

Wilfred Owen

Quotes

*War, Men, Lying, Sweet, Children, Eye, Death, Tears, World, Dream, Feet,
Clay, Beauty, Soldier, Numbers, Gun, Today, Boys, Pity, Fighting*

Ambition may be defined as the willingness to receive any number of hits on the nose.

~Wilfred Owen

All theological lore is becoming distasteful to me.

~Wilfred Owen

The old Lie: Dulce et decorum est Pro patria mori.

~Wilfred Owen

All a poet can do today is warn.

~Wilfred Owen

Above all I am not concerned with Poetry. My subject is War, and the pity of War. The Poetry is in the pity.

~Wilfred Owen

No-man's land under snow is like the face of the moon: chaotic, crater ridden, uninhabitable, awful, the abode of madness.

~Wilfred Owen

And by his smile, I knew that sullen hall, By his dead smile I knew we stood in Hell.

~Wilfred Owen

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle? Only the monstrous anger of the guns.

~Wilfred Owen

I, too, saw God through mud - The mud that cracked on cheeks when wretches smiled. War brought more glory to their eyes than blood, And gave their laughs more glee than shakes a child.

~Wilfred Owen

All I ask is to be held above the barren wastes of want.

~Wilfred Owen

If I have to be a soldier I must be a good one, anything else is unthinkable

~Wilfred Owen

Sweet and fitting it is to die for the fatherland.

~Wilfred Owen

Was it for this the clay grew tall? O what made fatuous sunbeams toil
To break earth's sleep at all?

~Wilfred Owen

My friend, you would not tell with such high zest to children ardent for
some desperate glory. The old lie: It is sweet and fitting that you should
die for your country.

~Wilfred Owen

Happy are men who yet before they are killed Can let their veins run
cold.

~Wilfred Owen

Whatever mourns when many leave these shores: Whatever shares
The eternal reciprocity of tears.

~Wilfred Owen

I am only conscious of any satisfaction in Scientific Reading or thinking
when it rounds off into a poetical generality and vagueness.

~Wilfred Owen

The war affects me less than it ought. But I can do no service to
anybody by agitating for news or making dole over the slaughter.

~Wilfred Owen

I, too, saw God through mud

~Wilfred Owen

Red lips are not so red as the stained stones kissed by the English dead.

~Wilfred Owen

Walking abroad, one is the admiration of all little boys, and meets an approving glance from every eye of elderly.

~Wilfred Owen

After all my years of playing soldiers, and then of reading History, I have almost a mania to be in the East, to see fighting, and to serve.

~Wilfred Owen

Those who, like the beasts, have no such Hope, pass their old age shrouded with an inward gloom.

~Wilfred Owen

The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall; Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds, And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

~Wilfred Owen

These men are worth your tears. You are not worth their merriment.

~Wilfred Owen

As bronze may be much beautified by lying in the dark damp soil, so men who fade in dust of warfare fade fairer, and sorrow blooms their soul.

~Wilfred Owen

I dreamed kind Jesus fouled the big-gun gears; and caused a permanent stoppage in all bolts; and buckled with a smile Mausers and

Colts; and rusted every bayonet with His tears.

~Wilfred Owen

Be bullied, be outraged, be killed, but do not kill.

~Wilfred Owen

I was a boy when I first realized that the fullest life liveable was a Poet's

~Wilfred Owen

Flying is the only active profession I could ever continue with enthusiasm after the War.

~Wilfred Owen

I find purer philosophy in a Poem than in a Conclusion of Geometry, a chemical analysis, or a physical law

~Wilfred Owen

The English say, Yours Truly, and mean it. The Italians say, I kiss your feet, and mean, I kick your head.

~Wilfred Owen

All the poet can do today is warn. That is why true Poets must be truthful.

~Wilfred Owen

My subject is war, and the pity of war.

~Wilfred Owen

When I begin to eliminate from the list all those professions which are impossible from a financial point of view and then those which I feel disinclined to-it leaves nothing

~Wilfred Owen

So secretly, like wrongs hushed-up, they went.

~Wilfred Owen

I don't ask myself, is the life congenial to me? But, am I fitted for, am I called to, the Ministry?

~Wilfred Owen

A Poem does not grow by jerks. As trees in Spring produce a new ring of tissue, so does every poet put forth a fresh outlay of stuff at the same season.

~Wilfred Owen

The centuries will burn rich loads With which we groaned, Whose warmth shall lull their dreaming lids, While songs are crooned: But they will not dream of us poor lads, Left in the ground.

~Wilfred Owen

Courage was mine, and I had mystery, Wisdom was mine, and I had mastery: To miss the march of this retreating world Into vain citadels that are not walled.

~Wilfred Owen

Was it for this the clay grew tall?

~Wilfred Owen

Heart, you were never hot Nor large, nor full like hearts made great with shot

~Wilfred Owen

It seemed that out of battle I escaped Down some profound dull tunnel, long since scooped Through granites which titanic wars had groined.

~Wilfred Owen

I thought of all that worked dark pits Of war, and died Digging the rock

where Death reposes Peace lies indeed.

~Wilfred Owen

My soul's a little grief, grappling your chest, To climb your throat on sobs; easily chased On other sighs and wiped by fresher winds.

~Wilfred Owen

For by my glee might many men have laughed, And of my weeping may something have been left, Which must die now.

~Wilfred Owen

Dead men may envy living mites in cheese, Or good germs even. Microbes have their joys, And subdivide, and never come to death.

~Wilfred Owen

Children are not meant to be studied, but enjoyed. Only by studying to be pleased do we understand them.

~Wilfred Owen

Escape? There is one unwatched way: your eyes. O Beauty! Keep me good that secret gate.

~Wilfred Owen

The old happiness is unreturning. Boy's griefs are not so grievous as youth's yearning. Boys have no sadness sadder than our hope.

~Wilfred Owen

Numbers of the old people cannot read. Those who can seldom do

~Wilfred Owen

And some cease feeling Even themselves or for themselves. Dullness best solves The tease and doubt of shelling

~Wilfred Owen

Soldiers may grow a soul when turned to fronds, But here the thing's best left at home with friends.

~Wilfred Owen

Do you know what would hold me together on a battlefield? The sense that I was perpetuating the language in which Keats and the rest of them wrote!

~Wilfred Owen

Never fear: Thank Home, and Poetry, and the Force behind both.

~Wilfred Owen

I tried to peg out soldierly,--no use! One dies of war like any old disease.

~Wilfred Owen

I have perceived much beauty In the hoarse oaths that kept our courage straight; Heard music in the silentness of duty; Found peace where shell-storms spouted reddest spate.

~Wilfred Owen

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