

## **To Die Alone**

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Off a lonely mountain top,  
he stumbles and falls,  
bleeding, bleeding,  
in a pleading voice he calls.

In blinding pain, down,  
down into the ravine,  
he stumbles again.  
The cawing of a single  
raven breaks the silence  
of this untold sin.

As the mid-day sun,  
scorches and sears  
his flesh, he weakly  
struggles to draft  
his last breath.

Death invoked by  
a crushing blow  
to his head.

Murdered by an  
unknown and left...  
to die alone.

Washed away by  
the spring melt,  
bleached bones,  
this unholy secret  
will someday tell.

*Description: This poem is based on a true incident: In 1964, a young airman was murdered in the San Bernardino Mountains of California. His remains were not found for several months. His assailant(s) was never apprehended.*