



AubPoem Newsletter

Will I run out of things to say?

Hi Friend

Hello again, it's me, Aubrey E. Drummond, your ever-loving writer. Alright let's strike 'ever-loving' and put 'hopelessly nagging.' And what am I nagging you about, you say. Why, my books of course, why do you think I write this newsletter every month? It's so you won't forget me (not that I'm forgettable), okay strike that too. Some, for sanity's sake, try their best to forget me. I, in all honesty say, "That's their lost."

So, what am I writing about today? I'm writing about, believe it or not, if I could ever run out of things to say. I guess you may have guessed from my writing style, that would probably be a cold day in h--, Hades. (I am able to mention Greek gods, can't I, without getting into trouble.)

Okay, but seriously folks, (as if that could ever happen), this is a constant thought that broaches my mind each time I start to write. Like this newsletter for instance. Staring at a blank piece of paper, okay an empty page on a word processor, and trying to figure out just what it is you want to write is very daunting.

Now try that when you are writing poetry. Especially, when you make demands of yourself to write at least two good poems a day. Some days it's an easy flow, I could write three, four, five or six poems and still feel unable

to cut off the flow in order to rest before dawn. Then there are other nights, when nothing wants to come, and you fight to hack something down on the page, hoping maybe that when you read it again, it will make sense to you. And if it doesn't, knowing you have the ability to fix it. Because, after all, you're supposed to be a writer. Sometimes that works, sometimes not as well as I like. Which brings me to a topic I may approach next month.

I have completed the **James Baldwin** book **Jimmy's Blues and other poems**. I am not going to recommend this book, only because I (referring to me, and probably only me) have a hard time trying to get into his style of poetry. You may, on the other hand, enjoy it.

Let me know who you like reading and why, drop me a line. Oh, and before I forget, I'm going to actually include my email address at the bottom of this newsletter. (That may answer the question of why no one's been replying to my inquiries.)

As you may know from last month, I mention that I'm working on my fifth book of poetry called 'Hello Stranger'. Hopefully it will be ready for publication this month. Here is a sneak peek at the cover. And I do mean sneak peek, because nobody knows, not even Amazon, that I'm showing this. (He, he, this will be our little secret.)

Last month I also told you about my [Inside the Circle of the Sun](#) series. If you haven't noticed, I've gathered my previous books together into a series, available on Amazon. [Here's the link.](#)

If you weren't one of the thousands of people who took advantage of my promotional deals last month, I'm sorry to say I don't have any Free Book promos planned for this month.

I have also raised the price of my book 'Eating 'round the Toilet Stool' from 99 cents back to its regular price of \$2.99. (Sorry to say, you missed out there too.)

Just as a reminder, I'm still giving away a free book to those who joined my newsletter. If you haven't received 'Nothing', please use the link below. (See, one you can take advantage of.)

That's it folks, and as always,

Thank you

AUB



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