

Ronald W. Clark
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"My Hell"

Page 1 of 1

9x7... 63 square foot OF Hell. Welcome to my stinking Friggin world!" A world I have to deal with day in and day out, For over two decades. For almost a quarter OF a century. yes 9x7... 63 square foot OF existance and this my Friend - is hell!" A hell like you've never experienced. An existance like nothing you could ever imagine. And the thing about it is - I can never explain it, to where I make you Full Comprehend my existance in this hell hole.

Loneiliness, sadness, despair those are only a few words to describe this 9x7... 63 square foot cage that I wake up in every morning, and go to sleep in every night. And not a day passes that the thought OF suicide doesn't cross my mind.

Checking out - dying... that's where I find hope. And that says it all. Oh you can find moment's OF happiness, or I should say tolerance, at mail call, canteen, recreation or visits. But those moment's are few and far between.

Every day that I wake up... I remember that my child hood friend and codefendant is walking the street as I sit here in this cage for a murder that he committed, oh - in by no means innocent. But he pulled the trigger, stole the gun, set up the location ectect making him far more culpable than I, yet he walks free, while I suffer the daily wrath OF this stinking ass cage!

This is my world - my existance - my hell!"

Regretfully
Ronald W. Clark
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