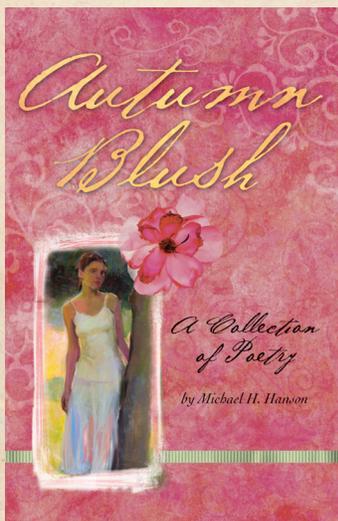


New Jersey Poet, Michael H. Hanson, Publishes Poetry Collection,



Autumn Blush

Louisville, CO, July 25, 2008—Michael H. Hanson's new collection of poetry, *Autumn Blush*, published by YaYe Books, will be officially released in August 2008. Mr. Hanson, best known for his online work as a short story genre writer, is a craftsman who gives depth and charm to such eternal mysteries as nature, romantic love, and tragic loss. In *Autumn Blush*, he offers a compelling invitation to join him in his explorations of life, love, and memory. Cozy up to *Autumn Blush* for a lyrical and enjoyable read.

Autumn Blush is available at: SteelMoonPublishing.us and Amazon.com

Autumn Blush is a "beautiful, touching collection of poetry,"

—Ellen Emery, *The Courier Observer*

"*Autumn Blush* has...some of the best poems I have ever read"

—Wilson G. Marsh, *Steel Moon Publishing*



Publication Date: August 1, 2008

Hardcover with Dust Jacket: 5½" x 8½"

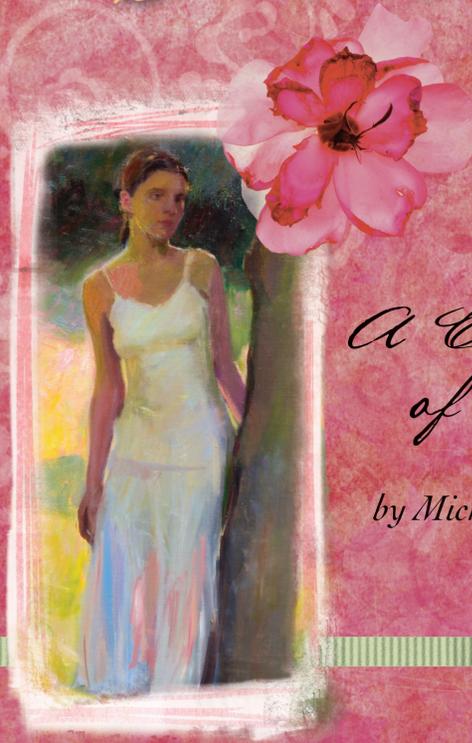
Page Count: 72 pages

Selling Price: \$14.99

ISBN: 978-0-9798652-4-4



Autumn Blush



*A Collection
of Poetry*

by Michael H. Hanson

Visions of blazing fall colors, brisk breezes, and toasty warm fireplaces. Dreams of Summer seashores, moonlit trysts, and secret rendezvous. Memories of family, childhood, and friendship. Evocations of the seasons, nature, life, and mortality. In Autumn Blush, poet Michael Hanson offers a compelling invitation to join him in his explorations of life, love, and memory. Cozy up to Autumn Blush for a lyrical and enjoyable read.



Biography

Michael H. Hanson is the fourth of five children, born in New York State's north country, a land so frigid and forbidding that at least once a year it is quoted on winter news broadcasts as "the coldest spot in the nation."

Following in the martial tradition of the Hanson men, he spent a short stint in the military, shaving every morning, sporting trendy high-water slacks, eating really awful food, and marching to a decidedly unpoetic tune.

Michael attended Syracuse University, where alongside his filmmaking activities, dating activities, sleeping activities, you get the idea...he found a few spare moments to study creative writing and poetry. He graduated with a degree in Film Production in 1989.

A move to the Garden State and a 12-year marriage followed. Sadly, his marriage ended a few years back and added to the weathered saddle bags of experience which fuel much of his work.

Michael's poetry has appeared in many magazines and literary e-zines. He currently lives and works in Piscataway, NJ.



Reviews

"Got a package in the mail today. Those that know me understand that I seldom...okay never...do much in the way of reviews of books. So buckle your seatbelt for a turbulent ride.

Autumn Blush by Mike Hanson. The book is published by Ya Ye Books.

The problem I have with this book is this—I can not find a flaw with its production. The work is not only professional, it has a quality that makes my toes curl in envy. The dust jacket is flat beautiful, colors balanced, crisp and uncluttered. (When I evaluate a book, I evaluate EVERYTHING) The bar-code is even beautiful—a ribbon around it. I love it. Take the dust jacket off and it looks like leather. PETA and ASPCA relax, it's not. Gold foil script. Hard covers should all look this good.

What? What about the poems? You're suppose to read them too? Wow. Who would have thought?

Okay, they are some of the best I have ever read. "Cannoneer" is my favorite, but "Mountain Sea" runs a close second for sentimental reasons. How much do I like this book? Well, lets see. I have about 2000 books I like. I have two books of poetry I like. *Autumn Blush* is one of them."

—Wilson G. Marsh, *Steel Moon Publishing*



"What a joy it was this week amidst snow and ice storms to receive this beautiful book and read Michael's extraordinary use of words. Reading Michael's book on a snowy, North Country day was an escape into a world of emotions over loss and grief and joy for life—with thoughts not only of his mother, but of canine friends and playful kittens!

This poetry anthology and its wonderful descriptive phrases brought me a great sense of joy.

Autumn Blush is the first book to be produced by YaYe Books. How marvelous—not only to enjoy this remarkable book of poems, the first to be written by poet Michael Hanson, but to have a book in hand that is the first produced by a company! A fine bonus indeed!"

—Ellen Emery, "Over Coffee With Ellen"
The Courier Observer



Excerpt

Autumn Woman

She floats beside a chastened tree
astir upon the cusp of night
to bathe in summer's fading breeze
and dress 'neath sweetened amber light.

She walks upon this twilight land
where rising sun meets falling star
a timeless tryst older than man
a naked dance of ancient charms.

Until she spies the boundary
of cold denial held at bay
and roughly shorn of golden sleep
she wakes to bear another day.

And bravely unrepentant screams
demand the truths of all her dreams.



Excerpt

Mountain Sea

Amidst your heights of frosted air
among majestic rocky peaks
and oceanside my leafy lair
a garden lush verdant valley.

So far apart our simple homes
dividing us by space and time
yet still we know we're not alone
and that we hear each other's cries.

Two distant songs of faded strain
two dreams caressing in the night
a couplet edited in twain
a haunting geographic plight.

Joined, but separate, you and me
upon your mountain in my sea.



Excerpt

You Know You

To journey the length of your infinite soul.
To scale the peaks of your fey beauty.
To swim the oceans of your haunting eyes.
To breathe the fragrance of your shy smile.
To feel the touch of your soft hands.
To taste the nectar of your sweet lips.
And finally,
To reach The End,
That is all of you.
And collapse,
Enraptured.
Bound within your gentle gaze.
Once and forever,
Revealed.
Freed,
At last,
To know you.



Excerpt

All Hallow's Eve

Three nights beyond the Autumn boon
amid the leaf forsaken trees
a rising moon will bleed the rune
and harbinger All Hallow's Eve.

Oh mothers hold your children close
and fathers fall upon your knees
to pray that hosts of monster ghosts
will pass you by All Hallow's Eve.

Then keep the hearth a blazing pyre
for witches fly at night you see
and chimney fires appear too dire
for entry on All Hallow's Eve.

Prepare the scarecrow oh so vile
and jack-o-lantern jubilee
then light the smile that scares awhile
your sentinals All Hallow's Eve.

And finally the offering
of caramel and honeyed sweets
the bribe for things that nighttime brings
placating ghouls All Hallow's Eve.

At last the very night is still
and all are home and safe asleep
bright candles fill each windowsill
protecting you All Hallow's Eve.



Excerpt

Autumn

Autumn breathes a magic sigh
exhaling golden amber leaves
and freshly bubbling apple pies
and maple farmers tapping trees.

Sweet cider strengthens every arm
as raking armies take the field
reclaiming conquered grassy yards
while Autumn mothers spice their meals.

Autumn evenings come to life
with pumpkin cookies soft and warm
while all the naughty children hide
refusing meals of squash and corn.

The fireplace is finally lit
by Autumn fathers coughing loud
and smores are toasted while they sit
on woolen blankets spread around.

And at the end of Autumn days
October moons with orange grins
enchant us with their tender gaze
until we fall asleep again.



Excerpt

Provincetown

In Provincetown I floated on
the tender breath of ocean breeze
down narrow streets of shops anon
all perfumed by the open Sea.

A joyous roof of blue and white
a ragtag fleet of gaudy sails
a postcard etched in golden light
the breach and spray of humpbacked whales.

The laughter of a Summer day
piled ice cream cones and paper fans
tough weathered fishermen at bay
the musky smell of catch at hand.

Kaleidoscopic majesty
symphonic raucous harbored glee.



Excerpt

Winter Years

The ending of a long embrace
as pale white arms retreat from sight
and expectation fills a space
from whence this siren spent the night.

Her gossamer and flowing gown
long strewn for months across the land
is yanked from off the startled ground
and slipp'd o'er two supple hands.

Then fleeing North to her abode
across the dampened virgin ponds
so newly birthed of mountain snow
reflecting all the fires of dawn.

That all her crystal paramours
and courtiers of chiller days
now spill their lives upon the floor
a flood of saddened April pain.

Frail icicles shrug off the perch
and leap to join their fallen peers
as fields of sleepers feel the lurch
and wake to drink these Winter tears.

