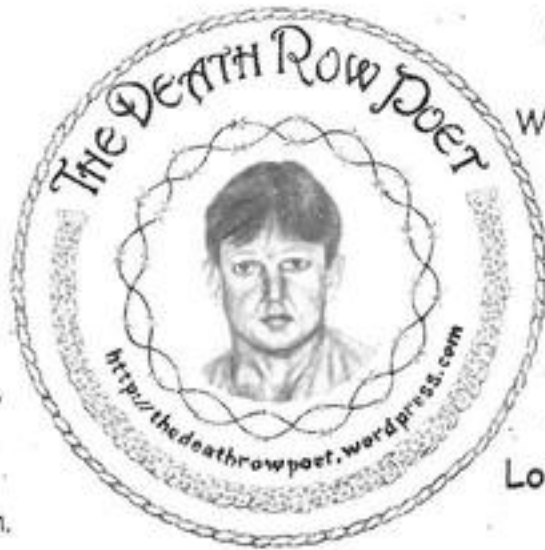


### My Contribution

Written by: Ronald W. Clark, Jr.

I've seen gray skies  
 tear drops and lies,  
 The anguish and pain  
 caused by cocaine.  
 I've seen it caused  
 by demoral  
 some L.S.D and alcohol.  
 Trying to escape lifes confusion  
 Off in a bottle  
 life feels the illusion.  
 But you cant truly escape reality  
 through cocaine, weed, or ecstasy  
 For it'll never, ever set you free.  
 Yet it will cause so much pain,  
 and in the end you'll see it's in vain.  
 For drug's will lead you  
 to a dead end street.  
 The prison, ghetto,  
 or death you will meet.  
 And this is my contribution,  
 to show you drug's  
 is not the solution.



Written by: Ronald W. Clark, Jr  
 October 24, 2005

### Loneliness

I know loneliness  
 like most will never know  
 I know loneliness  
 like most will never feel.  
 I know loneliness  
 a feeling that's so surreal  
 I know loneliness  
 like no one should ever know.  
 I know loneliness  
 I know it's feel  
 For I'm captivated by it  
 held to it's will.  
 I know loneliness  
 I know it's self defiance  
 I know loneliness  
 I know it's deadly silence.  
 Yes, I know loneliness  
 I know it all to well.  
 For this loneliness  
 is my deep dark hell.

Written by Ronald W. Clark, Jr.  
 October 3, 2004

### Daunting Existence

I strain to look out, so far away,  
 through the crack in the window,  
 at the dawn of the day.  
 To catch a glimpse of freedom  
 far off in the distance,  
 escaping this cage  
 and my daunting existence.  
 I can see freedom,  
 but only in my past,  
 so please tell me why,  
 am I trying to last?  
 Existing in this world,  
 that has deminished all hope,  
 so please tell me how  
 I'm suppose to cope?  
 For I stand at my cell bar's  
 staring off in the distance,  
 yet I still have to cope  
 with my daunting existence.

### So Unkind

I struggle with my hopes,  
 I struggle with my dream's,  
 and I struggle everyday,  
 with my life, it seems.  
 Streatching one day  
 off into another,  
 existing in this world  
 for my mother.  
 A world so, so unkind,  
 unlike hers this is mine.  
 Held off-in suspense,  
 held in by razor wire fence.  
 Concrete, steel and stone,  
 I'm left here all alone.  
 Where day's turn into week's,  
 week's into month's  
 and month's into year's,  
 blended together  
 with so many tear's.  
 A world of doom, a tiny cage,  
 a small ass room,  
 Nine by six feet-  
 of living space.  
 A world like no other place.  
 Two world's, two heart's,  
 separated miles apart.  
 Yes, unlike her's this is mine,  
 A world that is so, so unkind.

Written by: Ronald W. Clark, Jr  
 October 22, 2005

### -Insanity-

Here where insanity looms  
 in the implorable cage of doom  
 Where you shall languish  
 in complete mental anguish  
 For here days turn to weeks  
 weeks into months and months into years  
 all blended together  
 with devastating tears  
 insanity shall rain  
 causing heartache and pain  
 For it shall appear  
 that insanity is near  
 Captivated by concrete, steel, and stone  
 Where the heart shall exist, exist all alone  
 My apparition of hope  
 is dangling from the end of a rope  
 Captivated and distraught  
 with suicidal thoughts  
 Withering here under the sentence of death  
 smothered by this cage  
 gasping for breath  
 In the implorable cage, cage of doom  
 Where insanity clearly, clearly looms.

January 18, 2005

