A few hours after the roosting an assortment of dry goods men, grocers, and sheriff's deputies loaded their sons' pellet rifles

and before morning the dead would be gathered.

And before a year had passed the pigeons were back, neither fewer, nor wiser; maybe even the same pigeons.

And everything below began to acquire the same patina, the same splatterings and leavings of love, spilling over the cornices and acanthus leaves, the awnings and facades; the same pigeons, the same grey-white frosting we killed them the first time for.

THE WOMAN ON THE ROAD FROM KAMARI

I could never walk like that, never tighten my scarf with such finality, or wear such a constant shawl of darkness. I could never tap my cane like a clock along the cobbles, or learn to separate the herbs of downfall from the everlasting ones. I can only say good morning and good evening in Greek. In between them, the gulls swing and lapse into the surf,

the sand backslides and rattles. I could never learn to distinguish between the true breast of the local goddess, and all the ordinary stones scattered over the mountain. And although the woman's eyes are lifted briefly from the same deep pool as my own, I could never summon the nerve to walk like that, body bent into the world's oldest question, carried up the mountain, death after death.

Initiation, 1965

Because a boy must murder something, because a boy must be implicated, we were shooting the doves with a pattern of shot as wide and heartless as the hand of God, because one of us would be sent to war in a country he couldn't find on the map, because one of us would stay alive by a series of academic maneuvers, because one of us would remember how the wind flapped through the blades of milo, how we baited the field, crouched in the dirt of the roadside.

You have to lead a dove, you have to aim for the next move he makes, which is a move into nothing, which is a shattering of iridescent