

Wallace Stevens

Quotes

*Imagination, World, Men, Poetry, People, Reality, Winter, Mind, Night, Art,
Thinking, Real, Writing, Wind, Life, Tree, Autumn, Light, Mother, Time*

True villains are extremely photogenic.

~Wallace Stevens

All the great things have been denied and we live in an intricacy of new and local mythologies, political, economic, poetic, which are asserted with an ever-enlarging incoherence.

~Wallace Stevens

The day of the sun is like the day of a king. It is a promenade in the morning, a sitting on the throne at noon, a pageant in the evening.

~Wallace Stevens

The summer night is like a perfection of thought.

~Wallace Stevens

The imagination is one of the forces of nature.

~Wallace Stevens

Perhaps the truth depends on a walk around the lake.

~Wallace Stevens

The most beautiful thing in the world is, of course, the world itself.

~Wallace Stevens

The way through the world is more difficult to find than the way beyond it.

~Wallace Stevens

I do not know which to prefer - The beauty of inflections Or the beauty of innuendoes, The blackbird whistling Or just after.

~Wallace Stevens

It is not everyday that the world arranges itself into a poem.

~Wallace Stevens

The river is moving. The blackbird must be flying.

~Wallace Stevens

It was evening all afternoon. It was snowing
And it was going to snow.
The blackbird sat In the cedar-limbs.

~Wallace Stevens

Human nature is like water. It takes the shape of its container.

~Wallace Stevens

Fromage and coffee and cognac and no gods.

~Wallace Stevens

At the sight of blackbirds Flying in a green light,
Even the bawds of euphony
Would cry out sharply.

~Wallace Stevens

The world about us would be desolate except for the world within us.

~Wallace Stevens

I know noble accents And lucid, inescapable rhythms;
But I know, too,
That the blackbird is involved
In what I know.

~Wallace Stevens

The chrysanthemums' astringent fragrance comes
Each year to disguise the clanking mechanism
Of machine within machine within
machine.

~Wallace Stevens

Above the forest of the parakeets,
A parakeet of parakeets prevails,
A pip of life amid a mort of tails.

~Wallace Stevens

We live in an old chaos of the sun.

~Wallace Stevens

How has the human spirit ever survived the terrific literature with which it has had to contend?

~Wallace Stevens

Beneath every no lays a passion for yes that had never been broken.

~Wallace Stevens

The only emperor is the emperor of ice cream.

~Wallace Stevens

A poet looks at the world the way a man looks at a woman.

~Wallace Stevens

The poet makes silk dresses out of worms.

~Wallace Stevens

The wind, Tempestuous clarion, with heavy cry, Came bluntly thundering, more terrible Than the revenge of music on bassoons.

~Wallace Stevens

The poet is the priest of the invisible.

~Wallace Stevens

One cannot spend one's time in being modern when there are so many more important things to be.

~Wallace Stevens

Imagination applied to the whole world is vapid in comparison to imagination applied to a detail.

~Wallace Stevens

Accuracy of observation is the equivalent of accuracy of thinking.

~Wallace Stevens

Reality is a cliché from which we escape by metaphor.

~Wallace Stevens

God and the imagination are one.

~Wallace Stevens

Everybody is looking at everybody else a foolish crowd walking on mirrors.

~Wallace Stevens

Conceptions are artificial. Perceptions are essential.

~Wallace Stevens

Disillusion is the last illusion.

~Wallace Stevens

Death is the mother of beauty. Only the perishable can be beautiful, which is why we are unmoved by artificial flowers.

~Wallace Stevens

A pear should come to the table popped with juice, Ripened in warmth and served in warmth. On terms Like these, autumn beguiles the fatalist.

~Wallace Stevens

Unfortunately there is nothing more inane than an Easter carol. It is a religious perversion of the activity of Spring in our blood.

~Wallace Stevens

Style is not something applied. It is something that permeates.

~Wallace Stevens

Life's nonsense pierces us with strange relation.

~Wallace Stevens

The imperfect is our paradise.

~Wallace Stevens

I was the world in which I walked.

~Wallace Stevens

I have said no To everything, in order to get at myself. I have wiped away moonlight like mud.

~Wallace Stevens

Sentimentality is a failure of feeling.

~Wallace Stevens

It's not always easy to tell the difference between thinking and looking out of the window.

~Wallace Stevens

Imagination...is the irrepressible revolutionist.

~Wallace Stevens

The reader became the book; and summer night Was like the conscious being of the book.

~Wallace Stevens

You like it under the trees in autumn, because everything is half dead. The wind moves like a cripple among the leaves and repeats words without menaing.

~Wallace Stevens

Imagination is the power of the mind over the possibilities of things.

~Wallace Stevens

Perhaps it is of more value to infuriate philosophers than to go along with them.

~Wallace Stevens

A violent order is disorder; and a great disorder is an order. These two things are one.

~Wallace Stevens

Poetry is an abstraction bloodied.

~Wallace Stevens

Throw away the light, the definitions, and say what you see in the dark.

~Wallace Stevens

Realism is a corruption of reality.

~Wallace Stevens

We say God and the imagination are one... How high that highest candle lights the dark.

~Wallace Stevens

Poor, dear, silly Spring, preparing her annual surprise!

~Wallace Stevens

It is the unknown that excites the ardor of scholars, who, in the known alone, would shrivel up with boredom.

~Wallace Stevens

If poetry should address itself to the same needs and aspirations, the same hopes and fears, to which the Bible addresses itself, it might rival it in distribution.

~Wallace Stevens

Children picking up our bones
Will never know that these were once As

quick as foxes on the hill.

~Wallace Stevens

Style is not something applied. It is something that permeates. It is of the nature of that in which it is found, whether the poem, the manner of a god, the bearing of a man. It is not a dress.

~Wallace Stevens

Frogs eat Butterflies, Snakes eat Frogs, Hogs eat Snakes, Men eat Hogs.

~Wallace Stevens

Yet there is no spring in Florida, neither in boskage perdu, nor on the nunnery beaches.

~Wallace Stevens

Revolution Is the affair of logical lunatics.

~Wallace Stevens

Freedom is like a man who kills himself Each night, an incessant butcher, whose knife Grows sharp in blood.

~Wallace Stevens

The imagination loses vitality as it ceases to adhere to what is real.

~Wallace Stevens

To regard the imagination as metaphysics is to think of it as part of life, and to think of it as part of life is to realize the extent of artifice. We live in the mind.

~Wallace Stevens

The figures of the past go cloaked. They walk in mist and rain and snow
And go, go slowly, but they go.

~Wallace Stevens

Everything is complicated; if that were not so, life and poetry and everything else would be a bore.

~Wallace Stevens

I still feel the need of some imperishable bliss.

~Wallace Stevens

The imagination is the power that enables us to perceive the normal in the abnormal, the opposite of chaos in chaos.

~Wallace Stevens

The reason can give nothing at all Like the response to desire.

~Wallace Stevens

Of the Surface of Things In my room, the world is beyond my understanding; But when I walk I see that it consists of three or four Hills and a cloud.

~Wallace Stevens

One's ignorance is one's chief asset.

~Wallace Stevens

New York is a field of tireless and antagonistic interests undoubtedly fascinating but horribly unreal. Everybody is looking at everybody else a foolish crowd walking on mirrors.

~Wallace Stevens

How full of trifles everything is! It is only one's thoughts that fill a room with something more than furniture.

~Wallace Stevens

Intolerance respecting other people's religion is toleration itself in comparison with intolerance respecting other people's art.

~Wallace Stevens

If some really acute observer made as much of egotism as Freud has made of sex, people would forget a good deal about sex and find the explanation for everything in egotism.

~Wallace Stevens

Death is the mother of Beauty; hence from her, alone, shall come fulfillment to our dreams and our desires.

~Wallace Stevens

Union of the weakest develops strength not wisdom. Can all men, together, avenge one of the leaves that have fallen in autumn? But the wise man avenges by building his city in snow.

~Wallace Stevens

What our eyes behold may well be the text of life but one's meditations on the text and the disclosures of these meditations are no less a part of the structure of reality.

~Wallace Stevens

We have been a little insane about the truth. We have had an obsession.

~Wallace Stevens

They said, 'You have a blue guitar, / You do not play things as they are.' / The man replied, 'Things as they are / Are changed upon the blue guitar.'

~Wallace Stevens

The imagination is the liberty of the mind It is intrpeid and eager and the extreme of its achievement lies in abstraction.

~Wallace Stevens

in the presence of extraordinary actuality, consciousness takes the place of imagination.

~Wallace Stevens

I was myself the compass of that sea: I was the world in which I walked,
and what I saw Or heard or felt came not but from myself; And there I
found myself more truly and more strange.

~Wallace Stevens

The philosopher proves that the philosopher exists. The poet merely
enjoys existence.

~Wallace Stevens

Reality is not what it is. It consists of the many realities which it can be
made into.

~Wallace Stevens

Time is a horse that runs in the heart, a horse Without a rider on a road
at night. The mind sits listening and hears it pass.

~Wallace Stevens

The heavy trees, The grunting, shuffling branches, the robust, The
nocturnal, the antique, the blue-green pines Deepen the feelings to
inhuman depths.

~Wallace Stevens

Civilization must be destroyed. The hairy saints of the North have
earned this crumb by their complaints.

~Wallace Stevens

Why should she give her bounty to the dead? What is divinity if it can
come Only in silent shadows and in dreams?

~Wallace Stevens

the windy sky Cries out a literate despair.

~Wallace Stevens

How red the rose that is the soldier

~Wallace Stevens

...after a night spent writing poetry, one is almost happy to hear the milkman at the door.

~Wallace Stevens

After the leaves have fallen, we return To a plain sense of things. It is as if We had come to an end of the imagination, Inanimate in an inert savoir.

~Wallace Stevens

As life grows more terrible, its literature grows more terrible.

~Wallace Stevens

Thought is an infection. In the case of certain thoughts, it becomes an epidemic.

~Wallace Stevens

Nothing could be more inappropriate to American literature than its English source since the Americans are not British in sensibility.

~Wallace Stevens

One ought not to hoard culture. It should be adapted and infused into society as a leaven. Liberality of culture does not mean illiberality of its benefits.

~Wallace Stevens

Life is the elimination of what is dead.

~Wallace Stevens

Related Links:

- Imagination Quotes
- World Quotes
- Men Quotes
- Poetry Quotes
- People Quotes
- Reality Quotes
- Winter Quotes
- Mind Quotes
- Night Quotes
- Art Quotes
- Thinking Quotes
- Real Quotes
- Writing Quotes
- Wind Quotes
- Life Quotes
- Tree Quotes
- Autumn Quotes
- Light Quotes
- Mother Quotes
- Time Quotes