

Poetry Of The Deed

Frank Turner

They're coming out of the walls, they're coming up through the streets,
They're quicksilver wracked by some invisible beat,
And right outside of your door, the very stones come alive.
They are the spring in the step, the distant look in the eyes.

Put your Baudelaire away,
And come outside and play.

Me and all my friends are poets of the deed.
We're exactly what this country needs.
We scratch until we're drunk, we drink until we bleed.
We are what we believe.

Pentameter in attack, iambic pulse in the veins,
Free verse powered of the street light mains,
An Iliad played out without a shadow of doubt
Between the end of the club and the sun coming out.

Leave Kerouac at his desk;
We have romance in our risks.

Me and all my friends are poets of the deed.
We're exactly what this country needs.
We scratch until we're drunk, we drink until we bleed.
And here's what we believe:

Before we get bored, let's be inspired,
Let's ignore the applause and set the theatre on fire,
Fight every war like the drunks in the choir,
Put our art where our mouths are: poetry of the deed.

Enough with words and with technical theses
Let's grab life by the throat and then live it to pieces.
We can choose, we can change and if we don't,
We're just afraid of living life like we're loved
And in love and alive to all the things we could be
If we just believed that life,

Life is too short to live without poetry,
If you've got soul, darling, now come on and show it to me.
Life is too long to just sing the one song,
So we'll burn like a beacon and then we'll be gone