

Poetry Series

**Matt Jarvis**  
**- poems -**

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# Matt Jarvis()

I am an advocate for Mental Health wellbeing. I have bi polar disorder and have experienced highs, lows, suicidal moments and great times too.

I love writing free form poetry. Whilst rhymes are sometimes used in my work, I prefer to write straight from my mind, imagination and my heart.

I want my work to teach people and improve people. To give others hope and see that life can be better and when we talk to each other we can stop suffering in silence.

I write for a football site in my part time, enjoy reading and am a customer Service Advisor in Derbyshire. I live with my partner Ellen and staffie, Buddy.

# Our Feathered Friends

Our Feathered Friends

Written by Matt Jarvis 18th April 2020

Many shapes and sizes  
Bright and dull,  
Shine and matte  
Glimmering eyes,  
Evil eyes  
Hunting eyes  
Soft down and rough down  
Bobbing in flight  
Floating on the wind  
Hovering in the dusk  
A dive at speed to grab its prey  
A dig in the ground to eat it's prey  
Owls and hawks  
Sparrows and Falcons  
Blackbirds and starlings  
Bright reflections catching the eye  
A flash of blue  
A streak of grey  
Singing high  
Hooting low  
Everywhere we go  
Our feathered friends are there  
For our environment, they truly care.

Xxxx

Matt Jarvis

# Cry If You Need To, Petal

Big boys don't cry,  
Only little girls cry  
If you're strong your eyes are always dry.  
The opposite is true.  
Strong people cry  
Let their emotions out.  
Sadness, joy and pain.  
Don't be afraid to cry,  
Let the tears roll  
Until your eyes are dry.  
It's okay to not be okay.  
Cry if you need to, petal.

Matt Jarvis

# Fear Of The Unknown

Fear of the unknown  
It can really get you down  
How do you deal with what you cannot see?  
How do you react and how must you be?  
'Carry on regardless' or stop and hide away,  
Stay out of the outdoors or carry on and play?  
Be safe and keep inside,  
run away and simply hide?  
The job you love in danger,  
The life you know much stranger.  
Fear of the unknown,  
Never seen whilst you have grown.  
Fear of the unknown,  
It can really get you down.  
Stay strong and keep on fighting,  
Ignore what the media is writing.  
Cling to your loved ones dearly,  
This is a blip, surely, clearly.  
Fear of the unknown,  
It will end in time, subside,  
Until then, keep going with pride.

Matt Jarvis

# The Power Of Sound

Birds singing. An orchestra of feathers.  
Cars no longer passing by.  
A telephone ringing, a short trill or pot black.  
The clouds move silently by, no planes to see or hear.  
A voice that sounds so warm,  
A voice that sounds so soft and safe.  
That song that takes you back  
To a time of pure joy.  
Maybe takes you back to a time of sorrow.  
But takes you back and wraps it's arms around you.  
Holds you close in time and space.  
Never take sounds for granted,  
They have power to heal and soothe.  
Never underestimate again,  
The Power of Sound.

Xxxxxxx

Matt Jarvis

# Friends' Birthday

Friends are always there,  
Friends will always care.  
In life we meet many people,  
Through work and through play.  
Some are passing through and some they come to stay.  
Your smile is so infectious,  
Your warmth it is so precious.  
Two miles away or more,  
Two metres feels a lifetime,  
You have love right at your core.  
You've come through lots of shit,  
Bounced back with a special gift.  
It seems you've found a special man,  
A guy named Gareth who is a gem.  
You are such a special lady,  
One who makes friends shine,  
I am blessed to call you friend,  
A gem, a star, so kind.

Matt Jarvis

# Flying High

You like flying high, you were born to fly.  
It's not just about your job,  
It's you inside.  
Strong, positive, determined.  
Caring, kind and true.  
You might not want a hug,  
You say you can be hard,  
But you are such a deep and trusting friend.  
Our opinions might not agree,  
But that's totally fine with me,  
I feel safe when you are there,  
Your first thought is to always care.  
I hope your day is good,  
It will better of course in time.  
Happy birthday friend,  
You are simply one of a kind.

Matt Jarvis



# Protect The Nhs

Protect the NHS

By Matt Jarvis 29/03/2020

Protect the NHS,

Stay home, save lives

Protect the NHS,

There are husbands, families, wives

Protect the NHS

Save so many lives.

Protect the NHS

Fund it fully now

Protect the NHS

Never ever let it go.

Matt Jarvis

# Rollercoasters

Life is a rollercoaster.  
Peaks, troughs and level sections.  
Levels are the calmness  
Peaks can be too high.  
The speed of the fall too fast.  
You can only hope you are caught  
A safety net has been unfurled below  
And when you hit the bottom  
You will bounce -  
Bounce back up to shine again.  
Bounce and return to stability  
To thank all those who held you  
To thank all those who saved you.  
And I will.

Matt Jarvis

# One Day At A Time

One day at a time.

One small foot after one small foot

One small step after one small step.

No giant leaps.

No giant strides.

Hand in hand with all my friends.

Held close and tight.

Until once more I rise.

Matt Jarvis

# When Clouds Come Down

When the sun shines down it feels so warm,  
Hugging you like a parent would.  
When the clouds come down, it's feels so heavy.  
Oppressive as if the hug has become a squeeze.  
Not a squeeze, a choking strangle.  
Darkness envelopes your being.  
You see friends still smiling as you start to drown.  
As the clouds throw down water, heavy, painful water.  
Your whole being soaked with heaviness.  
When the clouds come down they push you down.  
But when the clouds come down, the sun can never be far away.  
A thunderstorm may freshen your skies.  
The sun will shine once more.  
So when the clouds come down don't despair.  
Light is very close to lift and raise you up once more.  
When the clouds come down it is temporary.  
So hang on in there friends.  
Hang on in there and that sun will come.  
You will be lifted free of oppression. Lifted to the light where only a smile and  
freedom awaits.  
When the clouds come down they will disperse.  
You will shine again and break the clouds once more.

Matt Jarvis

# Beds

Beds are a place of warmth and comfort  
Beds are a place to rest, to reinvigorate ones soul,  
Beds are for sharing, for tender moments,  
Maybe sex or hugs.  
To hold that loved person is uplifting,  
To feel the life that you love so close to your soul.  
A heartbeat that responds to your touch,  
A squeeze that lets you know you are loved back  
A kiss that makes you smile  
A touch that warms your mind  
A bed does not move yet it moves emotion  
It moves our hearts and embraces our dreams  
It protects our nightmares and never lets you down  
It feels safe and stable  
A bed maybe nothing  
But it truly is everything  
A place full of memories, dreams and love.

Matt Jarvis

# The Left Hand Side

Mindless to the extreme  
Enabling bullying to happen  
To happen once and then again  
Remorse just never shown.  
Or apologies ever made  
Pro diversity they say  
Or is that lies they say?  
Lack of care for employees  
Instead of listening hard  
They turned away, with no care, no none  
And let it happen yet again  
No care, no action,  
The blind eye turned  
How could they be so cold, so cold?  
And let it happen once again?  
Maybe they feared being exposed  
Either that or they did not care  
Such lack of care is beyond contempt  
Vile and hateful, ignored not stopped  
Accepted not attacked  
Left to fester, left to grow  
Left to destroy, left to kill  
Ending life of those so hurt  
Your time must come, and so it will.

Matt Jarvis

# When The Bully Fails And The Bullied Prosper

They say that bullies never prosper.  
Sometimes that feels like a lie.  
Often a phrase for effect.  
We are diverse and do not tolerate bullying.  
Discrimination of any kind.  
Look and you will see this around you.  
Yet words can be powerful.  
Yet words can hide a fearful truth.  
As the bully remains, the bullied departs.  
Sometimes a job. Sometimes a home.  
Sometimes a life.  
How can the bullied prosper?  
Rebuild a trust that has been cynically dismantled?  
By being who you are.  
By being what you are.  
Keep believing in your moral code.  
Keep faith in your humanity.  
Be who you were born to be.  
Be not who your tormentor might want you to be.  
For when you stick to you, to being you...  
When you bounce back,  
When you prove YOU right,  
That is when the bully fails and and the bullied prosper.

Matt Jarvis

# We Are But Small

We are but small.

By Matt Jarvis

Sunday 25th March 2018.

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The sea rolls in, sometimes soft, sometime thunderous,  
It glints in the sky, more powerful than you or me.  
The land slopes down to meet its foe,  
It looks soft from far away,  
Disguising a ruggedness that the sea did cause.  
On high people walk, it looks like the edge of the World,  
The sea ready to catch those that fall into its arms.  
The sea, the land, the Earth, the sky.  
Beauty, danger, light and dark.  
We roam over it all but must not forget,  
We are but small.

Matt Jarvis



# The Old Man In A Coat

The Old Man In a Coat.

You can stand in one place a thousand times,  
And look to the same point a thousand more.  
The view is familiar, a mountain or two,  
But it's never the same, there's always a change.  
Today it's an old man, filled full of snow,  
I can see all the walls and the paths that embrace,  
That Old Man of Coniston, proud as he stands,  
Bracing against the winds.  
Wearing the snow like an overcoat of white gold.  
It's view of sheer awe, of beauty and rugged crags,  
It's a sight of weather worn toughness,  
It's a view that is free!  
Never the same, ever changing, but always proud,  
Always providing beauty to an ever changing eye.

Matt Jarvis

# A Walk Is Different Every Day

Walks we love become familiar,  
Walks we do every day  
Some people ask, 'don't you get bored? '  
I always reply, 'No way! '  
The terrain will change from day to day,  
One day hard with frost,  
next, like slush or quicksand underfoot.  
The light is never the same. Long shadows, short shadows,  
Bright then dark.  
If it is dark then light is nearby,  
The light emerges once again.  
The trees meet in the middle forming a tunnel,  
The light spirals through the gaps making shapes to admire.  
The dog runs and slips, jumps and barks,  
He runs back for treats, then goes again.  
Trains rattle past, on mainline and branch,  
The light reflects from their windows,  
Do those onboard see the beauty that I do around me?  
Yes I've walked this way before,  
And will again, more and more.  
The old Canal is full with life,  
No boats remain but nature thrives!  
So although a walk may seem the same,  
It never is, it always changes.  
No walk is ever the same,  
Look out for new things, time and again.

Matt Jarvis

# When I First Met You

When I first met you and Bridget,  
We seemed to connect,  
We bought drinks for each other,  
Our friendship was set.  
Panto was next, a small part I would take,  
But Bill told me 'no' you will be great! !  
So we became friends,  
Drank beer and shared Ashes,  
Said no to the beer, but got stopped at the door.  
By ten we were drinking, by noon we were thinking,  
Are we going to get drunk once more?  
We shared one dream,  
And now it would seem,  
When we meet again,  
It won't be a dream.  
So thank you for being a part of my life.  
Someone who enriched me, told me to fight!  
I love you Bill Baty, and I'll look after your wife.

Written by Matt Jarvis.

13/04/17

Matt Jarvis