

2018 prison for poems

A few poems written [p001] [while in prison](#) by Tom Dobbie

In prison, for reporting crimes....

I used to write lots,
poems, prose, essays, philosophy.....
Then, Cheshire Police started their abuses
of my children
of me
and the total destruction
of my world,
It affected my mind,
my very soul.
[p002] [Psychiatrists](#) report ICD10:F43
at battle fatigue level.
That's just a fancy way of saying -
- Tom Dobbie is not coping
with being tortured.
Now, I try to cope,
but this is the worst abuse
that can be done to me ...
putting my children into more abuse..
and stopping me from rescuing them....
every second,
of every hour,
of every day
and every horrible long night ,
for 8 years,
and while this goes on
Cheshire police are putting the boot in,
into my children,
into me
and then putting the boot in even harder,
every time the [p003] [children report it](#),
every time [p004] [I report it](#).
Surely, the devil walks freely in Chester
and...
every one of these police, cps, judges, social workers
are his bestest friends
because so says the EVIDENCE....
.....

Hatred crime....

Wait ! ,
is there hatred crime here ?
Yes, people hate me, for exposing their crimes.
Yes, people hate me, for exposing the truth about their vile nature.
Yes, social workers hate men, and damn their children.
Yes, police spread the hatred of men, in domestic abuse situations.
Yes, the family court spreads hatred of men, and puts their children into abuse.
Yes, the judges of Chester hate me, for my evidence being known.
Yes, I am hated,

by criminals

.....

They Ripped It Out of US...

used to love my children
but they ripped it out of us
used to cuddle my children
but they ripped it out of us
used to teach my children
but they ripped it out of us
used to play with my children
but they ripped it out of us
used to read with my children
but they ripped it out of us
used to cook for my children
but they ripped it out of us
used to laugh with my children
but they ripped it out of us
used to make my children feel safe
but they ripped it out of us
used to read bedtime stories
but they ripped it out of us
used to protect my children
but they ripped it out of us
we shared our hearts
but they ripped them out of us

.....

Shhhhhhhh don't cry...shhhhh.....

.

Cheap torture in plain sight...

a man put under water drowns
a man put in a fire burns
a man put in a car crash deforms
a man cut open bleeds to death
a man put in contact with lightning burns
a man put in contact with radiation dies
a man put into an explosion is blown apart
a man whose children are repeatedly abused in front of him,
and he is repeatedly stopped
by corrupt police
from rescuing them,
his mind breaks
This ICD10:F43 man -
- a man forced into
- battle fatigue level anxiety and distress
and then
put in a cold empty police cell
with no watch or clock
with no control of needed distractions
that would prevent him
from constantly fretting
about the abuses of his children
about the abuses of himself ...
this is .. cheap torture,
in plain sight

deep, dark, vile, destructive
torture....

.....

To fit, or not to fit...

it would be so nice and polite
if this poem was about shoes
and possibly, there's analogy
possibly both can be serious
but that's not what brought me
it was Prince Mishkin's talking
to the ladies at the dinner table
his total honesty, simplicity
and the abyss he stands next to
complete beautiful cognition
while not terrorised by his fitting
This simple, matter of fact, fitting
So many times I align with him
but my abyss is ruled by tyrants
terrorists hidden by their uniforms
wounding with children's screams
eyes and hearts ripped naked
and burned by evil you cannot stop
This kind of fitting, on top of the anguish
this is torture, torture of the mind
as vile as it gets...

.....

Blood from stone, as writing comes out of a rock...

writing the latest court applications
is falling off the scales of Herculese
leaden arms refuse instructions
and the very possibility worthless
while great heavy thunderclouds
cast cement like into solid rock
blocking my mind's existence
Scouring the bloody battlefield
over and over again, searching
every corpse's terrors screaming
is no task for flesh and blood
and so I freeze into the great rock
I am the rock, the battlefield
the screaming is me now, for me
and the great stone canvas is frozen
Who would buy this, eternity ?

....

All The Sadness Ever

it comes on, out of the darkness, out of the void
that's where everything starts, this journey,
coming out from, and going back in to
this sadness is bitter cold, freezing everything
its hardened nausea drools down this brittle soul
sadness, how can you measure it as you cry ?
sadness, how can you describe it as you shrivel ?

can we stop, or change, or know it's legions ?
the clock ticks so slowly, and suddenly, stops
releasing the emotional weapons of Pandora's fears
the word sad is everywhere, emotional weeds
this is the chemical WMD to all hearts
the body tries to wash away the sadness with tears
and it stings the eyes and cheeks
as the heart painfully keeps pumping
all the sadness in history, more dead than all the wars
and these, are those, who succumb to it's burying
.....

Polyphonic thoughts

'I' meditate slowly
breath in....1,2,3,4,5,6,7
breath out..1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10,11
and....again, and....again....
the inside visual screen jumps between images
especially with eyes closed
this is the garden of visual noises
so, I try to force visualising each counted number
and the number appears, in unstable 'fonts'
the act of trying to have just one 'font' is disruptive
so, it's best to just let the variety of forms
as long as there is semantic synchronicity
and the semantic noise is quietened
and then,
'I' can see
the noise
that modulates this mind's semantic
and then,
'I' can feel the music of the semantic's noise
and here is,
the noise of the noise
controlled by some unconsciousness
and I feel
this symphony, this jazz band jamming
but the instruments have no players
just the music
satisfaction and comfort in the harmony
anxiety and distress in the discordant
maybe, Bach got it.....

There's more, but this is all I want to type today...
.....

Scrubbing off the bloody flesh of the pains of reality...

this kind of hurting contaminates all humanity
my body shakes without knowing or seeing
pains enforce immediacy that I have no say in
prisoner, patient, are merely my little words
My every screaming scared cell wants away
to be protected, to be hidden, to be without
for this is a place most hallowed in evil.
Every time God created a new living creature
the reflection through the mirror fed on it

producing the inverse of light, the inverse of life
that's the problem of mirrors here and there
creating the uncreation, the balancing of accounts
and the mirror of skin and flesh contains it's message
in it's inside world, and its outside world
Watch these worlds dragged clumsily around
crashing, oozing, sliding, ripping into each other
insides stuck together with anger to love
outsides stuck together with lust to love
and as all of these binaries fly around your two sides
the accounts slip in and out of that balance
recording it all in the skins, in plain sight
that that no amount of scrubbing can erase...

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Download [p005] '[Dreams of a Dream](#)'
which describes how corruption by power
causes dreadful things to happen -
- just like in the history of the authorities
in this case in Cheshire and Chester.
Watch for Horus and Isis !

Download [p006] '[Scream Inside](#)'
which is evidence of how a person being tortured
by Cheshire authorities uses art and poetry
as a cathartic method to try and stay
the psychological damage resulting from the torture.

Download [p007] '[The Justice of Chester](#)'
which is evidence of how a person being tortured
by Cheshire authorities uses art and poetry
as a cathartic method to try and stay
the psychological damage resulting from the torture.

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