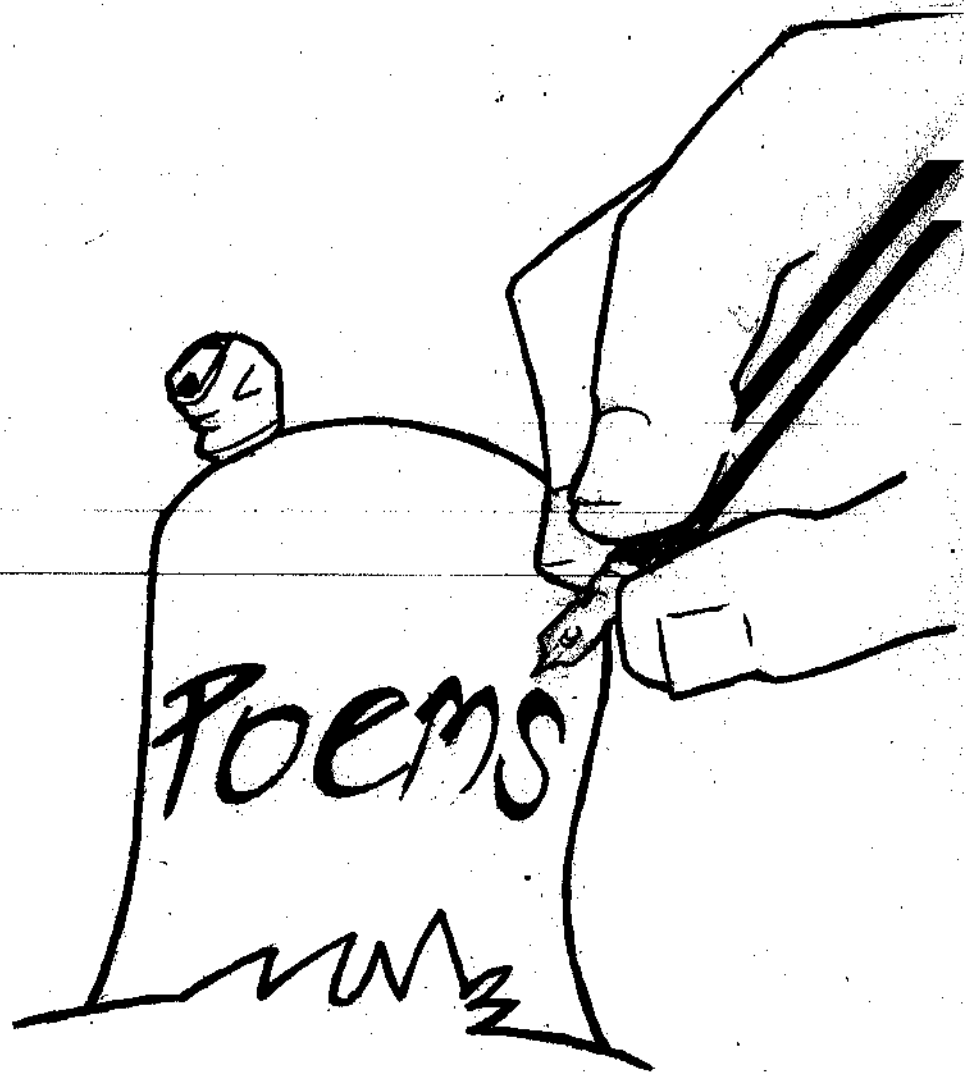


Autographed Posthumous Collection

Author of
Hungry Robot
available on
Amazon



Anthony
Tinsman



Anthony Tinsman

"Practice it today." - M.A.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

BIO

Anthony Tinsman is a PEN award winning author, and the designer of Take a load Off, a re-entry program taught in federal prison.

He serves a mandatory minimum 35 year sentence for Armed Bank Robbery. He is a first-time offender.

Tinsman's published work includes "Hungry Robot" a children's bed time story. He lives in Arkansas.



ABOUT ME

We all make mistakes. In 2004 I committed the greatest mistake of my life, robbing a bank. Entering prison at 20 with a 35 year sentence didn't help ... violent anger followed up stone dead depression... and that's natural. Squaring my personality with success and away from self-defeating attitude took more effort than I'd care to eulogize. But the good part is that what I have learned has been instrumental in my role as an instructor, motivating other prisoners in ways Specialists can't, all of us winning through improvement in Character.

I'm in front of prisoners all day teaching TLO, the re-entry program I founded in 2010. "Take a Load Off" is based on CB Treatment, so are many other programs, but TLO respects the negative layers of despair and selfishness that suffocate rehabilitation inside our walls. It eases change into hardened personalities that are typically withdrawn from positive influences. Trust factors into this since it wasn't just handed to me, like "here, teach this" no, I designed it. They see that as prisoners we share the need to improve our stake in the world and TLO is a good starting point. My goal is to see it in every prison, reducing recidivism as much as possible.

We're all learning, moving, becoming... adding to someone's rehabilitation experience is universally good but its scary because its bigger than you and easy to screw up. My writing shares much with my teaching methods. Married to humor with valuable lesson slipping out. My accomplishments, like my PEN award, are great examples that I use to motivate prisoners. I tell them to start small. My first step was "Hungry Robot" a bed time story. It is a small accomplishment towards a greater vision of change. Frederick Douglas said "It is easier to build strong children than to repair broken men." It may be easier, but in order to form a better future we must also break detrimental casts.

Anthony Tinsman 04276-063

"Practice it Today" - M.A.

(1.0) REFERENCES

www.pen.org 2009 Fielding Dawson Prize (Literary)

www.bop.gov Tinsman, Anthony Louis 04276-063: Charges, release date and SENTRY data.

(2.0) PUBLISHED WORK

www.amazon.com "Hungry Robot" (ages 2 to 6) copyright 2013

AUTOGRAPHED POSTHUMOUS COLLECTION

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Wool on Wool

The cold hangs still, it stings my eyes
a new moon cast a thick black veil
out past the loom of pale light spilling
from the doorway
the shops colder than the wild
no wood to burn nothing to quell the chill but
wool on wool
My breath glows white like the snow at my feet
and my mustache is wet, dripping frigid cool
I taste the smoke from my cigar, vanilla mild
delivered with a dirty hand, got filth under nail
I can smell the powder of the weld,
the grind and file
It's Christmas Eve somewhere
in some town maybe just over the hills
there's a gathering of loved and expected smiling
in the glow
of something warmer than wool on wool
It's all quiet and the cold runs deeper
than my skin
I've lived like an old man far too long
Birthday in four months, I'm thinking
my youth should start creeping in
My eyes got water in em, it's from the cold
this bitter cold
but the night keeps staring, locked into it
standing half froze
in a moment, creeping, like the cold touching my



soul

A piece that'll never thaw from wool on wool

A crystal comes pure from the sky

I used to live and breath all or nothing

the trade

cycles and actions, triggers and capacities

but anymore it's a hollow burden

is one I build on a frigid Christmas Eve

going to rip out the heart of two, make a mother cry

Yeah, just over the hills are braids of lights

garlands, wreaths, commercial appeal wrapped up happy

under a plastic tree

Lill' kids all frantic, ecstatic

and the whole scene probably caught on camera for

posterity

A shiver finds it's way down my chest

Past the cold through my bitterness, me eyes go dry

and I see this mess

The power has lost it's attraction, ain't love

keeping me in the trade

My future is as dark as the night

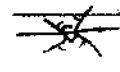
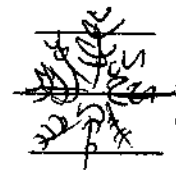
out past the doorway

if ever I believed, my conscience won't play

a fool, oh, a chill like this

is beyond the touch of

wool on wool.



Go out and seek your truth

To be anti-anything you must be
pro-something

Anti-anything is so Nothing
easily smiled over
with labels:

Literary

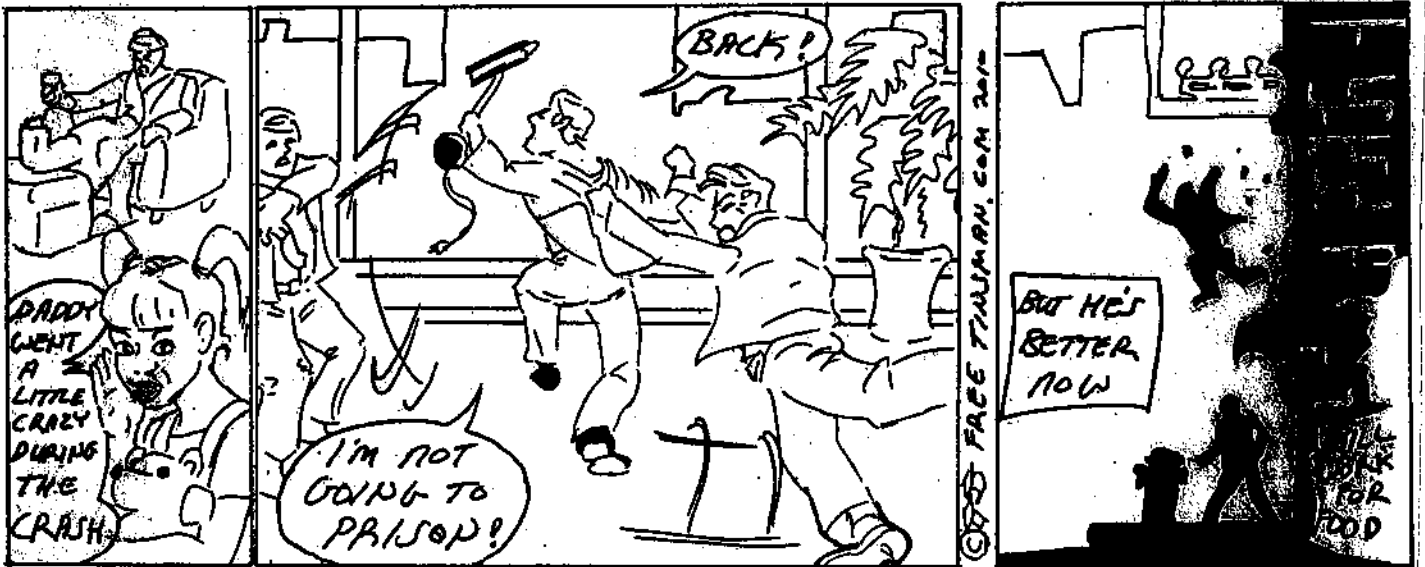
Atheist

Keep refrigerated
magna cum laude

Most people feed on
all this theism
witch doctors and constitutions
jammed down their
throats
they really swallow, man
conforming for more
they crap out the framework
of society
stand in ankle deep waste
reeking
connected
like Cranes in a pond
a network of sewage
and dirty feet

Either they boldly

flap their wings
or
as is
eventual
moisture creeps
up their trousers
and
they wish they'd ordered
that new
stain resistant fabric
softener.



Failure to yield

Recovering from failure

I found myself in a bad

all-around state

financial, mental, relationships,

business, all of it

and I needed a real solution

My priority was to break completely

from the people

places

and 90% of the

things

that were not helping me

in fact family and isolation

were killing me

Rugged Custom Gear, llc was

titts-up

orders unable to ship

or make

I was a wreck out of patience

I knew I needed financing but

I needed

a real move, something deeper

more profound

So I developed two wild-ass plans

A. and B.

Plan A.

Cash in my checks, sell guns
and commit myself for psychological
treatment

Plan B.

Getaway vehicle, recruit/train and
rob a bank. Clean the money over
the next 6 months.

I flipped a coin

After the robbery I

was nursing

a

gun

shot.



Expired plates

A great plan
ruthlessly
executed
due
to
the
immortality of
its
ambition
and
the
frailty
of
its
originator



A Poem

Title: Death of an Enabler

Grey baptism skyward dripping
 Sirens hymn no cry of grieving
 Breath goes cold pulse uneven
 Bleeding within fading feeling
 Numb and dying slow
 Spinning to the darkness greeting
 Deaths a painful sin
 And he's greedy for hurt
 It keeps his loathing heart beating
 Wet beads roll but he drifts on cheating
 6 bullets dear sweet toll
 He's ragged un-whole
 Hating life but be that so
 His pale tenement
 Won't give up the ghost
 Guilty craving this survivors shame
 Living without greater meaning
 Courting the edge
 And falling like rain
 He's good and gone
 gone for good
 But hurts too strong
 he's gone
 for bad.

NIXIE
 NOT DELIVERABLE TO SENDER
 322 4E 1009
 RETURN TO SENDER
 ADDRESSED
 7208/11/13
 BC: 7233E3E0000
 UNABLE TO FORWARD
 *0971-10484-02-41

NIXIE
 NOT DELIVERABLE TO SENDER
 998 4E 1009
 RETURN TO SENDER
 ADDRESSED
 0108/07/13
 BC: 7233E3E0000
 UNABLE TO FORWARD
 *0971-17976-02-41

Ft. Worth, Texas

Every three days they handcuffed us
and locked us in the showers
5 minutes
with the smallest bar of soap
in the world
They gave us three pieces
but if you dropped it
the floor was too scummy
to dig it up by your nails
which were long without
clipping
As they went through
searching our empty cells
and you got the suds out
your eyes first
With the sounds of sheets
tearing in the cells
and mattresses clapping
the floor
and I savored the hot water
looking up into the
dented, yellowed
polished strap of metal
that served as a mirror
and I just wanted a woman
beside me
rather than all these
men

all of them scrubbing
their hair madly.
Not attacking anyone.
Then we walked back to the cells
handcuffed
the halls litter seizing
your heart
our only possessions
tossed out
into the hall
magazines
and cups and
envelopes
and they locked us in again
They never took anything we
didn't eventually replace
maybe some writings
but whittled us down to the
basics
Hoping for something rare to
come in
They gave us more
toilet paper and
soap
and some of us fished back
a magazine or two under the door
or beat the door in protest
"They took my porn!"
but it was always jarring

I don't know why
to see that folded over mattress
leaned in the corner
jumbled with the sheets
and my bare metal bunk
towering over the
violation
there was language in that
and it told me exactly
where I stood in the
universe.

Rock

fucking

bottom



Release Preparation

Some guys never thought
about getting out of prison
so they did the best thing
they could
right before getting out,
selling to
other races, double selling
personal items
swindling items
thieving extra cloths
hygiene
cheap books
and electronics
shorting
penitentiary
friends
out of junk

Problem with
this
last minute
grab
was that it
a: pissed off guys
who could wait to
get even
and
b: reinforced weak

minded attitudes
and habits.

Not all of them violated
their probation
most did
depending on who they schemed
they suffered
beat downs
full embrace
full shunning
it was obvious
upon returning
for another
12 to 20 months
and fresh paper,
they hadn't
tried hard
really
and if pinching an
extra pair of socks
was as inventive as
they got
then guess what?



Life is about options

Stock options

Optional Insurance

Insurance Premium

Life Insurance

The Game of Life (you
have two children)

Professional Counselor,

Licensure

or

Criminal Enterprise

Don't play Games

or

Play Ball

Embrace the Moment

that which like all

mysteries contains

its secrets

Don't

Sex toys

Sex for hire

Names

Nanny for hire (Sexy Nanny)

Play-sets

Education

Set your heirs

Trust vs Estate

Death in General

1.0. MI (Myocardial Infarction)

1.1. DVT (Deep Vein Thrombosis)

1.2. Funeral expense fund

1.3. Skydive, parachute 'failure'

Death, Lingering

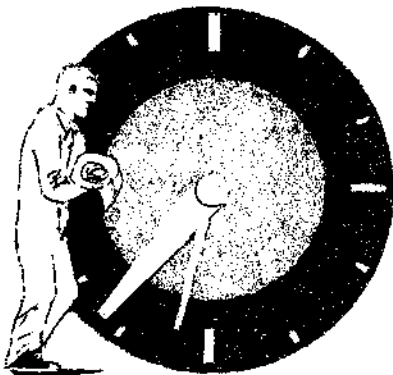
A. Cancer

B. Finish your life's work

C. Skydive, naked, with prostitutes

'forget' to wear condom

Choices are everywhere, man.



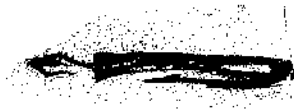
Cut (Patience) & Paste (10 X the work)

Just 15 minutes with
a Staff computer
would be magic,
one Google search
a week
reincarnation.
An iPhone 5?

But this is prison.
Using what you have
means using
junk
especially if you're
trying to get published.
Queries
Manuscripts
SASEs
easy, right
of the 20 weekly
hours
the Library's open
there's 15 hours of
crowded lines inside
arguing morally
with
football ticket makers
and hopeless Jailhouse
Appeals

over who checks out
the working typewriter.
Bang out your work
on irreversible ribbon
smear 1,000 gallons of
white out
but
cover up
late night discovered
typos with
taped on fixes
cause the spacing
will never match
oh, retype if it's
a line edit
or, Jez, new content
throws the whole
page outta whack.
Bribe illiterate fools
to critique your
work until your
satisfied
then
edit, copy, edit, copy
ding.
Your done.
Lines inside the Library,
15 cents a submissable copy
if, IF, a

publisher responds
'electronic submission is
our preferred method'
you might talk reason
and they'll
actually write
the rejection letter.
Something to sob
cuss
laugh
about
but you don't
have a social media
platform
for that appropriate
shoulder
so tighten the belt
like a good
sucker fool should do
if you blow off
breakfast
you got a shot
at the
#5 typewriter



Statistical records department

Subject: Membership

Date: April, 15, 2009

Dear, (Name withheld)

Now, I began four letters
with

"There must be a mistake,"
fuck that.

Yes,

I am Anthony L.

Tinsman born

March, 16, 1984

and

I find it no small
miracle that I'm

in archives

at Church

Headquarters

in Utah.

Fact is

I opened your letter

delivered by the

Easter bunny

with clenched

stomach

confrontation had

sought me out

again.

Not your fault

entirely
but memory
reminds me
"Fuck the dumb shit,"
and
Ho Ho Ho Ho
Be good for goodness
sake.

So next time I pop
up in records,
and
"Should we mail him?"
gets floated around
speak up,
"Hey, let's don't."
Thanks.

P.S.
Leave this letter
under your pillow
and you'll find a
a buck
in it's place in
the morning.

Last will and testament

Executor: United States Justice Department

Assets/Liabilities: Moot

Personal Statement: After the hangovers

My mind opened, it ripened

how many lives have

fizzled out, ill-tempered

deaf to reason

Life is sweet

take a bite before it

falls away

Writing was therapy that

threw it all into focus

HOW TO DO IT

for me

It is the watering

of

that

tree,

and the fruit

it will

bear

LIFE

ETERNAL



When you get out

Get you a cheap
charcoal grill,
bag of charcoal
lighter fluid
real matches
some USDA prime
Rib eye
or Porterhouse cut
3.20/4.50 a .lb
some utensils
cheesecake
a couple six packs
of Stout beer
I always liked
Killions Irish Red
tasted like chocolate
milk with some ass
to it
and savor the smoke
of meat grilling
and the brief robusto
flavor of Romio&Juilta
cigar
washed down with
chocolate alcohol
smoke peeling back
from them perfect
moistened leaves

of
tobacco and
relax in that
lawn chair
not even listening to music
just the sizzle of fat
the heat of smoke
staring at the
lady neighbors
rear end
as she waves
and tends to her flowers
and sit there
letting the meat burn
the cheesecake mold over
with flies
the stogie smolder
a raw burn on
both
fingers
that bleeds,
and squeeze that
bottle until you're
strong enough
pained enough

enough

to break it

staring through
bitter black smoke
drawing in neighborly
complaints
from under your BBQ
and sit there
knowing that now
You. Are. Ready.
you have satisfied
your appetite
for self destruction
in
one
stinking
feast.



All subject to human misunderstanding

If you show me tonight you love me
use everything that makes you so
lovely
then I'll call you angel
cause my spirits are high
Aren't we something
why so hard to communicate
saved by mindless observation
just trying to loosen up and intimize
her defenses pulled me in
as close as the cloths on her skin
I'll skip the acts
scare these roles away
my arm wrapped around
the small of her back
tracing a heart over her breast
touch the corner of her ear
show me pleasure
I know she will with her hair a mess
but the rest
I promise
got lost
deaf whispers on flesh
casually pried
smiles and laughs
feelingless
when the endorphins
crash.

Writing addiction

Essentially I'm gambling

These manuscripts

are dies crafted to

beat out all the other

rolls,

however many rolls

it takes

I shake

shiver

cringe

gut turning

"Blow on these Baby"

muse to my side

heats up the dies

with her puckered

inspiration

and

cooly the Onlookers,

close knit gamblers

eye the table

secretly

hoping against each other

"Throw em pussy"

I say to myself

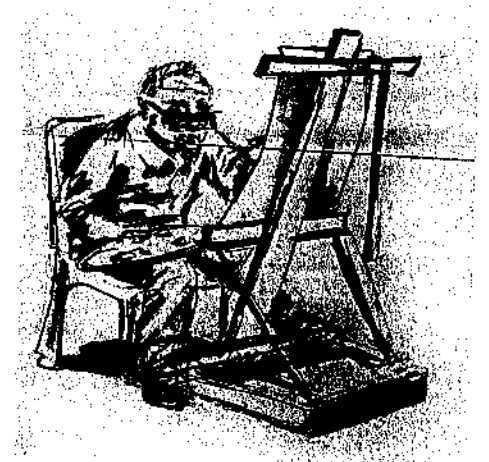
cause the odds don't

change and fear clinches

the

jaw
but evaporates
on the tail of
cart-wheeling dies
to
their destiny
in that second I
hold back anticipated
excitement and
with all the vanity a
writer seeks
On. The. Line.
Hoping the chips
stack up
the crowd cheers
the muse doesn't ditch
me
and emptiness
is
forgotten as my
chance settles
on
snake eyes

Eventually
I toy with a new idea
another shot
this one,
this is the one.



Counselor Tinny

A summary of the Counseling
Professionals methods
our example
say after death,
"We all have to deal with this."
Lets break it down:

Broaden it with 'We'
plural
universal
'Have'
(Ain't two ways about it,
have another Scotch, Margaritas
are for Old Women)
'To'
here it comes, the wind up
the pitch.....
'Deal'
...steee-riike
(Put up with, conquer, vanquish
...snicker,
now don't be a fool
and commit suicide because of
the harsh
gutter
reality)
'This'

Oh, Lord

The unspoken grievance
can now be de-humanized
depersonalized
into 'This'

'Deal with this' = One last
drink, then on with
it

Far less emotionally charged
than say,

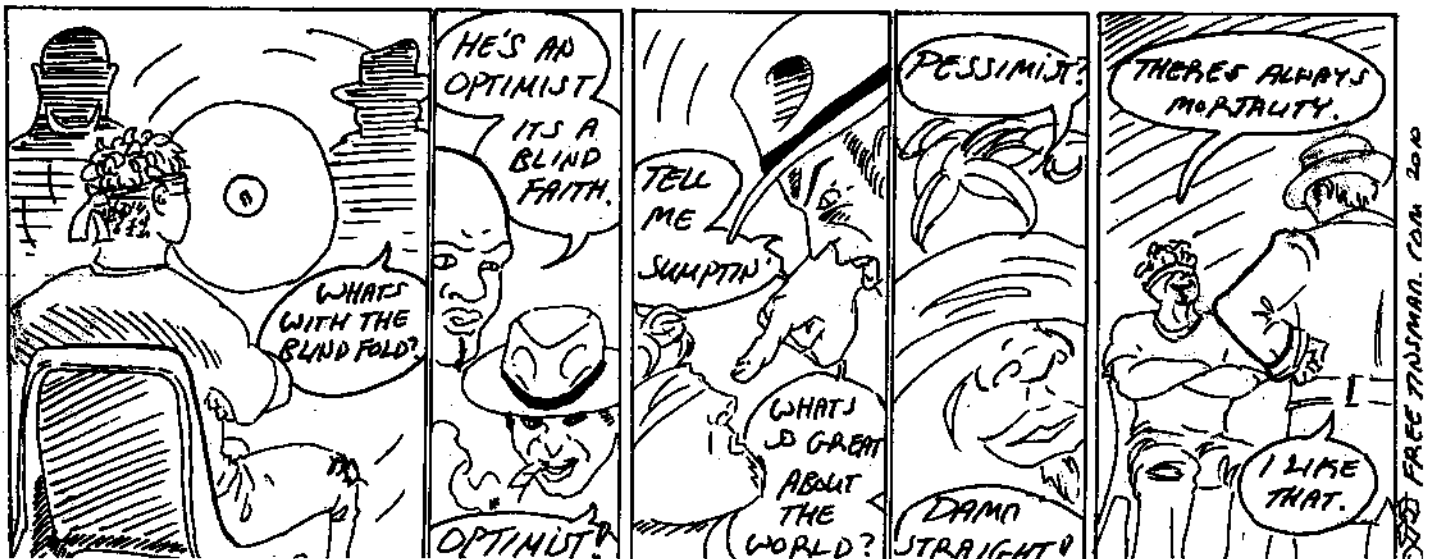
That rotting piece of carcass
with Its bloated guts stuffed
into a slippery black bag
and Its blood drained into
the sewers
replaced with too-late
preservative chemicals
into Its veins
and Its last shred of
honor smeared with
make-up a
transvestite would
squeal at in
total
disgust
'That'

was Grandpa,
or Sister
or some one
of equivalent
meaning
and
value
and whatever.

Yes.
Lets all deal
with
this.

Thank you.

Call me if you start
relying on Margaritas.



A story not worth writing

(Stuffed in a poem)

SUMMARY:

Aliens

stranded near Earth

decide to observe Humanity while
awaiting rescue

They are bombarded by crap

TV

space junk

and the primitive

hair on peoples faces

"Eyebrows, a great pair
of brows on those bloody
Apes!"

By the time they're

rescued

the entire crew has

turned vegetable

from the stupidity

induced

upon them by

man.

Unfinished outline

I told my celly
(from Columbia)
to make an outline
for his
son's kids book
'Where's Daddy'
I'll illustrate it.
It took a while
but
He called in
some favors
and told his
family and
He began:

1. They're always smiling.

"A little creepy dontcha think."

"No."

2: Lines Daddy stands in:

"Commissary line, Chow line, laundry
line. I could draw a map."

"Exactly."

3: Feeding the birds.

"Okay."

"At least 90% of the time Daddy feeds
the birds."

4. Orderly, smiling, holding a broom.

"This is where Daddy pretends to work."

"Trash piled everywhere."

"Exactly."

(My suggestion, jokingly.)

5. Pull tab, Daddy gets stabbed.

"No."

"Why not."

"Oh sure why not."

We planned for worldwide
distribution in several
languages, maybe a series.

Thankfully the string of
bad ideas
snapped.

However you may buy a
copy of MY Kids Book
'Hungry Robot' on Amazon.

:)

- * PLEASE SHOW SUPPORT
- * FOR INCARCERATED AUTHOR

Debut of the "Hungry Robot" series!
Perfect bed time story book (3 - 5)
Title: "Hungry Robot"
Author: Anthony Tinsman



On Amazon.com e-book only 2.99
FREE Kindle App for all e-readers

Please Share Rehabilitation Effort!
Author, first time offender, serves
35 year sentence (2034 release).

Survived by

Closing eyes greet the shame
a banquet is set for a feast of plenty
but the seats are vacant
more often than not
the darkness lay waiting
underfoot
as if to console
breath
sore from crying
unheard
hurting to inhale
coddled in darkness
the world without light
darkness
denial
that's death
in a coffin.
Cremation might work out better
after the fire
and bone
crushing.

