

Clouded Views by Ronald W. Clark
 I sit on death row day after day
 Watching my life waste away
 Yet I think back on a life I once had
 Where times now don't seem so bad
 Thinking of all the love I had
 But the drugs surely clouded my view
 And ruined my life and others too.
 Written 8/11/99 ©2000



"Life As I See It"
 Life as I see it surely can't be
 The way we live life back here unfree
 For this is truly not a life
 And anyone can see
 That life back here just isn't meant to be.
 c 2000 Ronald W. Clark 12/25/99

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7:25am

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Reply ID: 9bbf
 Kimberlita

Greetings! Thank you for your comments and for continuing to follow my blog. I'm glad you enjoyed the photo's of me as a child. I just sent 3 more out this past week. If these dumb inbreed red necks are holding up my blogs, so be it, as long as they make it out and are posted, and they don't start throwing the mail away like they did last year. I'm having to use my stationary cause I'm almost out of note book paper.

On dropping the protest, it's not in me to **Death Row** do that. Not only am I not going to drop it, I'm fixing to raise the bar with a hunger strike. I just got to get all the details worked out. Looks like I'll be starting on June 1, 2012. I'm aiming for 30 days. I'll just have to see how everything unfolds over the next few weeks. I have to fight for this change, not only to get them to stop this childish juvenile ass retaliation against me, but to stop these strip cell's. Too many men are being abused by this low life no good corrupt administration. And no one else is standing up, so it must be me. I'll be the sacrificial lamb. This is not fun, wish I didn't have to do it, but if I don't, who will? We need someone to take a stand, and that someone is going to be me. That someone has to be me.

Written by: Ronald W. Clark, Jr.
 February 1, 1999

Death row is a place
 Where a man is disgraced,
 Where flogs don't land
 And birds don't sing
 Where there's no love
 For anything.
 Where one seeks love
 But cannot find
 For people truly feel
 We are a waste of time.
 So you sit in your cage
 Day after day
 And watch your life
 Waste away.
 You have no hopes
 You have no dreams
 You have no meaning
 It surely seems.

COVER