## LISA HARTZ

Bazille and Monet Leave Paris by the Gare de L'Est, 1864 On the train, they watch the Seine weave its way toward Normandy. I follow their route,

fingertrace the map, see them at Rouen, standing mute before the Delacroix; its ruby.

Its cerulean. The color of their evening altered, they circle the cathedral twice before retiring.

At Honfleur, Monet leads Bazille up, up through the narrow cobbled streets he's known

since childhood. Past the complacent villas and out into the open air. Their eyes take in the dappled sea,

the rocks and trees. White sails caress the harbor. They love the sound of their boots shushing among the grasses. Fresh. Yes. Yes. They love the muscle and pull of the painting, the effort of it. The will of the body.

This country is paradise, Bazille writes his mother. Nowhere could you find more lush fields with more beautiful trees.

He wants to wrap them in his long arms, carry them home. This is pure feeling.

They rent two rooms above a bakery. Sugarscent between them as they sleep.

In the cool blue mornings, they rise through the spangled air, climb to that repose of rock. They paint

from five in the morning until eight in the evening. They don't speak; their union in the bloom of color

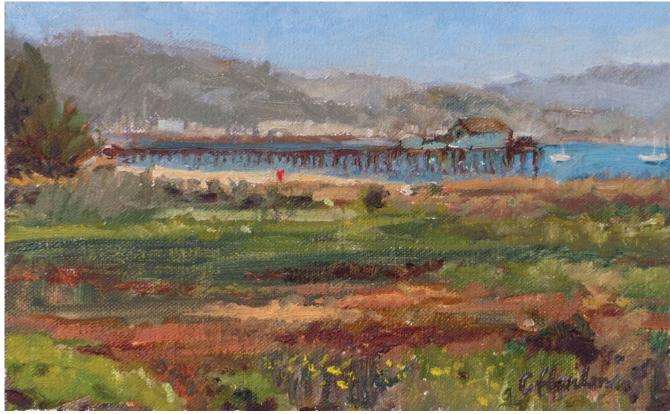
they press into their canvasses. Bazille has a smile that invites and turns you away. Monet is always short of money.

Too soon, Bazille's body, duty spent, will lie in a battlefield for three nights before his father can retrieve him.

Monet will live long enough to enchant, deplete, and bury Camille; remarry. Grow a white beard. Complain

## CHRISTINE HANLON

Pillar Point Pier. 2015 Oil on linen on panel, 5 1/2 x 8 7/8 in



COURTESY THE ARTIST. PHOTO CREDIT: ARCHI DAVENPORT

of rheumatism in the rain. Spot Giverny from a train. But just then, when it was easy to imagine their azure youth a permanence

like color-hunger, there was only the scudding of the fields, the apparition of the breeze, and their open eyes in these first days of seeing.

Blackbird, Redivider, Poet Lore and elsewhere. She lives in the Tidewater Region of Virginia with her husband and four sons.

**Lisa Beech Hartz** directs Seven Cities Writers Project, bringing writing workshops to underserved communities. She currently guides a work-

shop for women in a city jail. This poem is from

a manuscript selected by Mark Doty for the 2016 Robert Creeley Prize. Lisa's work has appeared or is forthcoming in The Massachusetts Review,

CATAMARAN CATAMARAN