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WAREHOUSE OF DEATH

9x7... 63 square Feet of hell, where hours turn to days, days turn to weeks, weeks turn to years, blended together, with devastating tears! Anyone who calls this living, is no doubt mentally ill. For this is not life! This is not living! Where you housed, in a "WAREHOUSE" stored up with humane beings, that are sitting, "waiting" and anticipating their death. No, only a Fool would call this living! "I wait every day, to be Fed, to be showered, to be counted, I wait and wait, and wait, some more!" But you are alive, they will say. But am I? I'm trapped in a body, that's trapped in this cage, where I'll eventually expire of natural causes, or suicide, or be marched off to the death chamber, where I will be strapped down and killed!" This is not living, this is torture, this is hell! This is your worst nightmare come true! "waiting, waiting and waiting, some more." I don't workout because I like it. I don't do art, because I like it. I try to stay busy physically, and mentally to keep this cage from driving me "insane", as I sit, warehoused with 400 other men, who await their death, in this 9x7... 63 square Foot of hell on earth. Loneliness - you don't know it, not like this cage defines it. I hope if your reading this, that you never experience it. For this is the warehouse of death, a place unlike any other.

submitted with warning.

God bless you
In Peace & Love

Connie

