

William Carlos Williams Quotes

*Writing, Men, Art, Imagination, Wind, Thinking, Love, Mind, Flower, Machines,
Dark, Love Is, Use, Vision, World, Made, Rain, Eye, History, Giving*

It is difficult to get the news from poems, yet men die miserably every day for lack of what is found there.

~William Carlos Williams

The beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

~William Carlos Williams

It is not what you say that matters but the manner in which you say it; there lies the secret of the ages.

~William Carlos Williams

The job of the poet is to use language effectively, his own language, the only language which is to him authentic.

~William Carlos Williams

The weight of love Has buoyed me up Till my head Knocks against the sky.

~William Carlos Williams

As birds' wings beat the solid air without which none could fly so words freed by the imagination affirm reality by their flight.

~William Carlos Williams

It is not fair to be old, to put on a brown sweater.

~William Carlos Williams

My first poem was a bolt from the blue â€” it broke a spell of disillusion and suicidal despondence. ... it filled me with soul satisfying joy.

~William Carlos Williams

There is nothing beginning nor end to the imagination but it delights in its own seasons reversing the usual order at will.

~William Carlos Williams

Somewhere the sense makes copper roses steel roses â€” The rose carried weight of love but love is at an end â€” of roses It is at the edge of the petal that love waits.

~William Carlos Williams

In summer, the song sings itself.

~William Carlos Williams

I think all writing is a disease. You can't stop it.

~William Carlos Williams

We sit and talk quietly, with long lapses of silence, and I am aware of the stream that has no language, coursing beneath the quiet heaven of your eyes, which has no speech.

~William Carlos Williams

so much depends upon a red wheel barrow glazed with rain water beside the white chickens.

~William Carlos Williams

The descent beckons as the ascent beckoned

~William Carlos Williams

A poem is a small machine made out of words.

~William Carlos Williams

[History is] a tyranny over the souls of the dead - and so the imagination of the living.

~William Carlos Williams

Poets are damned but they are not blind, they see with the eyes of angels.

~William Carlos Williams

It is almost impossible to state what one in fact believes, because it is almost impossible to hold a belief and to define it at the same time.

~William Carlos Williams

Compose. (No ideas but in things) Invent! Saxifrage is my flower that splits the rocks.

~William Carlos Williams

No ideas but in things.

~William Carlos Williams

Your thighs are appletrees whose blossoms touch the sky. Your knees are a southern breeze.

~William Carlos Williams

There is no comment on pictures but pictures, on music but music, on poems but poetry. If you do, you do. If you don't, you don't. And that's all there is to that.

~William Carlos Williams

The pure products of America go crazy

~William Carlos Williams

What power has love but forgiveness? In other words by its intervention what has been done can be undone. What good is it otherwise?

~William Carlos Williams

A profusion of pink roses being ragged in the rain speaks to me of all gentleness and its enduring.

~William Carlos Williams

Love is unworldly and nothing comes of it but love.

~William Carlos Williams

To refine, to clarify, to intensify that eternal moment in which we alone live there is but a single force the imagination.

~William Carlos Williams

What "love" is I don't know if it's not the response of our deepest natures to one another.

~William Carlos Williams

What power has love but forgiveness?

~William Carlos Williams

It's the anarchy of poverty delights me, the old yellow wooden house indented among the new brick tenements

~William Carlos Williams

Time is a storm in which we are all lost.

~William Carlos Williams

The better work men do is always done under stress and at great personal cost.

~William Carlos Williams

My surface is myself. Under which to witness, youth is buried. Roots? Everybody has roots.

~William Carlos Williams

What can any of us do with his talent but try to develop his vision, so that through frequent failures we may learn better what we have missed in the past.

~William Carlos Williams

All women are not Helen, I know that, but have Helen in their hearts.

~William Carlos Williams

No opinion can be trusted; even the facts may be nothing but a printer's error.

~William Carlos Williams

Empty pockets make empty heads.

~William Carlos Williams

History, history! We fools, what do we know or care.

~William Carlos Williams

Imagination though it cannot wipe out the sting of remorse can instruct the mind in its proper uses.

~William Carlos Williams

Unless there is a new mind there cannot be a new line, the old will go on repeating itself with recurring deadliness

~William Carlos Williams

We are blind and live our blind lives out in blindness.

~William Carlos Williams

Old age is a flight of small cheeping birds skimming bare trees above a snow glaze.

~William Carlos Williams

When I am alone I am happy.

~William Carlos Williams

So different, this man And this woman: A stream flowing In a field.

~William Carlos Williams

The American idiom has much to offer us that the English language has never heard of

~William Carlos Williams

It is difficult to get the news from poetry, yet men die miserably every day for lack of what is found there.

~William Carlos Williams

beauty' is related not to 'loveliness' but to a state in which reality plays a part.

~William Carlos Williams

A poem is this:/A nuance of sound/delicately operating/upon a cataract of sense/...the particulars/of a song waking/upon a bed of sound.

~William Carlos Williams

As the rain falls so does your love bathe every open object of the world

~William Carlos Williams

The only human value of anything, writing included, is intense vision of the facts.

~William Carlos Williams

The poem is a capsule where we wrap up our punishable secrets.

~William Carlos Williams

Dissonance / (if you are interested) / leads to discovery.

~William Carlos Williams

That which is possible is inevitable.

~William Carlos Williams

For what we cannot accomplish, what is denied to love, what we have lost in the anticipation a descent follows, endless and indestructible.

~William Carlos Williams

I pick the hair from her eyes and watch her misery with compassion.

~William Carlos Williams

I tried to put a bird in a cage. O fool that I am! For the bird was Truth.
Sing merrily, Truth: I tried to put Truth in a cage!

~William Carlos Williams

Lifeless in appearance, sluggish dazed spring approaches They enter
the new world naked, cold, uncertain of all save that they enter.

~William Carlos Williams

For the beginning is assuredly the end- since we know nothing, pure
and simple, beyond our own complexities.

~William Carlos Williams

Afraid lest he be caught up in a net of words, tripped up, bewildered
and so defeated-thrown aside-a man hesitates to write down his
innermost convictions.

~William Carlos Williams

Being an art form, verse cannot be "free" in the sense of having no
limitations or guiding principle.

~William Carlos Williams

The business of love is cruelty which, by our wills, we transform to live
together.

~William Carlos Williams

and there grows in the mind a scent, it may be, of locust blossoms
whose perfume is itself a wind moving to lead the mind away.

~William Carlos Williams

History must stay open, it is all humanity.

~William Carlos Williams

You have the chicken, the hen, and the rooster. The chicken goes with
the hen So who is having sex with the rooster?

~William Carlos Williams

Love is a young green willow shimmering at the bare wood's edge

~William Carlos Williams

The only realism in art is of the imagination.

~William Carlos Williams

Everyone in this life is defeated but a man, if he be a man, is not defeated.

~William Carlos Williams

O Marvelous! What new configuration will come next? I am bewildered with multiplicity.

~William Carlos Williams

If I admire my arms, my face, my shoulders, flanks, buttocks against the yellow drawn shades,-- Who shall say I am not the happy genius of my household?

~William Carlos Williams

through metaphor to reconcile the people and the stones.

~William Carlos Williams

Among the rain and lights I saw the figure 5 in gold on a red firetruck moving tense unheeded to gong clangs siren howls and wheels rumbling through the dark city.

~William Carlos Williams

Poetry demands a different material than prose. It uses another facet of the same fact... the spontaneous conformation of language as it is heard.

~William Carlos Williams

Remorse is a virtue in that it is a stirrer up of the emotions but it is a folly to accept it is a criticism of conduct.

~William Carlos Williams

No wreaths please - especially no hothouse flowers. Some common memento is better, something he prized and is known by: his old clothes - a few books perhaps.

~William Carlos Williams

so much depends upon a red wheel barrow

~William Carlos Williams

Hell take curtains! Go with some show of inconvenience; sit openly - to the weather as to grief. Or do you think you can shut your grief in?

~William Carlos Williams

Nothing whips my blood like verse.

~William Carlos Williams

Man has survived hitherto because he was too ignorant to know how to realise his wishes- Now that he can realise them, he must either change them or perish

~William Carlos Williams

Among of green stiff old bright broken branch come white sweet May again

~William Carlos Williams

But the sea which no one tends is also a garden

~William Carlos Williams

A new world is only a new mind.

~William Carlos Williams

Without invention nothing is well-spaced.

~William Carlos Williams

You lethargic, waiting upon me, waiting for the fire and I attendant upon you, shaken by your beauty Shaken by your beauty Shaken.

~William Carlos Williams

Sunshine of late afternoon-- On the glass tray a glass pitcher, the tumbler turned down, by which a key is lying--And the immaculate white bed

~William Carlos Williams

Houses - the dark side silhouetted on flashes of moonlight!

~William Carlos Williams

THESE are the desolate, dark weeks when nature in its barrenness equals the stupidity of man. The year plunges into night and the heart plunges lower than night.

~William Carlos Williams

Sorrow is my own yard where the new grass flames as it has flamed often before but not with the cold fire that closes round me this year.

~William Carlos Williams

Shoes twisted into incredible lilies.

~William Carlos Williams

The Moon, the dried weeds and the Pleiades - Seven feet tall the dark, dried weed stalks make a part of the night a red lace on the milky blue sky

~William Carlos Williams

The perfect type of the man of action is the suicide.

~William Carlos Williams

Either I exist or I do not exist, and no amount of pap which I happen to be lapping can dull me to the loss.

~William Carlos Williams

It's a strange courage you give me ancient star: Shine alone in the sunrise toward which you lend no part!

~William Carlos Williams

The instant trivial as it is is all we have unless-unless things the imagination feeds upon, the scent of the rose, startle us anew.

~William Carlos Williams

To make a start, out of particulars and make them general, rolling up the sum, by defective means Sniffing the trees, just another dog among a lot of dogs. What else is there? And to do?

~William Carlos Williams

Poe gives the sense for the first time in America, that literature is serious, not a matter of courtesy but of truth.

~William Carlos Williams

all to no end save beauty the eternal-- So in detail they, the crowd, are beautiful

~William Carlos Williams

A poem is a small machine made of words. . .Its movement is intrinsic, undulant, a physical more than a literary character.

~William Carlos Williams

Prose may carry a load of ill-defined matters like a ship. But poetry is the machine which drives it, pruned to a perfect economy.

~William Carlos Williams

Liquor and love rescue the cloudy sense banish its despair give it a

home.

~William Carlos Williams

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