

**JANET HOLMES**  
**Partly hidden poem**

The desert borders a sea blue as a hypertext link  
yellow-flowered flat-leaved nopal climb the small hills

the cholla balances its bloom at the tip of a thorned branch  
like a circus seal's red ball acting all dangerous

colors she mistook in the past for simple, here  
so sharp / she thinks Maybe I don't need glasses

She hears him rise and go to the kitchen  
slap of the screen door / a dog barking a ways off

*Perro semihundido* ascends  
where the path has abruptly become steep

The grasses bloomed and dry now in the fields  
olives and figs form in the trees still ripening

Of Goya's Black Paintings it is the gold one  
taken from his house, the door of his attic workroom

She hears birds chipping nonstop and people talking  
why is she here her senses redlining

Rough stones cemented together make a wall, a street  
He is wakened by the calls of turtledoves

She is wakened by the cries of peacocks  
He is wakened by church bells on the hour

No *pulpo* in the restaurants because of the truckers' strike  
No gasoline in the village pumps

She is wakened by the sound of a mosquito  
They climb to town for: internet connections, news, orange juice

The dog looks a little like Migi from across the way  
who hops as he runs

The SPF 70 makes her look sweaty  
Freckles from childhood reappear on her arms

She sees his hand tremble pouring coffee  
the movement intensely his / it endears him to her

A scrim of heat-haze softens the cityscape  
A discussion of cats called the rumpies (no tails)

and the stumpies (just stumps) on the Isle of Man  
The strike made the price of groceries rise 18%

with some items 200% over normal or unavailable  
He is wakened by a motorcycle

She notices she is noticing her affection for him  
*Enow*, enough: unexpected welling-up

The shopkeeper chases after her to present some sandalwood incense  
It isn't paradise because she can't get online, damn it

The whinny of horses / again, she didn't hear church bells  
all afternoon when before they were so disruptive

Really, she is meant to leave the house at 4 p.m.  
in a winter sunset among the white pines

and snow pocked by wild hooves the previous night  
check: hat check: sunglasses check: SPF 70 OK let's go

They watch a show called *Toros Para Todos*  
They study the aggressively scarlet bodies of English tourists

white crescents of breast-flesh in their cleavages  
someone telling the story of the six-fingered man

She is wakened by dogs whose barks rise into howling  
She is wakened by a vivid dream

The strikers suspend their strike to pursue negotiations  
petals from bougainvillea eddy in the street

They climb to town for: chocolate, brandy, soap  
A fox hunts nearby in the early morning

One thinks: *ritual drumming*; the other: *disco*  
They had already wakened when they heard it

The sheep rises and makes his way to the trough  
Yes, they had wakened. They were awake.