

*Andy Goodman

1964

Andy, hear me, you're a legend in the land.
Only a night or two ago ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ /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 ^Sbeasts, the hooded beasts
Of America's Belsen. For them has come an end.
Out of your life. Your youth cut down from feastss
Of manhood burns their conscience with fire-written legend.

Benjamin F. Miller

Dec. 1964