

TO ASMUND FROM PETER

*Thoughtful friend from across the sea,
Your body no longer feels pain,
Yet some of it lingers deep within me,
For I'll never see you again.
I'll miss your laugh, your twinkling eyes,
The talks that often we had.
Your soul and body have now found peace.
Forgive me, for feeling sad.
For there's anger within and confusion, too,
Why such a kind man must die.
So many with seemingly less value here
Still live, and I can't explain why.
Man's body may lie in a cold, dark grave,
And it seems as if he's gone.
But the lives Asmund touched in this troubled world
Will see his work carried on.
We are links in chains, some strong, some weak.
What counts is the overall plan,
Just how we lived our life on earth
And treated our fellow man.
For some death comes as an enemy,
To others a welcome friend.
The love Asmund gave to all he knew
Means his life will never end.*

— Nancy Kirimli
Pittsburgh
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