



Bells were rung (but not for me)

Hi Friend

Just a note on what I've been up to. I had the opportunity to rent an RV and drive up to Delaware from my home state of Florida with my son to visit my stepdaughter and her husband on their lovely 5-acre property. I also rented a car while there and drove to my old stomping grounds of Bud Lake/Stanhope, New Jersey, for my step-grandson's wedding.

Beautiful wedding; my only wish was that Kathy was there to join me, and in a way she was. At the reception there was a picture frame of her on the back table where she could watch the whole perception.

You may have noticed that my new book, Underwear Hat, is out and soon to be available everywhere. In addition to preparing and distributing the book through Draft2Digital, I also had to go through the process of doing the same thing for Amazon and Google Play Books. So yes, my books will be reaching a much wider audience. (Yea!) I'm still unsure how the promotion part of it will work. Oh well, one more thing to figure out.

Meanwhile, I have another book to put out (my never-ending process.)
I keep telling myself that one day I will run out of words. But I'm
starting to think that will never happen. Kathy would be so proud.
(Sorry, inside joke.)

Here are more poems for you to preview from my book, *Memories in Black*, which I am currently working on.

Good Girl Knows

Good girl knows
Of the boy who
Stood too close
And made her giggle
When he touched

She yelled nervously
When the touch
Grew too much

Then disappointed
When the boy
Answered her
Un-touch plea

Good girl, or good boy, I think we may all have had some experience
with this.

Homesick

Full it was
With the sound of many voices
Stories told; moments shared
Laughter and tears were shed

Furniture, clothes, and
Lots of pictures
Lives lived

Lives lost
Love and
Pain

It sits now
An empty tome
Silent voices filled
Whispers from the past
Bare its halls
Bare its walls
Closets filled
With webs

Yet it lies
Still undead
Memories filled
With life

Homesick is about revisiting a house where you have lived, perhaps grew up in, that has gone long abandoned, yet regains or retains life with your presence.

Drop me a note about how you feel about these poems at adrummond@aubpoem.com. Thank you.

Free Stuff Department:

Wind Swimming is a Goodreads book giveaway until July 28th, 2026

How Hot It Be in Hell will be available for free on Amazon from July 10th to July 14th, 2026. Don't forget to pick up your copy.

Just the Usual Department:

Thanks to you who picked up their free copy of How Hot It Be in Hell. If you haven't already, please leave a review on Amazon. It would help

me out tremendously. Here is a link to make it easier for you to do so.

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Just a reminder: if you have friends who enjoy my work, please direct them to my website so that they may subscribe to this newsletter and also receive in the process 'Nothing' as a free book. 😊

That's all, folks, and as always,

Thank you

AUB

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