

英文欣赏



What I Have Lived

Three passions, simple but overwhelmingly strong, have governed my life: the longing for love, the search for knowledge, and unbearable pity for the suffering of mankind. These passions, like great winds, have blown me hither and thither, in a wayward course, over a deep ocean of anguish, reaching to the verge of despair.

I have sought love, first, because it brings ecstasy --- ecstasy so great that I would have sacrificed all the rest of life for a few hours of this joy. I have sought it, next, because it relieves loneliness --- that terrible loneliness in which one shivering consciousness looks over the rim of the world into cold unfathomable lifeless abyss. I have sought it, finally, because in the union of love I have seen, in a mystic miniature, the prefiguring vision of the heaven that saints and poets have imagined. This is what I sought, and though it might seem too good for human life, this is what --- at last --- I have found.

With equal passion I have sought knowledge. I have wished to understand the hearts of men; I have wished to know why the stars shine. And I have tried to apprehend the Pythagorean power by which number holds away above the flux. A little of this, but not much, I have achieved.

Love and knowledge, so far as they were possible, led upward toward the heavens. But always pity brought me back to earth. Echoes of pain reverberated in my heart. Children in famine, victims tortured by oppressors, helpless old people a hated burden to their sons, and the whole world of loneliness, poverty, and pain make a mockery of what human life should be

be. I long to alleviate the evil, but I cannot, and I too suffer.

This has been my life. I have found it worth living, and I would gladly live it again if the chance were offered to me.

An Illusion

It is an illusion that youth is happy, an illusion of those who have lost it; but the young know they are wretched, for they are full of the trustless ideals which have been instilled into them, and each time they come in contact with the real they are bruised and wounded. It looks as if they were victims of a conspiracy; for the books they read, ideal by the necessity of selection, and the conversation of their elders, who look back upon the past through a rosy haze of forgetfulness, prepare them for an unreal life.



They must discover for themselves that all they have read and all they have been told are lies, lies, lies; and each discovery is another nail driven into the body on the cross of life. The strange thing is that each one who has gone through that bitter disillusionment add to it in his turn,, unconsciously, by the power within him which is stronger than himself.

Love

I love you not because of who you are, but because of who I am when I am with you.

No man or woman is worth your tears, and the one who is , won't make you cry.

The worst way to miss someone is to be sitting right beside them knowing you can't have them.

Never frown, even when you are sad, because you never know who is falling in love with your smile.

To the world you may be one person, but to one person you may be the world.

Don't waste your time on a man/woman, who isn't willing to waste their time on you.

Just because someone doesn't love you the way you want them to, doesn't mean they don't love you with all they have.

Don't try to hard, the best things come when you least expect them to.

Maybe God wants us to meet a few wrong people before meeting the right one, so that when we finally meet the person, we will know how to be grateful.

Don't cry because it is over, smile because it happened.

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us.

No matter the ending is perfect or not, you cannot disappear from my world.

Never frown, even when you are sad, because you never know who is falling in love with your smile.

Love is a carefully designed lie. Promises is often like the butterfly, which disappears after beautiful hover.

Fading is true while flowering is past.

Don't cry because it is over, smile because it happened

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us.

Stray birds of summer come to my window to sing and fly away.

And yellow leaves of autumn, which have no songs, flutter and fall there with a sign.

If you shed tears when you miss the sun, you also miss the stars.