Poems from A.A. Foster

“Always Available”

Suggestion correction, progress not perfection,

Mentality affliction, powerless in addiction.

The drink and the pill will eventually kill,

Creating a void; a life of nil.

But in accordance with your deity will,

Each day one lives a serenity thrill.

Manifest the sacred decree,

Trust yourself in the power of “we.”

Find yourself on bended knee,

Forgive yourself, look in, don’t flee.

Tables and circles, individually spiritual,

I am sober today, an alcoholic miracle.

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“Untitled”

Correlation of thoughts wild,

Jubilation when you smiled,

Satisfaction of a lost child,

Fornication never mild,

Revelations of mañanas filed.

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“Untitled”

With her in mind, my days begin

Fulfilling voids with righteous sin.

In toil and trouble serenities win,

Down love’s coiled runway once again;

The Intimacy of the one within.

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“J.ust L.ive”

I cannot explain it, or contain it,

All I can do is maintain it.

I cannot explain her.

The fervor within, I serve her and grin, feels so right it’s a sin.

When we are together, when I kiss her kiss her, nothing is off-center.

There are no 54-Bs, no sisterly plees, no J.J. decrees, nor any financial freeze.

The sun ebbs and flows quite a bit slower,

She glows,

And I watch and write prose.

Home’s not E.L.s, not H-towns or Novis, but

It’s embodied in her eyes.

Though it’s still hard for me to cry,

At that momentito, which should and will last ‘til the last breathe leaves me,

I am hers,

She understands me and

I cannot explain it.

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“Untitled”

The sun of my son,

My first need indeed

Holds fast the sanctity of my virtue.

El razon para mi vida pura,

My desire’s quell

Opens my soul of souls,

Allows it to be touched, stokes it gently and cultivates it to flourish.

My garden of heavenly harvest,

La criada de mis niños,

Fills, fulfills and refills my innocence, motivates its growth, then seals its desires.

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“Untitled”

Changing, working is not enough, nor trying,

Attempting, endeavoring each day.

With us it’s years of bliss I am buying

Forming my life, our life, this way.

Forgiving ancient sins and crying,

Formulating plans in our way,

In this life and the next, flying.

Together and apart we pray,

That soon y en punto we’re shying

Away from that which separates us today.

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“Untitled”

Forming facets of my atmosphere

Creating codes which I adhere

Existing as a faith sincere

Destroying those once feared

Renewing passions disappeared

Obeying amidst chaos revered

Reproduction of a heavenly tear

Creation of a sacred sphere

Ever-lasting sabor, so dear,

Reason for my past half year.

“FURY”

There is a roar that begins

as street clothes are taken off.

It is barely heard

as the singlet is placed over the body.

A purr is evident

as warm-ups probe the skin.

The walk to the gym

is additional fuel on the roar’s flame.

Mat aroma

is another sensual rush that inflates the wrath from within.

Stretching out

amplifies the din that is building inside.

As other matches take place,

the rumble flourishes and thrives.

The intensity overtakes the facial expression

 and creates a stoic visage.

The strut to the scorer’s table

makes the yearning unbearable.

His final circle around the mat

keeps the wild rage under control.

Finally, the whistle blow unleashes the roar

and the wrestler **EXPLODES!**

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“Life Ingredient”

What creates life,

Is it sperm and egg,

delay on stress and strife,

I say nay, another it is,

more than one it is, its him I miss,

me husband, him wife.

“Something Ain't Something”

In Absolut D dreams,

In burnt mail box schemes,

Through sweat and tears it seems,

True brotherhood beams.

In weakest cashe days,

In an alcoholic haze,

through a 54-B maze,

True brothers give praise.

In any kind of weather,

From an H-town endevour,

Through betrayals that sever,

Something ain't something and

Boys are forever.

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“Untitled”

In the deepest truths

where children play

are tinkertoy demons

and sacraments of clay.

Through infidel sins

freedom's garden grows;

in Death's braided hair

true brotherhood shows.

Under boardwalk podiums

and thickest smoke outs;

lurk memories and fantasies

and compañero shouts.

When mole hills flourish,

rampant water drives,

the sun burns hotter,

and Uncles hit wives.