

MAGNUM

OPUS

THE

ANTHOLOGY

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MAGNUM OPUS THE ANTHOLOGY
BOOK OF POETRY
2.2.15

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MAGNUM OPUS THE ANTHOLOGY IS THE PEAK OF MY
POETIC STYLE, AND IS FILLED WITH MY LIFE'S LESSONS
AND GROWING PAINS LACED WITH ENCOURAGEMENT
SO THAT IT MAY IGNITE SOMETHING IN YOU, OR CAUSE
ONE TO REFLECT AND BLUSH AT IT'S INTRICATE SIMPLICITY.
SO HERE YOU HAVE- MAGNUM OPUS THE ANTHOLOGY-

" Magnum Opus "

Magnum Opus, he who is born to hang shall never be drowned, call it destiny.
agony or ecstasy:

blinded by passion love a distraction odds are the affair will end fatally.

post traumatic stress years of depression, medication can't numb the pain it's too infectious.

nothing lasts forever, eventually time will pass and ill become more influential than winfrey.

even if the crime rate drop and we bleed the block, memories fade but the war don't stop.

cause it's embeded in the mind escaping is impossible you have to block it out and go to sleep all the time.

you know still water runs deep, and you can be so overcome with emotions that you cry in your sleep.

As humble as you try to be, when the going gets tough, then the tough gets going you'll see believe me.

Magnum Opus.

he who is born king shall carry the crown and you don't control destiny.

everything happens for a reason, just try to be cautious and rational, you know define your achievements

stay focused.

no matter what, if I die alone someone was ordered to hit me up.

another cold heart classic, marvel at the site of my affection. if I flourish bare witness to the blessing.

pompeii,

Magnum Opus.

if I do lose conscienceness or happen to drown, face me east when you burry me.

Wash and let the muslimen carry me, if this is not the truth well then what is it?
this life is not exquisite.

Magnum Opus.

the Anthology, the essence of my intellect embodied.

Heaven knows the skies the limit, and I'm
suspended while awaiting my destruction.

the force of gravity gave me concussions,
it infatuates me, although the ways of the
world left me thinking I won't make it,
so I'm agitated.

yes it's easy when prosperity is overrated,
because the fame envelopes before you get the
paper.

poverty our common lot, so everyone who passes
on can't leave the world with nothing you was
born without.

contemplate before you let it out, try not to
scream and shout you'll learn a lesson if you
talk it out now about,
Magnum Opus.

"Aida Karina"

What you thinking about? my life is unpredictable, practice, not the type that you dream about

Sincerely yours Magnum Opus it's a classic, if I die before I get signed then that would be a tragedy. but if I set the bar.

the most effective by far I could evolve into a real bright star, you know, like "Aida Karina" many light-years away in the Universe, but you can still see it, truthfully.

Something ignited me incited me, to modify my lyrics as a sonnet, or a symphony.

dreams do come true eventually, tell me if it ain't so, convince me to let go.
Kudos"

you know, Mozambique is beautiful, I know I seen it in a book Nat. Geo., I stress in at the peak of my profession I disseminate you won't accept the fact that it's a blessing,
pompeii.

ground breaking, one day he'll be legendary,
applauded given many honoraries,
look at me.

famous images posing papparazzi sell my pictures
to the magazines and they print a million copies,
starstruck fame got me outta touch.
and to think I was running out of luck:

sparkle in my dad's eye when he bought a lack
muskertail eldorado, he put Doc on the tug.

jet lag dozing on a leer jet, I can see the whole
city we ain't land yet.

tossing and turn nut" dreams of a convict, some-
how I became a product of my environment.

now you may wonder if I changed, or am I just
a link in the chain, pushing for perfection, ever since
an adolescent I survived incarceration it's a blessing,
pompeii.

"Ink Well"

It's like im living, and im not achieving nothing,
 so my quest in veign.
 level out the plain,
 strategize, maneuver in and out the lane, stay sane,
 recognize my opponent
 knowing life is not a game:
 and my only way of being influential, is threw literature.
 a Quill,
 Inkwell,
 and my mental. deidstated from my past though the
 light shine threw, it's due to being truant skipping
 school clueless.

O I can't forget the peer pressure, first impression.
 poverty progressing pop stressing,
 I was gifted with a Keen ear for music, my perception
 deepened,
 sight weakened, ship wreck I couldn't see the beacon
 now im no longer convinced being ruthless and deligent
 is the character of men.
 not despairing, nothings worth giving in, chances
 are in a die but ill probley live forever threw this
 pen.

so when they ask you who is pompeii, you say a
 beautiful destruction that can resonate, poetic
 percision monologues from a prison true anthologies
 a detailed description of how im feeling:

"Wanted"

I wanted luxury, it was enough for me, the fame
strange it came with the territory.

grief stricken peers passing right in front of me I
couldn't fight the feeling when she asked, why
you cum in me?

I wanted progeny, she say don't lie to me, I'm
very young and this a big responsibility.
naive as I could be:

I shook my head and I agreed, but somehow I was
relieved when she dropped the seed.

this a true story, so don't root for me, instead of
prison I thought I might die in a blaze of glory.

my misfortune I can't blame it all on poverty cause
I'm producing poetry and literature with no degree.

Magnum Opus["] the peak of my profession, I'm floating
in and out of consciousness but getting better.

preparatory visions, life hard living prepossessed I'm
guided by divine intervention.

but you don't trust me, you steady cursing me,
you wouldn't touch me, called me ugly.

no remorse and the resentment I can set aside
out of sight out of mind neglect all justified.

I wanted luxury,
it was enough for me,
the fame strange it came with the territory.
my anthology,
the better side of me,
if I do incite a riot they'll silence me:

my condolences, is what im giving you, and if you
won't accept that then what im supposed to do.

everynight im having dreams of a convict, scared my
environment influenced by the non-sense,
Magnum Opus.

to live i had to focus, i was on the brink of destruc-
tion but hey i didn't notice.

the site of my affection, im in the state of conva-
lesce but i still feel the pressure so im apologetic

dedicated to whoever, unforgiving its incredible
the nature of my crimes could have my head severed:

I wanted luxury, it was enough for me, the fame
strange it came with the territory:

"Roulette"

Blinded by passion, the sabis faction and affair would end fatally, although you so beautiful:

I know that a subtle fatal attraction would result in you betraying me, but nothing could prepare me for this.

It's like in drowning submerged staring in the abyss the more I contemplate I fret the opposition to the point where I might actually carry out the things I've mentioned,

or die of hypertension.

Classical ink, I dreamt, I aspire to be different than my peers thru the years I've aquired what they feared alot.

there was a time when everyone was begging me to chill out screaming drop the pistol but I cocked it and he pilled out.

never ending drama cause prison a dark gift and a hard pill to swallow, every message dosnt resonate but wait.

I though that I be dead at eighteen not heart break at twenty eight, but dreams do fade away.

so I stare deep into the moon light until I
feel numb,

sedated,
memories faded, and what I gather from experience
is strength and it's well articulated.

pleas from my soul screaming stop that, you got
too much to lose don't ever forget about that.

forbidden to be spoken with percussions it's
nothing, but strings from the violin makes it
sound touching
ps. roulette'.

I stare deep into the moon light until I feel numb
I can't get over your love girl you got me sprung,
and there is nothing you could do or say to me
it's not my fault,
your hands can't touch if your arms don't reach.

pompeii
I stare deep into the moon light until I feel numb
I can't get over your love girl you got me sprung.
and there is nothing you could do or say to me,
it's not your fault,
your hands can't touch what your eyes don't see.

" Prodigal "

Melodramatic sympathy for my brethren,
We shed tears while learning threw adolescents.

Imagine if we would of did better, maybe we'd flourish
and be prominent while seek historical records,
In my minds eye.

I find pleasure in duality, the simple things of life
Keep me satisfied.

I did away with ambition, due to bad replies,
and I adopted aspiration which was deep inside,
dreams.

and I died but my spirit ignited, which surged
through my body couldn't fight it.
Redemption.

respected like the valor of a Viking, I say that
I'm ashamed, some tell me that my poetry's insane
but yet it's hard to tell.

because we're prodigals of life at least if nothing
else, so if you cast the first stone and bleed
blame yourself...

" FresKO' "

Tragedy struck and left me paranoid, now I seek asceticism to sedate the void.

When death comes and overtakes me, life will make a course, Allaah will strengthen you with something to replace the void.

and my thoughts of him are limited to one direction we emulate and don't initiate it's been perfected.
it's true"

To whom much is given much is tested, and you're more responsible if you received the message.

Could I effect you with my every word? , are you convinced, or are you interested in perfect verbs.

I'm torn apart but yet, they pulling me in both directions, and my only chance of living lies within a Question.

apart of me is falling out the sky, and apart of me is looking up cause in the bullseye.

I'm so confused as to finding out which part am I and due to that I reflect because I'm mortified.

and the anthology of Magnum Opus, was written while in solitary where I gained my focus.

D,
my brother diagnosed with HIV, a disease that flows threw uncontrolled bodies, I used to think that righteousness was just a good hobby

I never had a clue that it could actually be embodied, well my sister was on section eight another typical statistic I can't concentrate.

and I feel like im always on the verge, like I ain't got the nerve or I should of had the erge,

and my mother had four boys, but the fifth made her nod left her null and void,

detracting drawing checks left her un employed, and that was when my hair was long I played with Bonka toys. I recall the night that Uncle Ray got shot up, and that time I came to see you in the county you was locked up.

you always showed me your affection, wheather agony or ecstasy you've always been the site of my affection,

"Recesses of The Mind"

In the recesses of the mind I hate that,
It's physically impossible to demonstrate that.

Am I a genius or a gothic, can my logic gross
degrees and would it take six degrees to separate
that.

Four hundred years threw the passage, is it
possible to make it back, reparations are an
order for a sadis act.

yet you hold me accountable cause my skin is
black, I hold my hands in the air but yet you
still attack.

Should I be shamed if I steer clearer, lower
my gaze, not at you but when I'm in the mirror.

my heinous acts make me feel inferior, fearful
knowing I'm truly held accountable it makes me
tearful.

Something incites me when I gaze into the moon
at night though very bright allah decreased
it to a lesser light.

Sublime divinity has something gotten into me my youth was spent thinking that success was in the hennessey.

gazing at the moon at night, the vastness of it got me feeling like a little mice

time ticking I never thought that I would be inspired by the bars and the walls of a prison.
pompeii.

"Opression"

As I close my eyes, it seems I hear the distant cries, of my people innocently being victimized.

they tricked us over to this land with such an empty prize, and as we watched the signs our minds was being hypnotized.

We took a ride and we expected to find gold but as we stepped up on the ships they gave us blind folds.

Crying souls got us stuck in this predicament remember whippings that nearly removed our ligaments.

a pickett fence divided homes from the cotton fields, and furthur back were bones from people who had gotten killed.

a violent chill filled me everytime a man was beaten, to the point where he could barely stand on his feet.

a branded breed we planted seeds up in these shady world, I couldn't take it when my master sold my baby girl.

It made me hurl a stone directly at the master's dome, hit him again and again, until it nearly cracked his dome.

I dashed home in a flash to get my wife and kids with a confused mind and anger trying to fight the fear.

despite the tears I continued to run fast and nearly stumbled at the rumble of a gun blast I turned back to my surprise to see the master's wife.

As she reloaded the rifle and then she blasted twice, I had to fight the feeling thinking should I go home.

to go on leaving my family would be dumb of me then I had visions of my body hanging from a tree

dangling feet and my arms swinging back and fourth, my son frightened at the sighting of his daddy's corpse.

my badly scorched skin hung from me like ornaments I came back to my senses when I came upon this fence

they shouldn't take the dogs here is what I thought but as I jumped the fence I realized that I was caught.

alot of dogs surrounded me and they growled low and a man said get that negro and let the dogs go...

"Starstruck"

I don't wanna seem starstruck, but trying
to chase the finer things cheating death
I been pressing my luck

Bumma died, guess his time was up, hey if I
gotta go don't wallow in depression smoke
manifest I heard the eclectic session it para-
lyzed my every direction with no aggression.

I'm holding on to every possession like it's a
treasure and I ain't really think it was precious
I love rap, but will throw it all away in a second

so many shots fired I witnessed hypes,
overdosing off of speed balling start coughing
and die.

so many tried even took crow bars a pried
I could of died but it took jail to open my
eyes.

so many lies and deceit I'm wondering what it's worth
my mission complete, well I guess I can leave this
earth.

It's evident in heaven sent, I could stick around
for the settlement, but I prefer to live as a
bedouin.

shots fired bullets are synchronize my head spin
news flash blood ties for heroin still staring.

So what if in a vision and in dreaming of my life
in luxury inside a village, I understand the other
side of me conscious and pacing still waiting
for redemption.

or could I be forsaken anticipating my struggle's
not with you it's with satan, I wanted luxury
thinking it would sedate me and help me through
out this conquest.

die wretched,
naw.

feeling like I lost touch aw shucks, like everybody
else I've been star struck:

"Socratic Method"

Pushing for perfection, failure is a typical lesson,
and prison's a dark gift.
don't lie,

Stop living in denial in glorious ungreatful so you
take it in stride, never mind me.

Impressively passive aggressive and lectures effective
Socratic Method. Imagine being born without record.

forsaken despised resented cast out rejected, and
I want to say the future look dim, but it could
take years before I let go what i've been holding
in cause I supress it.

It's crazy how you still in my thoughts and daily
regimen, death threats going round infamous
schemes and vicious plots spread quick,
when they want you in the
ground.

you know anything is possible and im likely to
die from heart failure on the way to the hospital.
black out.

shots shock me when they rang out, he hit the
ground hard and "shook".

and bit the dust at the hands of a hardened crook.

acute pain got me soul searching daily as if it's something different to be followed other than the sharia'h that comes from allah.

I refuse to be one whose falling from grace:

"Soaked In Fame"

About a week ago, I was holding my chest in shock from the pain, I defined myself by getting in getting out of the game.

So my father shook his head in discuss cause I never changed.

everything I could achieve in life, went up in smoke or should I say that I failed cause I couldn't cope I succumbed to my environment Inhalation of smoke,

and somethings I have done I vow to never no more you seen what happen to notorious and amar Shakur.

now it's murals of both of them on our walls and bedstuy missing their only son mamma.

how real is that, to live and die by the gun and then make then die in a city you wasn't from trauma.

Copper and lead hails of gun fire pursue me my real life gave birth to your favorite movie
huh".

VISIONS of prison to scared to have children
and lose my only son to the game and the
gun I can't breath.

and someone might have said that was
back then, a shootout insued someone died
they banned mac ten's.

get in and get out was the plan we was
trapped in, caught the short end of the stick
head got bashed in.

I seen it, and all the blood had me mortified
but when you soaked in fame, they dry you off
with gun fire.

"Empty Empathy"

See people want to feel where you come from, cause they cannot relate unless they live where you come from.

Or else they'll just brush your point of view off, and you'll be left to struggle with the world's point of view when you cool off.

I feel betrayed by the people I was true to truth be told I think the feelings mutual we piss poor.

a hard life as a youth I was prepared for it, we from the hood two by the foot two by the head board.

pressure still building up, I guess the reputation that I left was abnormal cause im always messing up.

how often do you kick me down, I know I wasn't strong enough IF I don't get the picture then your never gonna let me up.

how could I say you set me up, I would of been a victim if them live founds wet me up.

got my head dreaded up, im living in denial
and plus it's been a while since i called so
you thinking i don't really care at all but im
shy.

the grass is so much greener on your side,
and i could of been a doctor or a lawyer
or a laker if i tried.

Feeling out of place, i guess it's safe to say
that, i detected your deception and you
hate that but why:

See people wanna feel where you come from
cause they can't understand unless they
lived in the hood or the slums.

"Plunge"

I should take a plunge off the deep end, maybe the water will wash the blood away I cried tears to the melody of lady day, the opium will only numb and take the pain away.

I should take a plunge off the deep end.

I pulled the blade out, but it was deep in, fighting hard to resist the edge, building up the courage, at the point of no return cause I struck a nerve.

I should take a plunge off the deep end.

We not but equality so far away, they rally secretly by the laws of the legislature, so the fortunate affluent get the right away, and prosperity and poverty like night and day. so many years of oppression will the cycle break
oh.

deep thought from a felon in prison, at the base of the totem so noone listens I should take aim at the legislature, and give them everything I got until the bow breaks.

the whole plan transparent but it's fail safe so if I gotta go like King cover up my face.

I should take a plunge off the deep end.

to avert the life of crime I was steep in, yes
they rather see me discouraged it wouldn't
matter if I finished cause to them I live life
in a hurry

pompeii

I should take a plunge off the deep end.

the memories are permeate I can't escape
everything accelerating at a fast pace, it was
driving me insane I couldn't concentrate.

am I blind to a broken man's dream, or am I
inspired so I let freedom ring pushing for
perfection ever since an adolescent I survived
incarceration it's a blessing

pompeii.

"Devil's Blood"

They say im, hot headed and foolish im about to lose it, tap my name in computers treat me so rudely just to get a unit.

If you would give into submission im lifting up give up ounces of blood trade it for slugs, that's what fatal does.

the hand that rocks the cradle was painted with vivid sections of pictures which separates you from devils blood.

Eleven lessons of smelling up taking everything for granted, you was in panic before you hit the rug.

so it was undisclosed how you was left hollows hopped in your chest five 0's coming I left you screaming.

so it was messy how they found you at death my load stuck in your chest, they asked me why I do it for no reason

now what you screaming I was kept for two seasons and released into a virgin from my poppas transferred semen.

which was white blood cells in in the
depths of this cell preserved like liquor.

the fifth level of a rebel thug in soak
and wet in regret still sitting in the
devil's blood.

they ask me questions but I give them mugs
stuck in the situation making me panic
but in not giving up.

"Magnanimity"

magnanimity, walking down the path soon to be forgotten, my pop's littered things like, I won't amount to nothing from a small disagreement, but he mad amends.

I forgave him, but I still felt betrayed a decade in the pen lonely, I expressed it partially when I wrote lean on me, but switched the subject cause I felt that I would grieve only.

"magnanimity"
I see it now.

half the time I wish somebody yelled stop it, tears in my eyes while im speaking on the topic, if only I could change the hands of time or put it in rewind.

"Magnanimity"
don't cry momma.

Sharp pain should I notify the doctor composed drama vanished like the phantom of the opera invisible, but visible to me it's blurry but I see.

"Magnanimity"
it's a cruel world.

so at the time it was clouding my logic, crime tape white chalk baracade the projects, gunfire echo people fall silent immune to the violence.

Magnanimity"
but the earth is
spacious.

rocky tracts and the paths are curvaceous
influence me to prep for a Symposium on nature,
if this is not the truth, well then what is it?
the signs are so exquisite.

Magnanimity"
if we separate.

then it's possible I'll perish from the heartache,
pains are severe like a jagged edged heart break,
so should I view love a mistake cause you can't
shake fate.

Magnum Opus".

my time spent..., I never knew that I could bleed
threw a pen it's interesting how fast words fly
threw the wind and settle in the hearts of real
men, and resonate within.

Magnum Opus".

"Fearless"

Death threats, should I retreat into seclusion with precaution I was only eighteen living lawless regardless I was still twice pardoned, but my father ain't admire that, and I could vouch for that.

For what it's worth"

I believe I had a greater purpose, exploring literature I seen I only scratched the surface, but was it worth it.

I'm dreaming about the genocide, the populace decreasing from the ether and the gunfire,
Mercy".

wouldn't it be better if I vanished accidentally
got stranded trying to fly around the planet
would you worry?

Cry get depressed or not panic cause to you
I'm only troublesome and taking you for granted,
so I hurry

desperately insisting you be silent and explore
the better side of me,

my anthologie's ...,

ring with a sense of renown peer pressure was
intense I admit I did wanna be down but it hurt
me, and now I seek relief in Universities and verbal
acappella serenade you but Immerse me.

you cursed me".
thinking it won't hurt at all eventually i get
involved cursing your every fall it was worth
less.

so things transpire that i should avoid, and
doing wrong leaves me fidgety and paranoid,
struggle has become an addiction, and i marvel
at the fact that a blessing came from my
affliction,

pompeii.

"Grit"

I was in favor of..., for better or for worst
 I must admit a man of true grit. then you
 would tell me things that really boost my
 confidence, when I was feeling to ashamed cause
 I was so incompetent,
 from the set back.

When things transpired I ain't let that, deter
 me I strove and kept focus and wrote magnum
 Opus, so in light of that, I stayed optimistic
 and I wrote but,
 you ain't write,
 back.

Remember you was saying that, ... maybe im
 to easy influenced, or maybe you determined I was
 ruined, I was quarantine,
 but I did not cry.

It's said receptive people have thoughts of suicide
 and I replied that might be the truth we all gotta
 die.

what's worst?

burning up in hell, sitting in a cell, supplicating
 for redemption getting sanctified try then fail,
 I know you wanna see me discouraged, chopped
 up drugs sitting slumped in the kitchen,
 Pompeii.

this is night and day, another typical
statistic for the legislature heads up...
bombs away.

no one is wondering what i'm doing they think
the worst with a strange sense of urgency,
so yes i'm hurt.

and to be truthful, i just wanna take off
deep into the thermosphere deploy break off.

even if i'm trapped or felt held back i can promise
i have not become a part of where i'm at
i see... i will not cry

but i don't wanna die, i'm talking to my shadow
contemplating as if nothing matters i'm relying
on my memory to be the main factor,
that's only the beginning".

scandalous women with epidemics giving viruses
to all my children, the populace is fifty one million,
irreligious un-educated stuck in the project building.
