

# Maria Assumpta in Caelis

*Vincent Wiseman, O.P.*

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 half way 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.