

Poetry Section of Website:

“You’ve Got Mail: www.frmthe♥.poetry.com (I Love You) is a heartfelt collection that touches on a variety of emotions including love, heartache, and faith. The author’s fluid writing style coupled with an enigmatic free flow of metaphors and lyrical prose help to establish a unique tone within his work. By sprinkling his collection with quotes from other inspirational authors, Mr. Foley adds insightful meaning to his work.

The author addresses an ethereal, out of body experience in “There You Stood.”

“A memorable fate found my soul drifting
Above my body one night
As the antiseptic drip of demon fluids
Cleansed my body in mid-sentence
Of cancerous cells...”

This poem can be found on page 14 of “You’ve Got Mail: www.frmthe♥.poetry.com

In “Tell Me It’s So” the author recalls a lost love. Here he reflects on his loneliness and the sense of security that nature brings him.

“Alone now, I walk and I talk to the sky, the birds, and the trees...
It’s easier this way... I know they listen... I talk to you too...”

This poem can found on page 23 of “You’ve Got Mail: www.frmthe♥.poetry.com

The poems found on Foley’s Audio CD, available through this website, includes “These Thirteen Roses,” a prolific poem of sincere reverence, from whose poetic voice and flow Mr. Foley has received many touching personal notes and letters, and nation-wide reviews and acclaim. This specific poem is about marriage and love, and has been read at numerous wedding ceremonies from Alaska to Maine. In the CD you will hear the author’s voice blended into the piano music of a Sunday school song “Jesus Loves Me.”

This poem can be found on page 41 of “You’ve Got Mail: www.frmthe♥.poetry.com

In the poem “If I Should Leave You,” Foley writes about how passions coaxed into bloom from memories past deserted him intending to return. And he asks: “Oh mother, daughter, wife, friends and lovers; broken clues from afar, from heaven’s gate talking loudly – touch me, and remind me who I am!”

This poem can be found on page 65 of “You’ve Got Mail: www.frmthe♥.poetry.com

In another poem “Ecclesiastes (The Church on the Hill in Saco, Maine),” Foley retells a story from his personal experience that defines denial, even when this most devastating denial is a slow dance where he engulfs himself in the chaos of a lost love. But rather than put her picture to his head, and pull the trigger, he writes about humanity’s amnesia.

“Tell me about your innocence,” he asks, “tell me how you kiss...the evening uncollected...a penny down...lying homeless on the street.”

“The downpour of Sunday rain turns into words unspoken...
No one knows what they mean, and everyone just ignores them...”

This poem can be found on page 16 of “You Got Mail: www.frmthe♥.poetry.com

A Librarian in Northern Maine wrote the following: “Actually, I feel rather like weeping. I finished your manuscript (or it finished me). I read the poem “You and Me” over and over again. This poem called out to me. Then I reached “Passion,” and I read it over and over and returned between “Passion,” and “You and Me.” I have no pretty words of editorial comment. Just please spend some time with me. The sensuality and perfectness of those words is beyond comparison. Copyright has no jurisdiction amidst my thoughts.

“Did we betray ourselves more readily
In a language forbidden, or a corruption
Of feelings and words misplaced?”

These poems can be found on pages 25 & 39 of “You’ve Got Mail: www.frmthe♥.poetry.com

Another reviewer told Mr. Foley that people easily grasp his poetic intentions. They stir feelings that are so easily burdened with a downcast heart. If I have gotten nothing more than this from you, I am truly blessed. You have done/been involved with bigger and better things – but you hold within your hands and heart the fiery kiln that makes the most beautiful poetry. My hat is off to you, Allen Francis Foley.

The last poem shown here, not in his book is titled: “Two Too.”