking too much about yourself was helping somebody who was worse off than you.

~Sylvia Plath

It is awful to want to go away and to want to go nowhere.

~Sylvia Plath

Some pale, hueless flicker of sensitivity is in me. God, must I lose it in cooking scrambled eggs for a man.

~Sylvia Plath

I am silver and exact. I have no preconceptions.

~Sylvia Plath

I am too pure for you or anyone.

~Sylvia Plath

I'm about fifty years behind as far as my preferences go and I must say that the poets who excite me most are the Americans. There are very few contemporary English poets that I admire.

~Sylvia Plath

Doreen had intuition. Everything she said was like a secret voice speaking straight out of my own bones.

~Sylvia Plath

Oh what a poet I will flay myself into.

~Sylvia Plath

I thought the most beautiful thing in the world must be shadow.

~Sylvia Plath

If only I knew what I wanted I could try to see about getting it.

~Sylvia Plath

The blood jet is poetry and there is no stopping it.

~Sylvia Plath

Mother of otherness, Eat me.

~Sylvia Plath

One thing, I try to be honest. And what is revealed is often rather hideously unflattering.

~Sylvia Plath

What did my fingers do before they held him? What did my heart do, with its love?

~Sylvia Plath

Let me not be weak and tell others how bleeding I am internally; how day by day it drips, and gathers, and congeals.

~Sylvia Plath

I know the bottom, she says. I know it with my great tap root: It is what you fear. I do not fear it: I have been there.

~Sylvia Plath

Your room is not your prison. You are.

~Sylvia Plath

Tomorrow is another day toward death.

~Sylvia Plath

Sometimes I feel like I'm not solid. I'm hollow. There's nothing behind my eyes. I'm a negative of a person. All I want is blackness, blackness and silence.

~Sylvia Plath

It is a terrible thing to be so open: it is as if my heart put on a face and walked into the world.

~Sylvia Plath

Dying Is an art, like everything else. I do it exceptionally well.

~Sylvia Plath

I can't think logically about who I am or where I am going. I have been very ecstatic, horribly depressed, shocked, elated, enlightened, and enervated.

~Sylvia Plath

The silence depressed me. It wasn't the silence of silence. It was my own silence.

~Sylvia Plath

But life is long. And it is the long run that balances the short flare of interest and passion.

~Sylvia Plath

I'm sarcastic, skeptical, and sometimes callous because I'm still afraid, deep down, of letting myself be hurt.

~Sylvia Plath

The slime of all my yesterdays rots in the hollow of my skull.

~Sylvia Plath

Is there no way out of the mind?

~Sylvia Plath

Out of the ash I rise with my red hair and I eat men like air.

~Sylvia Plath

I must get my soul back from you; I am killing my flesh without it.

~Sylvia Plath

What a man wants is a mate and what a woman wants is infinite security.

~Sylvia Plath

O love, how did you get here?

~Sylvia Plath

The box is only temporary.

~Sylvia Plath

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