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Objective

Passionate and versatile writer with over a decade of experience crafting compelling poetry, personal reflections, and thought-provoking narratives. Seeking a position as a blogger, ghostwriter, or creative writer to leverage my storytelling skills, attention to detail, and ability to connect with diverse audiences. Dedicated to producing engaging, high-quality content that inspires, informs, and resonates with readers.

Education

ASSOCIATE DEGREE, BROWARD COLLEGE

Experience

BLOGGER | MULTIMEDIA EMPOWER | JANUARY 2020 - MARCH 2023

- Developed and published SEO-optimized blog posts, driving increased organic traffic and engagement.
- Wrote informative and persuasive articles tailored to the target audience, boosting readership and customer retention.
- Maintained a consistent brand tone and style to enhance credibility and brand identity across all written materials.
- Conducted in-depth research on industry trends, competitors, and audience preferences to create relevant, high-value content.

SKILLS & ABILITIES

COMMUNICATION

I excel in clear, concise, and impactful communication, both written and verbal, ensuring ideas are effectively conveyed and tailored to diverse audiences.

CREATIVE STORY TELLING

Talent for crafting compelling narratives that connect emotionally with readers.

Time Management

Strong organizational skills to handle multiple deadlines and maintain consistent content delivery.

Research Proficiency

In-depth research abilities to provide accurate, valuable, and trustworthy information.

PORTFOLIO

www.fearlesspoet.webnode.page/portfolio/

POEMS

Breathe in my love

It's like the air
Always there
So breathe it in
To always live

Because

Suicide is a sin
Listen to the wind
Do you hear it sing?

Sings so soft
But knocks you off

If you ever leave
Just remember to breathe

Expectations

I apologize
I apologize for the expectations I gave you at first
For being so good the days I rehearsed
For making you believe my great was my worse
I've just become so good at standing my turf..
That I sometimes forget how much you're actually worth..

I'm sorry for not knowing how to handle your love
Your sincere goodness and hugs
I'm sorry I have a mentality that's still a bit young
I still have some bad habits and such,
where I still want to fill up my lungs
And drink poison until drunk
only to forget about all the above

And I don't know how to receive anyone's help
I use to watch my mother depend on a man,
that put her through hell
Like she was a servant and her call was the bell
I learned from example to depend on myself

I apologize for being too independent
And more apologies for being so defensive
I grew up with a fake dad that wasn't attentive
I'm sorry if I'm giving you the wrong message

I'm sorry but I think I might be afraid of commitment
I'm used to being dominant so I can't be submissive
And I'm not even sure if I have a reason
Just that my feelings were freezing
That my love is starving because it has not eaten

I'm sorry I had to warn you about me
About the past that's living presently
I'm sorry if I ruined your expectations

Anger

Concerns my emotions
watching your motion
builds up my pulse
I'm wishing to reverse
time itself
But nothing helps

Anger assured me
it was going to be easy
to not care
It
made me take this dare
It assured me
It was going to be
Easy
to
watch you go
It isn't so

Anger switched my mind
told me things were alright

Anger needs to leave
I didn't believe

in my head

when you said

"I'm going to go"

But you left

I Threw My Heart Around Like Confetti

I use to wear my heart on my sleeve

But I was poor

So the shirt was too small for me

The end had some rips and my sleeves had some holes

You could see the bottom of my belly

I grew out of it, a long time ago

It was so tight

My chest couldn't breathe

So,

I threw my heart around.. like confetti

As if the shirt was the one thing holding me together

Like I had just arrived at a festival

And loved the red flags

I gave every piece of my heart I had

Like we were celebrating

The money I liked

To buy a new shirt

Jesus Wept

I bet you don't know that Jesus cried,

Jesus wept

Not just carrying the cross

But he kept

Carrying your pain

Carrying your sweat

He never left

But you thought he did

I bet

He knew what would come

He knew about the treats

He knew he would rescue you

But he also knew

you'd forget

So he wept

and wept

He cried

Because he made it so easy

For you to abide, yet

You still haven't picked up you're cross

SHORT STORIES

Mexian Mari

One thing about me. I'm going to smoke. Not cigarettes', ew. But I need me a nice blunt. We were in Cancun, Mexico and on the first day, as we were having breakfast, we met a waiter named Mayo. Mayo was a cool guy. Super Mexican (whatever that means). Spoke very little English, but when we asked about the Mari, he understood us perfectly fine. With a very worried and scared face he said "we don't discuss that here, but if you go on the beach and ask around, you might get lucky." We told him that we would do that and thanked him for the information. As he walked away, we came to the realization that we're in Mexico. Hello. Cartels. We went on the beach for a walk, it must've been 90 degrees outside. I immediately wanted to take a shower. We kept walking following Mayos' advice and we notice police officers in full military gear walking around. Then, it hit us. Wow, cartels are really real. In the U.S. we watch a lot of documentaries or series on cartel's but it's almost unreal to us because we do not experience those things where we live. But seeing military police in Mexico, on the beach, at our resort, just made it completely real. Regardless, it did not stop us from our mission. We kept walking and the resort next to us looked 10x more enjoyable. There was loud house music, bubbles were coming out of the pool, everyone was dancing, women were topless and their colors were a lot more fun than our resort. At the entrance there was a boy. He couldn't have been older than 14. I ask in Spanish, "como entramos?" (How do we get in?) He says it's \$250 for a day pass. Asani and I look at each other and we give each other "the look." We smiled and begin to walk away. "Ay tengo de todo" (Hey, I have everything) the boy says with a real deep mexician accent as he looks to his right and left. He slowly opens his jacket and in the inside pockets, there were pills and before I could notice anything else, I quickly helped him close his jacket. "Oye pero guarda eso. No vez los policias?!" (Hey but put the away, don't you see the police?!) I yell but whisper at the same time. All we wanted was a little weed. So, I ask "cuanto para la llerva?" (How much for the ganja) He said for 3.5 grams he could sell it to us for \$70. If you know about weed in the states, then you know that 3.5 grams is an eighth and this amount is worth anywhere from \$25-50 depending on how good the weed is. I laugh. "En mi pais, lo compro por \$30. Estas loco." (in my country I buy it for \$30, you're crazy.) I say and explained to him that I cannot pay that price, the most I would give him was \$40. He quickly said no and told us that the reason for the price being so high is that he needed to pay the security at the resort, the police officers on the beach and his bosses, the cartels. I stopped and asked "wait, the cartels?" And before he could answer, my boyfriend Asani pulled me away. We left the beach and enjoyed the rest of the day at the resort. On the 3rd day, we went to this place called "El Mercado 28." Apparently, this was the place to go for souvenirs. We step out of the car and almost immediately get harassed by all the sellers trying to sell their souvenirs from their little stores. "Hola amiga, que quiere?! Estamos vendiendo, casi gratis! Tequila? Que quiere?!" There was only one item that caught my eye. That was a huge penis bong. I should've took a picture but basically it was a wooden penis that you could smoke out of like a bong. My boyfriend hated the idea but I was determined to bring that penis bong home. When we went back, we realized it was not a bong but it was flute. My dreams to smoke out of a penis bong once we got home were crushed. Oh well. So, we started looking at other things the nice

Mexican man had in his store. There were mini bowls. All in different sizes, shapes and colors. The man said "here, you need this" jokingly. With a serious face I told him "No but I need what goes inside, can you help?" He also got serious and started looking around to make sure nobody was listening. With a very suspicious face he whispers to us "puedo ayudar, espera" (I can help, wait a sec). He makes a phone call and then another random guy comes from around the corner. He has on a blue shirt, gray cargo pants and sunglasses. The store mexician man said "that's Alfredo, he can help. Just follow him when he gives the signal. But when you do, keep 6 ft behind him. Do not walk next to him." The mysterious man passes right by us with his head down and moves his hand in a gesture as he was saying "follow me." He doesn't say hi, he doesn't stop, he just keeps walking. So, we had two options. Stay here where it's safe or go after this mysterious weed man. I guess we didn't care about our lives in that moment, so we followed him. He stayed 6ft in front of us the entire time and acted like he did not know us. "Are you sure this is safe?" Asani asks. "Not at all." I respond as my eyes are locked to the back of the weed man. Finally, after walking for 5 minutes in the Mexico oven, we arrived at this mini souvenir store. It had an inside. It was small but at least it had air conditioning. Before we go inside, the mysterious weed man finally talks to us. He says "ok, you are going to meet my boss he has what you are looking for." So, I start getting excited and completely forgot we were in the middle of Mexico. I forget I'm on vacation, I walk in and begin talking to his boss like "Hey!! How are you? I'm so excited we finally found you!" He looked at me with a straight ass face. He did not even smirk. He pulled out 3 bags of weed. In Spanish, he said "these are all 3.5 grams, which one do you want?" So, just like I do in the states, I start inspecting the weed. I smell it. I look for seeds. I look for color. I come to the conclusion that this is shit weed. Regs if you will. It did not have a smell and it looked like he just picked it up from the floor. In my mind, I was about to get a good ass deal. I get serious too since he didn't want to joke around with me, and asked "How much for this one?" He says "83." I giggle and tell him he is out of his mind, "the most I can give you is \$40." He tells me the same story the 14 year old boy tells me. That the price is this high because he has to pay a bunch of people including the cartels. No weed moves unless its under the cartels. I told him we're not paying that. He then lowered it to \$60. "Still high." I say. After bargaining for 30 minutes, I tell him "Nevermind. I dont need it that bad. What?! You think because we're tourist you can try to play us? We don't want anything anymore, thanks!" We decided not to buy and leave. Once we get outside, "Did you not notice the machete on his lap?" Asani asks. "We need to get the hell out of here." He says with a concern look on his face. As we walked away the mysterious weed man calls us back and says "Hey! ok my boss says \$50." I turn around and say "Now we were talking." We go convert our dollars into 1000 pesos, pay the man, thanked him for his business and left happy with our Mexican Mari. When we were done with the transaction and back in the car with our vacation friends, we realized that we just bargained with Mexican Cartels in Mexico. What a time to be alive.

Blog Posts

Please go to website.

<https://fearlesspoet.webnode.page/portfolio/>

