

Ronald W. Clarke
October 1, 2012

"Life Without Parole"

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Life without parole... a walking death sentence. Just imagine spending the rest of your natural life behind bars, never to taste Freedom again. To become a slave to the state. To work and toil the days, weeks, months and years away, with nothing to show for it. Your only accomplishment is you've stayed alive. But for what? Oh where there's life... there's hope. I've heard that garbage one to many times. I don't buy into it. Life without parole, doomed to slave labor until your dying breath. There's no hope there, there's nothing appealing about that. Becoming a slave to the state, being mistreated year in and year out, for the rest of your natural life. Hope! Where does one find hope in that?! You're still living. Who gives a damn!" "Do we fear death so much, that we look upon being a low life slave more favorable than death? Not I!" For I've seen the way lifers are mistreated by staff, how they are belittled and treated like a dog. And that's hope? I think not!"

Life without parole is not hope. I've met men who came to death row... killed men in population to get this death sentence, to get away from that walking death sentence where he could find no hope. That's desperation, without any signs of hope, where one kills, in order to be killed. And there are numerous cases where men have done this. I talked to them, and they told me why they committed murder while serving life. Because they preferred death over life without parole. They explained what it was like to be a slave to the state. Forced to work and labor for no pay or good time. Work and labor to keep yourself behind bars. Where people have forgotten about you. Where you don't mean squat!" And where your options are suicide by your hands, or the states.

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And they out of desperation choose to murder, in order to get murdered. And if that's hope, well I'm already at hope's door, I'm a hop, skip and jump away from the death chamber. Nope... From what I've seen and heard, life without parole does not appeal to me.

So where do I find hope? In Florida's death chamber? Yes - or possibly dying in my sleep one lucky night. Who knows, - maybe my death will be a result of my own making. All I know... is life without parole, scares the hell out of me.

Sincerely
Ronald W. Clark
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