

Tom Holmes

The Treasure Gaze as Explained by Abraham Cresques Using His Catalan Atlas for Bryana Fern

The tourist steadies this map to study
its nodes. He tries to trace the spray of lines
as paths. He views the world from upside down
and clockwise round. He'll swoon in dizziness.
But you, who have caressed a foreign lace
and washed in porcelain tubs with perfumed soaps,
move patiently with stares from flag to flag.
You search for gold and turquoise I inlaid.
At times, I sense you're feigned disinterest,
your plottings to appropriate this map
without acknowledging what I have drawn,
like god recording treasures from the sky.
Like god, I know your thrills. They're not for you –
Cease your gaze. Read the map's legend for me.

I Was at the Donald Trump Rally, But

My ears fell off, and every sound I ever heard
poured out the sides of my head.

I picked up my ears and reinserted them.
I heard for the first time the Secret Service

strangle and beat a *Time* reporter,
I heard the KKK tighten their old nooses,

I heard ISIS lock and load,
I heard Muslim-Americans unroll pray rugs behind locked doors,

I heard the newest of Americans clutch rosaries behind boarded windows,
I heard bankers and day-traders speculate on prison investments,

I heard the glass ceiling being lifted higher than a border wall,
I heard Area 51 aliens launch their ships for space,

I heard no First Americans or any mention of First Americans
amid thousands of white-turning-Trumpian-orange Americans

donning their “Make America Great Again” hats.
I heard no invitations or even a “Welcome to America.”

Tom Holmes is the founding editor of *Redactions: Poetry & Poetics*, and author of seven collections of poetry, most recently *The Cave*, which won The Bitter Oleander Press Library of Poetry Book Award for 2013. His writings about wine, poetry book reviews, and poetry can be found at his blog, *The Line Break*: <http://thelinebreak.wordpress.com/>.