

"Solitary" Confinement

I've been unfortunate enough to experience many different types of solitary confinement. From what I'm experiencing now, where I have all my property T.V. MP3-player, radio canteen ect. to the type where you have nothing more than a pair of underwear. I've been in cells with bars, such as this cell, as well as behind closed, solid doors, such as cell P-4102 where they kept me at from May 16, 2012 - October 5, 2012, all because I did a hunger strike. I've also experienced the solid doors on Q-wing AKA the notorious X-wing at Florida state prison (FSP) where Florida's death chamber is located. A wing in which inmates would be taken to, to be assaulted and where a few inmates have lost their lives at the hands of criminal correctional officers. No solitary experience holds a light to Q-wing, that is a hell like no other.

I was first introduced to Q-wing on December 22, 1999. After I and six others attempted to escape the solitary confinement that I had experience for, right at a decade. These T.V.'s and radios do not pacify me. I hate this "Friggin cell!" The solitude and lack of human contact is only the half of it. I have skeletons that haunt the living hell out of me, so this cell cause's me to live and relive my mistakes, and so daily I relive the hurt, pain and the anger that I feel towards myself, the idiotic thoughtless acts, most of which was diluted at the time by drugs and alcohol. Now - I'm left sober, facing a life of regret. These cells are different for everyone, cause we've all got different back grounds, and different emotions that we're dealing with. But Q-wing is a monster in and of itself.



Ronald W. Clark
January 18, 2013

Page 20 of 4
solitary
confinement

For there on Q-Wing, you're in a 9x7... 63 square foot cage that has a concrete bunk, a sink and toilet combination. You are in a cell, within a cell. For you are behind solid steel bars. Three feet outside those bars, is a solid wall, and a solid steel door. The officers control the lights. With that door closed and the lights off, it is pitch black you can't see your hands in front of your face. Yeah - that type of dark!" I had officers vindictively turn the light out, leaving me like that in total darkness for hours on end. And this is a cell, one of only 24 cells on Q wing, where you know men have been beat to death and where men have committed suicide, so if death bothers you, and the dark bothers you, well - that cell is going to mentally screw you up. And there's no books, magazines or news papers allowed. No, this wing, is about psychologically screwing a human being up!!" This, Q-wing - is your worst nightmare on steroids! That's not even the worst of it. No - you get to experience the executions up close and personal. For right below you are three cells called Death Watch cells, once a death warrant is signed that's where the death row inmate is housed. So while your up stairs, in one of the 24 maximum management cell's experiencing solitary confinement on steroids, below you are men that you know being murdered by the state under the false pretense of justice. So for the next 30 to 45 days, you will get on the vent, on the back wall, and yell down stairs and talk to these men. They will give you up dates on their families which you've met during visits. They will tell you what their attorney's are saying. You will live their experience not only up to the day they are put to death and exterminated by society. But you - will sit there in that cell all alone and think about the conversations that you had with that



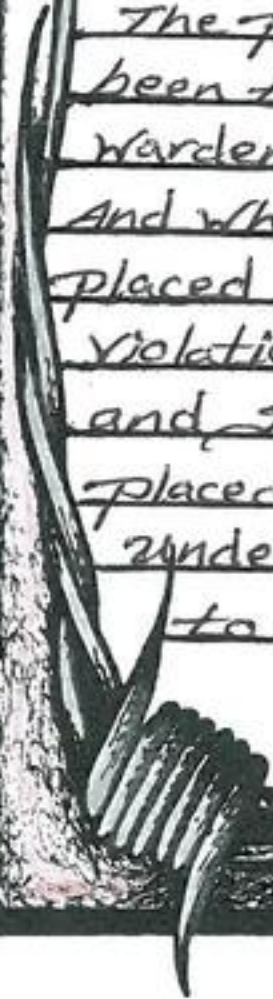
Ronald W. Clarke Jr
January 18, 2013

man for days weeks months and years on end.
This will psychologically scar you for life. For it's been 13 years since I experience that, and it is still fresh in my mind to this very day.

When you place a living being in a cage for an extended period of time, your going to mentally screw it up. I've been in one of these cages for 23 years now. I've seen it effect many men over the years, some it just destroys, they will get that blank look, where their no longer looking at you, their looking through you. That terrifies me more than anything else. I fear that one day that may be me. Cause although I know this cage is screwing me up mentally, I can feel it. As long as I can recognize it, I know I'm okay, but at what point am I going to lose it? That's what worries me, will I recognize it, or just slip into insanity?

In order to hold on to what sanity that I have, I try to maintain a daily routine. I get up around the same time, go to sleep at the same time and try to keep some type of normalcy which is very hard to do in this environment.

The past two years of my 23 years, have been two of the hardest dealing with a warden who was little more than a criminal, and who got off on human suffering. For being placed in strip cells, not because of a rule violation, but out of reprisal for my blog and standing up to his unlawful acts. Being placed in a cell with nothing but a pair of underwear, no mattress to lay on, no blanket to cover up with for 4, 5, 6 days straight.



Ronald W. Clark
January 18, 2013

Page 4 of 4
solitary
Confinement.

that's an unimaginable experience. your Freezing cold your deprived of sleep. These are conditions that you don't even have to deal with if your on suicide watch. The worse part of all, was when I brought it all to the attention of the Federal Courts, who ignored the issue, which resulted in my being placed in a strip cell for ten days assaulted by staff twice, and being kept in a solid cell for 5 months. Learning that no one gave a damn and that the United States Constitution was garbage was really disheartening. And the only thing that stopped these unlawful acts was the Administration stepped over the line and killed another inmate in solitary confinement. which would not have happened if my Affidavits on the Abuse and assaults that was sent out in June 2011 would have been taken serious. But because I was ignored three months later an inmate had to die at the hands of this corrupt unlawful Administration.

solitary confinement, a warehouse for human beings, a truly inhumane place, a hell that most will never experience, and be glad of that. For this is mental hell. welcome to my world.

Regretfully
submitted

with Peace & Love.

Ronald W. Clark
The Death Row Poet
January 18, 2013

