

There's a photo, which I won't show you. It's a picture of a young woman in a seaside neighborhood here in Odesa. She has long auburn hair and wears black shorts, a grey sports bra, and canary yellow running shoes, and there's blood smeared on her legs. Clearly she was out for a jog yesterday enjoying the warm Spring evening when a Russian missile slammed into the crowded park with an explosion I heard nearly a mile and a half away. The woman is kneeling, collapsed in a pose of unbearable grief, embracing the body of her dead dog.

Five people died in that same missile strike and more than thirty were injured, all civilians. Five human beings and a white Labrador retriever. Meanwhile, more than two years into this war, Ukraine still cannot get its hands on a few more Western anti-missile systems. The Europeans and the Americans promise and pledge, and people perish.

