

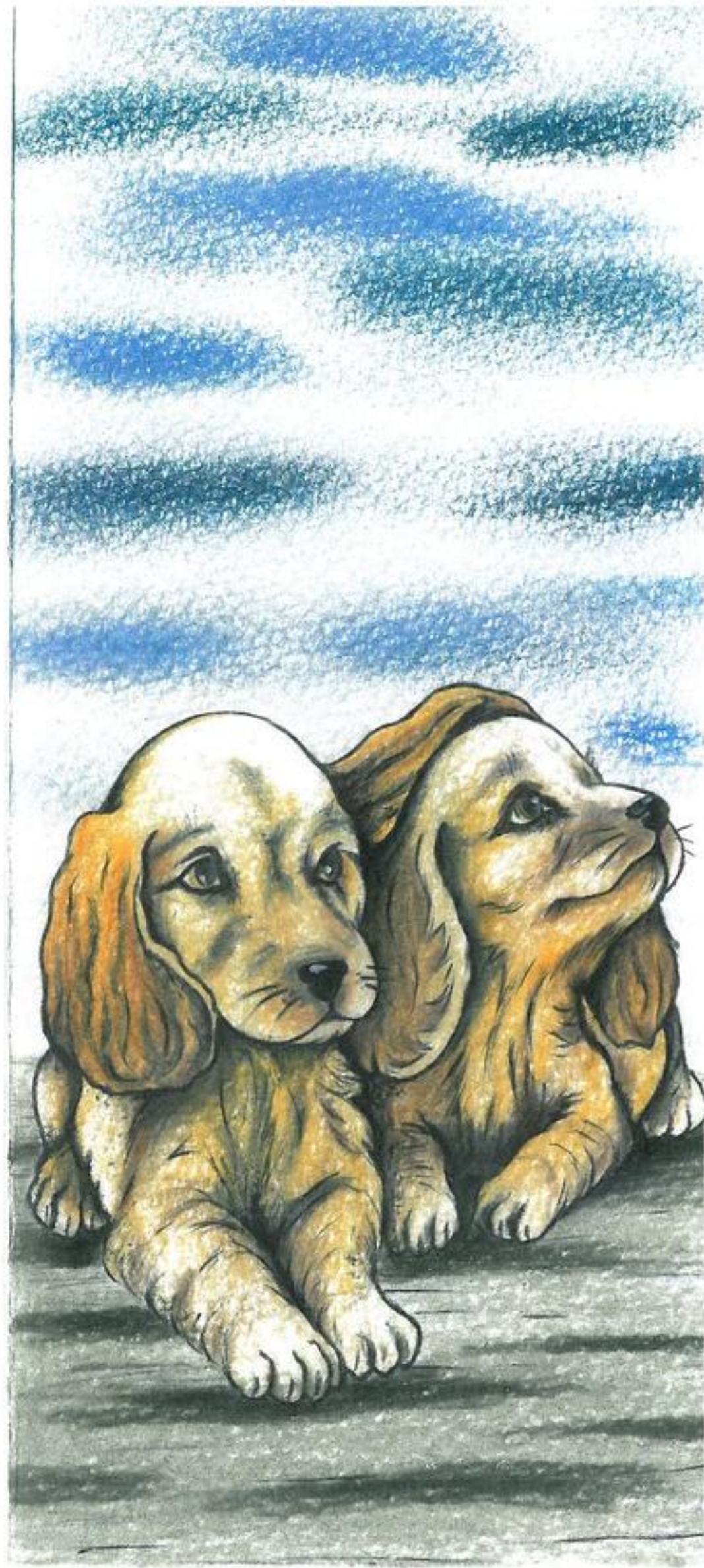
# THE DEATH ROW POET

<http://betweenthebars.org/blogs/1581/ronald-w-clark-jr>



My Contribution  
Written by: Ronald W. Clark, Jr.

I've seen gray skies  
tear drops and lies,  
The anguish and pain  
caused by cocaine.  
I've seen it caused  
by demoral  
some L.S.D and alcohol.  
Trying to escape life's confusion  
Off in a bottle  
life feels the illusion.  
But you can't truly escape reality  
through cocaine, weed, or ecstasy  
For it'll never, ever set you free.  
Yet it will cause so much pain,  
and in the end you'll see it's in vain.  
For drug's will lead you  
to a dead end street.  
The prison, ghetto,  
or death you will meet.  
And this is my contribution,  
to show you drug's  
is not the solution.





# Daily Journal

January 25 - , 2013

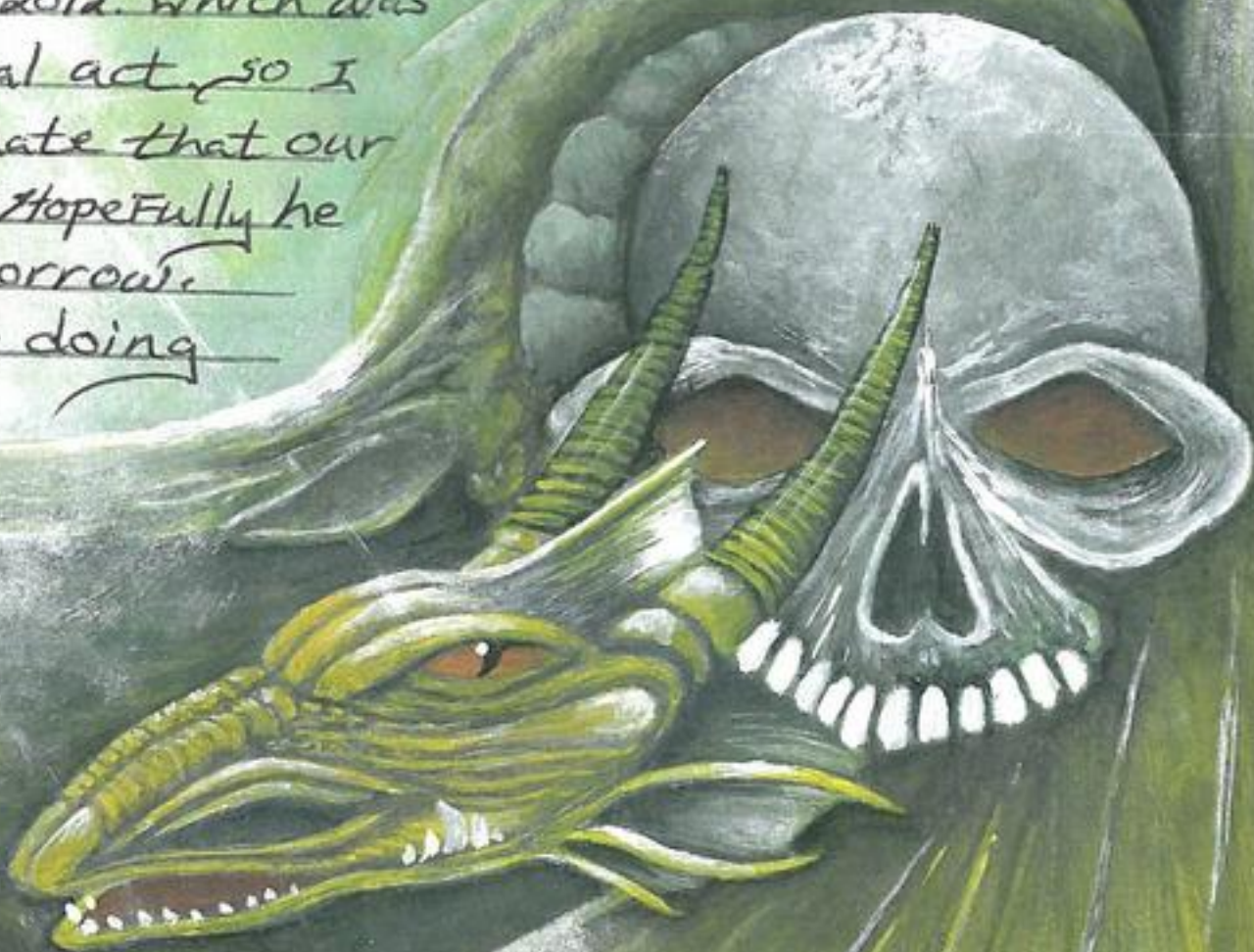
Ronald W. Clark Jr.  
January 25, 2013



January 25, 2013 Friday 9:55am. Ate breakfast. Cleaned this cage and now I've got to figure out what to do to waste the day. I received one letter in last night from Anne, from J-pays new e-mail by post. I've got to find out more about that. Maybe more people will start writing me, now that they can

send e-mails. Anyways I'll write Anne, and then decide what to do next. I have a little baby cricket living under my locker. It's been there for about 3 days. It was in the middle of the floor this morning, so I cleaned the floor, got it back under the locker, after I cleaned there, and I sprinkled some water under there and put a piece of potato skin (off the potatoes on my food tray) under there, so hopefully it'll be able to eat that. Time to get going. Anne is trying to convert me into Christianity, which is a loss cause. I have too much doubt.

11:43am I wrote one letter, and just been sitting around wasting time. The guy in Cell #17 moved, and we have another guy now. I don't care for him. I talked with the Captain earlier. He seems straight forward. We have a Sgt. working down here today that I don't trust. He falsified that DR, on May 16, 2012. Which was an unethical criminal act, so I don't trust him. I hate that our regular Sgt is off. Hopefully he will be back tomorrow. I'm considering doing





Ronald W. Clarke  
January 25, 2013

some art work. I could write a letter. I need to do something to pass the day keep a low profile and I hope to get through the day without any problems with this sgt, just not at all comfortable with him down here.

5:16 PM. just sitting here waiting for my shower.

We are 45 minutes away from this sgt. leaving.

He picked up the dinner tray and went to joking about, don't throw that tray and then saying that

cell is waiting on you. I don't find it funny but I

just smiled and went along with it. But it's not funny.

It's only funny if I know you have integrity enough not

to commit a criminal act of falsifying a state document

which he's already done, so it's not funny. I'm going to

wash cloths here in a few minutes and shower and go to

sleep. I haven't done a damn thing today. I set here

running my mouth talking. The mp3 guy came. I got one

song that was on back order. I should get 5 next week.

**SATURDAY January 26, 2013** 5:48 AM. just finished cleaning this

cage. I haven't ate breakfast yet. I'm hoping our regular

wing sgt is back. I don't want to have to deal with this

unethical low life the whole weekend. I think staff should

have to submit to polygraph exams every six months to

address the introduction of contraband into these maximum

security prisons and any other illegal conduct such as falsify

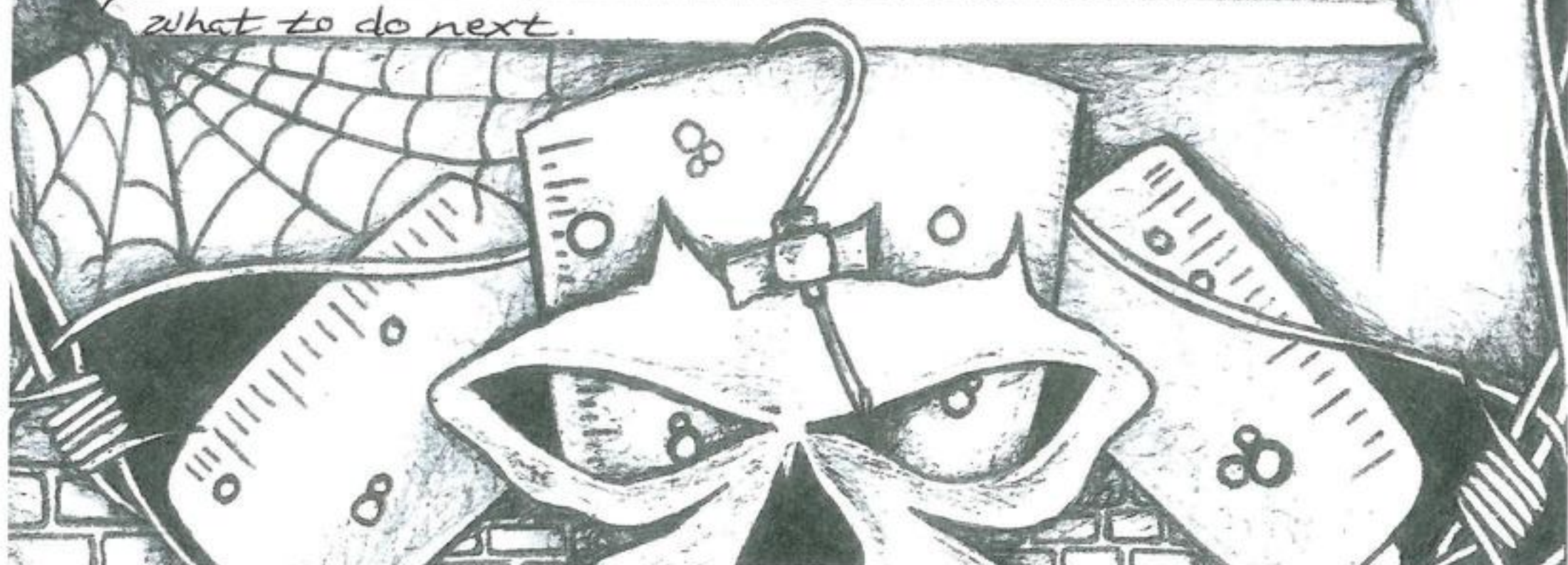
ing state documents ect. But it'll never happen. Criminal

activity by correctional staff is accepted. Hell its expected.

well I've got some writing to do. I got two letters in last

night. I need to write them. After which I'll decide

what to do next.





Ronald W. Clark Jr.  
January 26, 2013

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6:12am F — "our sgt isn't here, so I've got another stressful ass day to deal with. Having unethical correctional staff, is no different than putting an unethical convicted criminal in charge. only difference is he's a criminal whose lacking a conviction. Now I have to worry about being set up for the next 12 hours. And this could be what their planning. I'm due to possibly get off Hightened security next month. Cause I'll be six months DR. Free. I'm so close to saying F — this sh\*\* kill myself and just get this stinking life over with. my mind just went to a very bad place. I'm just tired of this, and on top of that the depression, now I've got to deal with this idiot all day. sure wish that prozac would have started this week. I maybe worrying about nothing. I just thought about what the captain said yesterday, and then my classification officer.

5:03PM so far so good. another hour to go. He's come by here making smart remarks. I've just ignored him. only thing I've done is watched TV. and talked. I'm fixing to wash cloths wash up and lay down watch a movie and then MMA. UFC is on tonight.

**SUNDAY JANUARY 27, 2013** 7:10am I'm so tired. I was up late watching the fight's I think I'm tired from the stress of having this sgt. down here. I need to finish a letter and write my mom and get a card out. All I really want to do is lay back down, but I'm going to write 5:20PM. Well I never did write. I've just been laying down all day. Having a sgt. down here that's already set me up, is just very uncomfortable. very stressful.





Bernald W. Clark Jr.  
January 27, 2013.

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And I'm just glad he's not going to be here tomorrow. I hope to see the Doctor Tuesday and get my prozac started up. Just having way too many suicidal thoughts. Delgado's suicide, combined with Pete Vutura dying Thursday, and Tom laying up there on his death bed expecting to die any day now, and Paul being over on death watch scheduled to die some time next month, just too much death around here. Any way's hopefully I'll see the Doctor Tuesday and get my prozac started back. \*I've noticed I haven't received any comments from the blog is several weeks. maybe this week. Oh well, I'm fixing to wash cloths wash up and call it a day. Also I seen the moon this morning. It was a Full moon. I was laying in my bunk, I seen what I thought was a reflection. When I got up and looked close it was the moon. I haven't seen the moon in years. I'm going to look for it in the morning. I'm sending one of my cards with 2 puppies, which I hope gets posted on the blog and my logo, someone please let me know if it's posted.

