

"Careers that are not fed die as readily
as any living organism given no sustenance." ~ CHJ

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From the Desks of
Carolyn Howard-Johnson
and Sharing with Writers Subscribers

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collection of news,
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## Contents: Fr ^ e-copy of She Wore Emerald Then for Mother's Day

There are times when writing can help us heal and I asked my poetry coauthor Magdalena Ball if I could share the essay she wrote to promote our Mother's Day chapbook with my SharingwithWriters subscribers (scroll down). I know writing this pretty little poetry booklet helped me heal from my mother's death.

We hope you'll drop by and "buy" this *She Wore Emerald Then* (<http://bit.ly/MothersDayChapbook>) during its fr ^ offer. Today (May 8) and tomorrow are the last days of the pr^motion.

But because this blog is always meant to be practical, I hope you'll read it as a perfect example of how to market with heart. Of course, we would

both be grateful if you'd pass it along to others who might appreciate a little fr<sup>^</sup>-bie. Feel free, too, to reprint any of the poems in it (with credit for the chapbook and poets, please!).

So this g<sup>^</sup>ft comes to good mothers everywhere--mothers who encourage us to write (or do anything else we want to do). Mothers who unknowingly inspire us to write. Everyone has a mom or knows a great mom.



## BITTERSWEET MOTHER'S DAY AND POETRY

by Magdalena Ball

This Mother's Day will be bittersweet for me. Sweet, because I have three wonderful children and a terrific husband who will be celebrating the day with me. Bitter, because it's the first Mother's Day ever where I am unable to phone my mother, send her a gift, or thank her for being wonderful. I will, of course, spend the day, as I have done every day since she passed away on the 30th of January this year, thinking about her, missing her, and perhaps writing about her.

At my mother's memorial, I grabbed a copy of the poetry book Carolyn Howard-Johnson and I co-authored from her bookshelf, and read a poem from it about how I used to climb into her bed as a young child, and how safe it felt to me (my own children did the same when they were younger...). I've reprinted that poem below. Of course, I'm not the only one in the world who has lost my mother. *[She Wore Emerald Then](#)* was released the week of the death of Carolyn's mother, so the book, which has always been tied to Mother's Day, has a certain poignancy for both of us. Carolyn and I are going to be running another freebie this year from the 4th of May to the 7th of May at Amazon. If you don't already have a copy of *She Wore Emerald Then*, which features beautiful photography from [May Lattanzio, please go and grab a copy for fr<sup>^</sup>](#) today while it's still going.

If you're a mother, or if you have a mother (and that's all of us, even those of us whose mother is no longer alive), please have a happy Mother's Day, even if that happiness is tinged with longing, because every beautiful moment has a kind of permanence to it, even as it disappears into the transience of time.

### **Mother's Bed**

In the restless night

when mortality lurks in every shadow

the blanket won't cover your fear

and morning is a half-forgotten dream

vague and uncertain,

slink into my bed

the pillow holds a mother's secret

whispered charm

you can sink your head into.

There are no demons here;

no whirlwind of memory and anticipation clouding sleep

only eternal warmth

a shared space

free from the ticking illusion

of time, motion, and change.

~© Magdalena Ball, novelist and coauthor of the celebration series of chapbooks with permission to reprint with accreditation

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### **Essential Book and Record Keeping:**

This is the place to share with others and learn from others.

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