

Poetry to make you feel good

When I am feeling down or even when I am feeling happy, I write a poem to make me feel good. I hope that there is a poem here that makes you feel good, too.

Inspirational

And So I Run At Last

And so I run at last with the wind at my back
I shall falter and fall- I'm sure of that.
I've needed to jog and walk at times
To get over the wire and round the mines.
I've needed friends along the way
To give me fuel to see out the day
And I've stopped to collect and admire my prize
Only for it to cause my demise.
But now I run at last with the wind at my back.

Yes I run at last with hope in my heart
Yet humble, I had an unsteady start.
I've needed my peers to point the course
Being fair and considerate with appropriate force
I've needed novices to motivate me
When the terrain is scarce and my legs are shaky.
And I've stopped when my soul has shouted, "Enough!"
And plunged to the ground so rigid and rough.
But now I run at last with hope in my heart.

I run at last- a man at one with himself
Though I may return to the back of the shelf
I've needed Samaritans to heal my ails.
I've needed foes hounding my tail.
Those things that keep me sharp and strong
Stop me going too far wrong
And I've stopped after I've raced on ahead
To realise another needs me instead.
Now I run, yes I run

Believing that all our times will come.

Matt Phillips

Go Down to the River

Immaculate creature natural and strong
Ever present and never wrong.
Cascading river waning his fear
Relaxing emotion planted here,
Of souls transfixed on the river's flow
'Pray thee river, end my woes.'
Reflected back is reasons why
The world will suffer should they die.
Heroes and heroines who struggled so
Reaping freely what they sowed.
His face is radiant now and glistening.
Finally, a creature is listening.
Concerns are like old waters past.
This poignant day shall not be his last.

Matt Phillips

Into The Canyon

Into the canyon I slipped and fell
Unable to move as my bruises swell
Too far away for help to come
But until I shut down I'm not done

Climbing is a feeble venture
Hiding is an impossible feat
Waiting 'til I serve my tenure
Is all I can do but I'm not beat

This canyon holds no fear for me
My thoughts are clean and filter free
Though no way out I presently see
I'll fight the battle to simply be

So visit me the cruellest of scourges
Whip me 'til I can stand no more
Survival is the greatest of urges
My will is ripping me off the floor

Matt Phillips

A Life of Regret

A life of regret churns my insides.
A consistent fret educates my mind.
Imagination lost in choices.
Stubbornness silenced the wisest voices.
Hope pinned on destiny's will.
Losing my way whilst learning new skills.
Awoken from my semi slumber.
Free again yet slightly humbler.
Smile because it is right to do
Then friends and colleagues do so too.
Finally, I realise that I am breathing.
The air is fresh now that I am leaving.

Matt Phillips

Failure

And so I return like it was a dream
Better for what I have done and seen
Closer to the person I wish to be
Lost a few things I hoped I'd keep
Humbled, I sit here writing this
Being unsure though unsure is bliss
For so many options pound my mind
Until the safest path I find.

Matt Phillips

Hang On a Minute, Get In

Hang on a minute, get in
The team are prepared and poised to win
I've heard the shouts of dwindling trust
I've logged the doubts and so I must
But wait until I've performed again

Hang on a minute, get in
I'm not the greatest there's ever been
I know my limits and I know my style
I know every minute that I'm on trial
But judge me when I perform again

Hang on a minute, get in
I'll take every knock back on the chin
Embarrassed, I've cracked under pressure so real
At times I've lacked when I've needed zeal
But watch as I perform again

Hang on a minute, get in
Along my face works a satisfied grin
What claims and pressure I've been subjected to
Are internally bred and not a reflective view
I know I will perform again

Matt Phillips

Strong

I could be blown away by a hurricane
I could be forced to the ground by unbearable pain
Weapons could quite easily finish me
Or snakes or spiders or killer bees

I'm not a superhero who always returns
I'm prone to accidents but never learn
Yet I am strong and have dignity
Though the strength I have is within me

So I'll stand against the wind until I am defeated
I'll keep moving and fighting 'til my body's depleted
I'll meet with the sword 'til it runs me through
I'll be the king of the animals and a hero to you

Matt Phillips

I Want To Be Like You

Ambitions high and eyes alight.
Soul sincere, sharp and bright.
A will to go the extra yard
And not turn back if times get hard.
Wanting to please whatever the times.
Feeling for you as if you were mine.
Deception never called to mind
Existing purely to be kind.
Finding yourself and holding on.
Still a flame when you are gone.

Matt Phillips

O Valiant Fool

O valiant fool defending the land.
O fickle foe at my command.
Scintillating son with you our faith rests.
Cool confidence through testing quests.

Gather an army of like and not.
Pull out qualities which were left to rot.
Sing out praises to motivate.
Be victorious for that is your fate.

Matt Phillips

Riversley Park

Riversley Park has such a great view.
Beautiful people and flowers too.
A wave and a smile with regularity
Will keep me here for eternity.

Devastating, a horrible death.
Inspiring words with their final breath.
Coroners, courts and arguments
But I sit here upon my bench.

Success, a chance to woo the world.
Stories passed like precious pearls.
A return summed up by a long fist clench
But I sit here upon my bench.

I look, for once, at the golden plaque.
Dedicated to dear Damien Black.
I have nothing 20 years down the track,
So I left the bench never to go back.

Matt Phillips

I Remember Life

I remember life.

I remember the joy of a morning,
The clinking of china from the downstairs kitchen,
The birds a soundtrack of a peaceful start.
Innocently, I begin afresh, ignorant of the adventures ahead.

I remember life.

I remember droplets cascading down the porch windows,
My happiness rising realising I'm inside.
Then outside, stretching sunbeams reaching behind the clouds.
I tingle as I feel the warmth.
As a boy, I lay on the wind- so strong it could take my weight.

I remember life.

I remember the little annoyances that mean so much:
The door that sticks;
The clothes that don't fit;
The flowers that die;
The insects that fly;
The spill on the floor;
The unfinished chores
And the money you could retrieve but it's too late.

I remember life,

Yet every other moment I forget it.

Matt Phillips

While You Can

Smile while you can while the sun is at hand.
Look while you can while the view is still grand.
Laugh while you can until a personal attack.
Run while you can while you can still run back.
Cry while you can while your tears joyfully glisten.
Teach while you can while people still listen.
Talk while you can while your words lighten a face.
Perform while you can while you still have grace.
Learn while you can while it is always new.
Advise while you can while your advice is still true.
Think while you can while there is still a way.
Sleep while you can and dream of a better day.

Matt Phillips

Love

This Dilapidated Place

This dilapidated place is not my abode.
The shifting sky is seen wherever I go.
The rat-riddled river is not from Venice.
The eroding steps are not the Spanish.
The picturesque walk is not too pleasant
And the town always seems to have a strange scent.
All this has been taken into consideration
Yet I have not left for a different station
Because although I know all of this is true,
This is the place where I met you
And whilst you reside in this meagre area,
This is my world and it will be forever.

Matt Phillips

Only You

Success no longer matters to me,
In life it's only yours I see.
Such confusion- I'll let it be.
Hand in hand for eternity.

Rattling over battling waves.
Facing foes and appearing brave.
Too far out to attempt to save.
With all my strength a path I'll pave.

Understanding this peculiar earth.
Outsiders view with insider's birth.
Unwanted, chasen from this turf,
Yet needed, fear now has no worth.

Matt Phillips

The Perosive Form

The perosive form
Delectable in its ignorance
Forbidden for xylorous feel
Incantating arrobiance and
Fawcalling shublayous.
Whallack down me, whallack.
Phissle my senses until Li.
Crazzle all my minds.
I must go for I have
No worth in your presence.

Matt Phillips

A Perfect Farewell

My friend, I may never see you again,
Too overwhelmed for standard emotions.
We may meet when finally The Earth does end.
That hope is all I pray on.

But as I sit and think: only memories should make me sad,
As I'm stunned and I block out all life.
A true and confident smile I have-
How we struggled through the strife.

I cannot cry- nay not because I'm numb
'Tis a happier reason by far.
For your love and thoughts of me, strong one,
Overcome me, as we see the same star.

Matt Phillips

You, Who Once Lightened My Day

You, who once lightened my day
Now wish to throw me away
Into the pit of forget
Left with such powerful regrets.

You, with excited eyes
Are in darkness now you cry.
No more will you see a whole me.
Recent times create transparency.

You, who words cannot impress
Have allowed no chance to regress.
Now, when we meet, there is pain.
Are our meetings all in vain?

You, my saviour, are gone.
You helped me to live on.
Survival creates amazing will.
I'll climb that impossible hill.

Matt Phillips

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