

FROM THE BELLY OF THE BEAST

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Greetings and salutations from deep inside the belly of the beast — that is Florida's death row... this is my home, this is my hell... this is my existence. For I no longer live, I merely exist day to day, week to week, month to month, year to year in a 9x7... 63 square foot cage that is a hell, a loneliness like you can never understand like you could never imagine and that I'd never wish on my worst enemy.

I've spent over two decades — almost half my life now, in this cage. Mine is a world unlike yours, and your world is so foreign to me, for two decades, 22 years lost in time, held captive away from your world, a world that was evolving with the internet, cell phones, iPods and other technological advancements, that have left me behind. Your world is much different, than the world that I left out there. Yet here I am telling my story and sharing my daily existence with the outside world. I hope that I can give you some insight into my world and enlighten you with the world of a man condemned to death.

I was 21 years old when I arrived in this cell. At 22 years old I was sentenced to death for the shooting death of a 38 year old white male. This was one of two death sentences that I'd receive. The first was for a 36 year old white male. That sentence would later be commuted to life. A sentence I had already been offered... I turned it down and elected to go to trial. Just one of my many many mistakes, and as you get to know me, you will find that I'm a walking, talking disaster area. I am what I am, I don't like sugar coating things, and perpetrating a fraud. I am me, like it or not. And to keep it real... I wish I was a better, smarter human being. I wish that I made good intelligent decisions. That I was an honorable man. I wish that I was everything that I'm not. But I refuse to allow people to believe that

I am anything other than what I am. And what I am is fallible man.

My days are filled with sadness, my heart is filled with grief, existing day to day, I find no relief other than my pen, which brings more grief. . . yes even here on the row, I find a lot of pain and drama. I get through some of it by writing poetry, or just expressing myself in an essay. I have more guilt than you can ever imagine. I wear my emotions on my sleeve, and you will often see that in my blogs. Maybe that is another one of my many many faults. And I have many many of them. I hope you will endure some of my angry rants. And I do rant and rave when I witness inhuman treatment and officer on inmate assault's, or an inmate whose placed in a cell with no mattress, blanket, toilet paper, toothbrush, toothpaste - nothing for days! men being tortured, some times not being feed!" yes witnessing such abuse gets my blood boiling. But I'm just a man - please bear with me, and over look my many many faults and get to know me and understand me the best you can. I do hope to shed some light into the belly of the beast and the inhuman treatment, and the premeditated murder that takes place in our country under the mantle of justice. until we meet again in peace and love.

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