

## Allergic Rhinitis

*Denver Ejem Torres*

During low tide  
a river surfaces out  
behind my nose. Since  
the condition is not chronic,  
this river's memory of its pathway  
is poor and so it flows  
in the manner of a misguided water.  
This is one of the territories of the self,  
a part of me that no one can take away.  
Mind you, not even the most skillful  
of thieves. Unless, he brings me  
a new planet. One that is dust-free.  
But if there is insistence,  
this one water territory  
I am only more than willing  
to turn over to China,  
any minute.