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Quotes about Love Ended

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A bizarre sensation pervades a relationship of pretense. No truth seems true. A simple morning's greeting and response appear loaded with innuendo and fraught with implications. Each nicety becomes more sterile and each withdrawal more permanent.

- Angelou, Maya

I leave before being left. I decide.

- Bardot, Brigitte

When once estrangement has arisen between those who truly love each other, everything seems to widen the breach.

- Braddon, Mary Elizabeth

The best way will be to avoid each other without appearing to do so -- or if we jostle, at any rate not to bite.

- Byron, Lord

It's afterwards you realize that the feeling of happiness you had with a man didn't necessarily prove that you loved him.

- Duras, Marguerite

But that intimacy of mutual embarrassment, in which each feels that the other is feeling something, having once existed, its effect is not to be done away with.

- Eliot, George

Two separate, distinct personalities, not separate at all, but inextricably bound, soul and body and mind, to each other, how did we get so far apart so fast?

- Guest, Judith

There are few people who are not ashamed of their love affairs when the infatuation is over.

- La Rochefoucauld, Francois De

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.

- Mitchell, Margaret

I know a love may be revived which absence, inconstancy, or even infidelity has extinguished, but there is no returning from a d?go?t given by satiety.

- Montagu, Lady Mary Wortley

Falling out of love is chiefly a matter of forgetting how charming someone is.

- Murdoch, Iris

In every question and every remark tossed back and forth between lovers who have not played out the last fugue, there is one question and it is this: Is there someone new?

- O'Brien, Edna

In a separation it is the one who is not really in love who says the more tender things.

- Proust, Marcel

She's gone. I am abused, and my relief must be to loathe her.

- Shakespeare, William

In love, unlike most other passions, the recollection of what you have had and lost is always better than what you can hope for in the future.

- Stendhal, Henri B.

I hated her now with a hatred more fatal than indifference because it was the other side of love.

- Strindberg, J. August

When a man has once loved a woman, he will do anything for her, except continue to love her.

- Wilde, Oscar

There is always something ridiculous about the emotions of people whom one has ceased to love.

- Wilde, Oscar

Saddest Poem

I can write the saddest poem of all tonight.

Write, for instance: "The night is full of stars,

and the stars, blue, shiver in the distance."

The night wind whirls in the sky and sings.

I can write the saddest poem of all tonight.

I loved her, and sometimes she loved me too.

On nights like this, I held her in my arms.

I kissed her so many times under the infinite sky.

She loved me, sometimes I loved her.

How could I not have loved her large, still eyes?

I can write the saddest poem of all tonight.

To think I don't have her. To feel that I've lost her.

To hear the immense night, more immense without her.

And the poem falls to the soul as dew to grass.

What does it matter that my love couldn't keep her.

The night is full of stars and she is not with me.

That's all. Far away, someone sings. Far away.

My soul is lost without her.

As if to bring her near, my eyes search for her.

My heart searches for her and she is not with me.

The same night that whitens the same trees.

We, we who were, we are the same no longer.

I no longer love her, true, but how much I loved her.

My voice searched the wind to touch her ear.

Someone else's. She will be someone else's. As she once

belonged to my kisses.

Her voice, her light body. Her infinite eyes.

I no longer love her, true, but perhaps I love her.

Love is so short and oblivion so long.

Because on nights like this I held her in my arms,

my soul is lost without her.

Although this may be the last pain she causes me,

and this may be the last poem I write for her.

- Neruda, Pablo

Clenched Soul

We have lost even this twilight.

No one saw us this evening hand in hand

while the blue night dropped on the world.

I have seen from my window

the fiesta of sunset in the distant mountain tops.

Sometimes a piece of sun

burned like a coin in my hand.

I remembered you with my soul clenched

in that sadness of mine that you know.

Where were you then?

Who else was there?

Saying what?

Why will the whole of love come on me suddenly

when I am sad and feel you are far away?

The book fell that always closed at twilight

and my blue sweater rolled like a hurt dog at my feet.

Always, always you recede through the evenings

toward the twilight erasing statues.

- Neruda, Pablo



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