

This is my very first poem that I wrote on February 1, 1999
I wrote it while trying to write up an Ad. seeking penpals.

- Death Row. -

Death Row is a place
where a man is disgraced
where flies don't land
and birds don't sing
where there's no love -
for anything.
where one seeks love
but can not 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.

written February 1, 1999
By Donald H. Clark Jr.
The Death Row Poet.

This poem was published in an anthology back in 2000 or
2001. And it is one of my favorite poems. I wouldn't
write another poem for another 6 months.