Andy, hear me, you're a legend in the land.
Only a night or two ago, /it seems/I shook your hand
Chance meeting. Casual chatter. Fun. See you friend
Tomorrow, next week. Now life is at its end.

The end. So definite for you. A grave.
Life's circle pulled too small. Yet a place.
No end for us. Ours the strife
The burden, the torment, the heart against the knife.

The end, too, for the beasts, the hooded beasts
Of America's Belsen. For them has come an end.
Out of your life. Your youth cut down from feasts
Of manhood burns their conscience with fire-written legend.

Benjamin F. Miller
Dec. 1964