

I loved for the sake of what I loved, and what I loved I would
not go back to loving.

Man, when he does not grieve, hardly exists.

Pain unsettles me when it is weak,
When it is strong it calms me.

No one understands that you
have given everything.
You must give
more.

the tree is alone, the cloud is alone. Everything is alone
when I'm alone.

* the less a creature thinks he is, the more he bears.
And if he thinks he is nothing, he bears all.

yes, one must suffer, even in vain, so as not to ^{have} lived in vain.

"Man goes nowhere. Everything comes to man, like tomorrow."

I believe that the soul consists of its sufferings. For the soul that cures its sufferings dies.

Yes, they are mistaken, because they do not know. And if they knew --- nothing, they would not even be mistaken.

They have stopped deceiving you, not loving you. And it seems to you that they have stopped loving you.

It is when I assent to nothing that I assent to all.
The mysterious brings peace to my eyes, not blindness