Tanned,
his brown hair almost bleached by the sun,
he ran across the sand
and dove.
And then, like a giant tuna, caught yet still fighting,
he rose and dove again,
and then a third time
before he could feel the cold.
His ritual didn’t require that he swim,
but merely dive and believe
that she who was taken into heaven on this day
would cure.
The old Irish had always said so.
He had laughed.
But now, he needed a cure.
Only halfway to manhood
he needed this woman
to lead him to fullness
and so he submerged himself
in her blue green ocean
and cried to her reddened sun to cure.
The cold made his body freeze
and the salt stung his inner wounds
but it made sense to him,
the woman who could cure a man
in cold salty water.