

Reply ID: mchb
To: slaterbrown

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on my perception of time. That's a good question. I've never really given it a whole lot of thought. On the street I didn't keep up with time at all. Especially not in 1989. I was so strung out on drugs and alcohol that you could have come up to me and asked what day month and year it was. I'm sure I could have gotten the year, maybe the month, but I very seriously doubt I could have gotten the right date or day of the week.

In here time seems to slow down and drag by, for the most part. Although looking back on these past two decades spent in this cage, in some ways it seems like I've been here for ever; but it also just seems like yesterday that I walked up the back ramp at F.S.P. (Florida state prison). Although it was February 22, 1991. The life and time I spent on the street, seems like a dream, like it belonged to someone else, not me.

In here I strive to keep and hold on to my sanity. That's my biggest fear is losing my mind in this cage. I hope that if it ever happens, that I can realize that it's happening, and bring my life to an end before it happens. I've seen that dead pan look in men's eyes where they no longer look at you, they look through you. That is my biggest fear is losing complete and total touch with reality.

I don't know if this answers your question. Anyone who ask questions I will try to answer them the best I can. Please take care in Peace and Love Bonnie

Ronald W. Clark Jr
The Death Row Angel 1/30/12