DEATH
COLLEGE
OR
PRISON

THE
ANTHOLOGY
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POETRY
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1/20/2015

Before a lyric can reach the point of poetry, it must be realistic and resonate in the minds of the readers and listeners. So I present, Death College or Prison: The Anthology, a collection of lyrical poems from the deepest recesses of my mind for those who are educated in the culture of poetry and benefit of its impact.

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I had a little more to quote,
but the pen broke;
looking at a couple lines trying to remember just
how they go;
poetry painting pictures manifesting the economy
quality, level out the plain flourish with the quantity;
proclaiming political misadministration blood menstruation
not supposed to make it but I'm trying to break the
chains of Satan;
my limitation monopolize, synthesize, tried, pride
crumbled like the Byzantine empire;
nomadic Syriac inscriptions I put the pen down,
pyrenees Jewish vizagoth, heart-throb, looking at the
pages living by the medieval clause;
Senegal civilizes Simeons millions in a classical tongue;
cosmopolitan obstacles preventing me from following
Jerusalem's mourn;
first born named Solomon, Ibrahim, flaws in perception
keep an idle mind, I don't mind seeing perfection but the
pen broke; the Philistines to the Euphrates river
then Judah,
black buddah,
and according to the chronicles I do belong to Judah;
gideons send me on to Sierra Leone;
three thousand proverbs, one thousand five psalms;
Babylon, Lebanon gold on the cherubim;
dominated immediate climatic response break you down
to decay before eradication;
predominated wisely attained and gained regained
massive information on the brain;
It's much more stranger than the Visigothic armies
for real, seven thousand seize cities of Seville;
many were killed;
-independent contenders duplicating devasting and
overthrowing the nation;
yeah,
predominantly establishing principalities causing mayhem
among the sages and the Pharisees;
some anonymous, death overcome the conqueror,
blood on the hands of the soviets and communists;
time just slipping away;
but it's essential to the soul and the mental
after all that transpires;
all I think about is life, poverty stricken gutters with mom on the pipe:
pops in and out of prison, he struggle to get it right, I'm following in his footsteps, this is real life;

Where you beat?
under the influence cause of childhood dreams, and visions of bang ruined, by the local authorities in the middle of the night, gunned down and paralyzed struggling for my life:

"It's true;"

I wanna play the cello in a vast symphony, and say I made it out the ghetto:

my life;

has been displayed like classical architecture in museums glass cased covered with rose petals:

you see it;

picture that from a predicate felon found guilty of heinous acts;
it get hard sometimes my eyes water with relief, cries and soft sobs of me going to Madinah;
my heart flutter and skip a beat, cause my visions not veiled from the genocide and violence while it wreaks:

the political prisoners and the deleges meet, hold trial and sentence them execution in the streets:

I cry sometimes;"
Why?
Cause it get hard; I never seen a family so big just fall apart:
I time pass I glance at these razors and fall apart see the letters are reaching they just reading with no regards: and it's hard;" and I can feel it coming threw the air tonight something ain't right; trying to live my life they wan't me to do right and it's so hard
Stuck in prison visions of being someone renowned on the auto bond flying in a bm, I'm talking about the other convicts, who perish or fall victim due to lack of common sense, and plus they don't believe so the odds of being killed or swallowed in a riot is two to three;
mom calling inquiring about her little baby; he lying in I.C.U. It's driving her crazy; and she ain't seen her son in a while; I thought about this a million times before it came out my mouth;
I'm as vulnerable as everybody else, so when the time comes I'm a go hard to the death;
until my wrists break, bones crack, this a little more than rap, going platinum and diamond, look this a little more than that;
just imagine being in the serengeti, not a worry in the world just the wind blowing heavy;
and it's so hard; but I can feel it coming threw the air tonight something ain't right;
trying to live my life they want me to do right
but it's so hard:

Cause I'll never live forever, though criticized by
many cause their hearts filled with terror;
Under world status infamous,
penmanship pristine.

everything I write considered diamond and platinum;
and I'm holding on to memories:
picture that,

fitted hat,

long chain,
hundred miles fast lane;

Lost and forgotten forsaken enemies plotting,
hoping I don't return thinking I'm gone stiff and rotten:

hold me down,
show me now,

think about me daily, not in the back of your mind,
matter of fact never mind:

It seems to be easy to find what I'm looking for
by jotting down these lines:

never thought I'd be inspired
or sympathize with parallel lives

they seem nothing like mine,
another mother crying,
another brother dying,
her son behind enemy lines and it's hard...

but I can feel it coming threw the air tonight
Something ain't right:

_______________________________________
Looking at the future as I glance threw my rear view, news paper clippings of the trials that I've been to: Society was saying 'im cohesive, connected threw similar transactions so 'im guilty automatically': picture that.".
Suffering from poverty a gifted adolescent who wanna be a commodity:
life came fast before I knew it I was stuck in the dean, writing music preparing for the future: record promotions and six figures in advance would put me in a position to provided for the family:
man it feel good, my father told me one day on the phone that he planned on me to get us out the hood:
and that was kinda odd,
I admit it did inspire me, success was all around me true", but I was silent Convincing him maby, I was only a baby.".
putting everything I had into this rap no looking back it made Sense, and I was equipped with something weird but a gift:
of speaking in tongues so many thought it was a trip I could of lost my life inside a car but the future didn't take me that far:
you can't see it, you can't predict it you can't control it, but you can prepare for it, look at the future; visions of College star struck fans saying a Can you Sign this?
"Look at the future."
I'm still knocking despite the fact I'm in prison
I push it to the limit:
partially invented.
Drop a seed see the baby born hear it cry, but it
will die before I kiss it:
and I visualize genocide, third world country struck
with plagues unidentified, with faces of a gemini
biological warfare man what's next, paralyze my
respiratory system so I hush:
while we struggle trying to resurface coming from
down under, live rounds in the alley ways sound like
thunder:
who me!'
I witnessed the poor poor the government
manipulated the masses on TV:
while you parallel your lens to a virtual decision,
the TV screen is telling lies to your vision:
the transmission is tapping on your rational
condition, your logic is being clouded by a benz:
but you can't see it, you can't predict it, you can't
control it, but you can prepare for it:
look at the future."
Visions of college, star struck fans saying a
Can you sign this?
"Site Of My Affection"

I fumbled with my life
"oops I hit the bottom"
I'm going threw this phase and I'm locked inside
this asylum:
breached my contract
I was speaking grafitti, I'm trying to rule something like
aya kollah khomeini:
many people hear me speaking profession;
I evaporate, condensate, precipitate rain on their faces,
affection:
for the long lost tribes of Qamit' many nations being
Carried by the libraries raided and vexed suprressed,
patronize generation X.
I'm dang this one for political prisoners, I'm a threat,
to society:
they don't wanna see me speaking highly, I got felony
Charges, I'm not here for failing sobriety test;
confess,
tell them about my life what a mess, I got it off my
chest, so maybe I can rest:
Neglect,
the genocide propaganda foolishness, bond
with the proper companions, and build a pyramid:
here it is,
we in the year two g, total confusion it's chaotic
so I'm praying for peace;
ALLAH U AKBAR
akhi nahar",
life what you make it and I'm fighting for a cause
I pause proceed, fast, cause it could be my last battle,
In Jihad but it's fa sa be le lah:
my past,
many perceive it like I straddled the Fence, but
the tenbon wasn't thick until the genes commenced:
and I'm bored of that!
he who hesitates at war, I feel like this,
he who hesitates has lost:
didac"
In my veins flow the ink of a scholar
One thousand times more than the blood of a
Martyr:"
"Intoxicated"

I say crime birth poverty,
poverty birth crime. Intoxicated, behind bars doing time:
mom still crying,
peers still dying;

I know it's been a minute, out of sight, out of mind:
this is a dedication, def poetry of course, my purpose
is commeration lyrics more important:
report it to the president tell him I'm behind bars,
not that he gone give a damn, I'm just another negro
scared:

ball hard get your paper man, live it to the fullest,
if you get political, you gone have to dodge a bullet:
look at all the politicians they worshiping with
statistics, and San Quentin is still a political persons
prison:
the blacks trapped, society tricked to selling crack,
there's no antidote for that, they trying to knock us
off the map:
we falling for it, time and time again, gone pass the
word around until they break us out the pen and
then:
the government officials will come call all criminals,
if we don't go to war in the streets, and pluck the
general off:
he was driving drunk fleeing the law, hydroplane ran
straight in the wall, that was all:
Intoxicated,
Quit all that sad facing and frown, this is a
dedication I'm trying to hold you down:
I know you trying so hard living life in the streets
but it's the Ghetto and trouble keep following me:
I say crime birth poverty,
poverty birth crime, Intoxicated behind bars doing time,
mom still crying."
peers still dying."
I know it's been a minute out of sight, and out of mind:
this is a dedication def poetry "of course";
Take a look into my deepest thoughts, my deepest feelings:
Crime affiliate, living but I'm stuck in a prison, the
real estate quote I've heard in my life still echoes in my
head,
"We used to think money was white"
gutter suffocate, never did make it to the twelfth
grade, life still painting a picture that never fades:
I was down to my last dime, so I spent it on a pencil
and a piece of paper just so I could write a rhyme:
Crime birth poverty,
poverty birth Crime, intoxicated still behind enemy
lines pushing:
I seen poverty coming before my prime forty-five was large,
a nine easy to hide,
confined
enemy lines got me pushing for perfection, I'm destined
to be a leader believe me, my adolescent years fear
my peers, thinking immaculate conception was the only
way to make it heaven.
after lifting up the Crime rate, homie was seven he
killed a reverend doing life in the pen they call him
brethren.
It relevant living a life of crime, meditate bring peace,
when it's quiet, it's easy to comprehend when I speak.
plus I'm dealing with depression, and certain situations
that my mom went threw, it took a while influenced
by greed.
Sit and relax, if I let my paper stack I could
go and cop a lac, and put a diamond in the back,
take a picture:
Cause they don't wanna see me in a fortress they
rather see me being the unfortunate; take a picture:
they trying to figure out how I got knowledge,
I didn't finish high school and I never been to college,
but my Sapphire polished;
looking at the world threw a book, turned me into
an extraordinary crook:
I took another look diplomacy and diplomatic
immunity reigning in the world so im shook
take a picture;
"Poetic Benediction"

This is a little deeper than the birds and the bees
this is real life contrary to popular belief;
some can't stomach it, they fall to their knees,
trying to suppress the pain makes it harder to breath;
freedom. Com"
life long trauma, passion from the ink of a scholar:
It's either that or die as a martyr, blood in my eyes
from the pain so I'm forced to go a thousand times harder;
war"
Survival of the fittest, and even warriors come to grips
with death, eventually after the brutal blood spilling:
Carnage"
a memoir of courage, valor, honor and triumph in one
scene all depicted in the picture:
listen when you driven you don't even feel the pain the
when it's rushing the adrenalin pumping threw out your
vein:
after the battle it's only war in the mind to stay sane,
only the strong survive:
look inside my life and get a glimpse of what it's
like to be afflicted,

Poetic Benediction:
tide of a crimson where I'm living, steel bars another
prison, eventually we riot for a living:
driven by a different aspiration pristine thoughts
formulate I don't wanna die irreligious:
Contemplating Something far greater, the possibilities
Could be endless:
"Remember Me"

I coulda died before the doctor ever cut my umbilical, I was destined to reveal something spiritual:

I shoulda cried, cause when I told them that my birth was imperial they rejected me and asked for a miracle:

"Allah show em' a sign."

You still blind no matter how many times, you magnify the very eye of that telescope;

Life's a joke to you;

So many try to pursue the allegorical and wind up missing the truth:

Produce an attimatum,

They looking for something that's unexplainable a mystery so unattainable;

Tell em' why.

They seen hunger eat a hole in the slums

Habitual crack addict is the life of a bum;

Spit psalms

Complicated cause I'm speaking in tongues,

I gotta be death struck cause it ain't nowhere to run:

They belittle me sabotage my little dignity

I'm a king crown me and I'll reign Supreme;

So cinematic;

Just imagine being more than a statue planted in platinum, with a reputation greater than attica;"
The Anthology

Christopher Jones

What's the penalty to rule the world?

I want a castle built in Africa,
a king wearing lavender pearls;

Suicide I ain't got the nerve to pull that trigger, no matter where the sun shines, I'm more than just a negro;

another pint of liquor, a pocket full of dreams, and here's to the king that ain't got no queen,

it's like seeing god people hear freedom and scream, and every convict trapped down know what I mean.

Warning "twist the silencer mount up the army life what you make it;"
there's more than one way that I could say this, forbidden to be spoken with a percussion;
precision with a vocal seduction;
not apart of my imagination, though I day dream reality is even closer; all the graffiti get painted over;
war cries from the vocals of a soldier, spread like a case of ebola;
had you closer
O' my brethren, did I not tell you to be cautious with that weapon?!
It's imperative to understand what lies underneath the rubble, just a piece of advice, don't wanna judge you;
though we came from the same womb, I was dreamy, you were more practical, people didn't see me;
in the shadow's I would observe, never said a word, my potential never occurred, I was on the verge, doing things that were absurd many hadn't heard;
I was blessed gifted with words, then I struck a nerve;

Carry on;
relying on the strength of my brother, knowing I just left the womb of my mother;
I know to never fuel the fire, though I feel so inspired when you look me in the eyes;
though I tried so hard, I could never be apart of the things you allowed me then, I evolved, it was all a dream;
when I sat back and analyzed everything for what it was I was in the bean;
all alone in a quest,
thinking life only hard for me;
the only person that I knew, solid as a rock and
never would leave, made tears roll down my cheeks;
it was hard to speak;
ambitions of college was clouding my logic,
geological descriptions of a pristine palace;
was far fetched, for a little black boy from the south
side of Jersey; gifted but so black look dirty;
many would hurt and desert him, he looking over
his shoulder for enemies but it's decree if he get
murdered;
Lord willing he'll live and be prominent, and give
some historical accounts that make the people
eyes open,
like a lens when it focus in; you can't battle with
a ghost and win, harsh words made me lose a
friend;
we passed by for a month without speaking, for
the sake of Allah, I just returned the brothers
greeting;
"Phraseology II"

What's sad is you my brother, traded your soul
For riches, sacrifice yourself for diamond flooded crucifixes;
Was it really worth it?

Naw"

What's the purpose? Who convinced you that money
More important than a person;
It hurt cause when you look at me I don't understand,
You so boastful, vainglorious issue out demands;
It's a cruel cold world though, gotta keep spinning
Yo', allured by the V twelves that roar in the videos;
Product of the RJ's
With dreams of being a scholar, granted scholarship to MA;

I reminiscent riding saw a body on the freeway
A double homicide I heard the violence on the three way;
Nobody was around I heard the sirens on the pat;
Enough said;
It's alot different how we grew up, big chain new cut;
Hitech boots airbrushed whole crew plushed,
Policing what we gonna do to get the loot up;
Somebody should of signed me, de pant blank range no mercy, they never would find him;
Strange how we live amongst each other right
Chasing pipe dreams trying to make it to the lime light;
I can't take it, let me express my thoughts,
I could of died in the passenger side of lo lo box;
Cast in a box, concealed with a lock and dropped
In a portion of the earth and forgot;
Mom said:
Whatever you do, just know the consequences
waiting; keep it real and maintain your truth;
and it's steady falling victim to the lowest part of me,
and debasing myself to be as falasafeleen;
In the mean time,
Ninety nine it influenced my rhymes and pharmaceticals
was needed just to calm me down;
who would of thought the dark complexion kid
in the park, would have aspirations of taking a
journey beyond the stars;
In the light years?,
The millennium struck, and Chris Kelley got his
side wet up;
and it's facing another case possession of shell casings
and my youngest brother accused of a statutory rape
but found innocent;
Sometimes I wish allah would bombard the earth
with neutrons and replenish it;
Hennessey 05 liquor in my blood stream, trying to show
my closest constituents what love mean;
Blood mean I'll do whatever to see you make it,
even if it's mixed with water you can't separate it;
Elevate a gun, to pave a better way in the slums,
it was all for the money, some say it was dumb;
We were kids back then, with a grown up state of mind; from the crime I evolved in; then we got closer, and you became more than a friend I could lean on your shoulder; even when the times were rough, I'm tapping on your window late night, hoping you would get up; you was like a truth, the only thing that mattered to me; you understood what could happen to me; from facing prison time I could never seem to get it right, it was like, I was destined to have a hard life; I just thought I'd never fall in love at a young age being that we came from up state; and poverty had me thinking my clothes and my shoes wasn't cool enough, you was like forget that, you went and bought me google stuff; thinking how I did you, you never did deserve that, I'm feeling so ashamed like where I get the nerve at; but things changed since then, and I'm sure that you know that I adore you, maybe even more; my shereeah more," to abell, mercy," you beautiful but you giving me hell; it's been hard, and love ain't the same no more, so I don't know if I can trust you;
"The Response"

Our great auntie was an alcoholic It kept her alive, that's how we all saw it;
It's strange how the mind processes, body gets immune to the stress we die wretched, but we look at it as progress; naive individuals,
Vices passed down like a pulse threw a pendulum, fight to stay alive or get rid of them;
Who am I to blame, when I bring about my own lost, as bad as it may seem, I admit it I'm responsible;
It's my fault;
Revenge is best served on a cold plate, even when we make mistakes;
Unfortunately,
I could only vouch for the people that I grew up with, we had the same dreams, one died when the car flipped;
Life full of hardship;
I wanna be a poet, but my sat's ain't high enough for me to get a scholarship;
Is it and pass time, this the last time; is what I utter as I approach the pinnacle of time;
Sirens in the projects, the government is funding organizations who benefit from poverty and incest;
Most of the kids wretched,
Cursed to the third generation, their guardians prostituting soliciting sex;
So who am I to follow, when right seem wrong
I know my right seem wrong, but the light beam on;
The light gleam on, I shine like a prism while imprisoned I guess it's my religion;
"Phraseology"

King's reign with ambition, divine intervention, deep perception of the mind so I paint a perfect picture, not concerned about the Benjamins,
early in my childhood pain was a necessity, only reason I'm alive today because he blessing me;
testimonies,
allegations,
felonies,
immunity,

just look at how you doing me, I feel it everyday, eyes swelling up from genocide;
my intellect surpass my peers so envy linger in their eyes, everyday I feel as though allah may take my life away;
in the penitentiary,
I hope that I don't die this way, maybe it's my destiny; maybe I'm the black sheep of the family and he testing me, so life keep perplexing me;
lies being brought up and the truth will be concealed in it, Juanita died,
mom's cried,
pop's got to deal with it; and I won't have a smile upon my face until allah, subhna wa taala,
open up the gates;
or I'm murdered at the stake for a mistake I didn't make;
or standing on my feet when the earth shake and break;
and this maybe the reason, I live avoiding treason;
and don't nobody show consideration but Fatimah;
so everytime that I display, they tell me not to act
this way, but yet I know deep down inside they
want me to react with hate;
Frienemies and enemies they wanna take my life
away I know that I'm not in denial and that's what
help me write this way;
man I'm having vision of me living in the fast life,
by any means necessary dufflebag, mask, knife;
pushing for perfection, tell the reverend I don't feel
right, convincing me Communion is to symbolize
Sacrifice;
I ain't trying to say he full of it, but I can't go for
this;
Cause I don't get the same feeling standing in the
pulpit, too scared to slit my wrist and end it,
Cause my nieces and my nephews wanna see this
archetype uncle Chris;
"Mail Call"

What's up bra, I got your letter I see where you headed; and you maintaining so poetic; I read your new poem; firewall, and can't say that I regret it; it's like you still with me sometimes, I thought I seen you one time; grandma Juanita passed, t'elfare punished in a car crash; and auntie Hazel took her last gasp, we went to Florida for the funeral, it's strange how seeing someone you love not move can't get threw to you; it's politics as usual though, a couple months ago somebody broke in my house, and stole from my studio; I ain't gonna lie, I was upset but what goes around comes around, so I'm living with regrets; and I'm surprised that, you ain't hit me up in a while, the last number that you had, still on my speed dial; I called but the line was busy, so I figured I'd write, and let you know what's going on with me; all your nephews growing up, every night I'm waking up in cold sweats dreaming that you out and we blew up; then it's all back to reality, I'm fighting back the tears in this letter, telling you to stay strong; how you do that time it's incredible, I wonder if I was in your position would it sharpen up my vision; cause man you intrinsic, or should I say steep, but rather you inspire me or should I say deep;
"Born In The Fire"

born in the fire, never mind that,
just another way to get back could it be that;
my affliction brought a set back heinous acts,
high profile society I couldn't relax;
ever mind, even if I wasn't trying to catch a case,
when that crime rate climbed;
I confided in that iron on my waist line,
everybody heard it threw the grapevine, so now they
looking at me like, Chris why you acting like you
born in the fire?;
Cast out and rejected, is worst than being unborn,
defamed, and neglected;
I'm a vestige,
seen profit in all my endeavors, was never proud
or bragged about the fact that I was treacherous
or bearing on society;
man I ain't caring the music blaring I'm staring out
the window and they eying me;
Surprised they ain't find me,
Slumped over two in the head, laying in blood at
the scene of a robbery;

"born in the fire,"
blowing off steam eyes blood shot red concentrating
on the enemy;

Can't you see,"

we was young back then alot of rage I have right
now embeded in me;
born in the fire;";
rose from the ashe like a phoenix, screaming
like an infant with a fever;
    Can't you see;"
surprised I ain't perish as a fetus, in the uterus
life was the sweetest;
"End Of Me"

just picture this young black individual, stuck in the prison system; visitation is limited, having freedom is minimal; statistics showing I should be dead before I'm thirty; lack of communication, my people just say I'm dirty my father thinking I'm bitter, we ain't spoke in a week; I apologize for keeping every code to the street; Exposed; leaving me froze, conversing with those who chose death before dishonor left me true to the code of silence; after the violence I was searching for knowledge, and got involved with a couple drug dealers for profit, my pocket; started to bulge all the weed and love made me affiliated, I ain't really know what it was my mind; seem to expand while in search of a plan I realized I was destined to inherit the land from allah; some say ja", but half of the nation been fallen victim to the Roman empire I'm prostrating and saving my soul from Satan; the agony and redemption is tempting, but hell fire isn't the cure for my symptoms; limping towards destruction, overcoming concussions, woe to you if you thinking I'm gone settle for nothing;
prospects, preachers, and politicians
they made the project buildings small, hoping we'd
burn up in the kitchen;
listening to Mahalia Jackson mourn about the
lynchings pleading for some respect, but ain't getting
nothing but whippings;

do you really... really... think that
this is the end of me,
through all the hard times, death and depression,
I learned my lesson,
threw the oppression, and I'm gone teach;
I would stop but half the time I just....,
and my mind just..., but I will keep striving,
I keep on struggling, show them I love them, and I'm
gone encourage them to lean on me;
and I'm thirsty for paper,"
broken beer bottles, bloody syringes is on the pavement
baby;
I guess, this is the life I live holding rage like a Conduit
fighting the tears;
god,
I really care about the people I love, it's to the point
where I would kill myself and write it in blood;
threw the years I was focused on impressing my peers,
put my problems to the side and treat a weapon
for his;
ride!..
by any means catch a case get gone, and I'll be home
when my nieces and my nephews grown;
looking at my past life, all the weed and booze
was like a fight for success, now it's leaving a bruise;
people in the penitentiary still waiting on release
papers, twenty to life they gonna parole him when
he eighty;
he hate it and stressing everyday, with nothing to loose
you know somebody gotta pay;
anyway,
he stay's in his room and he's been sharpening this
Shank for two week's, so just imagine what it do;
he ready to die,
and you can see it in his eyes;
got swallowed up in a riot survived, what a surprise,
he said,
his life flashed right in front of his eyes,
he heard a voice and seen a bright light he think it
was god;
now these are life changing stories, you take them
and strive,
threw poetic recognition with your interest in mind;
now,
do you really... really... think that this is the
end of me, threw all the hard times, death and
depression, I learned my lesson threw the oppression
and im gonna teach;
I would stop but half the time I just... and my
mind just... but im gonna keep striving, keep
on struggling show them I love them and im gonna
encourage them to lean on me...;
life will formulate and bring so many transibions,
before you know it, you'll become a victim to the
life that you living;
Crime only brought us closer in the hood,
meditating with deception doing things that nobody
else would;
alcohol incited riots, when things got quiet,
it was signs in the crowds, from the shots that fired;
Sympathize cause I lost so many peers threw the years,
due to multiple collisions, bullet wounds to the ribs;
and it shows the more, I demonstrate and paint a
perfect picture with my life devices suffocate my ankles;
and po's patrol;
my premises an adolescent frequently conducting
Currency controlled substance's;
my father stayd blowed;
Cause he didn't want his youngest ushered right in
front of him, with bullet wounds in his skull;
full of blood and the suds,
Couldn't get the stains out, mom crying hard,
but she can't get the pain out;
I hope allaah's forgiven me, cause I've been trying to
log every verse that I read from Quran, to my
memory;
but something trying to hinder me, im constantly
contemplating juz, and im aware that the devil
is the enemy;
truth alone triumphs,
meditate and ponder till I'm crying;
head inside the jaws of a lion;
If I see a better way, I'll tell it to the masses,
Surpass savagery on my way to the palaces;

from the,"

Cries and Sobs
listen to the woes
listen to the sighs and screams,"
don't let her knees hit the ground I found, a way to
Carry on, but something went wrong and momma
they gunned me down
I",

was loyal to the bone, was there when they waged the war;
somebody help me it's so cold;
somebody help me save my soul;"....
I shake and shiver is my soul on ice?
Prominent figures in society, sending death threats
to political prisoners certified with notoriety;
I'm trapped down searching, hurting cause me sitting in
this Six by nine thinking is defeating the purpose;
shots fired Six stray's hit a kid in the side, he ain't
die, but it shattered his pelvis he paralyzed;
and the more I show my sympathy and reiterate
a story that happen to someone the other week;

ok",

It goes to show I vision me intrinsically captivating
the masses at the age of thirty-three;
but somebody blew his brains out;
Sirens ringing out;
Mom washed the shirt, but she couldn’t get the stains out;
Memories are driving her crazy, every time she pass
the spot where he was gunned down she vision her baby;
Life will paint a perfect picture,
at the wake she did the eulogy;
Expounding on the death of her child it seem new
to me;
As faith would have it,
I... just couldn’t grab it...
reappeared and disappeared
just like magic;
it was cries and sobs, and momentary woes that brought
her to her knees, she prayed and they lowered him in
the ground;
she frowned;
and grabbed the microphone, saying everybody hold on;
Somebody help me it’s so cold;
Somebody help me save my soul.
"Irreligious"

I don't think you should encourage me to be unrighteous,
though at times I'm irreligious, I simply see things for what they are, though they appear to be fascinating,
life is but a dream;
realistically I feel ashamed, but it's the same
if I go...

I just wanna take off, deep into the stratusphere,
deploy break off;
float until I bump into another human being, who is neither all or nothing but is something in between two extremes;
I bleed threw the eyes from the pressure,
I used to panic coming up with lies under pressure;
who ever knew that underneath a lie was a lesson,
that I'm still trying to process;
I don't wanna die;
if I go"...

I wonder if they'd miss me or even realize,
I'm talking to my shadow;
Contemplating building brain matter, trying to sift through my memory to throw some game at her;
the site of my affection, a new creation;
we grew up looking at corruption, Our project basement smell like piss cause we really don't care;
and lastnight they found the dead body so nobody goes there;
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I know I seen, the whole thing go down, everybody ran
he fell on his shadow;
Somebody gave his mom the bad news, which brought
her to her knees he was only twenty-two;
his life was just beginning;
Scandalous women with epidemics giving viruses
to all my children;
the populace is fifty-one million;
irreligious
uneducated
stuck in the project buildings

so maby, if I go"
that will take the weight off, I'm dealing with the
facts;

I'm talking to my shadow
enemies in silence camouflage, so I hesitate to take
a step forward, and eventually I digress;
no;

I try to empathize, tears welling in my eyes so
eventually I cry

yes;
Sustain the blows of a conquest, a million men
marching to aid and abet;
I don't think you should encourage me to be unrighteous,
or advise me to listen, to everything you say that's
irreligious;
you speak like a versed magician, full of curses
it's worthless compared to this life that I'm living;

if I go"...
I just wanna take off, and leave everything with ya'll;
I rather see the qualities of life, from a different aspect,
in a land of my own like the ancient aztec's
never mind me,
plus I'm so unfortunate,
with this life I been living
I'm talking to my shadow;
de that as it may feel like I was born by mistake,
and the only reason I didn't kill myself because of fate;

I see...
dreams of a convict, where I lay my hat is my home,
Imporers hed;
take from the rich throw a feast for the needy
believe me you got more than enough you just greedy;

If I go,
that will take the weight off, I'm dealing with the facts,
I'm talking to my shadow,

enemies in silence Camouflage, so I hesitate to take
a step forward and eventually I digress,

No;
I try to empathize, tears welling in my eyes so eventually I cry;

yes;
Sustain the blows of a conquest, a million men
marching to surge and evacuate the projects;
"Fire Wall"

fire wall, i'm trying to hold my breath, room covered with smoke, so i can't see nothing else, and i'm trying to find the exit, threw the plane wreckage, feeling scraps from the seven forty seven; all i heard was people yelling and screaming, for the lord to intervene; and the weight of the jumbo jet, bending the beam; so the structure's getting weaker, sixty four stories in the air;"

Some act like they got wings on their sneakers; nine eleven rocked the big stacks, ground split; then a big pound hit, smoke rolled for ten blocks; it,
scared city cops, see no one is invincible, everyone's subjected to the pendulum rock; now the nations in a deficit, undiscovered relatives lay beneath the granite stone mourn over vestiges; scared war veterans like where the hell is superman; my country 'tis of thee, didn't have a game plan black president; soul serenade inauguration, graduated when? how the hell i get on medication; diagnose and classify my status as a mental patient, hazel died soon as i got the news i just started shaking;
fire wall,
life Complex, do I cry? yes
lost my scholarship to an unknown prospect;
Science class, everybody looking while I dissect;
broken dreams, somebody lost their life in the projects;
they begging me to let it go, I don’t understand,
tell me what I gotta lie for;
them same streets tracked me
peer pressure
track record
Fire wall breached please;
deen over dunya, I’m a strive till I’m six feet
Fire wall;
live from the projects, they wanna see me succeed,
so why would I digress;
Fire wall;
tuple fat goose with the semi in it, cracked shot
glass no ice put some hennie in it;
Fire wall;
"Poor Woor"

As I paint a perfect picture, push a pencil with precision, predicate felon you see the realness in the delivery; people should feel me, visualize the life of political prisoners relics of poorwoor three; they've been locked in the cage confidant they gonna be released, living sanctified while the genocide wreak;
every village in ghana protesting poverty relief, while the local coalitions gun them down in the street; what's going on in the world? the plagues spread with epidemics, and the only cure left is to burn the whole village;
except the kids and the women, and everybody who don't pose a threat," content with the life that they living;
yeah I know this sounds strange, this is poorwoor three, you see this mess on tv, they shooting tanks in the street;
a famine in the land the whole city got weak, and noone came to give them people nothing to eat;
    yeah,
just drop another bomb on the desert radioactive the weather and send a storm to wipe out belize;
new orleans screams, petrified and sent an ultra sonic vibe to the government but they didn't receive;
Cause they didn't believe, this catastrophic was a fabricated prophecy and man made a mile away; fifty foot waves surged from the sea, took the city under siege, death toll was too high to say; but they can't see the deprivation this is poorest three, you see this mess on T.V.; they shooting tanks in the street, kids diagnosed with aids, so many cases of malaria they throw the old files away; different child everyday; the government they loving it, and give a bunch of false information to the public; four little girls burned up in the rubbish, threw the smoke you could still smell the flesh in the public; yeah I know this sounds strange, but this is poorest three; this happened in real life, this is not off T.V.; every other virus that arises, was mentioned in egyptian hieroglyphs with Osiris and Isis; while we render life priceless, they load up their rifles, then place ten people back to back and sacrifice them; a world full of pity, they build another city, constructing buildings taller than the Statue of Liberty; yeah I know this sounds strange, cause this is poorest three; and all you see is terrorism genocide's at its peak, they activate the bombs, to neutralize the swarms but I'll be damn if I let them put a chip in my arm so the world keep spinning moving everything in it,
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gravity holding me down so the skies the limit,
yeah I know it Sounds strange but this is poorwoor
three, I paint the picture in high definition can you
see it;

poverty was our only reparation,
we want our own reparation poorwoor;

rally for nothing;
just eradicate elect another general so they can cause
a mass destruction;
rapid pinfire
slug hit lung; the lung Succumb to the multiple
contusions whole body went numb;
yeah I know this Sounds strange but this is poorwoor
three, but don't call it prophecy it's just def poetry
and that's a shame;

Poverty Was Our Only Reparation
We Want Our Own Reparation
poorwoor;
"Can't Say That I Regret it"

I just can't say that I regret it.
Yeah it's been a long time coming, pay back for being cut-throat.
Lots of lost love no affection from my kinfolk,
Sitting reminiscent like, what I got to live for:
Knowing they apart of me, same blood running threw
Their veins, the same blood formulate my main artery:
Never ever thought I'll be me against the world but
A black widow spun webs to cover every part of me:
I just can't say that I regret it.
It's funny how along came a spider,
Dial tone echo as I spit it threw the wire, burn threw
The fire, extract the igniter;
As strong as I proclaim they disdain, this is not me:
Brain aneurysm cause irregularly heart beat, loved ones knockkneed,
Cries threw the city streets, it could of been allot worse, like marks from the ligature,
Heart fall of literature:
I just can't say that I regret it
I should of been the author of a novel called
dreams of a convict;
non-sense, they figured I scared my enviroment
things I'm involved in;
never thought twice a better life no comment;
Peer pressure put me in position so my pistol had to be the main object; laugh while I die wretched, you just wanna see me full of holes, while the smoke leave the muffler of your ride

Just can't say that I would let it affect me from another stand point, I get the damn point; sympathize not, while im rotten in the joint, this is my fault, you don't have to say I had a choice

Just can't say that I regret it,

It's a cruel cold world yo, gotta keep spinning those, never mind mentioning the crime trying to get the doe; no remorse, drama therapy, when the gun blow; just can't say that I regret it,

It's an ongoing cycle, first felony, gun shells from a rifle, I wasn't really scared cause, I was underage but the charge carried life; it was more than a benefit, I understood then, I was living on the edge and kept a lot of things locked in; allured by the spaceship cockpit of a drop benz, visioning myself in a position I was not in;
The Anthology  
Christopher T. Jones

I wanna set the record straight, I'm not a product of my environment, my environment, product of the legislature; the plot for cake was like every other day, and pain only goes away when the reefer medicate; but I,

just can't say that I would let it affect me from another stand point, I get the damn point; sympathize not while I'm rotten in the joint, this is my fault you don't have to say I had a choice;

just can't say that I regret it;

It's a cruel cold world yo gotta keep spinning thoe, nevermind mentioning the crime trying to get the doe: no remorse, drama therapy when the gun blow;