

Pihla Pokki

Silent Sorrows



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To those who caused my broken heart,
thankyou,
For I do not want pity,
that pretends to be love.

THE KISS

Unwanted tears
falling from my empty eyes
my mind filled with mindless lies.

I watch my lover steal a kiss from another
remember all the memories we spent together.
I blink away the tears feeling like an old worn prize.

BITTERSWEET

I remember the bittersweet time
when you placed your tear stained lips on mine.

It didn't last long
and my heart tells me that it is wrong
to feel your lips on mine.

LAUGHTER

Laughter is the sound of the soul dancing.
It jingles and chimes, finding its way
into even the darkest of places.

Laughter can save you,
can be the only thing to keep you sane.
It can relieve you, make your troubles fade away
it tinkles and dances, floating towards the sky.

Your eyes flash under the moon light
the fire in your eyes burn and flicker.
Your laugh tinkling with the midnight breeze
its slowly dies and you fade away.

Laughter can be the only memory you have of a person.
The way their eyes close as they laugh
or the way their laughter deepens when it is true.
Laughter is the sound of the soul dancing.

TO RISE FROM THE ASHES

they try to burn you down
trying to make you crack
but as you fall you shall rise
like a phoenix, from the ashes
you wings new and made of gold
you shall rise above them all
your eyes blazing.
the smallest spark could start a raging fire
your heart new and unbreakable
they realize you can't be broken
your feathers the color of blood
your ashes swallowed by the winds
you can't be destroyed.

If you're lost on the path to self discovery, pick up this book and let your eyes swallow my words of love, sorrow and empowerment. Take refuge in the sorrows I was too scared to say aloud, the hesitating words of love I regret not telling and the sudden remarks of empowered anger I could only let out in my head. Let the words speak to you and you might see the world in a new light. Close out all the chaos around you and allow me to lead you down the unsure path of life.



Pihla Pokki is a 15 years old writer, who finds happiness in focusing on the small, euphoric moments in life. Despite her young age she has already published one novel. Silent Sorrows is her first poetry book.



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