Poetry and Song

488 quotes in this category.

Breathe deep the gathering gloom  
Watchlights fade from every room  
Pensitive people look back and lament  
Another days useless energies spent  
Impassioned lovers wrestle as one  
Lonely man cries for love and has none  
New mother picks up and suckles her son  
Senior citizens wish they were young

Cold hearted orb that rules the night  
Removes the colors from our sight  
Red is gray and yellow white  
But we decide which is right  
And which is an illusion

Moody Blues

Forest sways,  
rocks press heavily,  
roots grip,  
tree-trunk close to tree-trunk.  
Wave upon wave breaks, foaming,  
deepest cavern provides shelter.

Goethe, "Faust"

If of all words of tongue and pen,  
The saddest are, "It might have been,"  
More sad are these we daily see:  
"It is, but hadn't ought to be."

Francis Brett Hart (or John Greenleafe Whittier, "Maud Muller")

Death be not proud, though some have called thee  
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;  
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow  
Die not, poor death, nor yet canst thou kill me.  
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,  
Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow,  
And soonest our best men with thee do go,  
Rest of their bones, and souls' delivery.  
Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,  
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,  
And poppy, or charms can make us sleep as well,  
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?  
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,  
And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die.

John Donne (1572-1631)Holy Sonnets, no. 10

We pray for one last landing  
On the globe that gave us birth;  
Let us rest our eyes on fleecy skies  
And the cool green hills of Earth.

Robert A. Heinlein

You can be a king or a street-sweeper, but everybody dances with the grim reaper.

The air was alive with the rush and flutter of wings; it was ripped by screaming shells, hissing like tons of molten metal plunging suddenly into water, there was the blast and concussion of their explosion, men smashed, obliterated in sudden eruptions of earth, rent and strewn in bloody fragments, shells that were like hell-cats humped and spitting, little sounds, unpleasantly close, lie the plucking of tense strings, and something tangling his feet, tearing at his trousers and puttees as he stumbled over it, and then a face suddenly, an inconceivably distorted face, which raved and sobbed at him as he fell with it into a shell-hole.

Frederic Manning, Middle Parts of Fortune (Accounts of the Great War)

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of earth And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings; Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth Of sun-split clouds-and done a hundred things You have not dreamed of - wheeled and soared and swung High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there, I've chased the shouting wind along and flung my eager craft through footless halls of air.

Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace, Where never the lark, nor even eagle flew - And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod The high, untrespassed sanctity of space, Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

John Gillespie Magee (1922-1941) A Canadian Spitfire pilot in the Battle of Britain

We penetrated deeper and deeper into the heart of darkness. It was very quiet there. At night sometimes the roll of the drums behind the curtain of trees would run up the river and remain sustained faintly, as if hovering in the air high over our heads, till the first break of day ... The dawn were heralded by a chill stillness; the wood-cutters slept, their fires burned low; the snapping of a twig would make you start. We were wanderers on a prehistoric planet ... But suddenly, as we struggled round a bend, there would be a glimpse of rush walls, of peaked grass-roof, a burst of yells, a whirl of black limbs, a mass of hands clapping, of feet stamping, of bodies swaying, of eyes rolling, under the droops of heavy and motionless foliage.

Joseph Conrad, Heart of Darkness

Oh god of earth and altar, bow down and hear our cry!

We chase misprinted lies  
We face the path of time  
And yet I fight  
And yet I fight  
This battle all alone  
No one to cry to  
No place to call home

Alice in Chains, "Nutshell"

Don't stand beside my grave and weep,  
For I'm not there, I do not sleep,  
I am a thousand winds that blow,  
I am the diamond's glint on snow,  
I am the sunlight on ripened grain,  
I am the gentle autumn's rain.  
  
When you awaken in morning's hush,  
I am the swift uplifting rush,  
of quiet birds in circle flight,  
I am soft stars that shine at night,  
Don't stand beside my grave and cry,  
I am not there. I did not die.

Melinda Sue Pacho

It seems like I'm always getting stuck  
Between the handshake and the fuck

Foo Fighters, "My Poor Brain"

"Ring around the rosey  
a pocket full of poesies  
Ashes, Ashes  
We all fall down"

Children’s song about the Black Plague during the Middle Ages

Forgiveness is the fragrance the violet sheds on the heel that has crushed it

Mark Twain

There is a silence where hath been no sound  
There is a silence where no sound may be  
In the cold grave, under the deep deep sea

Thomas Hood

When God comes to me I will be shaking. Gun loaded on my knee, my fingers waiting. Gonna tell him I was born, mistaken, then I´m gonna let my fingers slip. God help my shaking hand, I can see your light, they´re lining up the dead. Gonna take another sip of your soul, my favourite sinner.

Drugstore

There is a place with four suns in the sky-red, white, blue, and yellow; two of them are so close together that they touch, and star-stuff flows between them. I know of a world with a million moons. I know of a sun the size of the Earth-and made of diamond....The universe is vast and awesome, and for the first time we are becoming part of it.

Carl Sagan, The Cosmic Connection

There are some hundred billion (10^11) galaxies, each with, on the average, a hundred billion stars. In all the galaxies, there are perhaps as many planets as stars, 10^11 x 10^11 = 10^22, ten billion trillion. In the face of such overpowering numbers, what is the likelihood that only one ordinary star, the Sun, is accompanied by an inhabited planet? Why should we, tucked away in some forgotten corner of the Cosmos, be so fortunate? To me, it seems far more likely that the universe is brimming over with life. But we humans do not yet know. We are just beginning our explorations. The only planet we are sure is inhabited is a tiny speck of rock and metal, shining feebly by reflected sunlight, and at this distance utterly lost."

Carl Sagan, "The Shores of the Cosmic Ocean," Cosmos"

**On the view of earth from 3.7 billion miles away:**"Look again at that dot. That's here. That's home, That's us. On it everyone you love, everyone you know, everyone you ever heard of, every human being who ever was, lived out their lives. The aggregate of our joy and suffering, thousands of confident religions, ideologies, and economic doctrines, every hunter and forager, every hero and coward, every creator and destroyer of civilization, every king and peasant, every young couple in love, every mother and father, hopeful child, inventor and explorer, every teacher of morals, every corrupt politician, every 'superstar,' every 'supreme leader,' every saint and sinner in the history of our species lived there-on a mote of dust suspended in a sunbeam. [...] There is perhaps no better demonstration of the folly of human conceits than this distant image of our tiny world. To me, it underscores our responsibility to deal more kindly with one another, and to preserve and cherish the pale blue dot, the only home we've ever known."

Carl Sagan, "Pale Blue Dot"

As Eternity has reckoned  
There's a lifetime in a second.

Piet Hein, "Groaks"

For long you live and high you fly  
and smiles you'll give and tears you'll cry  
and all that you touch and all that you see  
is all your life will ever be.

Pink Floyd

The true poem rests between the words.

Vanna Bonta

Sweet is love when all is sane  
Sweet is death to rid the pain  
Cruel is death when all is well  
Cruel is love when all is hell

Author unknown

You think of me just like a butterfly  
You wanna pin me to your wall so I can never fly.

Just like a flower that you need to dry  
Caught between two books, squeeze me till I die

Thumb-Break Me

I see things as they are,   
as they were and as they will be.

And he was the lord of the things that are not,   
and were not  
and never will be

Neil Gaiman, "The Wake"

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood, and I choose the one less traveled by, and that has made all the difference.

Robert Frost

Cold hearted orb that rules the night,   
Removes the colours from our sight   
Red is grey, and yellow white   
But we decide which is right.   
And which is an illusion.

Pinprick holes in a colourless sky,   
Let incipient figures of light pass by,   
The mighty light of ten thousand suns,   
Challenges infinity and is soon gone.

Night time, to some, a brief interlude,   
To others, the fear of solitude.   
Brave Helios, wake up your steeds,   
Bring us the warmth the countryside needs.

The Day Begins (Moody Blues)   
I know someday you'll have a beautiful life   
I know you'll be a star, in somebody else's sky   
But why, why, why can't it be mine?

Pearl Jam, "Black"

I drink to our ruined house, to the dolor of my life, to our loneliness together; and to you I raise my glass, to lying lips that have betrayed us, to dead-cold pitiless eyes, and to the hard realities; that the world is brutal and coarse, that God, in fact, has not saved us.

Akhmatova

All that we see or seem   
is but a dream within a dream

Edgar Allen Poe

Here is my gift, not roses on your grave,   
not sticks of burning incense.   
You lived aloof, maintaining to the end   
your magnificent disdain.   
You drank wine, and told the wittiest jokes,   
and suffocated inside stifling walls.   
Alone you let the terrible stranger in,   
and stayed with her alone.   
  
Now you're gone, and nobody says a word   
about your troubled and exalted life.   
Only my voice, like a flute, will mourn   
at your dumb funeral feast.   
Oh, who would have dared believe that half-crazed I,   
I, sick with grief for the buried past,   
I, smoldering on a slow fire,   
having lost everything and forgotten all,   
would be fated to commemorate a man   
so full of strength and will and bright inventions,   
who only yesterday it seems, chatted with me,   
hiding the tremor of his mortal pain. - Anna Akhmatova, "In Memory of M. B."

I will hold the candle till it burns up my arm   
I'll keep takin' punches until their will grows tired   
I will stare the sun down until my eyes go blind   
I won't change direction, and I won't change my mind   
How much difference does it make

I'll swallow poison, until I grow immune   
I will scream my lungs out till it fills this room   
How much difference   
How much difference does it make

Pearl Jam, Indifference

The woods are lovely, dark, and deep,   
But I have promises to keep,   
And miles to go before I sleep,   
And miles to go before I sleep.

Robert Frost, "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening"

A true friend is the one who knows the song in your heart and sings you the song when you're torn apart

Society is an eternal night   
pierced by single stars glowing in a   
never ending Darkness

Ben Rifkin

Could I have been anyone other than me?

Dave Matthews from Dancing Nancies

I was me, but now he is gone.

Metallica, "Fade to Black"

If you love something, let it go.   
If it comes back to you, it's yours.   
If it doesn't, it never was.

DMX website

I hope everybody can find a little flame   
Me, I say my prayers,   
then just light myself on fire   
and walk out on the wire once again

Counting Crows, "Goodnight Elizabeth"

Thoughts meander like a restless wind inside a letter box, They tumble blindly as they make their way across the universe.

The Beatles, "Across the Universe"

Some say the world will end in fire,   
Some say in ice.   
From what I've tasted of desire   
I hold with those who favor fire.   
But if it had to perish twice,   
I think I know enough of hate   
To say that for destruction ice   
Is also great   
And would suffice.

Robert Frost

You're everything I never knew I always wanted

Lit

Dreams are the eraser dust I blow off my page.   
They fade into the emptiness, another dark gray day.   
Dreams are only memories of the plans I had back then.   
Dreams are eraser dust and now I use a pen.

To open your eyes and see the sky is not enough. To open your ears is still not enough. For only if you open your mind will you hear the clouds whispering love's sweet songs and dancing together across the noisy sea.

Well I've been bound and gagged and I've been terrorized   
And I've been castrated and I've been lobotomized   
But never has my tormenter come in such a cunning disguise

I let love in   
I let love in   
[...]

So if you're sitting all alone and hear a-knocking at your door   
and the air is full of promises, well   
buddy, you've been warned  
Far worse to be Love's lover than the lover that Love has scorned

I let love in   
I let love in

Nick Cave, "Let Love In"

I don't care what consequence it brings, I have been a fool for lesser things.

Billy Joel's "The Longest Time"

I'd rather laugh with the sinners than cry with the saints.

Billy Joel

Only when I grew to love you did I understand the relativity of time; then, I wished to embrace you forever, hoping that eternity would last just a few minutes more.

Anthony Constantino

Today is only yesterday's tomorrow. Don't be too sure that things aren't what they seem. Alternatives are hard to find for sorrow. So use your head to muffle all your screams.

Lothar and the Hand People

I couldn't tell fact from fiction,   
Or if the dream was true   
My only sure prediction   
In this world was you.   
I'd touch your features inchly   
Beard love and dared the cost,   
The scented spiel reeled me unreal   
And I found my senses lost.

Maya Angelou, "I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings"

What is that you express in your eyes? It seems to me more than all the words I have read in my life.

Walt Whitman   
  
And the people bowed and prayed   
To the neon god they made   
And the sign flashed out its warning   
In the words that it was forming   
And the sign said: The words of the prophets are written   
On the subway walls and tenement halls   
And whispered in the sound of silence

Simon & Garfunkel, Sounds Of Silence

God bless our good and gracious King, Whose promise none relies on; Who never said a foolish thing, Nor ever did a wise one.

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester

"Remember everything", she says when only the memory remains

Counting Crows

It's no secret that a conscience can sometimes be a pest  
It's no secret ambition bites the nails of success  
Every artist is a cannibal, every poet is a thief  
All kill their inspiration and sing about the grief

Bono, U2

When you come to the end of everything you know, and the next step is into the depths of darkness of the great unknown, you must believe one of two things: Either you will step out onto firm ground or you will be taught to fly.

Claire Norris

Deep hearts, wise minds, take life as God has made it. It is a long trial; An unintelligible preparation for an unknown destiny. This destiny, the true one, begins for man at the first step in the interior of the tomb. There he begins to discern the definite. The definite, think of this word! The living see the infinite; the definite reveals itself only to the dead. Meantime, love and suffer, hope and contemplate. Woe, alas! to him who shall have loved forms, bodies, appearances only. Death will take all from him. Try to love souls, you shall find them again.

Victor Hugo - Les Miserables

And he piled upon the whales white hump. A sum of all the rage and hate felt by his own race.  
If his chest had been a cannon, he would have shot his heart upon it.

Moby Dick, About Revenge and how it corrupted him to sacrifice his crew and ship.

Love isn’t like a reservoir. You'll never drain it dry... It’s much more like a natural spring. The longer and farther it flows, the stronger and deeper it becomes

If you should die before me, ask if you could bring a friend.

Stone Temple Pilots

All I do is act on my passions and they call it sin.  
All I do is tell the truth and they call me a hypocrite.  
All feel is pain and sorrow and they call it love.  
All I do is pour my heart out to empty pages and they call it poetry.

Benito Behar

If wild my breast and sore my pride, I bask in dreams of suicide, If cool my heart and high my head I think "How lucky are the dead."

Dorothy Parker

When the night has been too lonely   
And the road has been too long   
And you think that love is only   
For the lucky and the strong   
Just remember in the winter   
Far beneath the winter spreads   
Lies the seed that with the sun's love   
In the spring becomes the rose.

"The Rose" by Bette Midler   
All my hope is every day  
that you will love me this I pray  
But as the each day passes  
and the end draws near  
What I wish for the most   
becomes my greatest fear.

Beth Rogers

Eat, drink and be merry... For tomorrow we die. - Epicurus

I can't remember all the times I tried to tell myself to hold on to these moments as they pass.

Counting Crows - A Long December

We twist and turn where angels burn   
Like fallen soldiers, we will learn,   
that once forgotten, twice removed,   
love will be the death of you

Savage Garden

My mind has touched the farthest horizons of mental imagination and reaches ever outward to embrace infinity. There is no knowledge beyond my comprehension, no art or skill upon this entire planet that lies beyond the mastery of my hand... But as long as I live, no woman will ever look on me in love.

Erik, "Phantom of the Opera"

**I am like the fool from the poem "The fool’s prayer";**

Because no one sees the bitter smile under the painted grin I wear.

What does it mean to die? It may be that man has a hundred senses, and at his death only the five that are known to us perish, and the other ninety-five go on living.

And the snow falls down melts before it even hits the ground. And I'm standing here listening to the sound of your hand washing back and forth across my filthy heart. And I don't know if I should say "I'm sorry" or "thank you". I try to speak but the tears choke the words and I think I finally know what they mean when they talk about joy.

Mineral

Women seem wicked  
when you're unwanted.

Jim Morrison (The Doors), "People are strange"

Let no man fear to die   
we love to sleep all,   
And death is but the sounder sleep

Beaumont

Oh, how one wishes sometimes to escape from the meaningless dullness of human eloquence, from all those sublime phrases, to take refuge in nature, apparently so inarticulate, or in the wordlessness of long grinding labor, of sound sleep, of true music, or of a human understanding, rendered speechless by emotion!

Dr. Zhivago

Build my fear of what's out there   
And cannot breathe the open air   
Whisper things into my brain   
Assuring me that I'm insane   
They think our heads are in their hands   
But violent use brings violent plans   
Keep him tied, It makes him well   
He's getting better, Can't you tell?   
No more can they keep us in   
Listen, Damn it, We will win   
They see it right, They see it well   
But they think this saves us from our hell

Metallica, "Sanitarium"

Was it love, or was it the idea of being in love?

Pink Floyd

Happiness is to see the world in a grain of sand, and Heaven in a wild flower, to hold infinity in the palm of your hand, and eternity in a single hour.

William Blake

With understanding come to know  
what laughing lips will never show  
how pain and torturing distress  
can masquerade as happiness.

Michael Denison

When I die, I wish to comeback as one of her tears   
What man would be so lucky   
As to have been conceived in her heart,   
Born in her eyes,   
Live on her cheeks,   
And die at her lips?

Once I swore I would die for you, but I never meant like this.

Shame, by Stabbing Westward

What if you slept And what if In your sleep You dreamed And what if In your dream You went to heaven And there plucked a strange and beautiful flower And what if When you awoke You had that flower in your hand Ah, what then?

Coleridge

It only gets to me in times like these, and times like these are getting to me.

Seven Mary Three 'Times Like These'

Whoever loved that loved not at first sight?

William Shakespeare

Kissing is a habit,  
fucking is a game,  
boys get all the pleasure,  
girls get all the pain.  
When he says he loves you,  
and you believe it’s true,  
but when your stomach starts to swell,  
he says the hell with you!!

16 minutes of pleasure,  
9 months of pain,  
3 days in a hospital,   
a baby with no name.

The baby is a bastard,  
the mother is a whore  
it never would have happened,  
if the rubber hadn't tore.

Lindsey Cobb

The end is the beginning and yet you go on

Samuel Beckett,

My skin is kind of sort of brownish Pinkish yellowish white. My eyes are greyish blueish green, But I'm told they look orange in the night. My hair is reddish blondish brown, But it's silver when it's wet. And all the colors I am inside Have not been invented yet.

Shel Silverstein

Love to be loved,  
Hate to be hated,  
Love not to be hated,  
Hate not to be loved.

We may not have it all together, but together we have it all.

If you were here,  
I would buy you a beer.  
But since you're not,  
I will drink the lot.

Katie Santo

This is the way the world ends  
This is the way the world ends  
This is the way the world ends  
Not with a bang but a whimper

T.S. Eliot's The Hollow Men

Go placidly amid the noise and haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible, without surrender, be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even to the dull and ignorant; they too have their story. Avoid loud and aggressive persons; they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain or bitter, for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career, however humble, it's a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs, for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals, and everywhere life is full of heroism. Be yourself. Especially do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment, it is as perennial as the grass. Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with dark imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive him to be. And whatever your labors and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace in your soul. With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be cheerful. Strive to be happy.

Desiderata, Max Ehrmann 1927

When life itself seems lunatic, who knows where madness lies? Too much sanity may be madness. To seek treasure where there is only trash. Perhaps to be practiced is madness. And madness of all, to see life as it is and not as it ought to be.

Miguel de Cervantes, "Don Quixote"

I've learned that goodbyes will always hurt, pictures never replace having been there, memories good or bad will always bring tears, and words can never replace feelings.

If I could paint in harmony and colors were words I had sung, If I could climb way up in the sky where the stars are carefully hung, There are flowers in her backyard that resemble the spots of the sun, And there are times I look into her eyes and see the woman and God as one.

Goo Goo Dolls, inside-cover poem

In the madness of a silent eternity   
We'd find solace in   
False visions that protect us   
from reality.

Jim Matheos (Fates Warning), The ivory gates of dream

In LA the blood dries at night. The streets never cool down. The sound of helicopters fills the ears and sends knee jerk shots of panic, paranoia and animal savagery through the veins of the shuffled extras too numbed by glamour overload to notice that there's not a single intersection in the entire city where you can stand and not be an animal waiting to see your own intestines slide down your leg from a stray bullet. In this city they kill for the fuck of it, fuck for the hell of it and live for no reason. If I could have a nickel for every siren I've heard go screaming into the distance to some scene, I'd still be here, still be looking out the window of my room, still laughing at the fact that I can't get my window open very far because the security bars get in the way.

Henry Rollins

When you get the choice to sit it out or dance, I hope you dance.

Leanne Womack, "I Hope You Dance"

If wishes were stars, there would be no night.

J. Aaron Board

Oh, I wish upon a star And let this wish come true. I want for love to come to me, But wish is all I do.

I don't care if it hurts. I want to have control. I want a perfect body. I want a perfect soul. I want you to notice when I'm not around.

Creep - Radiohead

I do my thing, and you do your thing.  
I am not in this world to live up to your expectations, and you are not in this world to live up to mine.  
You are you, and I am I, and if by chance we find each other, it's beautiful.

Frederick E. Perl

So we'll go no more a roving, so late into the night, though the heart be still as loving, and the moon be still as bright

The bitterest tears shed over graves are for words left unsaid and deeds left undone.

Harriet Beecher Stowe

It happens so suddenly. We are going about our own mundane tasks when - a phrase of music, a shaft of sunlight on a snowy roof, a handful of yellow butterflies, or the arc of a bird diving to the earth, pierces us. For one brief moment, we are lifted out of our daily routine into the untold realms of light and beauty. Then the moment is gone. We are back on Earth - but we are not the same.

Coffee falls into the stomach... ideas begin to move, things remembered arrive at full gallop... the shafts of wit start up like sharp-shooters, smiles arise, the paper is covered with ink...

Honore de Balzac

What can I say about being profound, It's a game that we play it goes round and around, I shall stick to the rules, And I won't suffer fools, And I won’t lose the plot, And I won’t lose my cool, But these are my decisions, These are my mistakes, And I'll fall down again, If that's what it takes

The Bluetones, Fountainhead

Do not go gentle into that good night.  
RAGE, RAGE against the dying of the light.

Dylan Thomas

Because I could not stop for Death   
He kindly stopped for me   
The Carriage held but just   
Ourselves And Immortality. - Emily Dickinson

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,   
And sorry I could not travel both   
And be one traveler, long I stood   
And looked down one as far as I could   
To where it bent in the undergrowth;   
  
Then took the other, as just as fair,   
And having perhaps the better claim,   
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;   
Though as for that the passing there   
Had worn them really about the same,   
  
And both that morning equally lay   
In leaves no step had trodden black.   
Oh, I kept the first for another day!   
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,   
I doubted if I should ever come back.   
  
I shall be telling this with a sigh   
Somewhere ages and ages hence:   
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—   
I took the one less traveled by,   
And that has made all the difference

Robert Frost, The Road Not Taken

Please catch me, I'm falling for you.

Crystal Clear- Jaci Velasquez

You are part of my existence, part of myself. You have been in every line I have ever read. You have been in every prospect I have ever seen - on the river, on the sails of the ships, on the marshes, in the clouds, in the light, in the darkness, in the wind, in the woods, in the sea in the streets. You have been the embodiment of every graceful fancy that my mind has ever become acquainted with. The stones of which the strongest London buildings are made are not more real, or more impossible to be displaced by your hands, than your presence and influence have been to me, there and everywhere, and will be. To the last hour of my life, you cannot choose but remain part of my character, part of the little good in me, part of the evil. But in this separation, I associate you only with the good, and I will faithfully hold you to that always, for you must have done me far more good than harm. Let me feel now what sharp distress I may.

Great Expectations - Charles Dickens

American eyes, American eyes See the world through American eyes Bury the past Rob us blind And leave nothin behind

Rage Against the Machine

When you were here before Couldn't look you in the eye You're just like an angel Your skin makes me cry You float like a feather In a beautiful world You're so very special I wish I was special but I'm a creep I'm a weirdo What the hell am I doin' here? I don't belong here I don't care if it hurts I wanna have control I want a perfect body I want a perfect soul I want you to notice When I’m not around You're so very special I wish I was special But I'm a creep

Radiohead

This reality is really just a fucked up dream!

Papa Roach - Between Angels and Insects

I ran up the door and closed the stairs, I said my pajamas and hopped into my prayers, I turned off my bed and got in my light, all because you kissed me that night.

my own

Poof be gone, your breath is really strong! Wait come back, I think I've got a Tic-Tac! Not one, not two, a whole six pack. Not to be mean, you need some Listerine. Not a sip, not a swallow, but the whole damn bottle!

Want gave tongue, and at her howl, Sin awakened with a growl.

James Russell Lowell

If I’m in heaven before you are, I'll carve your name on every star, so all the angels will know, How much I love you so. And if you're not there on judgement day, I'll know you've gone the other way. So I'll give the angels back their wings, golden harps and other things. And just to prove my love is true, I'll go to hell to be with you!!

Life is a gamble Kissing is a game Guys do the fucking Girls get the blame 1 night of pleasure 9 months of pain 1 day in the hospital The baby needs a name Daddy is a bastard Mommy is a whore Baby wouldn’t be here If the condom hadn't tore

In the park I did dwell, I met a boy I didn't know so well. He came and stole my heart from me, And now that boy has set me free. I ran and cried on my bed, Not a word to mom I had said. My father came home late the night, And searched for me from left to right. He came to my door which he had broke, And found me hanging from a rope. He got a knife and cut me down, And upon my legs a note he found. "Dig my grave and dig it deep, marble stone from head to feet. Upon my grave place a dove to show the world I died for love."

If I could grab a star out of the sky for every time you made me feel special, I would have the evening sky in the palm of my hand.

jcs\_starlightangel@hotmail.com

“The taste of sugar sure reminds me of your kiss, I like the way that they both linger on my lips. Kisses remind me of a field of butterflies, must be the way my heart is fluttering inside. Beautiful distraction, you make every thought a chain reaction... When I think about rain I think about singing, when I think about singing it’s a heavenly tune, when I think about heaven, I think about angels, and when I think about angels, I think about you...”

I am just a worthless liar   
I am just an imbecile   
I will only complicate you   
Trust in me and fall as well   
I will find a center in you   
I will chew it up and leave   
Trust me

Tool

Why did you leave me when I needed someone to lean on

Leave

Now this is the Law of the Jungle, As old and as true as the sky And the wolf that can keep it shall prosper, But the wolf that will break it must die. Like the creeper that girdeth the tree trunk, The Law floweth forward and back, The strength of the pack is the wolf, And the strength of the wolf....is the pack.

"The Law of the Jungle", Rudyard Kipling

If you live to be a hundred, I want to live to be a hundred minus one day, so I never have to live without you.

Winnie the Pooh (A.A. Milne)

Get up, stand up. Stand up for your rights. Get up, stand up, don't give up the fight.

Bob Marley

Yes there are two paths you can go by, but in the long run, there's still time to change the road you're on.

Led Zeppelin

If you love someone tell them, because hearts are often broken by words left unspoken.

Unknown

In a minute there is time for decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.

T.S. Eliot

It's good to be bad if it's better than bored

Eve 6- Girl Eyes

I didn't come here to leave you.. I didn't come here to lose. I didn't come here believing I would ever be away from you. I didn't come here to find out there's a weakness in my faith... I was brought here by the power of love - love by grace.

Wynonna/Lara Fabian

Have you ever been in love? Horrible, isn't it? It makes you so vulnerable. It opens your chest and it opens your heart and it means someone can get inside you and mess you up. You build up all these defenses. You build up this whole armor, for years, so nothing can hurt you, then one stupid person, no different from any other stupid person, wanders into your stupid life...You give them a piece of you. They don't ask for it. They do something dumb one day like kiss you, or smile at you, and then your life isn't your own anymore. Love takes hostages. It gets inside you. It eats you out and leaves you crying in the darkness, so a simple phrase like 'maybe we should just be friends' or 'how very perceptive' turns into a glass splinter working its way into your heart. It hurts. Not just in the imagination. Not just in the mind. It's a soul-hurt, a body-hurt, a real gets-inside-you-and-rips-you-apart pain. I hate love. Rose Walker, in Sandman: The Kindly Ones by Neil Gaman

lovequote.com

I walked a mile with Pleasure   
She chattered all the way   
But there was nothing I could learn   
From all she had to say

I walked a mile with Sorrow   
And never a word said she   
But, oh, all the things I learned   
When Sorrow walked with me.

Celts are the men   
That heaven made mad,   
For their battles are all merry,   
And their songs are all sad. - Unknown

Why be in this mundane world when the surreal world inside my head is so much more inviting, exciting and not as complex?

Dawn Masuoka (My Love; A Horror Story)   
Write on the water, send ripples through time   
To sit and do nothing is life's lonely crime

Flyte - Write On The Water

What do you do when the only one that can stop you from crying is the one who is making your cry?

When your day is long,   
and the night is yours alone,   
when you're sure you've had enough   
of this life,   
then hang on.   
Don't let yourself go,   
because everybody cries.   
Everybody hurts sometimes...   
so hold on, hold on, hold on.   
Everybody hurts.

REM, Everybody Hurts

I never thought there could be anything worse than being all alone in the night. But there is: being all alone in a crowd.

There all the honour lies - Sheridan and Delenn   
Oh lovely snowball, packed with care,  
Smack a head that's unaware!   
Then with freezing ice to spare,  
Melt and soak through underwear!   
Fly straight and true, hit hard and square!  
This, oh snowball, is my prayer.

Calvin and Hobbes

Should I smile because we're friends, or cry because that's all we'll ever be?

picture yourself in a boat on a river with tangerine trees and marmalade skies. somebody calls you, you answer quite slowly a girl with kaleidoscope eyes.

The Beatles, Lucy in the sky with diamonds

It doesn't take a talent to be mean, your words can crush things that are unseen. So please be careful with me, I'm sensitive and I'd like to stay that way. - Jewel, "Sensitive"

And remember the truth that once was spoken: to love another person is to see the face of God.

Les Miserables

A million things run through my mind, you ain't gotta be in jail to be doing time.

2pac, "Krazy"

You know it's funny when it rains it pours, they got money for wars, but can't feed the poor.

Cause I think we can make it, in fact, I'm sure, and if you fall, stand tall and comeback for more.

2pac, "Keep Ya Head Up"

"And Tomorrow"  
  
Today is filled with anger,   
fueled with hidden hate.   
Scared of being outcast,   
afraid of common fate.   
Today is built on tragedies   
which no one wants to face.   
Nightmares to humanity   
and morally disgraced.   
  
Tonight is filled with Rage,   
violence in the air.   
Children bred with ruthlessness   
cause no one at home cares.   
Tonight I lay my head down   
but the pressure never stops,   
knowing that my sanity   
content when I`m dropped.   
But tomorrow I see change,   
a chance to build a new,   
built on spirit intent   
of heart and ideas based on truth.  
Tomorrow I wake with second wind   
and strong because of pride.   
I know I fought with all my heart   
to keep the dream alive.

Tupac Shakur

"In The Event of My Demise"   
  
In the event of my Demise   
when my heart can beat no more   
I Hope I Die For A Principle   
or A Belief that I had Lived 4   
I will die Before My Time   
Because I feel the shadow`s Depth   
so much I wanted 2 accomplish   
before I reached my Death   
I have come 2 grips with the possibility   
and wiped the last tear from My eyes   
I Loved All who were Positive   
In the event of my Demise

Tupac Shakur

It's been too many nights of being with to now be suddenly without.

Jewel Kilcher

We will only be at peace when the power of love conquers the love of power.

Jimmi Hendrix

Anyone perfect must be lying, anything easy has its cost.   
Anyone plain can be lovely, anyone loved can be lost.  
What if I lost my direction? What if I lost sense of time?  
What if I nursed this infection? Maybe the worst is behind.

Barenaked Ladies, Falling for the First Time

"Life"

Sitting.  
Staring.  
Thinking.  
Pondering.  
Hoping.  
Dreaming.  
Wishing.  
Trying.  
Realizing.  
Crashing.  
Running.  
Crying.  
Concealing.  
Faking.  
Smiling.  
Repeating.

The sun will kiss the afternoon sky,  
and the moon will kiss the stars so high.  
The morning dew will kiss the grass,  
but you, my friend, can kiss my ass.

Be A Queen!

Be a queen. Dare to be different.  
Be a pioneer. Be a leader.  
Be the kind of woman who in the face of adversity  
will continue to embrace life and walk fearlessly  
toward the challenge.  
Take it on! Be a truth seeker and rule your domain,  
whatever it is--your home, your office, your family  
with a loving heart.

Be a queen. Be tender.  
Continue to give birth to new ideas  
and rejoice in your womanhood. . .   
My prayer is that we will stop wasting time  
being mundane and mediocre. . .  
We are daughters of God--here to teach  
the world how to love. . .  
It doesn't matter what you've been through,  
where you come from, who your parents are  
--nor your social or economic status.

None of that matters.  
What matters is how you choose to love,  
how you choose to express that love through your work,  
through your family,  
through what you have to give to the world. . .

Be a queen. Own your power and your glory!

Oprah

English is a crazy language. There is no egg in eggplant nor ham in hamburger; neither apple nor pine in pineapple. English muffins weren't invented in England or French fries in France. Sweetmeats are candies while sweetbreads, which aren't sweet, are meat.

We take English for granted. But if we explore its paradoxes, we find that quicksand can work slowly, boxing rings are square and a guinea pig is neither from Guinea nor is it a pig. And why is it that writers write but fingers don't fing, grocers don't groce and hammers don't ham? If the plural of tooth is teeth, why isn't the plural of booth beeth? One goose, 2 geese. So one moose, 2 meese? If you have a bunch of odds and ends and get rid of all but one of them, what do you call it?

If teachers taught, why didn't preachers praught? If a vegetarian eats vegetables, what does a humanitarian eat? Sometimes I think all the English speakers should be committed to an asylum for the verbally insane. In what language do people recite at a play and play at a recital? Ship by truck and send cargo by ship? Have noses that run and feet that smell? How can a slim chance and a fat chance be the same, while a wise man and a wise guy are opposites?

Have you noticed that we talk about certain things only when they are absent? Have you ever seen a horsefull carriage or a strapfull gown? Met a sung hero or experienced requited love? Have you ever run into someone who was combobulated, gruntled, ruly or peccable? And where are all those people who ARE spring chickens or who would actually hurt a fly?

You have to marvel at the unique lunacy of a language in which your house can burn up as it burns down, in which you fill in a form by filling it out and in which an alarm goes off by going on.

Slow Dance

Have you ever watched kids   
On a merry-go-round?   
Or listened to the rain   
Slapping on the ground?   
Ever followed a butterfly's erratic flight?   
Or gazed at the sun into the fading night?

You better slow down.  
Don't dance so fast.   
Time is short.   
The music won't last.

Do you run through each day  
On the fly?  
When you ask, "How are you?"   
Do you hear the reply?  
When the day is done   
Do you lie in your bed   
With the next hundred chores  
Running through your head?

You'd better slow down  
Don't dance so fast.   
Time is short.   
The music won't last.

Ever told your child,   
"We'll do it tomorrow"   
And in your haste,   
Not see his sorrow?   
Ever lost touch,   
Let a good friendship die  
Cause you never had time  
To call and say,"Hi?"

You'd better slow down.  
Don't dance so fast.   
Time is short.   
The music won't last.

When you run so fast to get somewhere,  
You miss half the fun of getting there.   
When you worry and hurry through your day,  
It is like an unopened gift...  
Thrown away.   
Life is not a race.   
Do take it slower.   
Hear the music,   
Before the song is over.

The Song Will Stop   
I may be in the gutter, but I'm looking at the stars.

Oscar Wilde

Every night and every morn   
some to misery are born  
Every morn and every night  
Some are born to sweet delight  
Some are born to endless night

William Blake

The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a Heaven of Hell, and a Hell of Heaven.

Milton

Lord, what fools these mortals be.

William Shakespeare

The only people for me are the mad ones, the ones mad to live, mad to talk, mad to be saved, desirous of everything at the same time, the ones who never yawn or say a commonplace thing but burn, burn, burn like fabulous roman candles exploding like spiders across the stars..."

Jack Kerouac, On the Road

The sky was dark, the moon was high  
We were alone, just her and I   
Her hair so soft, her eyes so blue  
I knew just what she wanted to do.  
  
I didn't know how, but I tried my best,  
I placed my hand upon her breast  
Her skin so soft, her hair so fine,  
I kept my fingers running down her spine  
  
My pounding head, my beating heart  
She slowly spread her legs apart  
The white stuff came, it's over now...  
My first experience,  
Milking a cow

A poor child knew what it meant to be poor. We didn't ask for much, and sometimes we didn't even ask.

Da Chen, Colors of the Mountain

Many people are afraid of the dark because they fear the unknown. I am the opposite. I embrace the dark because I fear the known. The light is so full of evil, it makes the darkness shine with good. This is my story.

Opening line from a book in progress   
My life has a wonderful cast, I just can't figure out the plot.

Mat Crompton - Poet 19th century

Don't you ever wonder, maybe if you took a left turn instead of a right ,you could be somebody different.

Dave Matthews Band

We look at each other, wondering what the other is thinking, but we never say a thing, and these crimes between us grow deeper.

Dave Matthews Band

I live as I choose or I will not live at all.

The Cranberries

(Referring to Winter)   
It is a time when one's spirit is subdued and sad, one knows not why; when the past seems a storm-swept desolation, life a vanity and a burden, and the future but a way to death.

Mark Twain, on a bleak winter day.

Man is a fool,  
when it's hot, he wants it cool  
when it's cool, he wants it hot  
always wanting what is not

Gabe Baluyut

A truth that’s told with bad intent, beats all the lies you can invent

William Blake

All that we see or seem, is but a dream within a dream

Edgar Allen Poe

Up a narrow flight of stairs   
In a narrow little room,   
As I lie upon my bed   
In the early evening gloom.   
Impaled on my wall   
My eyes can dimly see   
The pattern of my life   
And the puzzle that is me.

From the moment of my birth   
To the instant of my death,   
There are patterns I must follow   
Just as I must breathe each breath.   
Like a rat in a maze   
The path before me lies,   
And the pattern never alters   
Until the rat dies.

Paul Simon

Infinity

A thousand stars A million words  
So much spoken  
But nothing heard

All is lost  
Nothing gained  
The world is filled  
With endless pain

A single breath  
A moment long  
But then it fades  
And is forever gone

Everyone’s leaving  
No one to betray  
Can see no one coming  
Just one empty day

Infinite hopes  
To many fears  
Not enough true dreams  
With too many tears

Everything’s sacred  
Each second that I breathe  
Every moment  
My heart beats

Darren Brown

Oh, mirror in the sky  
What is love?   
Can the child within my heart rise above?  
Can I sail through the changing ocean tides?  
Can I handle the seasons of my life?

Well, I've been afraid of changing  
'Cause I've built my life around you  
But time makes you bolder  
Even children get older  
And I'm getting older too

Stevie Nicks, Landslide

Life is but a walking shadow; A poor  
Player that struts and frets his hour upon  
The stage and then is heard no more.

Macbeth V,I

And I don't want the world to see me, cause I don't think that they'd understand. When everything's made to be broken, I just want you to know who I am.

Goo Goo Dolls

It is the way of words to be inadequate. Take for example the word of words - 'communication' - how poorly it stands for the concept it is supposed to represent: The linkage of two minds. Even if I can conceive the wonder, I cannot articulate It. Or 'articulation' - putting ideas into sounds. There are 61 words in this thought…

I. B. Eventure

You know I've made mistakes   
I've had my ups and downs   
My ins and outs   
My share of bad breaks   
But when it's all   
Been said and done   
I raise my beer and I swear   
"God it's been fun!"

The Mighty Mighty Bosstones, 1989

Hit me baby one more time.

God awful song - Britney Spears

Breathe deep the gathering gloom  
Watchlights fade from every room  
Bedsitter people look back and lament  
Another days useless energies spent  
Impassioned lovers wrestle as one  
Lonely man cries for love and has none  
New mother picks up and settles her son  
Senior citizens wish they were young  
Cold hearted orb that rules the night  
Removes the colors from our sight  
Red is gray and yellow white  
But we decide which is right  
And which is an illusion - Moody Blues

Show me one man who knows his own heart, to him I shall belong.

Jewel Kilcher

We sit outside and argue all night long  
About a god we've never seen  
But never fails to side with me  
Sunday comes and all the papers say  
Ma Teresa's joined the mob  
And happy with her full time job

Am I alive or thoughts that drift away?  
Does summer come for everyone?  
Can humans do what prophets say?  
If I die before I learn to speak  
Can money pay for all the days I lived awake but half asleep?

Primitive Radio Gods, Standing Outside a Broken Phone Booth With Money in my Hand   
Hey, you know  
They're all the same  
You know you're doing  
Better on your own  
So don't buy in  
Live right now  
Yeah, just be yourself  
It doesn't matter  
If it's good enough  
For someone else

Jimmy Eat World

We sailed from the port of indecision,  
Young and wild with, oh, so much to learn,  
And days turn into years,  
As we try to fool our fears,  
But, to the port of indecision I return.

Jimmy Buffett

Mourn not the dead that in the cool earth lie  
Dust unto dust  
The calm, sweet earth that mothers all who die  
As all men must;

Mourn not your captive comrades who must dwell  
Too strong to strive  
Within each steel-bound coffin of a cell,  
Buried alive;

But rather mourn the apathetic throng  
The cowed and the meek  
Who see the world's great anguish and its wrong  
And dare not speak!

Ralph Chaplin, Mourn Not the Dead

A poet is an unhappy being whose heart is torn by secret sufferings, but whose lips are so strangely formed that when the sighs and the cries escape them, they sound like beautiful music and then people crowd about the poet and say to him: "Sing for us soon again;" that is as much as to say, "May new sufferings torment your soul."

Soren Kierkegaard

Go ahead, you can laugh all you want   
I got my philosophy  
Keeps my feet on the ground  
And I trust it like the ground  
That's why my philosophy  
Keeps me walking when I'm falling down

Ben Fold Five, Philosophy   
If you are a dreamer, come in,  
If you are a dreamer, A wisher, a liar,  
A hope-er, a pray-er, A magic bean buyer...  
If you're a pretender, come sit by my fire  
For we have some flax-golden tales to spin.  
Come in!  
Come in!

Shel Silverstein

"Words Of Profanity"

The paradox of our time in history is that we have taller buildings, but short tempers; wider freeways, but narrower viewpoints; we spend more, but have less; we buy more, but enjoy it less. We have bigger houses and smaller families; more conveniences, but less time; we have more degrees, but less sense; more knowledge, but less judgment; more experts, but more problems; more medicine, but less wellness. We drink too much, smoke too much, spend too recklessly, laugh too little, drive too fast, get angry too quickly, stay up too late, get up too tired, read too seldom, watch TV too much, and pray too seldom. We have multiplied our possessions, but reduced our values. We talk too much, love too seldom, and hate too often. We`ve learned how to make a living, but not a life; we`ve added years to life, not life to years.

Love: "The awful daring of a moment's surrender which an age of prudence can never retract."

T.S. Elliot - The Waste Land

You'll learn from them - if you want to. Just as someday, if you have something to offer, someone will learn something from you. It's a beautiful reciprocal arrangement. And it isn't education. It's history. It's poetry.

JD Salinger, The Cather in the Rye

The love I seek is so deep, so faithful and true, I wonder if I will ever find someone that will love me in the way I desire. It goes deeper than passion, but as simple as politeness. I desire understanding, and an unfaltering trust. Someone that other than my Father, that I can run to when the world is cruel. Someone who will warm my heart with kindness and firmly speak truth to me in love. Someone that will sit and read with me but will also dance in the rain with me. Love is a funny thing. So often "found" and not kept. Why? Well it is because it was never found, for if it was it would be like a treasure, held tightly and never let go, valued above other things.

A. Steele

And it's true we are immune  
When fact is fiction and TV reality  
And the today the millions cry  
We eat and drink when tomorrow they die

Bono, U2 - Sunday Bloody Sunday   
All the world’s a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players:  
They have their exits and their entrances;  
And one man in his time plays many parts.

William Shakespeare

This above all: to thine own self be true.

Shakespeare's Hamlet

I walked into an empty church, I had no place else to go  
When the sweetest voice I ever heard whispered to my soul  
I don't need to be forgiven for loving you so much  
It's written in the scriptures, it's written there in blood  
I even heard the angels declare it from above -  
That there ain't no cure for love. - Leonard Cohen

Friendship! Mysterious cement of the soul! Sweetener of life and solder of society!

Robert Blair

I'm not well read, but when I do read, I read well.

Kurt Cobain

Here I am, inspired to write only because I'm pissed off.

Kurt Cobain   
"Sarah"

My name is Sarah   
I am but three,  
My eyes are swollen  
I cannot see,  
I must be stupid  
I must be bad,  
What else could have made  
My daddy so mad?  
I wish I were better  
I wish I weren’t ugly  
They maybe mommy  
Would still want to hug me.  
I can’t speak at all  
I can’t do a wrong  
Or else I’m locked up  
All the day long.  
When I’m awake I’m all alone  
The house is dark  
My folks aren’t home  
When my mommy does come  
I’ll try and be nice,  
So maybe I’ll get just  
One whipping tonight.  
Don’t make a sound!  
I just heard a car  
My daddy is back  
From Charlie’s Bar.  
I heard him curse  
My name he calls  
I press myself  
Against the wall  
I try and hide  
From his evil eyes  
I’m so afraid now  
I’m starting to cry  
He finds me weeping   
He shouts ugly words,  
He says it’s my fault  
That he suffers at work.  
He slaps me and hits me  
And yells at me more,  
I finally get free  
And I run for the door.  
He’s already locked it  
And I start to bawl,  
He takes me and throws me  
Against the hard wall.  
I fall to the floor  
With my bones nearly broken,  
And my daddy continues  
With more bad words spoken.  
“I’m sorry!”, I scream  
But it’s much too late  
His face has been twisted  
Into unimaginable hate  
The hurt and the pain  
Again and again  
Oh please God, have mercy!  
Oh please let it end!  
And finally he stops   
And heads for the door,  
While I lay motionless  
Sprawled on the floor  
My name is Sarah  
And I am but three,  
Tonight my daddy  
Murdered me.

You have brains in your head.  
You have feet in your shoes.  
You can steer yourself in any direction you choose.  
You're on your own.  
And you know what you know.  
You are the guy who'll decide where to go. - Dr. Seuss

I hope you still feel small when you stand beside the ocean, whenever one door closes I hope one more opens. Promise me that you'll give faith a fighting chance, and when you get the choice to sit it out or dance, I hope you dance.

Lee Ann Womack, I hope you dance

Imagine

Imagine there's no heaven,   
It's easy if you try,  
No hell below us,  
Above us only sky,  
Imagine all the people  
living for today...

Imagine there's no countries,  
It isn’t hard to do,  
Nothing to kill or die for,  
No religion too,  
Imagine all the people  
living life in peace...

Imagine no possessions,  
I wonder if you can,  
No need for greed or hunger,  
A brotherhood of man,  
Imagine all the people  
Sharing all the world...  
You may say I’m a dreamer,

but I'm not the only one,  
I hope someday you'll join us,  
And the world will live as one.

John Lennon

We spend all of lives, going out of our minds, looking back to our birth, forward to our demise. Even scientists say everything is just light. Not created or destroyed, but eternally bright.

Live, They Stood Up For Love   
Little drops of water,   
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean,  
And the pleasant land.  
So the little minutes,  
Humble though they be,  
Make the mighty ages,  
Of eternity.

Julia Fletcher Carney   
I took one drought of life   
I'll tell you what I paid   
Precisely an existence   
The market price, they said.

Emily Dickinson (no. 1725)

And nothing can we call our own but death.

Shakespeare (King Richard II)   
Poetry is the journal of the sea animal living on land, wanting to fly in the air. Poetry is a search for syllables to shoot at the barriers of the unknown and the unknowable. Poetry is a phantom script telling how rainbows are made and why they go away.

Carl Sandburg

My life closed twice before its close-  
It yet remains to see  
If Immortality unveil  
A third event to me,

So huge, so hopeless to conceive  
As these that twice befell.  
Parting is all we know of heaven,  
And all we need of hell.

Emily Dickinson

You think the only people who are people  
Are the people who look and think like you.  
But if you walk the footsteps of a stranger,  
You'll learn things you never knew you never knew.

Disney's 'Pocahontas'

Can you paint with all the colors of the wind?

Disney's 'Pocahontas'

With a smile and a song,   
Life is just a bright sunny day,  
Your cares fade away,  
And your heart is young.

Disney's 'Snow White & the Seven Dwarves'

Keep the gun oiled, and the temple cleaned   
sh\*t, snort and blaspheme  
let the heads cool and the engine run.  
Because in the end, everything we do, is just everything we’ve done.

Corey Taylor, Stone Sour

A winter's day in a deep and dark December- I am alone, gazing from my window to the streets below on a freshly fallen silent shroud of snow, I am a rock, I am an island.

I've built walls, a fortress deep and mighty that none may penetrate. I have no need of friendship, friendship causes pain. It's laughter and it's loving I disdain, I am a rock, I am an island.

Don't talk of love- well, I've heard the word before, it's sleeping in my memory. I won't disturb the slumber of feelings that have died, if I never loved I never would have cried, I am a rock, I am an island.

I have my books and my poetry to protect me. I am shielded in my armor. Hiding in my room, safe within my womb, I touch no one and no one touches me. I am a rock, I am an island.

And a rock feels no pain and an island never cries.

Simon and Garfunkel

I went to the mountains for strength and they crushed me. I confided in the rock as my friend and it denied me. I stood on top of the world and it humbled me. The greatest virtue that man learns from mountains is that he has not gone to the mountains to conquer them; rather, he has gone to the mountains to conquer himself.

Eric Trinka

If the danger were not so dark, I should dance for joy. Even so, I cannot help feeling happy; happier than I have felt for a long time.

The Fellowship of the Ring, J.R.R. Tolkien

"If"

If you can keep your head when all about you   
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowance for their doubting too:  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
Or being hated don't give way to hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;  
  
If you can dream---and not make dreams your master;  
If you can think---and not make thoughts your aim,  
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster  
And treat those two impostors just the same:  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,  
And stoop and build'em up with worn-out tools;  
  
If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,  
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,  
And never breathe a word about your loss:  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"  
  
If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with Kings---nor lose the common touch,  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,  
If all men count with you, but none too much:  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,  
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,  
And---which is more---you'll be a Man, my son!

Rudyard Kipling

Pretty women wonder where my secret lies.   
I'm not cute or built to suit a fashion model's size  
But when I start to tell them,   
They think I'm telling lies.  
I say,  
It's in the reach of my arms  
The span of my hips,  
The stride of my step,  
The curl of my lips.  
I'm a woman  
Phenomenally.  
Phenomenal woman,  
That's me.  
  
I walk into a room  
Just as cool as you please,  
And to a man,  
The fellows stand or  
Fall down on their knees.  
Then they swarm around me,  
A hive of honey bees.  
I say,  
It's the fire in my eyes,  
And the flash of my teeth,  
The swing in my waist,  
And the joy in my feet.  
I'm a woman  
Phenomenally.  
Phenomenal woman,  
That's me.  
  
Men themselves have wondered  
What they see in me.  
They try so much  
But they can't touch  
My inner mystery.  
When I try to show them  
They say they still can't see.  
I say,  
It's in the arch of my back,  
The sun of my smile,  
The ride of my breasts,  
The grace of my style.  
I'm a woman  
  
Phenomenally.  
Phenomenal woman,  
That's me.  
  
Now you understand  
Just why my head's not bowed.  
I don't shout or jump about  
Or have to talk real loud.  
When you see me passing  
It ought to make you proud.  
I say,  
It's in the click of my heels,  
The bend of my hair,  
the palm of my hand,  
The need of my care,  
'Cause I'm a woman  
Phenomenally.  
Phenomenal woman,  
That's me.

Maya Angelou

"Two Days We Should Not Worry"

There are two days in every week about which we should not worry,  
Two days which should be kept free from fear and apprehension.

One of these days is Yesterday, with all its mistakes and cares,  
Its faults and blunders, its aches and pains.

Yesterday has passed forever beyond our control.  
All the money in the world cannot bring back Yesterday.

We cannot undo a single act we performed;  
We cannot erase a single word we said.  
Yesterday is gone forever.

The other day we should not worry about is Tomorrow  
With all its possible adversities, its burdens,  
Its large promise and its poor performance;  
Tomorrow is also beyond our immediate control.

Tomorrow's sun will rise,  
Either in splendor or behind a mask of clouds, but it will rise.  
Until it does, we have no stake in Tomorrow,  
For it is yet to be born.

This leaves only one day, Today.  
Any person can fight the battle of just one day  
It is when you and I add the burdens of those two awful eternities  
Yesterday and Tomorrow that we break down.

It is not the experience of Today that drives a person mad,  
It is the remorse and bitterness of something which happened Yesterday  
And the dread of what Tomorrow may bring.

Let us, therefore, live but one day at a time.

What is a Poet?

"He is a man speaking to men: a man, it is true, endued with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind; a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him; delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings-on of the universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them."

William Wordsworth

"I cry"

Sometimes when I'm alone I Cry,   
Cause I am on my own.  
The tears I cry are bitter and warm.  
They flow with life but take no form  
I Cry because my heart is torn.  
I find it difficult to carry on.  
If I had an ear to confiding,  
I would cry among my treasured friend,  
but who do you know that stops that long,  
to help another carry on.  
The world moves fast and it would rather pass by.  
Then to stop and see what makes one cry,  
so painful and sad.  
And sometimes...  
I Cry  
and no one cares about why.

Tupac Shakur

Here we sit in a branchy row,  
Thinking of beautiful things we know;  
Dreaming of deeds that we mean to do,  
All complete in a minute or two--  
Something noble and grand and good,  
Won by merely wishing we could.  
Now we're going to -- never mind,  
Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!

Rudyard Kipling

My Declaration of Self Esteem

I am Me. In all the world, there is no one else exactly like me. Everything that comes out of me is authentically mine, because I alone chose it -- I own everything about me: my body, my feelings, my mouth, my voice, all my actions, whether they be to others or myself. I own my fantasies, my dreams, my hopes, my fears. I own my triumphs and successes, all my failures and mistakes. Because I own all of me, I can become intimately acquainted with me. By so doing, I can love me and be friendly with all my parts. I know there are aspects about myself that puzzle me, and other aspects that I do not know -- but as long as I am friendly and loving to myself, I can courageously and hopefully look for solutions to the puzzles and ways to find out more about me. However I look and sound, whatever I say and do, and whatever I think and feel at a given moment in time is authentically me. If later some parts of how I looked, sounded, thought, and felt turn out to be unfitting, I can discard that which is unfitting, keep the rest, and invent something new for that which I discarded. I can see, hear, feel, think, say, and do. I have the tools to survive, to be close to others, to be productive, and to make sense and order out of the world of people and things outside of me. I own me, and therefore, I can engineer me. I am me, and I am Okay.

Virginia Satir

First they came for the Communists,  
and I didn’t speak up,  
because I wasn’t a Communist.  
Then they came for the Jews,  
and I didn’t speak up,  
because I wasn’t a Jew.  
Then they came for the Catholics,  
and I didn’t speak up,  
because I was a Protestant.  
Then they came for me,  
and by that time there was no one  
left to speak up for me.

Rev. Martin Niemoller, 1945

If I’m killed by the questions like a cancer, then I’ll be buried in the silence of the answer.

Linkin Park

Morning Is Yellow Like A Desk Is Square

He always wanted to explain things.   
But no one cared.  
So he drew.  
Sometimes he would draw and it wasn't anything.  
He wanted to carve it in stone or write it in the sky.  
He would lie out on the grass and look up in the sky.  
And it would be only him and the sky and the things inside him that needed saying.  
And it was after that he drew the picture.  
It was a beautiful picture.  
He kept it under his pillow and would let no one see it.  
And he would look at it every night and think about it.  
And when it was dark, and his eyes were closed, he could still see it.  
And it was all of him.  
And he loved it.  
When he started school he brought it with him.  
Not to show anyone, but just to have with him like a friend.  
It was funny about school.  
He sat in a square brown desk  
Like all the other square brown desks  
And he thought it should be red  
And his room was a square brown room.  
Like all the other rooms.  
And it was tight and close.  
And stiff.   
He hated to hold the pencil and chalk,   
With his arm stiff and his feet flat on the floor.  
Stiff.  
With the teacher watching and watching.  
The teacher came and spoke to him.  
She told him to wear a tie like all the other boys.  
He said he didn't like them.  
And she said it didn't matter.  
After that they drew.  
And he drew all yellow and it was the way he felt about morning.  
And it was beautiful.  
The teacher came and smiled at him.  
"What's this?" she said.   
"Why don't you draw something like Ken's drawing? Isn't it beautiful?"  
After that his mother bought him a tie.  
And he always drew airplanes and rocket ships like everyone else.  
And he threw the old picture away.  
And when he lay alone looking at the sky,   
It was big and blue and all of everything,   
But he wasn't anymore.  
He was square inside.  
And brown.  
And his hands were stiff.  
And he was like everyone else.  
And the things inside him that needed saying didn't need it anymore.  
It had stopped pushing.   
It was crushed.   
Stiff.  
Like everything else.

And you run and you run to catch up with the sun but it's sinking and racing to come up behind you again. The sun is the same in the relative way, but you are older and shorter of breath and one day closer to death

Pink Floyd

A friend is always good to have, but a lover's kiss is better than angels raining down on me.

Dave Matthews Band, #40

Place me like a seal over your heart, like a seal on your arm, for love is as strong as death, it's jealousy as unyielding as the grave. It burns like a blazing fire, like a mighty flame, many waters cannot quench love, rivers cannot wash it away.

Song of Solomon (8:67)

What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow, Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man, You cannot say, or guess, for you know only A heap of broken images, where the sun beats, And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief, And the dry stone no sound of water. Only There is shadow under this red rock, (Come in under the shadow of this red rock), And I will show you something different from either Your shadow at morning striding behind you Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you; I will show you fear in a handful of dust.

T.S. Eliot, The Waste Land

If you can make one heap of all your winnings And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss, And lose, and start again at your beginnings And never breath a word about your loss... Yours is the earth and everything that's in it, And--which is more--you'll be a man my son!

Rudyard Kipling, IF

Love is the language of hearts  
Even cardiologists fail to know how it starts  
When a loved one for a while departs  
The other is striking darts into others hearts

And as we wind on down the road Our shadows taller than our soul. There walks a lady we all know Who shines white light and wants to show How everything still turns to gold. And if you listen very hard The tune will come to you at last. When all are one and one is all To be a rock and not to roll

Led Zeppelin

Come and lay right on my bed, sit and drink some wine I'll try not to make you cry And if you get inside my head, then you'd understand Then you'd understand me Why I've felt so alone, why I kept myself from love And you became my favorite drug So let me take you right now and swallow you down, I need you inside

the calling, Unstoppable

My love is losing grip, And I fear I will fall, If I fall I will be nothing, Nothing at all, If I fall, I know I will not land on my feet, And I’ll die a painful death, and be covered with the white sheet. I'd lie still, only to think about what I’ve thrown away, But what I’d thrown away would have been mine if I could stay, In a stable frame of mind, in which my mother did not give me, Why didn’t she, give me, the mind in which I need to keep, the love of my life. But now she's gone and so am I, imp below, playing Satan’s games, but I will not mention, anybody’s names, that led to my downfall, That would be a shame, I wouldn’t be playing Satan’s game.. of guilt.. They know they did wrong, they know they killed me, All for the love of my life... she.

Peter O'Connell

Love is such a powerful emotion; one that falls without devotion.

Amy Kleer

If I could fall Into the sky, Do you think time Would pass me by?

Vanessa Carlton

I choose to suffer for those I care; I will sacrifice myself as long as you are there.

Amy Kleer

Golden brown texture like sun, Lays me down with my mind she runs. Throughout the night No need to fight Never a frown with golden brown Every time just like the last, On her ship tied to the mast. To distant lands Takes both my hands Never a frown with golden brown Golden brown finer temptress, Through the ages she's heading west. From far away Stays for a day Never a frown with golden brown

The Stranglers, Golden Brown

I know a girl who cries when she practices violin because each note sounds so pure it just cuts into her, and then the melody comes pouring out her eyes. Now, to me, everything else just sounds like a lie.

Conor Oberst of Bright Eyes

You said, "Tonight is a wonderful night to die." I asked, how could you tell? And you told me to look at the sky. "Look at all those stars. Look at how goddamn ugly the stars are."

Alkaline Trio

We'll dance like we know what we're doing in this world, and we'll talk like we have an idea of who we are, and we'll listen like there's something we haven't already learned, and we'll smile like there's something to be happy about, and we'll hold hands and walk off like there's nothing to leave behind.

Shelby Sifers

They say that I am strong From watching a loved one die They say that I am strong For telling truth instead of lie They say that I am strong I watched a marriage fall apart They say that I am strong For living with a burdened heart They say that I am strong But they're wrong in what they speak For I hide from what I've witnessed And that has made me weak

Courtney Walton

Please send me anything but signals that are mixed, because I can't read your rolling eyes.

Chris Carrabba

Sir, I admit to your general rule that every poet is a fool. But you yourself may serve to show it that not every fool is a poet.

Alexander Pope

All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others.

Animal Farm By: George Orwell

The sky  
Scorched by the sun,  
Weeps  
Fecund tears.  
  
But the forest  
Wounded by the wind,  
Weeps  
Dead leaves.  
  
Why so wintery?  
Summer's  
Yet to come, and the fall of  
Glorious autumn.  
  
If I could use words  
Like falling leaves,  
What a bonfire  
My poems would make!

Shogun

Gravity keeps my head down  
Or is it maybe shame  
At being so young and being so vain

"If You Tolerate This" by Manic Street Preachers   
How I wish, how I wish you were here   
We're just two lost souls swimming in a fish bowl,   
Year after year   
Running over the same old ground   
What have we found?  
The same old fears   
Wish you were here

"How I wish you were here" by Pink Floyd

If I were a tear in your eye, I'd roll down your cheek & die in your lap and if you were a tear in my eye, I'd never cry for the fear of losing you.

When silence and lust mingle, only the deaf can intercede.

Clark

In the visions of the dark night I have dreamed of joy departed- But a waking dream of life and light Hath left me broken hearted.

A Dream, Edgar Allen Poe

Romeo wants Juliet as the filings want the magnet; and if no obstacles intervene he moves toward her by as straight a line as they. But Romeo and Juliet, if a wall be built between them, do not remain idiotically pressing their faces against the opposite sides like the magnet and the filings. Romeo soon find a circuitous way, by scaling the wall or otherwise, of touching Juliet's lips directly. With the filings the path is fixed; whether it reaches the end depends on accidents. With the lover it is the end which is fixed, the path may be modified indefinitely.

William James

Waiting for the moon to come and light me up inside   
And I am waiting for the telephone to tell me I'm alive   
Well, I heard you let somebody get their fingers into you   
It's getting cold in California I guess I'll be leaving soon   
Daylight fading, come and waste another year   
All the anger and the eloquence are bleeding into fear   
Moonlight creeping around the corners of our lawn   
When we see the early signs that daylight's fading   
We leave just before it's gone...

-Anon

A broken Heart can never be fixed, just broken again.

We are the music makers, And we are the dreamers of dreams, Wandering by lone sea breakers, And sitting by desolate streams. World-losers and world-forsakers, On whom the pale moon gleams: Yet we are the movers and the shakers Of the world forever, it seems.

Arthur O' Shaughnessy

Don't confront me with my failures, I have not forgotten them.

Jackson Browne,

You win.

I never climbed Kilimanjaro. Never studied a primitive culture. Never got my pilot's license or built my own telescope. Never played with a band, or published a poem, or learned to speak Spanish. Never put away a million dollars. I didn't spend enough time with the kids (but who does?) and I never watched the sun come up from the top of Ayers Rock. I married too early. Never saw Machu Picchu. Never had enough time. And I took too many God damn orders.

Adbusters, Nov/Dec 2003, #50

I went to the woods because I wanted to live deliberately. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life. To put to rout all that was not life, and not, when I had come to die, discover that I had not lived.

Henry David Thoreau

How did it get so late so soon?  
It's night before it's afternoon.  
December is here before it's June.  
My goodness how the time has flewn.  
How did it get so late so soon?

Dr. Seuss

Come to the edge He said. They said: 'We are afraid.' Come to the edge He said. They came. He pushed them, and they flew.

Guillaume Apollinaire

God is never seen immaterially; and the vision of Him in [a] woman is the most perfect of all.

Rumi, Muslim poet

When a man is in the world, O,   
He ought to do his best. And when he's done his best, O. He ought to have his rest. And when I have my rest, O, I'll quaff my wine with zest. And when I'm drunk as drunk can be, O, I'll sing the madman's litany.

Zhou Yu

you are the strength that keeps me walking you are the hope that keeps me trusting you are the life to my soul you are my purpose to my everything.

I'm standing on the outside of your shelter looking in, While the bombs around are falling everywhere, Inside you look so warm and safe and oh so happy, Have I ever told you that I care? Have I ever told you that you're wonderful? And it hurts me so that we have grown apart. I'm standing on the outside of your shelter, dear, But I hope I'm on the inside of your heart.

Shel Silverstein

We held hands on the last night on earth. Our mouths filled with dust, we kissed in the fields and under trees, screaming like dogs, bleeding dark into the leaves. It was empty on the edge of town but we knew everyone floated along the bottom of the river. So we walked through the waste where the road curved into the sea and the shattered seasons lay, and the bitter smell of burning was on you like a disease. In our cancer of passion you said, "Death is a midnight runner." The sky had come crashing down like the news of an intimate suicide. We picked up the shards and formed them into shapes of stars that wore like an antique wedding dress. The echoes of the past broke the hearts of the unborn as the Ferris wheel silently slowed to a stop. The few insects skidded away in hopes of a better pastime. I kissed you at the apex of the maelstrom and asked if you would accompany me in a quick fall, but you made me realize that my ticket wasn't good for two. I rode alone. You said, “The cinders are falling like snow." There is poetry in despair, and we sang with unrivaled beauty, bitter elegies of savagery and eloquence. Of blue and grey. Strange, we ran down desperate streets and carved our names in the flesh of the city. The sun has stagnated somewhere beyond the rim of the horizon and the darkness is a mystery of curves and line. Still, we lay under the emptiness and drifted slowly outward, and somewhere in the wilderness we found salvation scratched into the earth like a message. the untitled poem--afi

I sit alone struggling not to cry. Yesterday my life shattered before my eyes. Almost everything I hold dear. The object of my obsession over the course of time. The love of my life. The one I hold above anyone else. For now has been all but lost completely. Shattered I sit alone with only one thing on my mind. If you love something let it go. If it comes back to you it always has been and always will be yours. If it doesn't than it never has been and never will be yours. I have let you go. I pray that one day you will return. Still I sit alone trying to retrieve the pieces of my so-called life. I am crying now. Crying for what I have lost for the moment. Crying for fear that I may never love another quite like I loved you. Crying for fear that I may never find another quite like you. I sit lying in wait for a chance to regain what I have lost. Close I will stay to you. Waiting for your choice to go astray and cause you to fall. I will be waiting right there to catch you. but for now I am the sad shell of a man who once was. I feel as though a part of me has died deep inside. Sitting alone for yesterday my life as I know it was shattered.

John Main

Step out the front door like a ghost into a fog where no one notices the contrast of white on white And in between the moon and you the angels get a better view of the crumbling difference between wrong and right I walk in the air between the rain through myself and back again Where? I don't know...

But I being poor have only my dreams. I have laid my dreams beneath your feet. Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

William Butler Yeats

I went to a party, Mom, I remembered what you said, You told me not you drink and drive, Mom, So I drank sprit instead I felt really proud inside, Mom, The way you said I would. I didn’t drink and drive, Mom, Even though the others said I should I know I did the right thing, Mom I know you are always right. Now the party is finally ending, Mom, As everyone drives out of sight. As I got into my car, Mom, I knew I would get home in one piece Because of the way you raised me, Mom, So responsible and sweet. I started to drive away, Mom, But as I pulled onto the road The other car didn’t see me, Mom, And it hit me like a load. As I lie here on the pavement, Mom, I hear the police say, The other guy was drunk, Mom, And now I’m the one who will pay. I’m laying here dying, Mom, I wish you would get here soon. How come this happened to me, Mom? My life bursted like a balloon. There is blood all around me, Mom, Most of it is mine. I hear the paramedics say, Mom, I’ll be dead in a short time. I just wanted to tell you, Mom, I swear I didn’t drink It was the others, Mom, The others didn’t think He didn’t know where he was going, Mom, He was probably at the same party as I, the only difference is, Mom He drank and I will die. Why do people drink, Mom? It can ruin my whole life. I’m feeling sharp pains now, Mom, Pains just like a knife. The guy who hit me is walking, Mom, I don’t think it’s fair. I’m lying here dying, Mom, While all he can do is stare. Tell my brother not to cry, Mom, Tell daddy to be brave. And when I get to heaven, Mom, Write ?Daddy’s Little Girl? on my grave. Someone should have told him, Mom, Not to drink and drive. If only they have taken the time, Mom I would still be alive. My breath is getting shorter, Mom I’m becoming very scared. Please don’t cry for me, Mom Because when I needed you, you were always there. I have one last question, Mom, before I say good-bye. I didn’t ever drink, Mom So why am I do die? This is the end, Mom, I wish I could look you in the eyes, To say these final words, Mom, I love you, and Good-bye.

And the man told me: "You can love once in this life... only once... more, and it wouldn't be love."

Linda C. R.

Getting in touch with Reality is the first step towards Insanity.

Jasmine Pack

Love is when you don't want to go to sleep because reality is better than a dream.

lovequotes.com

My true love Will look into my eyes And see my soul Through the misty blue hue Will open my heart And never close the door Remain for eternity My true love Will say hello…..and never utter goodbye…..

Erin Borysewicz

Some people say Daydreaming's for all the Lazy minded fools With nothin' else to do So let them laugh, laugh at me So just as long as I have you To see me through As long as I have you

Jimi Hendrix

I want to hang on to something that won't break away or fall apart like the pieces of my heart

Something Corporate

Why do the babies starve When there’s enough food to feed the world? Why when there’s so many of us Are there people still alone? Why are the missiles called peace keepers When they’re aimed to kill? Why is a woman still not safe When she’s in her home?

Tracy Chapman

You think you are complicated, deep mystery to all. Well it's taken me a while to see, you're not so special. All energy, no meaning, with a lot of words. So paper thin that one real feeling could knock you down. So see you when you're 40, lost and all alone, Being comforted by strangers you'll never need to know. Not sad because you lost me, But sad because you thought it was cool to be sad. You think misery will make you stand apart from the crowd, well if you had walked past me today I wouldn't have picked you out. I wouldn't have picked you out.

Dido - See You When You're 40

What does love feel like, you ask? Imagine every tear from her feel as if you’re being burned alive, every laugh like the world is being born, every smile like the sun is rising just for you. Whenever you’re with her, there isn’t time, there isn’t meaning, there isn’t doubt or fear—there’s just her. And when she looks at you…you see it. You see it sitting there, so beautiful and delicate, and you’re almost afraid to touch it for fear that you might crush it—for what is so fleeting as a love for which we are to live a lifetime yet only find once?

These wounds won't seem to heal. This pain is just too real. There's just too much that time cannot erase. When you cried I'd wipe away all of your tears, when you screamed I'd fight away all of your fears, I held your hand through all of these years. But you still have all of me.

Evanescence

I feel them steal softly upon my thoughts, pattering gently like drops of rain against my window of thought. And so I lay, wandering the long halls of my thoughts, allowing the shades of memory to slip quietly through my mind, remembering starlight and shadows, days of refulgent glory and nights of moonless pitch, and I allow the needle of the tiny compass inside me to swing wildly… First towards the bright dawn of the morrow…then towards the long night behind me: and I think, and I wonder… When Fate comes to collect one of her sons… which way will the compass lie?

Joshua Azevedo

The road of life, is that, important journey. We tend to put off. Time spent worrying, over things we can't control. If only for a moment. We could be still. Life's road would be more clear. It’s easy to worry. It’s easy to take no effort, in this road of life. Know that you have a choice. But also in that knowing, know that there is a higher power. Where we can go. Give that power, the ultimate control. By making the decisions, that are not always the easiest. On this life's road.

BK Florea

The time is weary it brings no recourse. The wars rage on with no remorse. Suffering lingers misery reins. We are all victims of government and their blood stains. Time is not a friend though you may have been told. For time is not ours to control. What is to come will come What has been written shall come to pass. More ancient then time is our master divine. It does no good to worry and cry. Teach your young the right road to go. Pray that they listen and don't take the other road. Look beyond the stars that you can see. Where understanding will come as it was meant to be.

BK Florea

In an age of nothing, at a time when we stand on the brink of our own destruction - strengthen your belief in yourself, in the future of humanity. in the things of this world which cannot easily be perceived, awaken that which lies dormant now within your soul, re-ignite the flame of your consciousness, and measure the strength of your conviction. Reveal the lie. Renounce your hatred. Seek, find and embrace the truths you are fortunate enough to discover. Cherish them, use them to anchor you in the sea of chaos that is the world we live in. When twilight draws near, when you are pushed to the very limits of your soul, when it seems that all you have left are the dead remnants of the fabric of your life - believe

Disturbed Album Booklet

A victory! To leave your loneliness panting behind you on some street corner while you float free into a cloud of sudden azaleas, luminous pink petals that have never felt loneliness, no matter how slowly they fell.

Anna Quindlen

The world is a rollercoaster And I am not strapped in Maybe I should hold with care But my hands are busy in the air

Incubus - Wish You Were Here

I'm worst at what I do best, and for this gift I feel blessed   
Found it hard, it was hard to find, oh well, whatever, never mind...

Nirvana

Sadly sung sanctuary, I hear it in each one Of my bones, tear drenched, drunk on my own Despair. I'm crying tonight, the dawn of the Stigma Christmas, My thoughts, every one encoded In viral disease, each one burning on for One thousand years. I'm sitting on a pew. In A church, in a city, in a world I wish I Never knew. Where the crucifix should be I See a mirror, and my reflection doesn't Appear. So I weep. So I'm non-existent in This fallout shelter we call America. So I'm condemned tonight, to celebrate the Stigmata we call Christ, Jesus, and the holy Ghost. I'm alone in a world no one's ever Known, and I'm doubting beliefs that I've Always felt in control. Of all the lies I've Told to thee, this is the one that will Always Haunt me

Kade William Davies   
﻿

Your presence in my heart was incredibly great but on the other hand, so was hate there's always going to be those times you hurt and there's always going to be those times you don't but the one time that should never be, is when you don't tell me if you’re sick of me, so please, don't lead me on for god's sake I'm just one man, and I'm sorry for any irreversible Behavior, and I'm sorry for the mistake of making you my savior So if you listen closely to the words in your ears, every single syllable There's a story of one thousand years. And in every thousand years Things like this come not twice. And for every time it does There's still 5 million fights, and for all these digits, yet more comes to mind For every single number there's a million still to find. - Kade Davies

The undisputed reign of my heart. Presiding over the un-included want, to fall In love. Over again this day will come, as my bride is converted to pride, and my pain To pleasure. As my controversy changes its State, and is now known as open-minded, as my Opinion is now valued, and I am now good Enough for your daughter. I don't want her. I'm good enough now to see what you wanted From me, a perfect being, I was being Deceiving. No one ever said it would be this Hard to fall in love, and nobody ever told Me it would be so easy to regret every second A second time again, a mistake I mistook as A promise from you to me. As I cry, as I'm Buried, under acres of tears, under the sky, The eternal triumph that I strived to Perfect, the full circle of love, I've vowed To Protect.

Kade Davies

Seasons Of Change All it did was rain, but it drowned out my Heart and all its sorrow, so I'm thankful So deeply in debt and glad, that I'll never See the light of tomorrow. All it did was snow, the bitter cold, and Stiffness, affected me in ways you'll surely Never know. Cause you're better off than I am The wind was insatiable, and unconquerable so malicious, so unforgiving, so completely Miserable, it reminded me of you. It was so hot and tepid, so incredibly unbearing I thought that I would give up my Long and relentless journey for a place without You. But I was wrong, again, as always. Because in the heat of that night, you came To me, with sweat pouring and cries crying. The weather and seasons remind me of you, and Your prolific attempt to bring my spirits down. Kade William Davies Copyright ©2004 Kade William Davies

Kade Davies

The reason death sticks so closely to life isn't biological necessity- it's envy. Life is so beautiful that death has fallen in love with it, a jealous, possessive love that grabs as what it can. But life leaps over oblivion lightly, losing only a thing or two of no importance, and gloom is but the passing shadow of a cloud.

Yann Martel, Life of Pi   
And I find it kind of funny   
I find it kind of sad   
The dreams in which I'm dying   
Are the best I've ever had.

Gary Jules

People say I'm crazy doing what I'm doing   
Well they give me all kinds of warnings to save me from ruin   
When I say that I'm o.k. well they look at me kind of strange   
Surely you're not happy now you no longer play the game   
People say I'm lazy dreaming my life away   
Well they give me all kinds of advice designed to enlighten me   
When I tell them that I'm doing fine watching shadows on the wall   
Don't you miss the big time boy you're no longer on the ball   
I'm just sitting here watching the wheels go round and round   
I really love to watch them roll   
No longer riding on the merry-go-round   
I just had to let it go   
Ah, people asking questions lost in confusion   
Well I tell them there's no problem, only solutions   
Well they shake their heads and they look at me as if I've lost my mind   
I tell them there's no hurry   
I'm just sitting here doing time

Watching the Wheels, John Lennon   
Hate is by far the longest pleasure,   
Men love in haste but detest at leisure.

Lord Byron.

I'm beyond your peripheral vision so you might want to turn your head, and some day you're gonna get hungry and eat most of the words you just said.

Ani Difranco

Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange, eventful history,   
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,   
sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Shakespeare

Well, while I am a beggar I will rail,  
and say, there is no sin, but to be rich.   
And being rich my virtue then shall be,   
To say, there is no vice but beggary.

Shakespeare

Whales in the ocean sing for love And are bound by it So I will sing for you Till the end of time When nothing is left except the whales who will sing until they die sing until the last rose blooms until the moon shines brightly for the last time until the last leaf slowly falls from the trees until all is lost and nothing remains Let the world sing just like the whales who never take love for granted But cherish it forever

A lone carnival voice Sings tunes of nobody's choice, And on a vacant lot, Someone just forgot, Standing all alone, Turning on its own. Weary merry go round, Grows slowly into the ground, And faded circus acts, Sorrow broke their backs, And their sadness cries From their staring eyes. Still small children come And bring your harm of play, Spirits all alive To drive the ghosts away. Useless merry go round, Tomorrow they'll tear you down, To build the parking lot If it lives or not, It was just a toy, All it brought was joy.

Peter Tork and Diane Hilderbrand

So often times it happens that we live our lives in chains and we never even know we have the key.

Don Henley

Nobody heard him, the dead man, But still he lay moaning. I was much further out than you thought, and not waving but drowning. I was much too far out all my life, And not waving but drowning.

Stevie Smith

I walked a mile with Pleasure  
She chattered all the way,  
But there was nothing I could learn  
From all she had to say.  
  
I walked a mile with Sorrow  
And never a word said she;  
But, oh, all the things I learned  
When Sorrow walked with me.

- (POEM: 'Pleasure & Sorrow')

Slow dancing on the boulevard in the quiet moments while the city's still dark Sleep walking through the summer rain in the tired spaces You could hear her name... Every word you never said echoes down your empty hallway Everything that was your world just came down...

Matchbox 20

Sleep. Those little slices of Death. How I loathe them.

Edgar Allan Poe

Once on a yellow piece of paper with green lines he wrote a poem And he called if "Chops" because that was the name of his dog And that's what it was all about And his teacher gave him an A and a gold star And his mother hung it on the kitchen door and read it to his aunts That was the year Father Tracy took all the kids to the zoo And he let them sing on the bus And his little sister was born with tiny toenails and no hair And his mother and father kissed a lot And the girl around the corner sent him a Valentine signed with a row of X's and he had to ask his father what the X's meant And his father always tucked him in bed at night And was always there to do it Once on a piece of white paper with blue lines he wrote a poem And he called it "Autumn" because that was the name of the season And that's what it was all about And his teacher gave him an A and asked him to write more clearly And his mother never hung it on the kitchen door because of its new paint And the kids told him Father Tracy smoked cigars And left butts on the pews And sometimes they would burn holes That was the year his sister got glasses with thick lenses and black frames And the girl around the corner laughed when he asked her to go see Santa Claus And the kids told him why his mother and father kissed a lot And his father never tucked him in bed at night And his father got mad when he cried for him to do it Once on a paper torn from his notebook he wrote a poem And he called it "Innocence: A Question" because that was the question about his girl And that's what it was all about And his professor gave him an A and a strange steady look And his mother never hung it on the kitchen door because he never showed her That was the year Father Tracy died And he forgot how the end of the Apostle's Creed went And he caught his sister making out on the back porch And his mother and father never kissed or even talked And the girl around the corner wore too much makeup That made him cough when he kissed her but he kissed her anyway because that was the thing to do And at three A.M. he tucked himself into bed his father snoring soundly That's why on the back of a brown paper bag he tried another poem And he called it "Absolutely Nothing" Because that's what it was really all about And he gave himself an A and a slash on each damned wrist And he hung it on the bathroom door because this time he didn't think he could reach the kitchen

The Perks of Being a Wallflower by Stephen Chbosky

You said you didn't want to see me get hurt... So does that mean you closed your eyes when I cried?

C. Yerkes

They painted up your secrets with the lies they told to you and the least they ever gave you was the most you ever knew. And you wonder where these dreams go cause the world gets in your way. What's the point in trying, no one's listening anyway.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?   
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?   
To view each loved one blotted from life's page   
And be alone on earth as I am now.

Byron

He piled upon the whale's white hump the sum of all the general rage and hate felt by his whole race from Adam down; and then, as if his chest had been a mortar, he burst his hot heart's shell upon it.

Moby Dick

Violence isn't always evil, what's evil is infatuation with violence.

Jim Morrison

Tempest, O Tempest Why dost thou rise From the calm seas of my heart When I look into your eyes? For time and tide May take their toll, But I'll never forget The beauty of your soul. Yet, without your love, I'm left only with pain Oh Tempest, why dost thou bring Such a cold, dark rain?

Man's rich with little, were his judgement true;   
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few,   
These few wants, answered bring sincere delights   
But fools create themselves new appetites.

Young

I have loved the stars too fondly to be fearful of the night.

Sarah Williams

How wonderful is death, death and his brother, Sleep!

Shelly

I don’t have anything, we only are, me, my experience and my way. I don’t make anything, single I go forwards, always forwards... Would you like to travel with me?

Not all distance is absence, nor all silence is forgetfulness.

Though we are not now at that strength which in better days moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are; one equal temper of heroic hearts made weak by time and fate but not in will; To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield

Alfred Lord Tennyson

My Image: As I sit here in the dust of wonder, And look as the years pass me by, I ask you, Where are the pieces of my heart and soul? I seem to be unbroken, Yet I'm torn apart inside. They're right when they say I have problems, And it hurts me too. I'm not as bad as you may think, And you’re not as perfect as it seems.

Beth Mcgraa

\*When I Grow Up\* When I grow up, I wonder if people will be more afraid to cry than they are to die. Will I be able to see a rainbow in a small-filled sky. Will there be any trees left, if not how will the planet survive. Will there be a website at www.lifeairsupply.com. When I grow up, if I got bored and had nothing to do and me and my son built a canoe and water that was once blue would be so polluted it would give us the flu. Will a thousand dollars be enough for a shoe. Will I have to be like you, letting money make the decision for everything that I do. When I grow up, will the existence of dolphins and whales just be a story I tell, starting with Once upon a time and ending with where did we fail. Will adults be the hammer and nail. Will schools be next door to jails. Will the truth be illegal for sale. When I grow up, will people be on the news for anything besides killing. Will those drug dealers still be outside of my building. Will they ever learn how to love or are they still afraid of the feeling. Will TV and music videos still raise America's children. Will students go home from school in a bullet proof bus. What if children had no one to trust, that would hurt me so much and I just want to be happy, when I grow up.

I am not your rolling wheels. I am the highway I am not your carpet ride. I am the sky I am not your blowing wind. I am the lightning I am not your autumn moon. I am the night

Audioslave

Friendship is a chain of gold, shaped in God's all-perfect mold, each link a smile, a laugh, a tear, a touch of the hand, a world of cheer.

Helen Keller

You left me all alone in this darkened room, you left me with tears, and no lending ears, no one to run to, and no one to hold, I shut my eyes in despair alone again in this darkened lair.

Drath Poetry

The spotted hawk swoops by and accuses me, he complains of my gab and my loitering. I too am not a bit tamed, I too am untranslatable, I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world. The last scud of the day holds back for me, It flings my likeness after the rest and true as any on the shadow'd wilds, It coaxes me to the vapor and the dusk. I depart as air, I shake my white locks at the runaway sun, I effuse my flesh in eddies, and drift it in lacy jags. I bequeath myself to the dirt to grow from the grass I love, If you want me again look for me under your boot-soles. You will hardly know who I am or what I mean, But I shall be good health to you nevertheless, And filter and fibre for your blood. Failing to fetch me at first keep encouraged, Missing me one place search another, I stop somewhere waiting for you.

Walt Whitman-Leaves of Grass

As I walk thru darkness I see Death pass by, too afraid to get near me. Waiting for my time while drugs consume me. My soul on fire waiting to explode and my heart growing so ever cold. Confused and alone I wait no longer. Insanity has taken over. A madman to watch over.

Matthew R. Martinez   
We, soldiers of a different sort,  
We, wasters of ink and page,  
We, warriors of words,  
Masters of melancholy,  
harlots of the pen,  
We bleed these volumes,  
and expect only absolution.

Jarvis Black

And if you ever tried to step in my shoes, they'd never be quite as soft as they seem.

Incubus

So daddy, I'm finally through. The black telephone's off at the root, The voices just can't worm through. If I've killed one man, I've killed two -- The vampire who said he was you And drank my blood for a year, Seven years, if you want to know. Daddy, you can lie back now. There's a stake in your fat black heart And the villagers never liked you. They are dancing and stamping on you. They always knew it was you. Daddy, daddy, you bastard, I'm through.

Sylvia Plath

And on these boats ride the hopes of working class boys dreaming of girls from far away points. And better things, like winter flings and longing after spring has sprung. And they fly North when winter's done, and we get burned in summer's sun.

Further Seems Forever   
I'll be the harmony to every lonely song you learn to play.

Nickle Creek Lyrics

A friend is one to whom one may pour out all the contents of their heart, chaff and grain together, knowing that the gentlest of hands will take and sift it, keep what is worth keeping, and with a breath of kindness blow the rest away.

Unknown

Blackbird singing in the dead of night,   
Take these broken wings and learn to fly   
All your life   
You were only waiting for this moment to arise   
Blackbird singing in the dead of night   
Take these sunken eyes and learn to see   
All your life   
You were only waiting for this moment to be free.

The Beatles song 'Blackbird'

You'll be free, child, once you have died, from the shackles of language and measurable time.

Conor Oberst aka Bright Eyes

I've seen a rich man beg and a good man sin. I've seen a tough man cry. I’ve seen a loser win and a sad man grin. I heard an honest man lie. I've seen the good side of bad and the downside of up and everything in between. I've licked the silver spoon, drank from the golden cup and smoked the finest green.

Unknown

The time has come, the Walrus said, to speak of many things. Of ships and shoes and sealing wax, of cabbages and kings. Of why the sea is boiling hot, and whether pigs have wings.

Lewis Carol

Up in the balcony   
All the Romeo's are bleeding for your hand   
Blowing theater kisses   
Reciting lines they don't understand.

Unknown

Sitting on a sofa on a Sunday afternoon.   
Going to the candidate's debate.   
Laugh about it, shout about it -   
when you've got to choose;   
Every way you look at this you lose...

Simon & Garfunkel

And you wrote the words "I love you", and sprayed it with perfume. It's better than the fire is to heat this lonely room.

dashboard confessional   
I'm nobody, who are you?   
Are you nobody too?   
Then there is two of us,   
Don't tell, they would banish us, you know.   
How dreary to be somebody   
How public, like a frog   
To tell your name the live long day   
To an admiring bog. - Emily Dickenson

You will hear thunder and remember me,   
And think: she wanted storms.   
The rim of the sky will be the colour of hard crimson,   
And your heart, as it was then, will be on fire.   
That day in Moscow, it will all come true, when, for the last time, I take my leave, And hasten to the heights that I have longed for, Leaving my shadow still to be with you.

Anna Akhmatova - You Will Hear Thunder

I inhale the sweet breeze that comes from thy mouth, I contemplate thy beauty every day. It’s my desire to hear thy lovely voice like the north wind’s whiff. Love will rejuvenate my limbs. Give me thy hands that hold thy soul, I shall embrace and live by it. Call me by name again, again, forever, and never will it sound without response.

On An Ancient Egyptian Tomb

We couldn't all be cowboys, some of us are clowns   
and some of us are dancers in the midway...

Adam Duritz of Counting Cows, Goodnight Elizabeth

My heart to joy at the same tone; and all I loved, I loved alone.

Edgar Allen Poe

Whatever is done from love always occurs beyond good and evil.

Friedrich Nietzsche

May the road be free for the journey,   
May it lead where it promised it would,   
May the stars that gave ancient bearings   
Be seen, still be understood   
May every aircraft fly safely,   
May every traveler be found,   
May sailors in crossing the ocean   
Not hear the cried of the drowned   
May gardens be wild, like jungles,   
May nature never be tamed,   
May dangers create of us heroes,   
May fears always have names,   
May the mountains stand to remind us,   
Of what it mean to be young   
May we be outlived by our daughters,   
May we be outlived by our sons   
May the bombs rust away in the bunkers,   
And the doomsday clock not be rewound   
May the solitary scientists, working   
Remember the holes in the ground   
May the knife remain in the holder,   
May the bullet stay in the gun,   
May those who live in the shadows   
Be seen by those in the sun

John Marsden - Prayer for the 21st century

Sometimes it’s a whole lot of oysters, but no pearls - then all at once you look across a crowded room and see the way the light attaches to a girl.

Counting Crows, A Long December

Maybe they'll not love the voice or the instrument, but they'll love the fire inside.

Anonymous

Change my life into nickels and dimes... then no one will mind all my lost time.

college desk   
There are no monuments dedicated to me and my name will soon be forgotten, but I've loved another with all my heart and soul, and to me, that has always been enough.

Nicholas Sparks, The Notebook

What of the hunting, hunter bold? Brother, the watch was long and cold. What of the quarry ye went to kill? Brother, he crops in the jungle still. Where is the power that made your pride? Brother, it ebbs from my flank and side. Where is the haste that ye hurry by? Brother, I go to my lair – to die.

Rudyard Kipling, The Jungle Book

The weight of this sad time we must obey, Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say. The oldest hath borne most; we that are young Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

Shakespeare's 'King Lear'

Benedick: What, my dear Lady Disdain! Are you yet living?   
Beatrice: Is it possible that disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain if you come in her presence.   
Benedick: Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain that I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart for, truly, I love none.   
Beatrice: A dear happiness to women! They would else have been bothered with a pernicious suitor...

'Much Ado About Nothing', William Shakespeare

No crooked leg, no bleared eye,  
No part deformed out of kind,  
Nor yet so ugly half can be  
As is the inward suspicious mind.

Queen Elizabeth I

If I had the chance, love I would not hesitate   
To tell you all the things I never said before   
Don't tell me it's too late   
Cause I've relied on my illusions   
To keep me warm at night   
But I denied in my capacity to love   
I am willing, to give up this fight.

Sarah McLachlan

I wrote your name in the sand , but the waves washed it away. I wrote your name on my hand , but I washed it the next day. I wrote your name on a piece of paper but I accidentally threw it away. I wrote your name in my heart and forever it will stay.

No more angels, No more dreams, Only rain and wind, The coldness of steel. The end of my Chapter, But the story goes on, Pages turned and forgotten, I'll read yours when I'm gone. No glory in death, No heaven or hell, Just a void which is empty, Where nothingness dwells.

Michael Patrick Carson

Moonlight falls on the gravestone like death the gravestone is mine... a crow caws so close to my ear, I taste a bitter taste and it smells like death I see nothing but utter stillness I can see my fear run through the yard I see the ghost of curt cobain run through the yard and I chase after him there is a taste of sweet dew on my tongue in my bedroom there are posters on the wall I read a note over and over again and the words 'sup loser' haunt me... the giants peer over the midgets intimidating he loves everything about me, why does he had me so? the dull pencil of life tried to write on the soul and failed. I am as happy as a dull face in the dark my eyes go from ice blue to pitch black in the blink of an eye Lydia is dead in her mind. in the next months I’ll walk through in a daze the hazy fog echoes as she lives for death she dies every day and lives for tomorrow elle amour mort mais elles deteste vie her pen writes on the pages of her heart a sweet song she will end the wait of life with the death of spirits.

Beth McGraa

They talked of love, naturally, though that did not keep them busy forever.

Margaret Atwood, Selected Poems II

Catch me if I should fall. And even more so while I'm standing tall.

Delta Goodrem

He kissed me. A kiss about apple pie a la mode with the vanilla creaminess melting in the pie heat. A kiss about chocolate, when you haven't eaten chocolate in a year. A kiss about palm trees speeding by, trailing pink clouds when you drive down the Strip sizzling with champagne. A kiss about spotlights fanning the sky and the swollen sea spilling like tears all over your legs.

Dangerous Angels by Francesca Lia Block

I lean against the wind, pretend that I am weightless and in this moment I am happy. I wish you were here.

Incubus - Wish you were here

For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright, who art as black as Hell, as dark as night.

William Shakespeare

You my dear, are too beautiful, both in body and soul, to be considered inside the boundaries of ordinary human existence. That is why I love you, and will forever more...

Jacques

The dreams that fall beneath my feet, make my footsteps feel so sweet.

Katy Rose, 'Overdrive'

Shall I abide in this dull world which in thy absence is no better than a sty..

William Shakespeare

To absent friends, lost loves, old gods, and the season of mists; And may each and every one of us give the devil his due.

Neil Gaiman's 'Season Of Mists'   
Years of love have been forgot, In the hatred of a minute.

Edgar Allan Poe

I was never one to patiently pick up broken fragments and glue them together again and tell myself that the mended whole was as good as new. What is broken is broken -- and I'd rather remember it as it was at its best than mend it and see the broken places as long as I lived.

Margaret Mitchell

I wanted to be sure to reach you; though my ship was on the way it got caught in some moorings. I am always tying up and then deciding to depart. In storms and at sunset, with the metallic coils of the tide around my fathomless arms, I am unable to understand the forms of my vanity or I am hard with my Polish rudder in my hand and the sun sinking. To you I offer my hull and the tattered cordage of my will. The terrible channels where the wind drives me against the brown lips of the reeds are not all behind me. Yet I trust the sanity of my vessel; and if it sinks, it may well be in answer to the reasoning of the eternal voices, the waves which have kept me from reaching you.

The Angels were all singing out of tune  
And hoarse with having little else to do  
Excepting to wind up the sun and moon  
Or curb a runaway young star or two.

Lord Byron

All I do is act on my passions and they call it sin. All I do is tell the truth and they call me a hypocrite. All feel is pain and sorrow and they call it love. All I do is pour my heart out to empty pages and they call it poetry.

Benito Behar

The closer I get to feeling, The further that I’m feeling from alright. The more I step into the sun, The more I step out of the light

Something Corporate

You were blessed by a different kind of inner view: it's all magnified. The highs would make you fly, and the lows make you want to die.

Missy Higgins 'Nightminds'

She was no longer Delight, and the blossoms had already begun to fall in her domain, becoming smudged and formless colours, and she had no one to talk to...

Delight becomes Delirium, Neil gaiman's

It’s cold in the room, Mommy. It’s cold and all I have to wear is a yucky-green smock that matches the yucky-green walls. All the walls are cold, the metal table is cold, and the doctor’s fingers are cold as they hold my hand and tell me not to worry. But I’m worried, mommy. The doctors say that I might not wake up…they’re saying that I have a ninety percent chance of dying, and I’m scared: I don’t want to go away, mommy; I don’t want to leave you behind. There’s a big clock on the wall, and it says it’s 3:15 in the afternoon. Ms. Loughlin just let class out for the day…Billy and Jeff are probably wrestling just outside the classroom, waiting for their daddies to pick them up so they can go home and eat dinner and do their homework and sleep. I wish I was there, mommy…I wish I was anywhere but here. I’m crying, mommy. I promised you I wouldn’t, but I’m crying and I can’t stop. The doctors are going to give me the medicine now to make me sleep so I don’t feel anything, so you won’t have to worry about me hurting anymore. But mommy, they said they had to take Teddy from me…they had to give him to you…mommy, please, hold him, hold him, and promise me, mommy, promise me if I don’t wake up you’ll keep him for me: he’s going to miss me a lot, and he’ll need someone to hug. And mommy… Goodbye, mommy.

And then as it seems with a blink of an eye, My negative thoughts drift on by. It's taken but a moment to change a month of misery. And in that moment I remain, Inside myself the relief of pain. As the moment fades, my thoughts begin to quiver. A moment in time cannot live forever.

Josh Detzler

Sometimes we put up walls, not to block people out, but to see who cares enough to break them down.

Sing me something soft, sad and delicate or loud and out of key. Sing me anything. We're glad for what we've got, done with what we've lost. Our whole lives laid out right in front of us.

Straylight Run (Existentialism on Prom Night)

and it breaks my heart to know, the only reason, you are here now is, a reminder of what I’ll never have standing so close knowing that it kills me to breathe you in.

The true poem rests between the words.

Vanna Bonta

It's not always rainbows and butterflies, it's compromise that moves us along.

Maroon 5

it's not about good or evil it's about power

buffy the vampire slayer

It was night and the rain fell; and, falling, it was rain, but, having fallen, it was blood. And I stood in the morass among the tall lilies, and the rain fell upon my head - and the lilies sighed one unto the other in the solemnity of their desolation.

Edgar Allen Poe, "Silence"

"Those who dream by day are cognizant of many things which escape those who dream by night.

Edgar Allen Poe

Shall I Compare Thee To A Summer's Day? Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? Thou art more lovely and more temperate. Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May, And summer's lease hath all too short a date. Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines, And often is his gold complexion dimmed; And every fair from fair sometime declines, By chance or nature's changing course untrimmed; But thy eternal summer shall not fade Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest; Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade, When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st: So long as men can breathe or eyes can see, So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

William Shakespeare

But if I never fell again, at least that nothingness Will end the painful dream, of you and me...

Missy Higgins 'the sound of white'

If you don't believe the sun will rise, stand alone and greet the coming night in the last remaining light.

Audioslave

I was once a person  
Now, nothing but a name.  
I died and was forgotten.  
Soon you will do the same.

Out there things happen, and frequently do, to people as brainy and footsy as you. And when things start to happen, don’t worry. Don’t stew, just go right along. You'll start happening too.

Dr. Seuss

If I could tell the world just one thing it would be that we're all OK. And not to worry 'cause worry is wasteful and useless in times like these. I won't be made useless, I won't be idle with despair. I will gather myself around my faith, for light does the darkness most fear

Jewel 'Hands'

Someday, this beach might wash away... the oceans may dry, the sun could dim, but on that day I'll still be loving you.

TV show 'One Tree Hill'

To love another person is to see the face of God

Les Miserables

Walked down this morning  
Don't believe what I saw   
Hundred billion bottles   
Washed up on the shore   
Seems I'm not alone at being alone   
Hundred billion castaways looking for a home

'Message in a bottle' The Police   
Doubt thou the stars are fire;  
Doubt that the sun doth move;  
Doubt truth to be a liar;  
But never doubt I love.

Shakespeare's Hamlet

When you loved me I gave you the whole sun and stars to play with. I gave you eternity in a single moment, strength of the mountains in one clasp of your arms, and the volume of all the seas in one impulse of your soul.

George Bernard Shaw

Since first I saw your face, I resolved to honour and renown you; If now I be disdained, I wish my heart had never known you. What? I that loved and you that liked, shall we begin to wrangle? No, no, no, my heart is fast, and cannot disentangle.

Anonymous, 17th Century

Every night and every morn  
Some to misery are born.   
Every morn and every night  
Some are born to sweet delight.  
Some are born to sweet delight,  
Some are born to endless night.

William Blake 'Auguries of Innocence'

And when I shall die, take him, and cut him out into little stars and he will make the face of heaven so fine, that all the world will be in love with night and pay no worship to the garish sun.

Shakespeare's 'Romeo and Juliet'

Someone must play the minor parts, Someone must hold the spear, And someone, when the music starts, Must follow in the rear. Not everyone can be the star, That shines with great white light, But some must twinkle from afar To harmonize the night.

Ruby Ingraham

OUT of the night that covers me, Black as the pit from pole to pole, I thank whatever gods may be For my unconquerable soul. In the fell clutch of circumstance I have not winced nor cried aloud. Under the bludgeonings of chance My head is bloody, but unbow'd. Beyond this place of wrath and tears Looms but the Horror of the shade, And yet the menace of the years Finds and shall find me unafraid. It matters not how strait the gate, How charged with punishments the scroll, I am the master of my fate: I am the captain of my soul.

Invictus, by W.E. Henley

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of earth, And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings; Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth Of sun-split clouds, --and done a hundred things You have not dreamed of --Wheeled and soared and swung High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung My eager craft through footless halls of air... Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace Where never lark or even eagle flew -- And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod The high untrespassed sanctity of space, Put out my hand, and touched the face of God

"High Flight" - John Gillespie Magee, Jr.

Our cravings cannot be comforted by our creativity, although we like to think they can. A million words after writing 'Look Homeward Angel' Thomas Wolfe was still tormented. After a million notes, Beethoven was not happy, after a million brush strokes, Van Gogh cut off his ear.

John Marsden

Nature's first green is gold, Her hardest hue to hold. Her early leaf's a flower; But only so an hour. Then leaf subsides to leaf. So Eden sank to grief, So dawn goes down to day. Nothing gold can stay.

'Nothing Gold Can Stay' Robert Frost   
Hope is the thing with feathers  
That perches in the soul,  
And sings the tune without the words,  
And never stops at all.

Emily Dickinson

Love... what is love? is it when you can't live without that person. Every kiss he gives takes your breath away. Just looking into his eyes and knowing that he feels the same way, just knowing that no matter what happens that he will always be there for you

Nichole Martinez

Chris closed his eyes. How could he convey to someone who'd never even met her the way she always smelled like rain, or how his stomach knotted up every time he saw her shake loose her hair from its braid? How could he describe how it felt when she finished his sentences, turned the mug they were sharing so that her mouth landed where his had been? How did he explain the way they could be in a locker room, or underwater, or in the piney woods of Maine, but as long as Em was with him, he was at home?

Jodi Picoult, 'The Pact'

They say 'love as if you've never been hurt'....until one day...you find yourself alone and 'hurt because you've never been loved'.....

-Flint J.

Revenge is mortal but forgiveness is divine. My gift is your gift now catch it in a rhyme. Forgive me for your time but not for your mistake. My will is your will that they cannot break. Many emulate but they do not try, to wash their hands from the man in which they have ties!

Evan Werrlein

I carry your heart with me (I carry it in my heart) I am never without it (anywhere I go you go, my dear; and whatever is done by only me is your doing, my darling)   
I fear no fate (for you are my fate, my sweet) I want no world (for beautiful you are my world, my true) and it's you are whatever a moon has always meant and whatever a sun will always sing is you.  
Here is the deepest secret nobody knows (here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud and the sky of the sky of a tree called life; which grows higher than the soul can hope or mind can hide) and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart. I carry your heart (I carry it in my heart).

ee cummings

I talk to you as to a friend   
I hope that's what you've come to be   
It feels as though we've made amends   
Like we found a way eventually   
It was you who picked the pieces up   
When I was a broken soul   
And then glued me back together   
Returned to me what others stole.

"Sway" The Perishers

About suffering they were never wrong, the old masters: how well they understood its human position; how it takes place while someone else is eating or opening a window or just walking dully along.

WH Auden

You and me, we used to talk Like a river underground, the sewer where we used to walk. The hole at the end empties out to the pier Where paper boats disappear Me, I try to send this note, Float it like a paper boat, But paper sinks and words are weak. I try but I don't speak Join together in the silent snow Turn our faces up to see Not endless night, but day A pier And you and me, talking.

'Sewer Walking' Joan of Arcadia

We are all the same people, with sinning hearts that make us equal

Emery "Listening to Freddie Mercury"

You're cinematic razor sharp  
A welcome arrow through the heart  
Under your skin feels like home  
Electric shocks on aching bones

Snow Patrol "You're all I have"

Honest words are like august thirds  
They just both come maybe once in a year

David Garza "Butterflies"

Others who broke my heart they were like northern stars  
Pointing me on my way into your loving arms

'God Bless the Broken Road' Rascal Flatts

Live life like a rhyme. One line at a time.

Eric DeSio

On a piece of paper, a picture's drawn. It floats on down the street, till the wind is gone. The memory now is like the picture was then; When the paper's crumpled up, it can't be perfect again.

Linkin Park 'Hybrid Theory'

The emptiness starts to drown  
The quiet corners off this town

'The Rest Of My Life' by Less Than Jake

While man is growing, life is in decrease; And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb. Our birth is nothing but our death begun.

Edward Young "Night Thoughts" Night V, l. 717

Belief is a beautiful armor But makes for the heaviest sword Like punching under water You never can hit who you're trying for

"Belief" John Mayer

If heaven and hell decide That they both are satisfied Illuminate the NOs on their vacancy signs If there's no one beside you When your soul embarks Then I'll follow you into the dark

Death Cab for Cutie - I Will Follow You Into The Dark

For the sword outwears its sheath And the soul wears out the breast And the heart must pause to breathe And love itself have rest

Lord Byron

In the name of the best within you, do not sacrifice this world to those who are its worst. In the name of the values that keep you alive, do not let your vision of man be distorted by the ugly, the cowardly, the mindless in those who have never achieved his title. Do not lose your knowledge that man's proper estate is an upright posture, an intransigent mind and a step that travels unlimited roads. Do not let your fire go out, spark by irreplaceable spark, in the hopeless swamps of the approximate, the not-quite, the not-yet, the not-at-all. Do not let the hero in your soul perish, in lonely frustration for the life you deserved, but have never been able to reach. Check your road and the nature of your battle. The world you desired can be won, it exists, it is real, it is possible, it's yours.

Ayn Rand

If I could be a lovely chap  
Life would fall into my lap  
And all my words would sound so nice  
You'd want to hear me say them twice.  
But what I want to say to you  
Is only what I think is true  
And so, alas, I'll always be  
A rather unattractive me.

Leunig

Take my love, take my land   
Take me where I cannot stand   
I don't care, I'm still free   
You can't take the sky from me   
Take me out to the black   
Tell 'em I ain't comin' back   
Burn the land and boil the sea   
You can't take the sky from me   
There's no place I can be   
Since I found serenity   
But you can't take the sky from me

Ballad of Serenity, 'Firefly' theme song

When the rich wage war, it's the poor who die.

Linkin Park - Hands Held High

Life is short, so love the one you got 'cause you might get run over or you might get shot

Sublime "What I got"

Everyday should be a good day to die

Dave Matthews

Spent my days with a woman unkind,  
Smoked my stuff and drank all my wine.  
Made up my mind to make a new start,  
Going to California with an aching in my heart.  
Someone told me there’s a girl out there  
With love in her eyes and flowers in her hair.  
Took my chances on a big jet plane,  
Never let them tell you that they’re all the same.  
The sea was red and the sky was grey,  
Wondered how tomorrow could ever follow today.

'Goin to California' by Led Zeppelin   
I kiss you on the brain in the shadow of a train  
I kiss you all starry eyed, my body's swinging from side to side  
I don't see what anyone can see, in anyone else but you

"Anyone else but you" by The Moldy Peaches   
And were an epitaph to be my story I'd have a short one ready for my own. I would have written of me on my stone: I had a lover's quarrel with the world.

Robert Frost

It was the best of times. If only someone had told me.

Californication

Here we are again, with handguns for hearts.

Alkaline Trio - Prevent This Tragedy

Love is like a butterfly, it goes where it pleases, and pleases where it goes.

Unknown

All the world's artists are displaced warriors from another time fighting to find their struggle so it can lead them to an uneasy death.

Eddie Kilowatt

Clare, I want to tell you, again, I love you. Our love has been the thread through the labyrinth, the net under the high-wire walker, the only real thing in this strange life of mine that I could ever trust. Tonight I feel that my love for you has more density in this world than I do, myself: as though it could linger on after me and surround you, keep you, hold you.

'The Time Traveler's Wife' by Audrey Niffenegger

This is how it works  
You're young until you're not  
You love until you don't  
You try until you can't  
You laugh until you cry  
You cry until you laugh  
And everyone must breathe  
Until their dying breath  
No, this is how it works  
You peer inside yourself  
You take the things you like  
And try to love the things you took  
And then you take that love you made  
And stick it into some  
Someone else's heart  
Pumping someone else's blood  
And walking arm in arm  
You hope it don't get harmed  
But even if it does You'll just do it all again

Regina Spektor, "on the radio"

And in the end, the love you take, is equal to the love you make.

The Beatles

Plus there's the fact that music is a total constant. That's why we have such a strong visceral connection to it, you know? Because a song can take you back instantly to a moment, or a place, or even a person. No matter what else has changed in you or the world, that one song stays the same, just like that moment.

Just Listen by Sarah Dessen

Whoever created love should give instructions to avoid the suffering

Miguel Soto

I phoned Midori.   
"I have to talk to you" I said. "I have a million things to talk to you about. A million things we have to talk about. All I want in this world is you. I want to see you and talk. I want the two of us to begin everything from the beginning". Midori responded with a long, long silence - the silence of all the misty rain in the world falling on all the new-mown lawns of the world. Forehead pressed against the glass, I shut my eyes and waited. At last, Midori's quiet voice broke the silence: "Where are you now?"  
Where was I now?   
Gripping the receiver, I raised my head and turned to see what lay beyond the phone box. Where was I now? I had no idea. No idea at all. Where was this place? All that flashed into my eyes were the countless shapes of people walking by to nowhere. Again and again I called out for Midori from the dead centre of this place that was no place.

"Norwegian Wood" by Haruki Murakami

Then let amorous kisses dwell  
On our lips, begin and tell  
A Thousand and a Hundred score  
A Hundred, and a Thousand more.

Gaius Valerius Catullus

Only connect! That was the whole of her sermon. Only connect the prose and the passion and both will be exalted, and human love will be seen at its height. Live in fragments no longer.

E.M. Forster's Howards End

I have lived through war, and lost much. I know what's worth the fight, and what is not. Honor and courage are matters of the bone, and what a man will kill for, he will sometimes die for, too. And that, O kinsman, is why a woman has broad hips; that bony basin will harbor a man and his child alike. A man's life springs from his woman's bones, and in her blood is his honor christened. For the sake of love alone, I would walk through fire again.

'the Fiery Cross' by Diana Gabaldon

Beyond watching eyes  
With sweet and tender kisses  
Our souls reached out to each other  
In breathless wonder  
And when I awoke  
From a vast and smiling peace  
I found you bathed in morning light  
Quietly studying all the messages on my phone

'Love Poem' by Banksy

"When the day shall come, that we do part", he said softly, and turned to look at me, "if my last words are not 'I love you' - ye'll ken it was because I didna have time".

'The Fiery Cross' by Diana Gabaldon

Believe nothing, no matter where you read it or who has said it, not even if I have said it, unless it agrees with your own reason and your own common sense.

Buddha

Isn't it true that you start your life a sweet child believing in everything under your father's roof? Then comes the day of the Laodiceans, when you know you are wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked, and with the visage of a gruesome grieving ghost you go shuddering through nightmare life.

Jack Kerouac: On the Road

I used to rule the world. Seas would rise when I gave the word. Now in the mornin' I sleep alone, sweep the streets I used to own.

Viva La Vida - Coldplay

Enter Stranger, but take heed Of what awaits the sin of greed For those who take but do not earn, Must pay dearly in there turn. So if you seek beneath our floors A treasure that was never yours, Thief, you have been warned, Beware Of finding more than treasure there.

Gringotts front doors 'Harry Potter' JK Rowling

I went to a house that was not a house.  
I opened a door that was not a door.  
And what I saw, I saw.

'Something from the Nightside' by Simon R. Green

Cause you can't jump the track, we're like cars on a cable & life's like an hourglass, glued to the table.

Anna Nalick 'Breathe 2AM'

If you press me to say why I loved him, I can say no more than because he was he, and I was I.

Michel de Montaigne

I'd rather be a could-be if I cannot be an are; because a could-be is a maybe who is reaching for a star. I'd rather be a has-been than a might-have-been, by far; for a might have-been has never been, but a has was once an are.

Milton Berle