These Matters Must Be Spoken –
for Bonnie Hoag after the death of her partner, Geoffrey Ovington

Let me envision through my hands,
one warmed in clay, an horrific howl
like that from the canine coyote hunters
housed at the edge of your natural paradise
with its stony woods, streams and fields,
where animals and you, their humane protector,
live in fear of the demise of all earthly life.

Let these matters unspoken by a majority,
here and everywhere, then until now,
matters abstracted from details delivered,
let them be addressed and dealt with
by a persistent constancy.

Your personal grief enters the global arena,
as you, a woman aware and frightened,
seek recourse, now without your partner
who could soften a hateful world in an evening,
giving you respite before the onslaught
of the next tumultuous day.

Ann Shapiro
Summer, 2018