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## At Long Last the Rain

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Timothy Gordon  
**At Long Last the Rain**

At long last the rain over T'ai-chung City.  
Would the grey greyness never end?  
Would what white fog does to us at dusk  
When we come home from tasking the fields,  
Alleys and arcane lanes of Pachinko parlors and sweetshops,  
Filled with the smoky iron of lotus and coarse oolong tea,  
    Summoned afar to suburbs like spirits from abroad,  
    Wrapped in iceblue slickers, moist with the first wet  
    winter frost,  
Unlocking our blue doors, enflesh us men and women,  
Clearing the City of selling, buying, and bought?