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Never resist a sentence you like, in which language takes its own pleasure and in which, after having abused it for so long, you are stupefied by its innocence.

- Baudrillard, Jean

Love's greatest gift is its ability to make everything it touches sacred.

- Angelis, Barbara De

Love is made by two people, in different kinds of solitude. It can be in a crowd, but in an oblivious crowd.

- Aragon, Louis

We are not commanded (or forbidden) to love our mates, our children, our friends, our country because such affections come naturally to us and are good in themselves, although we may corrupt them. We are commanded to love our neighbor because our natural attitude toward the other is one of either indifference or hostility.

- Auden, W. H.

To try to write love is to confront the muck of language: that region of hysteria where language is both too much and too little, excessive and impoverished.

- Barthes, Roland

Genius sits in a glass house -- but in an unbreakable one --conceiving ideas. After giving birth, it falls into madness. Stretches out its hand through the window toward the first person happening by. The demon's claw rips, the iron fist grips. Before, you were a model, mocks the ironic voice between serrated teeth, for me, you are raw material to work on. I throw you against the glass wall, so that you remain stuck there, projected and stuck. (Then come the lovers of art and contemplate the bleeding work from outside. Then come the photographers. New art, it says in the newspaper the following day. The learned journals give it a name that ends in ism.)

- Klee, Paul

Talk not of wasted affection; affection never was wasted.

- Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth

To be seventy years old is like climbing the Alps. You reach a snow-crowned summit, and see behind you the deep valley stretching miles and miles away, and before you other summits higher and whiter, which you may have strength to climb, or may not. Then you sit down and meditate and wonder which it will be.

- Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth

I venerate old age; and I love not the man who can look without emotion upon the sunset of life, when the dusk of evening begins to gather over the watery eye, and the shadows of twilight grow broader and deeper upon the understanding.

- Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth

For age is opportunity no less than youth itself, though in another dress, and as the evening twilight fades away, the sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

- Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth

Thy fate is the common fate of all; Into each life some rain must fall.

- Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth

Morality without religion is only a kind of dead reckoning -- an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies.

- Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.

- Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth

Joy, temperance, and repose, slam the door on the doctor's nose.

- Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth

I shot an arrow into the air, It fell to earth, I knew not where; For so swiftly it flew, the sight Could not follow it in its flight. I breathed a song into the air, It fell to earth, I knew not where; For, who has sight so keen and strong That it can follow the flight of song? Long,

long afterward, in an oak I found the arrow, still unbroken; And the song, from beginning to end, I found again in the heart of a friend.

- Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth

Accept the place the divine providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events.

- Emerson, Ralph Waldo

Nature is full of freaks, and now puts an old head on young shoulders, and then takes a young heart heating under fourscore winters.

- Emerson, Ralph Waldo

I'm living so far beyond my income that we may almost be said to be living apart.

- Cummings, E.E. (Edward. E.)

Knowledge is a polite word for dead but not buried imagination.

- Cummings, E.E. (Edward. E.)

The earth laughs in flowers.

- Cummings, E.E. (Edward. E.)

A wind has blown the rain away and blown the sky away and all the leaves away, and the trees stand. I think, I too, have known autumn too long.

- Cummings, E.E. (Edward. E.)

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