Where The Poems Are

By, Leah

Charter Press 2018
Where the WILD
Poems Are

Leah Grifall

Charter Press 2018
I dedicate this book to

Maile Ryan

for making me laugh,
listening to my life drama,
and always being my friend.
An Ode to Freedom

Running away,
Getting out, breaking free.

From the horrible past,
You wish to change.

To start over.
To learn again,
The maze of life.

Blank canvas,
Fresh,
New beginning.

Freedom,
Is what we want,
What we need,
What we deserve.

Finally getting another chance,
To do whatever you want,
Run wild,
Knowing no bounds.

Free Bird,
Changing yourself,
Your mind,
Your world.
Heaven Wishes

People,
Above the world,
Looking down on us,
Have wishes.

They wish they could have done more,
Felt more,
Been more.

You have a chance to do that.
Don’t waste your only chance.
No matter what comes of it,
Have no regrets.

“Yesterday is history,
Tomorrow is a mystery,
But today is a gift.”
-Master Oogway

Do what the heart desires,
Before you begin the long trek up The Stairway to Heaven
The act of loyalty,  
Generosity,  
And kindness  
to all women  

As in: The Knights had to  
practice chivalry in order to keep  
their job.  

As in: In the late 1800s,  
chivalry was a given for  
every knight to act in that way.  

As in: Chivalry is slowly disappearing in society,  
and it is Urgent that we stop it.
Escaping the World

I believe that stories are incredibly important, in allowing us to escape our lives, and in giving us empathy, and creating the world that we live in.
The Power of Reading

(Reverso Poem)

Reading  Force
Is       Without
What     World,
We       Escape
call     And
Freedom, Change
Not      Writing.
Censorry, Censorry,
Writing: Not
Change   Freedom.
And      We
Escape   Call,
World    “What
Without  Is
Force    Reading?”
An Ode to Kettle Corn

Sweet, crunchy, corn
It dissolves like magic.
It tastes like rainbows erupting in your mouth.
I love kettle corn
But my stomach doesn’t
But I don’t care
I love kettle corn
Dreams

Some are big
Some are small
Some are sports
Such as Baseball

Escape reality for just one night
Sometimes you don't have them
But sometimes you might

But one thing in common
That all dreams share
They're for a reason
That you care

"Ah! Contrair!"
You say with flair
But some nights,
You must beware
You walk into the theater
For the one and only performance
You’re far from your home
Everyone knows each other
But you just sit there
Waiting,
Waiting,
Waiting,
Waiting.

Until
They call your name
Your feel a blush creeping up your neck
The sound of your heart beating is deafening
You attempt to slow your breathing

As you realize,
You’re not warmed up

All the possibilities
Of things going wrong fill your head
But you shut them out
Thinking of the first verse
The darkness slips away as the curtain opens

To reveal hundreds of people watching you.
All eyes aglow while the music starts
The adrenaline kicks in,
And you can suddenly hit every note
That you can imagine

You sing your heart out
The last note you belt
Thunderous applause erupts from the audience
The curtains close behind you
PT.2 THE WAITING, AND
THE REGRET

The MC appears from the wings
She asks you many questions
You answer, stumbling over your words
And having to repeat them twice
The MC turns it over to the three judges
Your heart pounds
Your forehead sweats
The first judge,
A girl
Tells you how talented you are
She gives you an 8.5/10
The second judge does the same
He gives you an 8/10
The third doesn’t speak,
But gives you an 8.5/10
You thank the judges and the audience and exit
through the left wing

You walk behind the curtain,
Scoffing
“What is this?”
You think,
“An 8, 8.5, and 8.5?”
“I did the best I could possibly do,
And they gave me an 8?!”
Anger rushes through your body,
But slowly dissipates,

Because you walk into the dressing room
With your competitors congratulating you
You plaster on your best fake smile
But behind that is a sad, angry person
“I’m so done.”
You think,
And you will never, ever, come back again.
“That was COLD”

All the sound goes out
When water fills your ears
Like ear plugs made of chlorine

Your vision goes blurry
You see the silhouettes of the people
splashing in the water around you

Your body seizes up,
your body feels frozen
You seem to have forgotten how to swim

You doggy paddle to the surface
Shivering endlessly
“That was cold”
The Homework Blues

I says I'll do it at home
but never do
Oh, I says I'll do it at home
But I never do
Then Mama yells
‘bout me not eatin’ the stew

Then I says,
“Mama, I got more homework.”
Yes, I says,
“Mama, I got more homework.”
Then ma brother comes in
Only ta smirk

He says,
“I got all ma stuff done”
Brother says,
“I got all ma stuff done”
Now I’m thinkin,
This aint’ gon be good in da long run
That feeling

They catch your attention
When they enter the room.
You sense the tension
Coated in their perfume

Your face goes hot
A heat wave through your body
Your stomach in a knot
You smile oddly

When they talk to you
Butterflies take flight
You know your feelings are true
When your heart races at the speed of light
Everything stops

Stops breathing
Stops moving
Stops being

The girl begging her mom for ice cream
She stops begging

The boy playing basketball
He stops dribbling

The man driving to work
He stops driving

The woman ordering her starbucks drink
She stops talking

When the time stops,
Everything is silent
The Rookie

I see my brothers and sisters
all crammed in the bucket by the dugout door
Why am I the only one out?

I see the creature coming to pick me up
Then I jump up and down in the creature’s glove
Why am I being thrown over a plate?

I see the giant stick flying toward me
I panic and curve away from it
Why is the man behind me yelling so loud?

I see the stick charging me again but it hits me,
I fly in the air, over the fence,
And just like that,
I am forgotten
About the Author

I am Leah Michelle Grifall
I wonder when I will meet my true love
I hear my friends laughing with me
I see the softball that I hit flying over the fence
I want to meet all of my goals in life
I imagine what my life will be like in ten years
I am an independent and witty person who loves to laugh

I pretend that I am a pro rock guitar player
I feel the music running through my veins
I touch the warm aqua seas of Maui
I worry that I will make mistakes in life
I cry when reading my sappy romance novels
I savor the taste of my mother’s homemade pumpkin pie
I am an independent and witty person who loves to laugh

I understand that I’ll make mistakes in life, and that’s ok
I say “Oh my!” a lot more than I should
I dream that I will be a college softball player someday
I try to have as much fun as possible
I think about the homework that I shouldn’t have procrastinated about
I hope to have a beautiful family someday
I am an independent and witty person who loves to laugh