

# QUAIL BELL *magazine*

Imaginary. Nostalgic. Otherworldly.

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## **Lonely Death**

by Diana Raab

There are people who die  
surrounded by loved ones  
and others die alone  
to shiver in their own fearful inquiry.  
Standing here  
at the cusp of a rolling hill cemetery,  
survivors and I come together  
to write to our beloveds,

all I can visualize  
are pine boxes of shriveled humans  
lined up in rows--  
no longer submitting to rules or rage.

All that's important is  
that your beloved places  
stones upon your grave  
or that a ghost sometimes  
appears in your nights  
whispering a blessing.

How long does it take  
for a pine casket to disintegrate  
in this caving land--  
not forgotten, so alone?

I've always been drawn to death --  
mine perished in the Holocaust--  
a persistent life theme  
unable to bury  
as long as my feet  
touch the ardent earth.

<http://www.quailbellmagazine.com/the-unreal-20/poetry-lonely-death-by-diana-raab>