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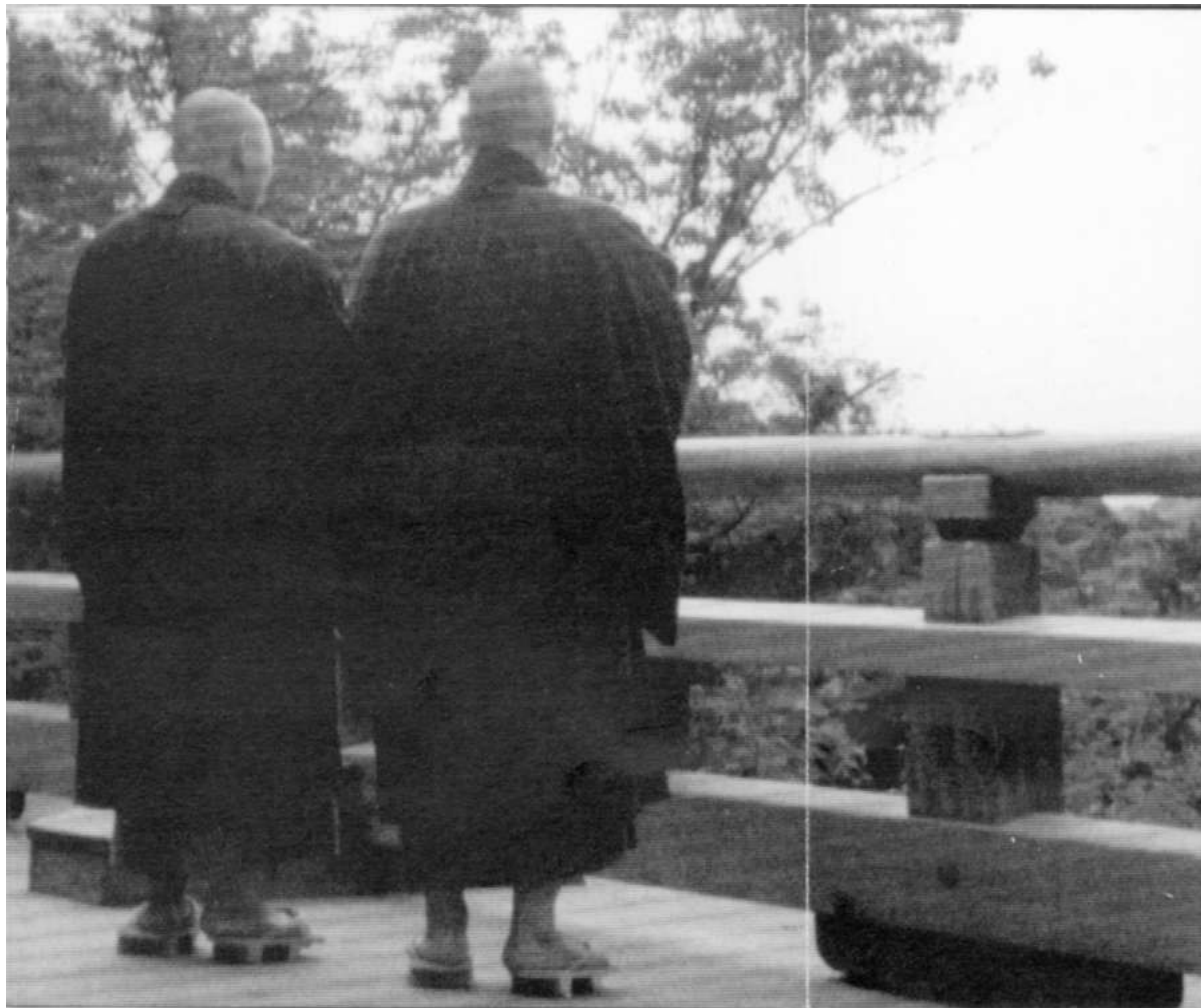


A n

A u t u m n

W i n d

a film by iara lee



Since the meaning  
of Japanese gardens  
and temples is not  
clear to anyone,



it should be enough  
to admire its  
simplicity and  
grandeur



the old pond—  
a frog leaps in,  
and a splash.

the road here—  
no traveler comes along  
this autumn evening.

this autumn  
why am i aging so?  
flying towards  
the cloud a bird.

another year is gone—  
a travel hat on my head,  
straw sandals on my feet.

the autumn wind  
through the opening of a  
sliding door—a piercing voice

autumn deepens—  
the man next door, what  
does he do for a living?

there was a night, too  
when a robber visited my home—  
the year end.



quietness—  
on the wall, where  
a picture hangs,  
a cricket.

quietness—  
sinking into the rocks,  
a cicada's cry.

i fell a tree  
and gaze at the cut end—  
the moon of tonight.

the sound of hail—  
i am the same as before  
like the aging oak.

loneliness—  
hanging from a nail,  
a cricket.

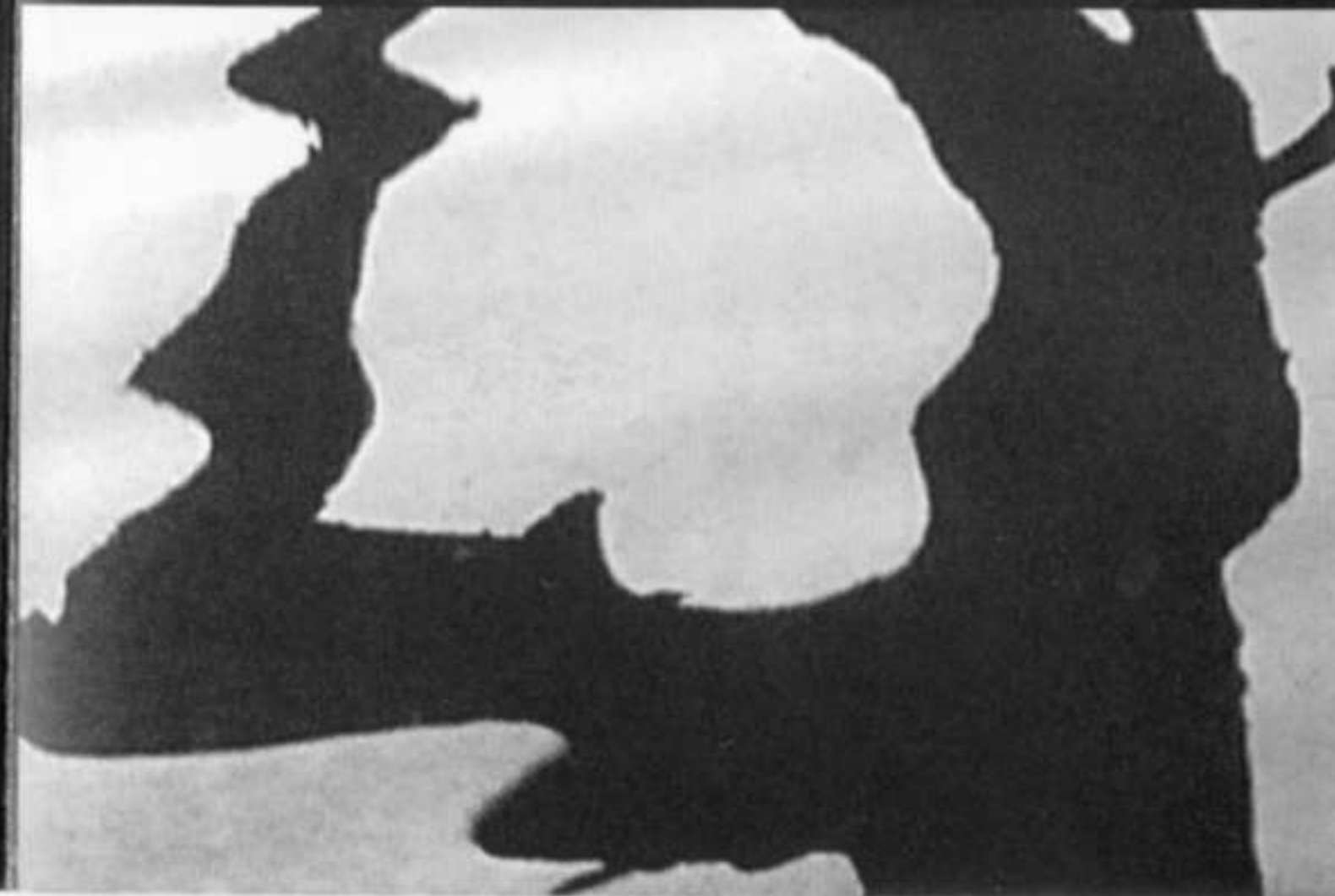
loneliness—  
sinking into the rocks,  
a cicada's cry.

from 'matsuo basho' by makoto ueda  
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秋風

at 4:00 am the two  
middleaged men  
sleeping together  
hold hands

two blocks from his hotel  
in a taxi the fat lama  
punched out his mugger



get used to your body,  
forget you were born,  
suddenly you got  
to get out!

a dandelion seed floats  
above the marsh grass  
with the mosquitos

caught shoplifting ran  
out the department store at  
sunrise and woke up

put on my tie in a taxi,  
short of breath,  
rushing to meditate

four skin heads stand  
in the streetlight rain  
chatting under an umbrella

the gray-haired man  
in business suit and  
black turtleneck  
thinks he's still young

mad at oryoki in the  
shrine-room—thistles  
blossomed late afternoon

stood on the porch in  
underwear shorts watching  
auto lights in warm rain

the young man who dreamt  
i "dick'd his ass" asked me  
to take him to supper

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directed by iara lee  
produced by george gund ""  
haiku poems by  
matsuo basho & allen ginsberg  
cinematography by  
jan baracz & yasushi handa  
editing & sound by sabine krayenbuehl  
shakuhachi music by ralph samuelson  
calligraphy by harumi kaieda  
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