

2018 prison for poems

A few poems written [p001] [while in prison](#) by Tom Dobbie
These reflect the despair, anxiety, torture of a man
criminally abused by police, CPS, judiciary -
torture towards suicide....being repeatedly punched in the face and locked up - all to
stop me rescuing and protecting my children.

This is jJust like the police in North Wales did to the abused Wrexham children, some
who went on to commit suicide.
God cannot forgive such evil, and here it is again in Chester and Cheshire
dressed up in black uniforms, black gowns and idiots wigs
[it is not Tom Dobbie who brings disgrace to police, cps and judges,
it is the criminals I am reporting, and all those who defend evil - are evil]

Matthew 18:6 - But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me,
it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and [that] he
were drowned in the depth of the sea.

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....

.....

These Chester Courts are the silent enemy of decency ...

114 appearances in the courts in Chester
and at every occasion, they abuse my children
they cover up and propagate child abuses
and they savagely attack the whistleblower.
You say that nobody told you these things
and then in the turn of your head, we vanish.
It is no wonder they won't televise these
or broadcast them on radio or dvd
Secrecy is a speciality of corruption
and secrecy is nowhere greater than in courts
with injunctions and gaggings like weeds
How can you have 114 court appearances
and no one knows about it, hidden from all news
Not one judge in these courts is fit for purpose
this is rancid meat animated by evil, the devil
The sheeple are sold on quiet falsities
kept in their role as money producers
while their overlords dress up in lunatic costumes
What an ingenious trick to play on the masses
getting them to be enthusiastic slaves
and delight in the destruction of their brethren
greed and self centred before all morals.
These are not courts, these are the coliseum
the concentration camps, the gulags of the powerful
That's what the archeologist of Chester will find
in the evidence the police and courts want hidden.....

.....

The Emptiness...

late night exhaustion drives me
into an internal storm of the mind
there's a bed, pillow, quilt, all inviting
and yet, a terrible consequence to cross
You have to leave all the world empty
all the fields of seeds not growing
all of the foetuses stagnantly unborn
all of the sunrises stuck in darkness
This is the world the uniforms put me in
This is the world where my children are ghosts
This is the world where all of my dreads live
So tired, so scared, so sorry, so utterly lost....

.....

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 battified
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
.....

Its got nothing to do with me....

Part 1.

It's got nothing to do with me
said Theresa May
It's got nothing to do with me
said Amber Rudd
It's got nothing to do with me
said Alison Saunders
It's got nothing to do with me
said judge Woodward
It's got nothing to do with me, me, me
said Steve Robinson, Gerald Meehan, Vanessa Whiting..
It's got nothing to do with me
they said , on and on, and on ...

.

Part 2.

The terrified little girl stared at them
The terrified little boy cried
The children's dad's mind broke some more
The family friends looked on bewildered
The papers were told 'don't print this'

.

Part 3.

The social workers lied repeatedly
with their cut and paste reports
The police lied repeatedly
with their cut and paste reports
The judges gagged the victims
with their cut and paste injunctions

.

Part 4.

The sheeple were offended
at being called sheeple
The sheeple were offended
that an upstart said they didn't care
The sheeple were offended
that observers are abusers.

.

Part 5.

I'm not wearing the King's new clothes
said Theresa May
and so said all the others.....
.....

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...

.....

.
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.

End of page ' **2018 poems** '.