

## JENNIFER GROTZ

# Go Along

—return to Cassis

That far-off glittering that leaps right off the sea  
and into the sky is the gulls, at dusk, fishing.  
And that happy excess of landing back  
in another language is the temporary doubling  
of the world that has two words for everything,

starting with the gulls, *les goélands*,  
it sounds like *go along*, which they do, just above  
the smeary waves, the sea a kind of frosting  
spreading itself flatter and flatter. Yes:  
something about how flat it is, and blue,  
except when it's gray and like a liquid steel,

the sea makes me want to go along,  
the lapping waves calm the mind though  
the sea is the quintessence of violence and force  
just distantly removed. Sometimes the waves  
look like sharks, sometimes they look like  
swords or spears or men on horseback  
or soldiers in a cacophony of war,  
which make the *goélands* conjure white  
handkerchiefs madly waving surrender,

how the sea teases out these meditations,  
illusions, though other times it returns  
each thing to what it was, the unorganized  
slosh or slap against the pier, the unsynchronized  
cries of the gulls, the day's overwhelming  
sense of loneliness, which I can only  
register not do anything about—

and the blue of it is endless  
so I'll love it endlessly,  
it is a treasure hoard of sardines  
gleaming like coins beneath the surface,  
*goélands* above, and I stare until I almost become one,  
I imagine the wind's invisible muscles whip beneath  
my belly, the air's damp ripples of velvet  
as I go along, as I walk with arms in one language,  
in another stretch wings wide.

Poet and translator **Jennifer Grotz** is the author of *Window Left Open* (2016), *The Needle* (2011), and *Cusp* (2003). The recipient of a Rona Jaffe Foundation Writers' Award, Grotz has also received fellowships from the National Endowment for the Arts and the Guggenheim Foundation. She teaches at the University of Rochester and is director of the Bread Loaf Writers' Conferences.

## PETER HILLER

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