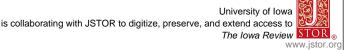
feathers, a limp body none of us was hungry for.

Because a little blood on the hands is good for a boy, a little extra meanness might save his life, we were shooting the doves. The hitch in their flight, the unpredictable swerving made it almost seem fair because we were terrified of the recoil, and the bruises kept deepening in the hollows of our right shoulders as we shot the doves, because we drove our father's cars, because we were our father's sons. The river was slate-grey, murmured and lapped into the willows that marked the state line that bordered the field where we were shooting the doves because a boy must murder something, because a boy must be implicated.

Homage to White Bread, Circa 1956

It was called *Bunny Bread* in Kentucky; from the cellophane, a cartoon rabbit aimed a smile at my sister and me.

This was before the cult of the body, before whole wheat, before fiber. This was bread as white as the bedsheets tugging at the line, as white as the soul ascending;



as insubstantial as the fields passing across the windows of cars, yet bread re-attaining, in the throat, the consistency of wet dough;

which we loved, my sister and I, a rare agreement, in fact, as we clawed through the rivalries, children of such bread.

This was the bread of television, of styrofoam, of prayer refined to the point of memory, such as, "Give us this day. . . ."

White bread, snowfall, fleece; this was bread to soften the blow when the time to remember came. Bread of persuasion. Bread like a filter through which only the innocents pass, bread of the hand that writes it so.