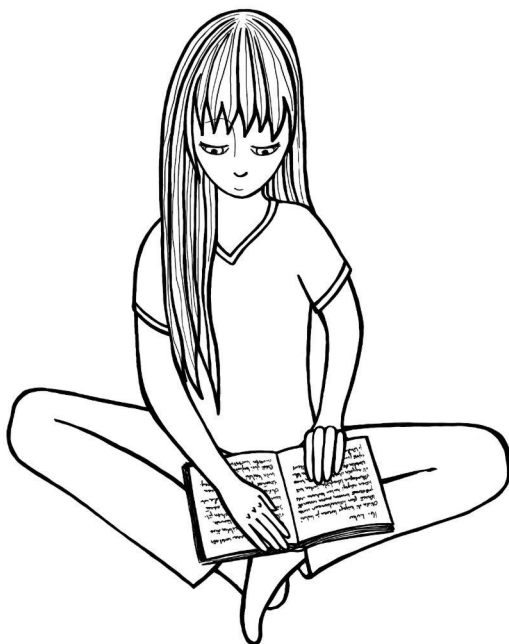




Sonja Lepola

*Ups and Downs of
Growing up*

Ups and Downs of Growing up



Sonja Lepola

Ups and Downs of Growing up

*For everyone,
because we all have our ups and downs.*

*Also I am so sorry I wrote like that about the crows
in Crow of Misfortune.
They're really awesome birds.
Honest.*

*The automatic analysis of the item to obtain information,
in particular patterns, trends and correlations,
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Foreword

I wrote these things when I was still relatively young, and at that time I didn't really imagine I would ever be publishing them. They sat in my figurative desk drawer for years and years, almost forgotten. But once I finally started making my texts in to the form of books, I quickly found myself becoming kind of addicted to it; there is nothing quite like having your own book in your hand.

I find myself chasing after that feeling constantly. If nothing else, it does give you some bragging rights, for hey, you made *a book*! Doesn't even really matter if it's a *good* book...

I do not think these poems are anything to brag about, but I shared them with a few friends, and at least they did not dare tell me to my face that they hated them. In fact they maintained the claim that these are worth sharing.

So here I am, sharing them.

*Thank you for picking up this book.
I hope you like it.*

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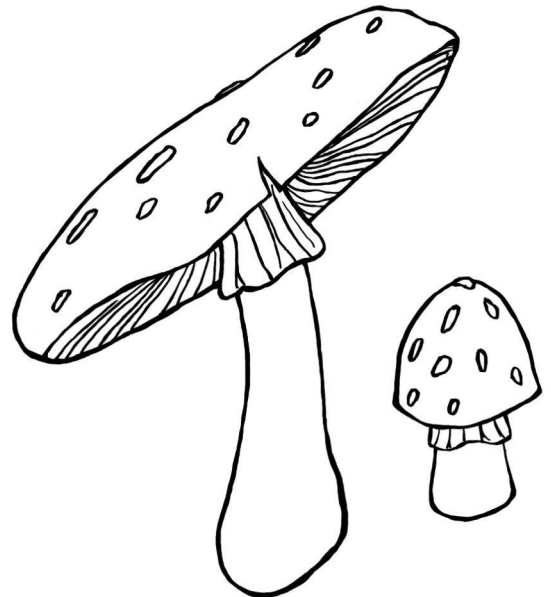
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After Love Breaks

As I watch my friend
trying to not to cry
I ask myself what happens
after love dies.
She keeps telling "It's gonna be alright",
yet at the same time it's clear
she is just trying to believe with her might
while deep inside she is wailing
while the world around is failing.
Once again, she is forced
to see that life is no fairytale,
that no matter how you wail,
your feelings may still fail.

For so long their marriage
wasn't working anymore.
For long their joint carriage,
although she refused to see it,
was taking them towards the end
of separation.
What is left when love breaks,
when the person once strong
turns in to so weak.
All the arguments that were so far solid
have been sealed under a lid
and although she tries to hide
what she is feeling inside
it is still visible that she is pain.
Although she tries to hide
there is no way she is fine.

Just looking at the years
she kept trying after it went bad,
never counting the many tears
because of that man she had,
proves that although bruised
she still loved him a lot, and loves still.
No matter how she guised
it as just a will
to give a one more chance,
yet just one more now
the times of those "one times"
steadily kept to grow.
A selfish man one can't rely on at all
is the thing that has made her fall.

Ancient Wisdom

There aren't more powerful witches,
no greater sorcery known to mankind,
than those beautiful bitches
that control men with their looks and
bind their minds from within.

So it's not a shame to lose your way,
sometimes it is okay to stray.
As long as you watch your steps as you walk,
you can find a beauty to talk
to about the wonders of the world.

For you there is no tomorrow,
only now matters.
No reason to live in sorrow,
for love is an ancient spell
for which even the strongest warriors
at the time of the dragons fell.

It is enchanting in both good and evil
and beforehand only the witch can tell
which side hits the anvil
of the everlasting truth.
It either crushes you or makes you stronger.
So be warned, you might be a goner.

Then again, the spell is so strong
even the most powerful enemy can be gone
if you end up with it as a blessing,
to the heights and glory you can rise
with the beautiful witch by your side.

For you there is no tomorrow,
only now matters.
No reason to live in sorrow,
for love is an ancient spell
for which even the strongest warrior fell.

This is an ancient wisdom so pay heed
to what you hear, for sure you'll need
it to remain victorious.
Before felling any dragons
there is one fight you can't afford to lose.
First you need to keep your muse.
So win over the witch,
and never let her loose.

Aren't You Lonely?

Isn't it lonely and also very sad
that your whole life has gone past
without you really attaching to anyone,
all your feelings of care simply gone.
Although all the people around you
repeat the words "I love you",
you simply can't seem to believe them true.

I wonder what did you so hurt
that it could make you lose all your trust,
and tough I know you resent my pity
I shall still think about you in that city
of loneliness and dust
that you build yourself, with nothing more than lust
to tie people together.

Even though I know you choose your way
and I don't really have any right to say
that what you do or say is strictly wrong,
I still hope that one day you are so strong
that you will turn away from there
and head out somewhere
where you can finally let go of your fears,
letting the dust get wet from your tears.

This collection is about life and somewhat turbulent feelings.
There are both great times and terrible moments,
but I guess the latter weights heavier here.
I wonder if whoever picks this book up
would find their feelings resonate with
whatever it is that I felt way back
when I first wrote those words.

And if you are still stumbling
in the dark, if you can relate
a little too much to
the sad parts,
I wish to say
to you:

We all
get lost
sometimes.
Just don't
give up until
it gets brighter!



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