

### Daunting Existence

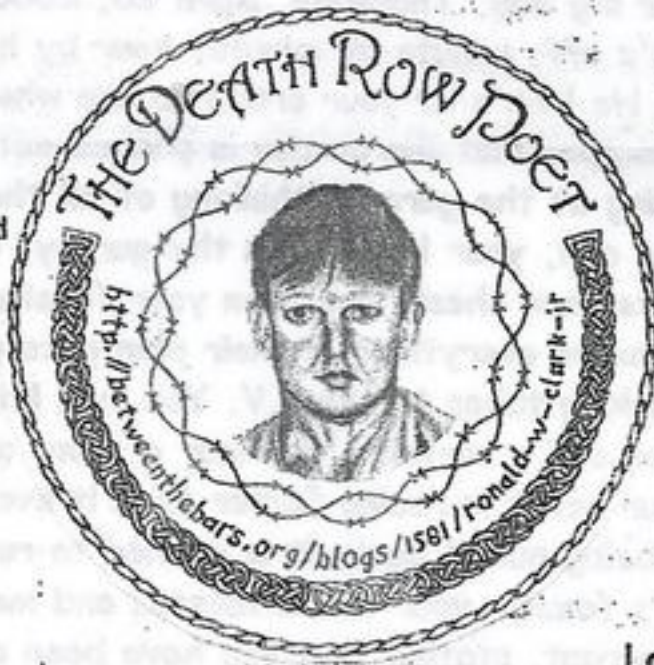
I strain to look out, so far away,  
 through the crack in the window,  
 at the dawn of the day.  
 To catch a glimpse of freedom  
 far off in the distance,  
 escaping this cage  
 and my daunting existence.  
 I can see freedom,  
 but only in my past,  
 so please tell me why,  
 am I trying to last?  
 Existing in this world,  
 that has deminished all hope,  
 so please tell me how  
 I'm suppose to cope?  
 For I stand at my cell bar's  
 staring off in the distance,  
 yet I still have to cope  
 with my daunting existence.

### So Unkind

I struggle with my hopes,  
 I struggle with my dream's,  
 and I struggle everyday,  
 with my life, it seems.  
 Strecthing one day  
 off into another,  
 existing in this world  
 for my mother.  
 A world so, so unkind,  
 unlike hers this is mine.  
 Held off-in suspense,  
 held in by razor wire fence.  
 Concrete, steel and stone,  
 I'm left here all alone.  
 Where day's turn into week's,  
 week's into month's  
 and month's into year's,  
 blended together  
 with so many tear's.  
 A world of doom, a tiny cage,  
 a small ass room,  
 Nine by six feet-  
 of living space.  
 A world like no other place.  
 Two world's, two heart's,  
 separated miles apart.  
 Yes, unlike her's this is mine,  
 A world that is so, so unkind.

### Death Row

Death Row is a place  
 Where a man is disgraced  
 Where flies don't land  
 And birds don't sing  
 Where there's no love  
 For anything  
 Where one seeks love  
 But can not find  
 For people truly feel  
 We are a waste of time  
 So you sit in your cage  
 Day after day,  
 And watch your life  
 Waste away.  
 You have no hopes  
 You have no dreams  
 You have no meaning  
 it surely seems.



Written by: Ronald W. Clark, Jr  
 October 24, 2005

Written February 1, 1999  
 By Ronald W. Clark, Jr.  
 The Death Row Poet.

### Loneliness

I know loneliness  
 like most will never know  
 I know loneliness  
 like most will never feel.  
 I know loneliness  
 a feeling that's so surreal  
 I know loneliness  
 like no one should ever know.  
 I know loneliness  
 I know it's feel  
 For I'm captivated by it  
 held to it's will.  
 I know loneliness  
 I know it's self defiance  
 I know loneliness  
 I know it's deadly silence.  
 Yes, I know loneliness  
 I know it all to well.  
 For this loneliness  
 is my deep dark hell.

Written by Ronald W. Clark, Jr.  
 October 3, 2004

### -Insanity-

Here where insanity looms  
 in the implorable cage of doom  
 Where you shall languish  
 in complete mental anguish  
 For here days turn to weeks  
 weeks into months and months into years  
 all blended together  
 with devastating tears  
 insanity shall rain  
 causing heartache and pain  
 For it shall appear  
 that insanity is near  
 Captivated by concrete, steel, and stone  
 Where the heart shall exist, exist all alone  
 My apparition of hope  
 is dangling from the end of a rope  
 Captivated and distraught  
 with suicidal thoughts  
 Withering here under the sentence of death  
 smothered by this cage  
 gasping for breath  
 In the implorable cage, cage of doom  
 Where insanity clearly, clearly looms.

January 18, 2005

