

# Mary's Assumption

On resurrection morning  
surely He appeared to you,  
His mother.

No *touch me not* pretenses  
and excuses about Father  
could keep your hands away—  
You would have to hold Him  
in your arms.

Flesh of your flesh and bone  
of your bone,  
you would be the first to run  
your fingers through the marks  
of crucifixion—  
and then caress His hair  
in that way that mothers do.

You'd think how resurrection  
(like growing up) had changed Him  
and then see all the ways  
that He was left unchanged.

Though victory was won  
and the serpent's head was crushed  
you'd weep, even then,  
with a mother's human tears.

Thinking of it all,  
you would find the words to say—  
*Son of Woman, second birth*  
*was so much harder than your first*

—Christopher Bissett

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This poem won third place in the 2023 BYU  
Studies Poetry Contest.