



# Daily Journal

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December 3-6, 2012



Monday December 3, 2012 5:29am Got up at 4am after some one came through the back door and slammed it really hard. I just finished breakfast. Two sorry excuse for pancakes and some oatmeal. Now just having a cup of coffee waiting for them to pick up trays. Later this morning I'm going to do some more work on my stationary journal. That'll burn up a couple of hours, more like 3 or 4. Wish I was a natural artist. you see the artist who can do something in 20 minutes, that same drawing may take me 8 hours. Guys are up right now talking about their football games. I'll be glad when they go back to sleep. manny now has nine days left to live, starting tomorrow, it'll be his last Tuesday night on this planet.

7:59 am Been working on my new stationary for the Daily Journal. I've got a calligraphy book that I'm using. I'm listening to some metallica having a cup of coffee. I have me a Ramen noodle soup cooking. shan we have to pay 58¢ for a 16¢ soup from this sorry company keefe who by the way shouldn't have the contract to begin with, cause they engaged in criminal activity with secretary James V. Crosby JR. activity that sent him to prison. And somehow, some way they keep the contract. when secretary James McDonough took over in 2005 he made keefe abide by the contract and lower their prices to that of fair market value. once McDonough left keefe went right back to their illegal activity of price gouging the inmates and our families. But that's the way of the Florida Dept of 'corruption'

9:23 am I was sitting here watching Florida supreme court oral arguments. made me think back to when

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they had mine. I watched the lies the Attorney General's Office told, about me killing and torturing animals. Which was straight bull shit!" I've never killed an animal other than a little mouse which was an accident. And I still feel bad about that. I had caught him and was trying to keep it as a pet. But I've never even been hunting. I want watch hunting shows, cause killing a beautiful animal is not a sport. I understand doing it to eat. But not for ticks. But that assistant attorney general told a damn lie, and my incompetent counsel, who I believe was throwing the case, on purpose, for judicial favors, cause my trial attorney who screwed up my case, is now a judge. My trial prosecutor, also is a judge, and then you had my trial judge. All three of which screwed this case up, putting me on death row, allowing the killer/trigger man to walk free. Which is stuff, that they don't want to come out in the courts; and that appellate attorney that I had, failed to bring out any of the evidence that needed to be brought out at my evidentiary hearing in February 2007. and then at the oral arguments the bar allowed the state Assistant Attorney General to run wild and make unfounded allegations about me killing animals. yeah - America's got the best justice system in the world, ~~at~~ screwing over the poor, and making it look like due process was done. My trial attorney Henry Davis now judge Davis admitted that he didn't even go over to the sheriff's office and examine physical evidence that the Jacksonville sheriff's office had, some of which was my cloths and the clothing of my codefendant which

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the prosecutor Lance Day, now known as Judge Lance Day, never produced, for the jury to see. Cause he (Day) didn't want the jury to see my co-defendants clothing, so none of it got introduced into evidence. The prosecutor wanted, and hid it from the jury. And my lawyer Davis, was too stupid and incompetent to examine the actual evidence, and or to hire an investigator to do it. What they just done to me, would have never happened to some one Rich. Hell, if I'd have been Rich, they wouldn't have threatened me with the Death Penalty. I'd have gotten a plea, and been on the street. But we have two types of justice, that for the Rich, and that of the poor.

and look what these prosecutors do, they pay for witnesses testimony. They paid David my co-defendant, with a sweet plea deal to testify against me, and put the gun in my hand, instead of his own, where it was, when he pulled the trigger and killed Ronald Willis! They also paid Strickland, by not prosecuting him for perjury, child endangerment, selling drugs, convicted felon with a fire arm. No they didn't get CASH they got something much more valuable. Freedom, their lives! The prosecutor paid for their perjured testimony. Paid them to take the stand and tell F—ing lies! Welcome to the stinking rotten American justice system!  
10:34 am. I was sitting here drawing, yet thinking about the American justice system and the way it handles the poor. Cause our justice system screws over the poor at every corner, from criminal, to civil to constitutional law, your poor—your sh\*\* to them, so I wrote this poem here

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"Mirror of Lies"  
our justice system  
a mirror of lies.

spun to deceive  
the ultimate disguise  
perpetrating justice  
a justice for all.

But only the poor  
shall answer the call.

A Death Chamber  
an execution date.

yes only the poor,  
shall face this fate.

NO - nothing more,  
than a mirror of lies

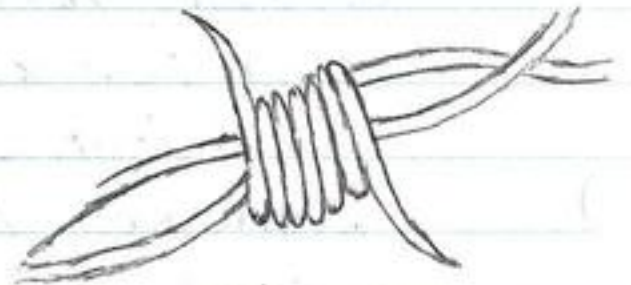
our corrupt justice system,  
and its ultimate disguise.

written December 3, 2012 at 10:30am

By Ronald W. Clarke  
The Death Row Poet

12:19pm just doodling, I was going to do some some-  
thing serious up top. But it's too much time. And I've  
got to get back to some more serious art for my  
Daily Journal. I'd like to get it finished and sent out, so  
I can get it copied get it back and put it in use. Well  
I'm going to go get back to work.

2:28pm just messing with this stationary and having  
problems. I've had to start over several times. This  
ink is unforgiving. you make a mistake, and it's there  
for good. Canteen showed up about 40 minutes ago.  
I was able to get canteen this week. Wish I could  
spend \$100.00 every week. I'd never eat the food  
they bring back here on the trays. you can't



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really call that slop they bring back here Food.  
Damn I've been writing alot today. I need to get  
back to this stationary.

4:18pm just waiting on dinner. my drawing isn't going  
good. I think I'm going to work on a painting for -  
nope not going to break out the paints. I'm just  
going to sit back, wait on dinner, watch the news  
I want shower until around 8pm. after shower I'm  
going to bed. I'll get up for master court at 9:30pm  
and when they bring mail, that's if I get any mail.  
Right now I'm going to get up and pace until the  
slop gets here.



Tuesday December 4, 2012 5:22am. just waiting on break-  
fast. I already cleared up made the bunk and read a  
letter from my Dad. I received two letters last night.  
From John and my Dad, so I'll write them this morn-  
ing also need to write mom.

5:39am As I was writing breakfast showed up. any ways  
fixing to do the normal routine clean the floor, shave,  
watch the CBS news, listen to some music and begin  
writing. The guys will probably go to rec this morn-  
ing. I haven't been out since August 17, cause warden  
B.V. Reddish's Criminal unethical scumbucket a\*\*!  
Let me get up and get going.

6:36am I was told by nurse Cunningham that I have a  
call out for the psychiatrist, I'm not going. I just don't  
feel like dealing with the b.s. of going out there and  
then returning to my cell being destroyed. I need to go.  
But screw it.

8:33am The Doctor just came by. I signed the refusal.  
I'd like - hell I need to go out and get the prozac  
but I don't want to go through all the b.s. But -  
I don't know - screw the meds and everything cause

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it is what it is. a screwed up existence.

10:05am I got an order from the court 1<sup>st</sup> DCA a few minutes ago. I don't even know if I'll respond back. The United States Constitution is garbage! "It's not worth the paper it's written on. you poor - you don't have an attorney - then you don't have any rights. All judges can go to hell!" A bunch of no good s.o.b.s who are rich or well off, and above poor white or middle class trash. screw it all!"

12:47PM I wrote John, mom and my Dad wrote up a blog, "Bad decisions." I was thinking about some of the older guys that I was hanging out with when I was kid. 15, 16 year's old, and most of them guys were in their 30's and 40's. I didn't mention Ricky who was 36, cause that was in a different circle. They called Recreation. I still can't go out, due to the unethical dishonorable acts of the dumb inbred redneck warden B.V. Reddish, whose a low life criminal who has his staff beat, assault and murder inmates under his care. as well as has his staff falsify documents and committing fraud. Cause he lacks any type of ethics.

10:09PM The officers are over here pulling the guys who are going out. To go out you got to go through a strip search; sure wish I could go out. looks like a really nice day to be out, say its 70 degrees out there. and I'm stuck in here cause of Barry and his unethical a\*\*.

2:57PM I did some drawing, then at 2:30 took a nap. I layed here and fell asleep listening to my music. There's a Bad Company song called Holy Water, it's a beautiful song but you don't hear it on the radio. Right now I'm listening to Iron Maiden Hallowed be thy name. Not feeling all that good. I've got a headach. and on top of that there's this damn depression, stress dread of sitting here in

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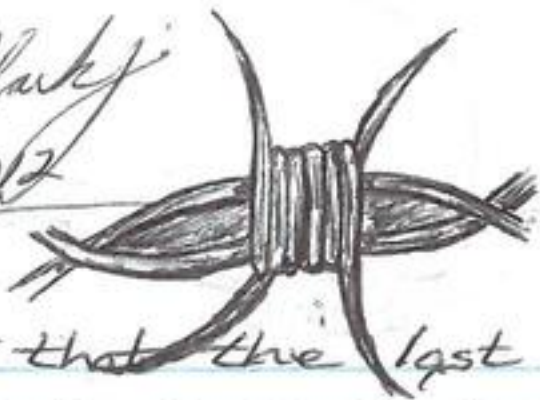
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this damn cage. People can't imagine what it's like. Hell I think it's different for most of us, cause we all have our own ghost and demons that we live with. And F---! I have so much damn regret and guilt, and that crap just eats at me all the time, should of - would of - could of. ~~yes~~, only "if" I could do it all over, only problem is, life is like this ink, unforgiven, you have one shot, you can correct small mistakes, but a major mistake screws it completely up, and can screw it up for more than just you, causing heartach and pain and effecting many others. Life - what a bitch!"

4:03PM They served dinner at 3:56PM. I put it in a bag. I'm heating it up. I'll eat about 5PM. The guys come in off the yard. I spoke with Sgt. Lee about my cell light, so hopefully he'll get it fixed. Today makes 30 days that I've been without a cell light. Manny has one week left to live. This time next week he will probably be seeing his spiritual advisor, on Q-wing one left located 12 to 16 feet from the death chamber. where they will witness his death.

~~day~~ Wednesday December 5, 2012 5:14am just made my bunk. waiting on breakfast now. should be here any minute. I've been sitting here watching the news. That was some sick shit where that man was pushed on the subway track, and then no body runs over to help. which makes me think back to the little boy at the zoo with the wild dogs a month or so ago, no one jumps in to protect the kid. And I'm the sick one on death row. you can bet your ass I wouldn't have stood there and watched that. And that guy who took the photo that was on the front page of the Washington Post how dare him!" This man's family now gets reminded and rereinded over and

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over and over that the last image of their father brother, son ect is of that terrifying image of that subway train coming at him. And I wonder how much that photographer got paid for that photo? Even if it's as he said, and he was too far away to reach the man, the human and decent thing to do is not release or sell the photo to the media. Society is more and more screwed up, you see someone in need, you help them.

6:11am we had coffee cake and oat meal; which is not a breakfast that I care for. I put it in my bowl and it's sitting in my sink in hot water. That fiscal cliff, the damn Republicans shouldn't be holding the middle class hostage, using the middle class as a bargaining chip. And I don't see why a deal can't be reached where anyone who makes over \$250,000 but runs a small business with a certain number of employees gets a tax break, and just raise taxes on those who are earning over \$250,000 who has no businesses, small businesses that's not going to be effected. Cause most big companies it's not going to hurt them to pay their fair share in taxes. But what do I know. Well, there will be no CBS news this morning. The channels are out. Well I need to write Dina, I received a letter from her last night, I also received a card from someone who seen some of my art, so I'll drop her a card. I'm listening to my music right now. Which is something I really enjoy.

7:17am Good morning America just had a story on saying exactly what I was saying about the New York post printing that photo, and no one f---ing helping that poor man. That crap pisses me off, someone should have reached out and tried to



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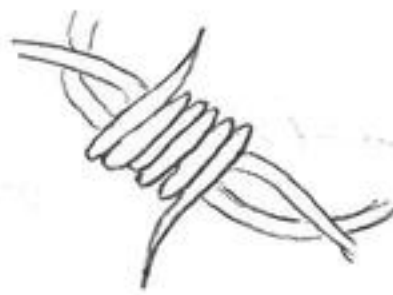
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pull him to safety. Imagine how that poor guy felt, the train coming, people looking on and no one extending their hand to help. Everyone on that G.D. platform should be locked up!!" And that camera man especial!!" First he wasn't strong enough to lift a body. your not lifting dead weight, the man's standing up, when you start pulling he's going to help. by pulling. Then the camera man says I was too far away. B.S. a lot of excuses! He should have tried. pisses me off. well they called the guys for recreation just now.

9:27am just sitting here listening to music and writing. That Sgt. Trent came by for recourt, I haven't seen him since I've been off that D.C. wing. I don't like seeing him. He set me up with that bogus fraudulent DR. on may 16, that put me in that strip cell. The fog just burned off, the guys never went to recreation. Back to my letters.

10:54am They just came around with sheet and pillow case exchange. I exchange it and then made my bed. Hysteria is currently playing on my mp3. when I think of that song, I think J. she knows who she is, a woman I screwed around and feel in love with. It was a bad situation. I can still see her beautiful smile, her beautiful brown eyes and sexy thin lips and how she use to bite them. I still think about her way too much. yeah - bad situation. well I wrote Dina and Gelly Bean. and was back to working on my journal stationary. I may start a card later today. I seen these two Bengal Tigers a mother and cub, and I want to turn them into a card. I need to find some one that can help me with printing my

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cards. Well here comes Chow, the slop. I'm going to put the potatoes and veges to the side and make a stew later today. Fish stew.

11:30am we just had Lt. Clark come down picking up the Food trays. I've never seen an Lt. pick up Food trays. something is going on some place. I didn't eat any thing on that tray accept the bread. That processed patty was nasty. The potatoes were dirty and the only other things on there was slaw and a cookie. I'm going to get back to some drawing and pass some more time.

12:34PM just messed around and wrote this poem.

~~My~~ "Florida's Death Row."

captivated by  
steel and stone.  
Held in this cage -  
all alone.  
There's no relief  
no - none in sight  
just the misery  
and loneliness  
That we feel each night.  
For this is.  
Florida's Death Row.  
a place unlike -  
you will ever know.  
No contact ...  
absent is human touch.  
For death is  
another mans clutch

insanity - oh -  
right on the edge.  
For it feels as if your standing,  
on a thousand foot ledge.  
Baby lets die  
put an end to it all...  
take that last step  
and let the cards fall.  
yes let them fall -  
where they will.  
As the great state of Florida  
surely must kill.

written December 5, 2012  
By Ronald W. Clark  
The Death Row poet

I wrote that while thinking about this place and how in six more days their going to kill manny.

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Hell of a situation where we exchange murder for murder and call it . . . some how classify it as justice. yet its only the poor that we march into these death chamber's. oh well, that's our vegeful blood thirsty society for you.

3:00PM I was messing with one of my cards, the tigers, there not coming out too bad. I just flooded my cell with hot water and scrubbed it down. That only took about 20 minutes. I'm listening to my music. We shower tonight and should have my shower by 7PM. I'll then watch survivor and go to sleep. I hope to get some mail tonight. I'm trying to get some one to send me a picture of chihuahuas so I can draw it and put it on a card. That little xani's chihuahua on that T.V. commercial is just so cute. I'd love to have him in here to play with. In 2004 I had a little gray and white kitten in my cell over at ESP. only for a couple of days, but I so enjoyed it. There was several of us guys taking care of her. I was feeding her tuna fish letting her sit on my chest. We gave her to the nurse to take home. I seen a cat outside the window here the other day. you really miss contact with living beings when your caged in like this. It really starts killing your spirit after awhile.

5:45PM Finished eating and a letter to mom. I've got something I need to do to get this stationary ready to go out. I've got to wash these cloths and get ready for the shower. That's a wrap just another lonely day on Florida's Death Row.

~~Wed~~ Thursday December 6, 2012 6:04am I didn't get one single letter last night. I did finish up that stationary and got it out for copying. I'll try to finish this tiger

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card up today. I'm almost done with it. Other than that... I don't know what I'll do. I may write a letter to someone I haven't heard from in a long time. Right now I'm going to have me a cup of coffee and decide what to do next.

8:16am The guys went out to recreation. I wrote a short letter to a friend and sent a Christmas card. I've since been working on this tiger card, which I'm fixing to get back to, as I sit here and listen to my music. So back to work.


9:13am Just got my cell light fixed. Captain Norman also just came down to ask about my cell light and the cables. I like him, he seems to be straight forward and real. Unlike the other dishonorable idiots from the last Administration. It's nice having light. After 32 days. Well I'm fixing to go back under my music and do some drawing.

10:56am I finished this tiger card up. I don't think I'm going to do anything else to it. It's so nice having a cell light. The rep 3-man came around a few minutes ago. I got one song that was on back order from last month. Right now I'm making me a Ramen noodle soup. Both lunch and breakfast is garbage. I remember my Dad tore my ass up with a belt when I was about 4 years old for saying, "I don't like that garbage," referring to greens. I mean he seriously tore my ass up for that.

12:20pm I was sitting here thinking of all the years that I've spent in this cage. I arrived on the Row February 23, 1991. I'd spend the first two years at F.S.P. (Florida State Prison) on S-wing in cell S-2-N-8. Which was S-wing 2nd Floor North side cell #8. I'd meet some very interesting guys over there. In February 1993 I'd move over here to the newly constructed

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death row unit here at Union Correctional Institution (UCI) in 1995 I met Connie, in 1996 my Dad and I'd have a fallen out over what he did with Bradi and in 1997, Dad would kill Connie and screw my whole world up. In June 1997 I'd begin writing Josie who I wish I'd have never met for her sake as well as mine. In 1998 I'd marry her, and then got involved with that idiotic helicopter escape, one of the many dumb a\*\* mistakes I made. And 1999 was just a mess because of that dumb a\*\* sh\*\*!" which put Josie in jail on Dec 22, 1999 and landed me back at FSP on Q-Wing where in February 2000 I had to experience Tony and Terry's executions, where I spoke with them just an hour before they were killed. I could hear the construction in January 2000 when they were switching up to lethal injection, Terry was the first to be murdered by it on February 23, 2000. And Tony 24 hours later, I witnessed too many deaths over there in 2000. By 2001 I was on G-Wing on November 7, 2002 I was placed back on Q-Wing, "unjustly." I actually saved the life of an officer. I'd regret it, but if I wouldn't have done it, then I'd no doubt have the guilt of that on my shoulders, so it was one of those situations where it's damned if you do and damned if you don't. I'd spend Feb - Aug 2003 in the county jail. Where I made friends with that staff member I kissed. I would get sent back to FSP on Q-Wing in Aug 2003. Where I'd spend the next 5 months battling that moron and sadistic SOB, B.V. Reddish. In Feb 2004 I'd be let off Q-Wing after doing a major hunger strike with 8 to 10 other guys. In Sept 2004 I was moved back over here to UCI. where I've been the past 8 years. But when you sit and write down the years 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 00, 01, 02, 03, 04, 05, 06, 07, 08, 09, 10, 11, 12 you wonder how you've survived all these years in this damn cage. It's a hell of an existence.

2:02 PM I was just scrubbing down the cell walls and then

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the Floor, you don't realize the areas you miss when you clean in the dark. These cells need to be painted. I had paint chips all over the Floor. That was a pain to clean up. I've got to wash cloths at about 4:30. Right now, I don't know what I'm going to do. Maybe I'll walk for a while.

4:52 PM They brought dinner. I've got my stew over here heating up in a bag in the sink. I'm fixing to eat, wash cloths wash up and lay back, watch the news and call it a day. Just another sorry day in this cage on Florida's Death Row. As Ellen says. Be kind to one another.