

DAVID ARCHIBALD FOSTER

He had written at least five books of poetry,
Two academic treatises
 One on Yeats
 One on Beckett
Three novels
Easily a half dozen plays – mostly short ...
But more,
 of Such Grander Import,
 he liked to say,
He was an historian
 A recognized expert in his field
 An accomplished and gifted speaker
 Who could spin a yarn with the best of them
 Without sacrificing
 A single iota of the rich
 Intellectual detail
 He had mined in the myriad of library stacks
 Among which he had lived his entire life.

Melvil Dewey had marked the ages and phases of his days.
Abigail - his only child – was born in 935.8
Sadly, he divorced in 967.2
Reborn, a New World, energized almost beyond control
Throughout the 970s and 80s ...
Ah, Master Dewey,
 he liked to say,
an apt and able counterpoint, compatriot,
architect and, yes, builder, even
 an “Edifice of Learning”,
 he liked to say,
 such codification
 such classification
 such supreme, yet sublime organization,
 in these quiet, cozy, sometimes dark, never dank
 recesses of wit and wisdom
 down below,
above ... beyond
 the busy streets on which the present day
 the current affair
 he liked to say
 paraded its banality
 its triviality
 its ... its ... AH! Humbug! ...
 for all to see.

Foster was his name ...

David Archibald Foster,

As in Foster Child

To Foster a Thought

Foster Grant sunglasses

Or Foster's "True Australian" Ale

Although he wasn't a drinker,

Never been to Australia - no time to travel,

Didn't wear sunglasses - Unneeded affections of the soul

he liked to say

Had no children – of any stripe – save for his dear, sweet 935.8

and made a point, when opportunity offered,

To eschew any notion

Of being seminal

In anyone's thinking or thought process,

Disdainfully dubbing their cranial receptacles

"cerebral veggie juicers" ...

slicing, dicing, grinding away,

only to produce a slurry of yuck-colored muck ...

Oh, good God, no, thank you very much,

This David Archibald Foster liked to say.

Archibald was his maternal grandfather's first name.

A Scotsman.

An immigrant to these shores.

Not in need, like so many others,

Or not so obviously so

Not on the surface, anyway.

And David – ah, yes, David.

Of David and Goliath fame.

His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Foster,

as he liked to say,

had named him thusly

in line with their own visions

of a grandeur they themselves never possessed

but which they always professed

to be their destiny

their descendency

and their due.

Thus "David" ...

Not simply because it began with a "D"
Although Mr. and Mrs. Foster,
were addicted to rhyme and repetition,
the letter "D" a particularly pet palliative
his progenitors applied to their progeny,
he liked to say,
to while away the hours,
while waiting on death
to overtake them
on their journey
between hither and yon,
Hartford and Hoboken,
Between the current affair and beyond.

Onward then,

Through life's arterial rush of blood and balderdash
Did this David Archibald Foster
Wend his way
Never knowing when to stop
Onward, onward
Never knowing when to drop
To his knees
To say "thank you"
Or "please"
Onward, onward
Between the current affair and beyond ...

Onward ...

Onward ...