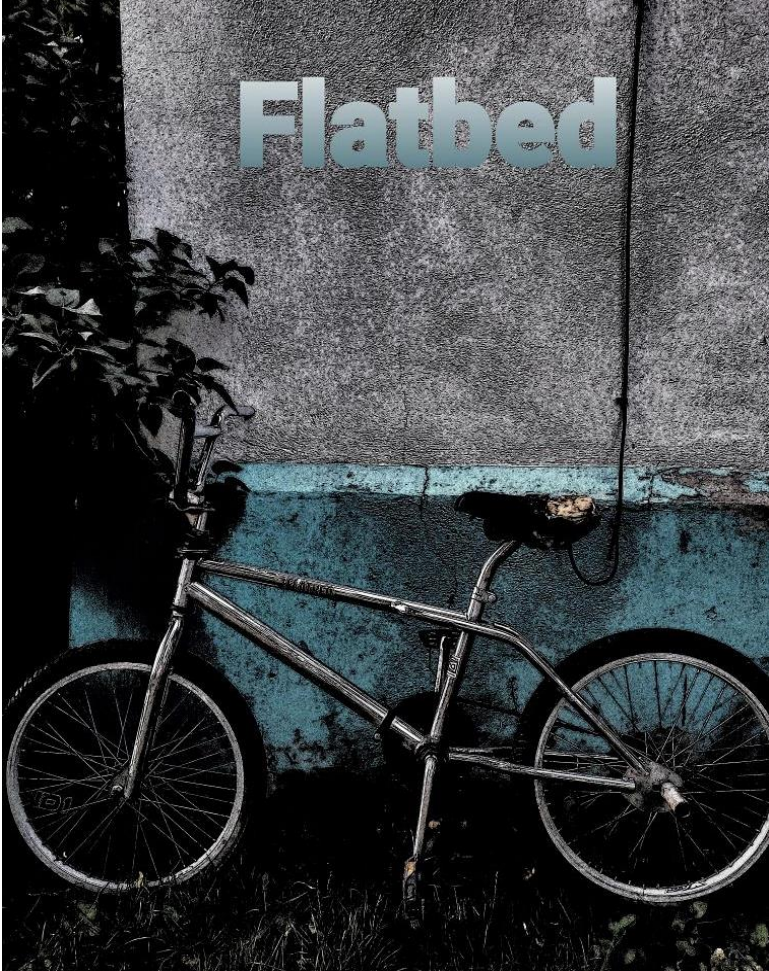


# Flatbed



# FLATBED

**A Digital eBook by  
Big Sal**

**FLATBED**

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“To all those of you who still go out of your way to support my work well into the 2020s, this one is for you. Thank you for all the love!”

- *BIG SAL*

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## Intro [Skit]

There was once a time when I would ride my Huffy bicycle all around town.

It started out with being able to go on the street in front of home. . .

Then, it branched into going around the block. . .

Finally, it spread throughout the whole town. . .

This tool of transport became my beacon of freedom and skill as I ultimately learned how to ride without any hands on the handlebars as well as turn the damn thing on a whim just by shifting my body!

I was a happy kid when I fought like hell for it.

Anyways, with this book I was hoping to put my pen to good use and essentially capture the essence, experience, and imagery of growing into a man in modern day America.

My town was no different.

We had gang wars in the 1990s. There were gang shootings constantly. My dumb ass brother's friend had his house firebombed when I was in 8<sup>th</sup> grade by a rival gang. My older cousin Shaun and his friends were the ones responsible for creating one of two major gangs here where I live, KDM (Kings Del Monte).

Violence was so bad back then that my older siblings and cousins were not allowed on the school playground for recess time since Sunnyside had its shit popping off since well before then.

In all the chaos and turmoil of small-town America and the pervasive gang culture, poverty, immense amount of drugs circulating nearby, and many other factors, it is hard not to pinpoint blame directly at the predatory capitalistic/imperialist US government responsible for ruining things for all of us of the world. What a veritable way of sealioning!

Anyway, I just wanted to say thank you to anyone who has supported my work by providing you more free literature that \*hopefully\* will persist long after I am gone. So, if you're enjoying this book at the moment – THANK YOU!

More free literature coming soon. . .

# Fuck You Gonna Do

If honor-bound in focus for our throne first sent to me,  
I want you now to notice you're your own worst enemy,  
Pay dues in motion as I step in buying a debt to wire down,  
They use emotion like a weapon trying to get the higher ground,  
Set to rush through as an oak grew to the trenches east of death,  
Yet they push you and provoke you 'til you clench your teeth and chest.

~~~

Storm the field and fence the border with its hindrance at the harbor,  
Form a shield against this torture with indifference as your armor,  
All these crazy hills I land to duck for cover by a box,  
Call me angry 'til I am to fuck your mother while you watch.

~~~

Jam this stick in dead wings hanging on this brick I'm setting back,  
Man, I'm sick of getting angry and I'm sick of getting mad,  
I must haunt the sea cap'n, lore I know is something changed now,  
I just wanna be happy 'fore I blow their fucking brains out,  
Watch 'em waterboard the past in a harsh scene the god sees,  
Toss 'em overboard and laugh as the sharks eat their bodies.

~~~

If a topic since is mentioned in a walk-in disposition,  
It's a cosmic intervention of a rotten insurrection,  
Cities shop for empty vision from a town they lift and swallow,  
If we brought the men we've risen from the ground in which they're hallowed,  
Go by night to flee a crook clan like to see this ploy through death or street,  
Yo, I tried to be a good man; I's the sweetest boy you'd ever meet,  
Why peel by this sold land and cold river if the dust haunts the sky for pay?  
I feel like an old man that's so bitter that he just wants to die today,  
No one pass dude but a pen from a truck due on the view,  
So, I ask you once again, what the fuck you gonna do?



## State Farm

My neighbor Cindy was a bitch when my ball flew in her yard,  
I'll take her simply in a cinch if it's all new in the art,  
Our drama tethered to the soul with fallen thoughts that said we sing,  
Her mama Esther was a troll that called the cops for anything,  
Proudly ferry every force to fallen phlox in a pink flare,  
Now she carries Esther's torch and called the cops for my sprinkler,  
What's the end of shit about when I place this shit in bold?  
Fuck the benefit of doubt when I gave her it in gold,  
You get rich playing dirty, hardly thinking you're a great!  
Stupid bitch hates my turkey, started swinging with a rake,  
This art of singing is as fake if you see it from afar,  
It's hard at bringing in the cake when you leave it in the car,  
Suck her sip from a fan leaf filled with lead when in the ooze,  
Fuck this bitch and her family, she'll regret it when I move.

~~~

Setting sand on trekking weekends through the view of hunting dogs,  
Getting mad and getting even – super glue their fucking locks!  
Time to grapple with an odyssey and take love to your girl's school,  
I'm a whacko when I wanna be and wake up in a whirlpool.

~~~

Kids stay stealing cover words, buy to earn this something found,  
If they kill another bird, I'ma burn this fucking town,  
Dead as bumblebees tonight as they find 'em in the park,  
Let them come for me and die when I fight 'em from the dark,  
Fuck the fed cops and their car sale for a hoodlum on a bike,  
Cut their heads off like a cartel and then put 'em on a pike,  
Reckless D.U.I. to freeball in a pool of iced aster,  
Let us see you do like a freefall as this bullet flies faster,  
Stay underneath the one thing that is freedom to thy bells,  
They fuck with me for nothing when I keep it to myself.  
Stone-cold kush to stand and light in a home of lies and lore,  
So, don't push a man to fight if you won't survive the war.

## Pet Cemetery

I can stand in on the carbines and valleys blue as bays,  
A companion in the hard times that helped me through the days,  
Heavy snow is past some evening and a thrush to sow emissions,  
Let me know I have some meaning in your love with no conditions,  
New money on a rat race and not so for the cooked tongues,  
You love me on my bad days and nuzzle on the good ones,  
We push that carriage best for the ill guys that won't walk,  
We love and cherish pets when we realize they don't talk,  
Tint the sun's brightened synergy with the dumb/blind in enmity,  
In this one-sided energy as then some find their empathy,  
Sacred sands I sell consent evenings for muses touching death,  
David Kammerzelt once said even abusers love their pets,  
It's a rope that is ripping as the kitties are just found,  
It's a slope that is slipping on the slipperiest elm,  
Cede the timber past the bog to the stone-enlarged totems,  
Even Hitler had a dog and the Romans carved poems.

~~~

We best see of who convenes in effect up near a sky zoo,  
I guess being human means we select what we are nice to,  
Cut the casu with the marzu when we're blocking up to flush through,  
Up the wazoo with the kazoos when we're watching what the cuhs do,  
Fry hot wings in the cuts due with such psycho shtick,  
I'm walking with the mutts, dude, so fuck Michael Vick.

~~~

Immersed in shit to wash as a jury sensed rage,  
It hurts to sit and watch as our furry friends age,  
As the dirty den's flames lit the hell kiln with the eye blood,  
And my birdie's tenth cage is as well-built as if plywood,  
I felt chills from the right book and the scent of woody glee,  
I'd sell shells as a side hook if it meant I could be free,  
Stall accomplices and champions as the gods will toast with ice,  
All I want is a companion when I walk the roads of life,  
Such as artists spill an odd piece as to get Ben & Jerry's,  
But my yard is filled with bodies like the pet cemeteries.

## Cost of a Bullet

I strike and cite a buzz in the only row a braid,  
I'd like to write of love but I mostly know of hate,  
Past this holy road and stake as it's hiding out to lunge,  
As I do-si-do with fate and I rhyme about my guns,  
I jump and set a course to pull us by this one thing many ask,  
A hundred metaphors for bullets like it's fucking Vinnie Paz,  
Manning up to any ass if they then speak like Deadpool,  
And to duck the semi blast is to then keep your head cool.

~~~

Boost and blow the facts with payment down the highest road on clutch,  
Used to grow my raps with hatred, now I try to sow some love,  
Bet that kindness holds us up as a hoodless face arrives,  
Yet I might've told them hush if it would've saved their lives.

~~~

Finite acumen in torrents plucked apart when it's of men,  
Like to document the organs, put my heart into this pen!  
Strip and mar within the gem in this treatment of the rocks,  
Shit's bizarre if it's a ten as I bleed it in a box,  
Ride the Lambo to audition as you're nearly rich to grift,  
Like to Van Gogh the mortician as they hear he is a gift,  
When we're dearly then as missed as a panoramic alcove,  
Then it clearly is amidst in the amaranth and aloes.

~~~

Rise with Bombay as we see love and a tickle of seduction,  
Slice agave for tequilas with a sickle for production,  
It's official with the cups in and the months at war on Monday,  
With a pistol for the bustin' and the nuts are for a sundae.

## Fat Head

Gits unsung with salty dames and the saddle in a shipment,  
Kids would run to call me names and then tattle when I hit them,  
Cut to sacred toasts that sprawl from the show of salty black bread,  
But their favorite most of all was to go and call me 'Fat Head'.

~~~

If a soul sets on D-Day in then no less than each way,  
It's an Old Western cliché as it holds breaths on replay,  
Send a torch to dust the kiln and coat enamel on the conscience,  
When awards for such a film are overshadowed by the office,  
Call it haunted in the end, hauling gods to tend the peas,  
All I wanted was a friend; all I got was enemies,  
Touch tits to tickle after in fall rains and snow season,  
'Cause kids are little bastards and call names for no reason,  
Uphill, flying down a drain from this day to see our gods,  
Some will cry about the pain; some will say that we are soft,  
Should I show the grout to rain though the stucco's in a tile?  
But I know about the pain so it's fuck those in denial.

~~~

Standing up to see a smile when I'm lately on a high,  
Man, it fucked with me a while and it made me wanna die,  
His sobriety was found in expression of a dim fate,  
This anxiety was sound and depression was its inmate.

~~~

Noah's Ark is adding witches with the hawks lost in their house,  
So, I started smacking bitches when they popped off at the mouth,  
Truss the gunny string around it in a vision of Man naked,  
'Cause the funny thing about it's they can dish it but can't take it,  
Bake it nightly in a thick cloud with a tattoo on the warhead,  
Make you fight me with my dick out while I slap you on the forehead.

## A Bulb of a Different Color

An autumn is as hazy and as ancient as Yakuza,  
I got him as a baby and I raised him as a rooster,  
Sate the same wind as a suture as we do no whole hoorah,  
Made with payment and a twofer for the two so-cold shiraz,  
When I knew the coca law was to walk around the dirty,  
And I brew the culture raw as I talk about my birdie,  
Trading breath for grief whenever there's an army and a villain,  
May he rest in peace forever and I'm sorry that they killed him,  
I'll kill your mama's empire to reach jewels in the keep,  
I feel I wanna set fire to these fools as they sleep.

~~~

I piss a rocky flow when I say I deflect friends,  
I miss your cocky crow and the way you protect hens,  
Sort of stand on the hunch as the curfews lose her,  
You're my man and my Bubs and my first blue rooster,  
Smile with you if you fly from the juju in my palm,  
I'll miss you 'til I die and salute you when I'm gone,  
Hush the wind to stir purpose up for free and hide this word,  
'Cause to them you were worthless, but to me a priceless bird.

~~~

Fashion as a flunky with a notary in place,  
Catherine was a junkie and supposed to keep you safe,  
*Man – I held him as a baby chick in my hands. . .*  
I walk too interstellar when in issue with the cops,  
I bought you from a seller and they shipped you in a box.

~~~

Let the men worship money we-  
Cut the cult from crimson culverts,  
Red in pen and worded bloodily,  
What a bulb of different colors!

## Revenge is Sweeter Than Blood

Spin the hearts in styptic jam where a fat creep is old and wild,  
In a narcissistic fam there's a black sheep and golden child,  
Can't come stop this vagrancy like his wife has met a man,  
An unwanted pregnancy and my life was never planned,  
What's this letter pushed at me like a deadly buzzsaw?  
'Cause she never loved Manny but she said she loved Paul.

~~~

Showy as the cutlery to lift the muff and crepe,  
Cody is my brother, he's the bitch I love to hate,  
We walk gifts up to Hell like it's Capcom making games,  
He talked shit 'cause I yelled and he had Mom breaking plates,  
Dine on wood filler glue droppin' from a paper pine to the skin and all we target,  
I'm a good fella too walking on a razor line if it's thin as Paulie's garlic.

~~~

Like wetter wood and then some as the roofs are aimed apart,  
I never could convince Mom of the truths that pained my heart,  
When we're mortar to a beam and the piss on my good armor,  
Every horror that I've seen and I wish that I could warn her,  
Idiotic as these idiots pair a medic with a cop,  
Symbiotic and insidious, parasitic in the pod.

~~~

If I go first to suffer with the tools to stone the sky,  
It's an old curse that's governed by the rules that don't apply,  
Lift our ice and eat lovers like a plate of free fruit,  
Live your life and treat others in the way they treat you,  
Pass this ring to my cohort with fuel dry in graves as runny,  
As a king of my own art and you'll die a slave to money,  
What are anthems but an illness when we bleed the lion's pride?  
Put your hands up if you feel this; let me see the righteous ride.

## My Huffy Had Small Pegs

Hootie Hoo and Royce to play when 9 to 5 from high walls,  
Whoopy doo, enjoy the day, and ride your bike 'til night falls!

~~~

Pushing by the wild woods tilled by white men in the country,  
Nothing like a childhood filled with riding on my Huffy,  
Spit the spittle to the alley as we fiddle with a flame,  
In the middle of a valley as a symbol of the same,  
High as Face on the rhymes when he blazed in the ride,  
I'm amazed I'm alive in the ways that I've died,  
Time my days 'til I fly to this place in the skies,  
Like I pray I've arrived on the planes in the minds,  
Such are payments to the blind if I take up but a better spiel,  
But I'm anxious in the line like I wake up with a record deal,  
I liked this – the snow season – and it's cruel to crate the captain,  
My bike was my whole freedom and the tool to make it happen,  
Set the matches on the windows as if Maury read from *Donda*,  
Get it crackin' like the mythos or the stories said from yonder,  
As a sinkhole casts defeat and we cruise to turn and dart,  
Have a single match to eat that we use to burn the art,  
I'll surrender when I'm dead for the sake of slack to sunder,  
I remember as a kid when I'd make it back for supper,  
Ten crows need eyes here as idle as the devil in a handstand,  
When those street lights were my bible and I'd pedal like a madman.

~~~

Hootie Hoo and Em to play when 9 to 5 as no one known,  
Whoopy doo to end the day and ride your bike when going home!

## I Miss Chester Bennington

Numbers falling due to win in the wind with some sore sight,  
Numbness crawling through the skin in the end of one more light,  
Oleander as we let go in destruction of our dreams,  
Go meander to the meadow in corruption of the means,  
Know it cuts into the streams so shut my mouth up if I rhyme right,  
So, I rush into the scenes and put myself up in the limelight,  
Show a dose of fear to fester with the golden kingdom dark,  
Throw a rose up here for Chester and the whole of Linkin Park,  
A hidden lie in lesser pride as I take its separate steps,  
I didn't cry when Chester died, but this ache has never left.

~~~

Pad the new locks for a TV just to lose the band and rubric,  
Had a boombox and their CD as I used to jam their music,  
Baby mamas see a pattern laid in art like doing TikTok,  
Made me wanna be a rapper; made me start pursuing hip-hop.

~~~

I had better days to dig through in doubt, still in love as sinful,  
I could never lay a tribute without building up this temple,  
A Custer on the banks of their passion with his flare gun,  
I muster up my strength like I'm Samson with his hair cut,  
I'm at the oak to climb it -welp- it's a day trip for the stone whet,  
I back the road to find itself as we take it to its homestead,  
Bury hounds as friends to me if death is special in destruction,  
Every ounce of empathy is existential in eruption.

~~~

Added ones stand dumb at each end and these fraying of the blades,  
Sad my sons can't come and see him as he's playing on the stage,  
Humans dead still care to live if they weigh the stone in pyres,  
You can bet I'll share your gift 'til the day my own expires.



## Screwball Story

Going past a simple sail as I rigged it to this bunghole,  
So, I have this little tale of a dipshit and his uncle,  
Shaolin will see us rush in to the death here 'round the ground,  
Now Tim is Sheila's husband and he left there out of town,  
Another bud of cheeba in a gun-holstering titty,  
My brother's fucking Sheila when his uncle's in the city,  
Cowabunga dioramas to deflect the culprit's trial,  
Now my mama saw the drama to protect her golden child,  
Written flames on the pews for the kings and now pillars,  
Hidden blame with the truth when it stings like cow killers,  
Dim the strings and ground miller as he's digging hyacinths,  
In latrines to drown silver like a wishing sky of piss,  
Should've seen him in his rage as I reached him like a river,  
Put my fingers in his face and I squeezed 'em like a trigger,

~~~

We're owning less than halls we held like a niche Dollar Tree,  
See, Cody says I call for help, but the bitch called for me!  
It's raw skin, so are the facts, as we stall the fleet and sun,  
He saw Tim over at Jack's and he called for me to come,  
New nobles stuck in this cup as they toe and duck a fine crowd,  
You know I'll fuck a bitch up and you know I put the rhyme down,  
Christians in a soundbite's edits empty through nothing used,  
Kick him on the ground like, "Yeah bitch, let's see you fucking move!",  
Ready, bake, and cut the weight off if our streets are less wicked,  
Let me take your fucking leg off as you're beat to death with it,  
Though you ditzzy cocks will bluff like an igloo on the Nile,  
So, you piss me off enough and I'll kill you with a smile,  
Honor could be in the blue trees like an acrobat to bend,  
Mama took me to the movies as she had to sit and vent.

~~~

If it was mainly men's purpose to sit and stir ice and tea into the vision,  
It was *Alien vs. Predator*, I's convenient as I listened.

## The Dystoxic Delirium

I show my art to paint me as a poet on the sky,  
I know my heart is angry and I know I wanna die,  
On my bed with eyes as strung in as a tender cut of real tree,  
Mama said since I's a youngin' that my temper's what would kill me,  
Find the rabbits after rapture with a portrait sent as soon,  
I'm the damaged bastard plastered in an orchard when at noon,  
Sinking castles in the mud when we're renting in the briar,  
Drinking apples to the gut and fermenting in the fire,  
End this ending on the wire that's intact if we feel eats through,  
When depending on a liar and the fact that he will feed you,  
Stand by no one's loving son and push the kiss so it's the dead,  
Man, I've loaded up that gun and put the pistol to my head,  
When I saunter here and I just am someone seen as tempered,  
Yeah, I wanted there to die just to fucking be remembered,  
Son, I know they know I kill shit like the pets in roads to ante by,  
But I know they'd go and milk it like that episode of *Family Guy*,  
Next to Lois and her cry are the chocolates on the tables,  
Death has focus in his eye and accomplices as angels,  
Know my last tear was for fun if a bullet is what's fed,  
So, I sat there with the gun and I pulled it from my head,  
I'll kill lies with a pencil and the fairest men will hide,  
I realized my potential with embarrassment my pride.

~~~

Dying stick men as the cube breaks and the painter has to palm it,  
I was living in a fugue state with my anger catatonic,  
Poems live in us a peach tree by an armory impressed,  
No one gives a fuck to see me but I wanna be the best,  
Crows I cook are gone to labor instead of vast army riches,  
So, I put the gun to paper and let it blast on these bitches.

~~~

Through stone-cutter glass as icy as if awkwardly an 'us two',  
You don't ever have to like me, but to rock with me, I love you,  
Boy we step with rhymes as A-list as an actress set to try,  
So, we recognize the greatness and that classics never die.

## Retreat to Chama

Bear these words I fuse to flow through on an enlightened sea to hook,  
There's this church I used to go to that invited me to cook,  
Toe the track and tend to trauma like a city's titty stand,  
So, we packed and went to Chama in this itty bitty van,  
To complete my mission when then I can first bear it's a test,  
A retreat for Christian women and I served there as a chef,  
Our people touch the sky for the sons that end the mission,  
Gabino, Krutch, and I were the ones to tend the kitchen.

~~~

*This was before I became outcast and outlaw to my own flock. . .*

~~~

I burn nugs verbatim weekly as I pass 'em down the picket,  
I heard Krutch had made some CDs so I asked him how he did it,  
Bleed the arm through in a reload in this active flight to click,  
Even argued with Gabino when he acted like a dick,  
Know my block would see the peace if I burned its people too,  
Though I got to see the trees and I learned of Sequel 2,  
If the sword exists in Hell, I'm in, and a function of the hand,  
It was formative development, construction of the land,

~~~

Paths we try to see home leave from the mom goals holding bills,  
Passing by the piñon trees and autumnal rolling hills,  
I bit the cob and spit a spell since I could come up to kick 'em,  
I did my job and did it well as I cooked 'em up the chicken,  
Bite the blends of decent things and cut the fowl like a culvert,  
Wipe my hands of seasonings and put the towel on my shoulder,  
I could spread the lore like lace with wild good things in the sheets,  
I was never more at grace than while cooking for the peace,  
Go and puff the kelp with Ken once I touched inside a dime,  
So, I loved to help a friend just as much as write a rhyme.

## A New Beginning of an Eon

Don Juan to sing parts and shit the beds he parties in,  
Nom-nom like King Shark and hit the heads like Harley Quinn,  
Time to carpool to the green with this armload in a sling,  
I'm a marvel of a being like the marble that you're seeing,  
Stand on cargo like a king when I push the fed's la jura,  
An embargo that I bring like the goods and meds to Cuba,  
Come for rhyme and then bang her as a singer with a stare,  
One more time for the anger that'll linger in the air,  
Fund the flow by knitting dolls with the doors and house dark,  
Run the show when tripping balls like awards for *South Park*.

~~~

I'm concerned with friends that seem well but steal someone's treasure,  
I must learn to vent the steam else it builds up under pressure!

~~~

Throw some 'hotter felon' beauties into bail as a business,  
Frozen watermelon smoothies with the kale and the spinach,  
Buy the bale where the whip is if it's only mine to use,  
Like a whale near an isthmus as I slowly die for views,  
Ships will sail like a model with the fear of her own fate,  
Flip my tale like a waffle with the syrup on no plate,  
I just turn and send the dangerous words to covet things,  
I must learn to vent the anger lest it turns to puppet strings,  
Where facts stand as death due in an intact clan to get through,  
Their Black Hand will get you in the exact sand to eschew.

~~~

Gangs like us that got slaughtered as to flow the fields with clout,  
Anger is like hot water in that it goes until it's out,  
Paint a can to vent the ruins if attention's on nexus,  
Anger management is nuance to pretentious complexes.

## Strawberry Pipe Thoughts

Fairing heights as roofs quake when the truth is cut like bison,  
What's a summer to a leaf?  
There's this fireproof safe that I used to put my pipes in,  
'Cause my brother is a thief,  
Such to suffer pot or poems in a tent with pole or plugs,  
Motherfucker got me smokin' and then went and stole my stuff,  
I cruised to class as high like a date night and raw query,  
I used to have this pipe that was shaped like a strawberry,  
No one looked into the cupboards 'less they crept in on the grounds,  
So, I put it with my others left and kept it at his house,  
On a cruise with bags of grass in this valley with the funk,  
Mama used to rag my ass when she smelled me like a skunk,  
Flow by freedom and its crowds once I creep into the calm,  
So, I'd keep 'em at his house just to keep 'em from my mom.

~~~

Show another crushing war to this sucker in the movement,  
So, my brother fucks a whore, and this hooker then she moves in,  
Dabs that took her to a new scene that was pre-disposed to arch,  
As a butcher that is bruising on the meat he's supposed to carve,  
I'd lend roads a map to rush if they'd lead the way to Oakland,  
I then go to grab my stuff and I see my safe is broken,  
I feed on rage to smoke men when in a town that isn't helping,  
I need to face the oak bent into the ground like it is bowing,  
Ten to count when in the county and to blow dust in the locks,  
When the sound isn't of meowing but I know what's in this box,  
When the boot with stitches grooves to the dumber cunts with cash,  
Then the stupid bitches move and a couple months then pass,  
Three months to sum it up at last and pose a painter class as trends,  
He puts her bubble butt on blast and shows her naked ass to friends,  
Though I tended to view mouths as the law and golden light,  
So, I went to his new house and I saw the stolen pipe,  
Looks are quick and know the bomb is inside it by the switch,  
Took a pic and showed my mom, he denied it like a bitch.

## Liquid Courage

Prisons praising slave slumps; fight back and freeze the paint,  
This bitch makes me eggs once - I act like he's a saint?  
Read the fall if it had sunk to recast the rock and trauma,  
He would call when he was drunk and he'd ask to talk to Mama,  
If money brings accountants, then I hope it's gone to war,  
The funny thing about this is I wrote this song before!  
Dad's a dick to stir the painting in the same cup as I idle,  
As a kid I heard the saying and I came up with the title,  
Spread the pot to pan or shill down the wrong abyss wherever,  
Never thought I'd have this skill; now it's gonna live forever,  
I'd feel bad to hunt the rich if I'd eat this glass its kids made,  
My real dad's a drunken bitch and I beat his ass in 6<sup>th</sup> grade,  
Our feast on this gold plating is the way love is the water,  
Bernice was his old lady and Mikaela was her daughter,  
Though I talked to dude for hours, it brought his baby back on standby,  
So, I walked into his house and saw his lady had a black eye,  
Hand me my bomb and then I'll burn B's like clown slayings,  
Manny was mad-dogging and Bernice was downplaying,  
Spit this rhythm once to wither like a victim in the *Gatsby*,  
Didn't hit him 'cause he hit her, but I hit him when he grabbed me,  
Suckers knocked out in the rage if I can't be by this bitch,  
Fucker got up in my face and he grabbed me by the wrists,  
No one smoked me like a mask as I cocked him in the mouth,  
So, I broke free of his grasp and I knocked him to the couch,  
Though we put a bunch of men to put the hell low in its place,  
So, he stood up once again and took an elbow to the face,  
When we look up some poor rhyme and that'll be found in the dungeon,  
Then he stood up one more time and tackled me down to the cushion,  
Stand in salvoes 'til I'm dead as I pick this last angle,  
Rammed my elbow to his head as he hit the glass table,  
Touch your final loss and fact as I rolled him like the weed,  
Pushed the wino off my lap and I called him to the street,  
Sal was fighting for his country when the facts are free to function,  
Now I'm riding on my Huffy and he's asking me to come in.

## Things Seem Sacred Until They're Not

Sewing up my fly covers and tap the fine beers with everything effectively,  
Growing up with my brothers the gap was 9 years and 17 respectively,  
Glitzy sluts that slowly smile at my new cut if it bangs,  
Pretty much an only child and I grew up with my games,  
Pitter pat, the painter might be still the pen that spoke of time,  
Never had a stranger like me 'til I went and wrote a rhyme,  
Etch an urn with paper cuts filling friends to spit a hook,  
Never earned a stranger's love 'til I went and did a book,  
Air some business like a spill when on a coast above a home,  
There's a difference that you feel when they're supposed to love but don't.

~~~

Spread your pen to strangers that still come through like a job,  
Never been a gangster but I'll hunt you like the mob,  
Dime -o- weed to bag for brothers bumping Nip in their old 'hood,  
I don't need a rag of colors just to dip in your throat blood.

~~~

Diamond saw to the flesh with a Zoot suit and a pearl,  
I'm as raw as the sex that produced you in the world,  
Dine and dash as I strut with a paint cup to drink,  
I'm an ass and a nut as I taint what you think,  
Cutting good cheese now to eat with you pricks tossed as too cocky,  
But you pussies smelling sweet to lick shots like bukkake,  
Dick wash on your bodies like you're stuck in gunk or mud,  
Big cocks to you Nazis as we fuck you up for good,  
Lead your journey to the town all for crumbs on the walls,  
Leave you dirty in the ground, monster trucks on your balls.

~~~

Free some painter friends from prison if they're fewer than the strangers,  
See, from anger stems expression like the lure on an angler,  
I shoot here like Rebenga with la jura like the owls,  
I skewer with a panga in the sewer and the bowels.

## Smell the Bitch in You

Pay where tits are offered near, booking by the hooded guy,  
Hey there Mr. Officer looking with a crooked eye,  
Put it by our rug to buy or step in place to dig lakes,  
Hook in like you're Suge to die when weapons waste a pig face,  
Push the plots still stacking sticks on streets uncovering the soil,  
'Cause the cops will act a bitch and treat my brother like a royal,  
What is next stuck to the grave with the silence slack as slush?  
But they step up in my face as they try to act as tough,  
Facing Royce when nine a mile and then broke as other people,  
Raising voice like I'm a child while they stroke my brother's ego.

~~~

Apes in office that then tell men place the carpets on the downwind,  
Face the garbage in my brown skin; waste their targets when I count ten.

~~~

North by lights due in autumn once I held the switcheroo,  
You're like Ice Cube to Common 'cause I smell the bitch in you,  
Such a swish of good bean eats as the drunken flows freeze,  
But this bitch is cooking beef and it's fuck the po-lice.

~~~

Humans see no noble Cylons as we're breaking ground to drag the crew,  
You can be the social icons that I'm taking down a peg or two,  
Dim the suns shading comets as the smoke surrounds the thought,  
When I once made a comment and a joke about a cop,  
Then this stupid bitch replied and she called me disrespectful,  
With this rooted bridge alive and this faulty instrumental,  
Thy books are writing fact was a myth gone in due time,  
I took to fighting back just to piss on your blue line,  
Slow the clock down in its tune as you tell the rich are -bleh-,  
So, I walk now in this room and I smell the bitch in heah!



## Matchstick Men

I see several growing bones with an ounce I weighed of grass,  
I'd be careful throwing stones if my house was made of glass,  
Rhyme away my own bag from this animalistic prison,  
I'm a stay-at-home dad in this capitalistic system,  
Breach the scraggly walls daily if I wake and fool the forum,  
See, my family calls me lazy but I'd take a bullet for 'em,  
Roam the desert as another when the smuggler is ashore,  
Mama says it to my brother and my brother to his whore,  
Seas the soggy wrappings let in if the tour applies no nations,  
See, I body rapping legends and I organize donations,  
Laughs apply certain days once they're going out of court,  
As my wife's worked her way up and I'm holding down the fort,  
Hold this gun like all these babies or a pop and plate of Pez,  
So, it's fun to call me lazy, but it's not to say depressed,  
Snow is stuck on walls of notion if it betters a friend as fair,  
Go and fuck your false emotion if you ever pretend to care.

~~~

I fear the river if it falls and I'm ten feet in the end,  
I hear their whispers in the walls and their envy in the wind,  
Try to test me with a pen as I stand in flesh to do right,  
Rhyme a leshy to the men as I manifest in moonlight,  
It's a rule to bomb their soldiers when they left me in this town,  
With this skull upon my shoulders and then heavy is the crown,  
I can't afford the best fun when I bite down my old bullet,  
My fam is short like hedge funds when they buy out their own bullshit.

~~~

My fake people send the dead to doubt the time if in a crash,  
Like K-Rino went and said about the diamonds in the trash,  
Go ascend as kings as crazy as high beams to blind a looker,  
So, for them to think I'm lazy is like me to like a hooker,  
Hey, don't suck this puff of smoke, with this old sink I would list it,  
They don't fuck with what is broke, but they both think they could fix it.

## Be Good Bro

Out of mind to stay and fight 'til the tents we pass now home,  
Keep the cat then where we write so -  
Now it's time to say goodbye to the friends we have outgrown,  
Even bad men carry bibles,  
War law sends delivery of raw events in history and tames it in the fall,  
Your false sense of chivalry is all since the livery and painted on a wall.

~~~

Pseudo-poem, nothing smaller once I flow and fall like Gab,  
You don't owe them but a dollar just to go and call a cab,  
Tie us to this way home with ties undone through strips of luck,  
Ride up to the payphone and find someone who gives a fuck.

~~~

Scrying, "Are we mentioned?", on the iron pew I'd seen,  
Crying for connection as we're dying through a screen,  
Stand by juggling on curbs as an archon to the street,  
Man, I struggle for the words as I march on to the beat,  
What's as sad when we dance as hats on a deader day?  
'Cause I've had plenty friends that have gone their separate way,  
If to intubate the minds with the shit the spray applies,  
It's to titillate the tides as you chip away the tithes,  
Man the ship to stay alive in my sickness and my sorrow,  
And they give away their wives for a pittance and tomorrow,  
Why go sleep and shit on truths with nine lessons for a lie?  
I don't need to sit on stoops when I'm destined for the sky,  
All the big and blinded ego can bring evil equal plights,  
Y'all the pidgeon-minded people that think people need no rights,  
What's a destiny to death as an ember put my soft hue?  
Just dismember me in flesh and remember what I taught you.

## Such a Prophecy Fulfilled

I knew what fear was cloth in the white sand and dead skin,  
I grew up here with Proph as my right hand and best friend,  
Wedded like a hoarse blade on an almond shore of new hope,  
Met him in the 4<sup>th</sup> grade and he always wore a blue coat,  
Had a stripe on its chest,  
Toe the rink that cuts the skin later,  
Pack the pipe like a press,  
Though I think it was a windbreaker.

~~~

Dim the spirit seed to bless with the best thing we can mention,  
Insecurity's an apeth that's obsessing with perfection,  
Bat the fly and think it able when the truth is half as gross,  
Stab the sky and drink its navel when we used to rap as bros,  
Find this problem too near Pluto when ice fell into her cloth,  
I was Shotgun, you were Uno; then I's Sal and you were Proph.

~~~

Burn my flame without blazing when my brains are on rotation,  
Turned my name to 'SalvaZion', then I changed the connotation,  
Grab the wrong kilo and shoot 'em and attack the kettle's soy,  
Rapped as Santino LaLuna and I rapped as Ghetto Boi,  
I'm a poor man too to you lames like the same cig now chemo,  
In a portmanteau of my names I became Big Salvino,  
Swaying knowledge like it's drapes, a pretty big hell to run!  
Paying homage to the greats like Biggie, Big L, and Pun,  
Toss the dead skin that I'm shedding, from thy flame I softly flinch,  
Lost my best friend at my wedding, but I gained my audience!

~~~

All my life and I'm dying from the law and loony looming,  
Saw my wife's grandma crying as she saw the beauty blooming,  
Spit this steel and holy rhyme I've decided is blunt as mothers,  
It was still the only time I've recited in front of others.

## Del Norte High

Leave us the last round if it's only stopping wit,  
Keith was the class clown and was mostly talking shit,  
He graduated school and then he died from drunk driving,  
He passed away a fool with his pride to slump by me,  
Zach was studying in school so he could be a game designer,  
After muddying the pool, going bloody to tame the tiger!  
That's the straw that packs the styptic for a face up on the wings,  
Last I saw he had enlisted and he gave up on his dreams.

~~~

Burst forth in mortal flesh near like it's real Kid Frost in socks,  
First heard Immortal Tech here and I still pissed off the cops,  
I can sleep beneath the bay for selling heroes to the flames,  
I was deep in *GTA* and helping Zero with his planes,  
Can't decline to break this sunken door if Jacob was the fool,  
At the time I hated nothing more than waking up for school,  
Clutch the sand I threw at art as I visualized the rubble,  
Loved my fam but grew apart when they trivialized my struggle,  
Pour my ricin in my new shit as I tear no conch or seal,  
Organizing in confusion like I'm Pharaoh Monch for real,  
Send the narrow phlox to fill in the wrapping of the pot,  
When the barrel bobs to kill in the cracking of the shot,  
Pass my shotty like the plates as I power pens as loyal,  
As the body then decays and a flower stems the soil,  
Beasts appear into some season and a rest to flog the asps,  
Breathe the air that I once breathed in and the breaths to fog the glass,  
Find it's reckless not to crash as golden oldies dine and dote,  
I'm a necklace not a sash to hold you solely by the throat,  
Fight the fiend and find him stressing from the front crack on our keep,  
Like the dream you try repressing but it comes back in your sleep,  
Half the day won't even amount to its conditions sick as memes,  
Wrap the snake slowly around you in constrictions strict as means.

## Like a Pair -o- Dice Lost

Pass a cig to paint me idly as I paint the woods envisioned,  
As a kid with my anxiety, the neighborhood's a prison -  
That's the plan – to plant fact – and the hammers dance on walls,  
As a man I stand back as Afghanistan then falls,  
The corrections cut the stitch if another nut won't flee,  
The perception's but a bitch as we suffer but don't see,  
Hoping creeds are such enough for harrowed hurdles that scar ill men,  
Smoking weed and busting nuts in worlds borrowed from our children.

~~~

Kiss the man that weighed the mass of the golden weight and glove,  
It's a planet made of ash that we cultivate with love!

~~~

Clutch your hand for truth that suffers in this old Camaro race here,  
Love your fam and choose your brothers like there's no tomorrow either,  
It's no baby being blind that consumes the racist shtick,  
It's so crazy seeing signs that then used to make us tick.

~~~

I could say it when I win and stand waited on by wines,  
I was hated for my skin and am hated for my rhymes,  
Touch the window as you waddle with a bottle and a paper,  
Push the pinhole to a pothole and the pothole to a crater,  
Killing time with the wisdom at the rivers by the lake,  
Feel the rhyme and the rhythm as it slithers like a snake,  
Folding cords and so we stay low to learn the lesson with a roast,  
Holding court in holy halos and burn the heaven with its host,  
Fits the feel as ego festers and it's fighting its old freedom,  
Since to kill a single jester is igniting the whole kingdom,  
Strut the hill of ham I'm hunting in the wetter evening air,  
But to kill a man is nothing and they never even care.

## 1<sup>st</sup> Tattoo in 6<sup>th</sup> Grade

Time this wreckage at the skid with a thought to rush afar,  
I was restless as a kid and I sought to push the bar,  
It's a bitch-made fool here with my first beer in my eyes,  
With the 6<sup>th</sup> grade school year as the worst year of my life,  
My nerves steer to the nights to back off the skies as the party ends,  
I perch near in the ice like it's Jack Frost in *Rise of the Guardians*,  
Pace as days die in abyss and for when men war with me though,  
Raise the stakes high as a gift like you're Quentin Quarantino,  
Dripping lye to cope with rhymes and tear apart karma's eve,  
Slipping by to salt the mines and wear my heart upon my sleeve,  
Peer at art like it's a sleaze as it's calling like a name,  
Hear the car then as I leave and the falling of the rain,  
Like it's Yahweh to the grain with the black swords and sails,  
I'm then crawling through the pain on a cracked board of nails.

~~~

Pay cuts educate the app use with those foodies and their fuel,  
They would regulate my tattoos but no bullies at the school!

~~~

Kiss a fist and smack ya prudence as we cherish aves to inch in,  
Mr. Smith would paddle students when their parents gave permission,  
At a caring place or prison as the sock is soccer white,  
As the baron takes the mission on this dog or MAGA fight,  
I sew the pen in flight too as it's passing by in bliss,  
I won't pretend to like you if you're acting like a bitch,  
Debtors cracking eyes and ribs when the notes of this still lie,  
Yet you're casting by the bridge in the hopes the fish will fly,  
If I risk a little pie, then it tends to settle me,  
With the distant thistle nigh on this wretched nettle's knee,  
Can I schlep to step and be but a very heavy bee?  
And I tempt the dead for free with a deadly cherry tree,  
Epi ink is then asunder as you bring the bee to life,  
Let me sink into my slumber as you sing to me goodbyes.

## Cumulative Chaos

Have you ever felt defeated as you sat and folded laundry?  
Past the feathered belt as pleated as you stab the culprit softly,  
Air this burn as gas deflated from the hill up on this aster,  
There's a term I have created for this build-up of disaster.

~~~

Pen and whittle wings as cut as the 'que pasas' on a brown bean,  
When the little things add up and the chaos is as mounting,  
Shit, I'm used to hate and dissidence to spill the quarters on the couch,  
It accumulates in increments and kills the order of the house.

~~~

The painting in the mansion that I take up is then all of us,  
A day when in depression is then made up of the smallest stuff,  
Old hate has touched the fallen thugs to fill the vault and palm with day glow,  
So, shake the cups of solemn slugs and spill their salt upon the table.

~~~

Crucifixes ante up and amend the hate for egos,  
Used to sit in Manny's truck and pretend I made burritos,  
Bloody birds now stare at ingrates on their step a parrot palms,  
'Cause he worked out there at Grimway as a tech on carrot farms.

~~~

You sink from the blast if it's honestly a view,  
Bury money on the fly,  
To bring one with the past and the glossary anew,  
Everybody's gonna die,  
Once a heaven's within reach, then still sleep through reservations,  
But the lessons that we teach will then seep through generations,  
Tame my birds with calm and feather like it's timber at my skiff,  
May my words live on forever to remember that I lived.

## I'm Sorry Daisy

I remember her a stray having kittens in the shed,  
Like an emperor to pray past his vixens in the bed,  
Months among the common gnat as she's acting crazy growling,  
Such a young mama cat and she had her babies meowing,  
Know I nudged in in a stand-off look first in the water dish,  
So, my cousin and my grandma took her in and got her fixed,  
See the rain has angels wet and could comb the town in grace,  
She became a staple pet and would roam around the place,  
I asked an ale if it's ore to a weak crowd as I tried,  
I smashed her tail in the door and then freaked out as she cried.

~~~

Get this sacrificial lamb in at your passions for the spoon,  
It was accidental action after absence from the room.

~~~

Show the camera views are gone from the fucking trees found,  
So, my grandma moves with Mom and my cousin leaves town,  
Now their little cat Daisy she was aging but alive,  
How this simple fact phased me was amazing for my cries,  
Stand on common sense and labor in this combat-covered dance,  
Grandma wanted then to take her but my mom had other plans,  
As if only it's so set that calm is purely seen to drop dead,  
Grams was lonely with no pet and Mom assured me she's adopted,  
Such is God that met Reagan with a better writ of peace,  
But this thought that kept nagging and then never did it cease,  
I throw my bombs, ignite the lye, with the streams projecting business,  
I know my mom's the type to lie if it means protecting image,  
Though the answer was crazy and I passed the brew like men do,  
So, I asked where was Daisy and I asked her who she went to.

~~~

I'm a bastard to the few and fed, bruh we wanna smell myrrh,  
When I asked if it was true, she said, "Ugh, you gonna tell her?"



## Outro [Skit]

In the coming days I will do my best to provide more free literature of ALL kinds and regularly published books including:

- More genre-bending poetry collections
- Southwestern recipe books
- More photography collections
- Books on hip-hop and rap
- And so much more.

If you enjoy what you have read here and wish to further support my work but cannot afford to buy a book, fret not! Often the best payment I can ever receive from someone as awesome as you is when you spread the word to a genuine friend or two that you believe will enjoy it too.

Word-of-mouth is sorely underrated in today's world.

I appreciate you reading, and I appreciate you taking the time from your day to fully indulge in my words.

Like I've said before, in all the shit slinging and pissing contests, I have come out as somewhat less cynical and much more hopeful for humanity.

I AM trying to imbue more positivity, compassion, love, and kindness into my poetry from this point forward, so I do apologize if any of my core fans felt at all offended by some of the shit I say.

I AM trying to better myself through written rhythmic expression worthy of being read and digested multiple times.

I AM trying to forever hold this bar as high as fucking possible. . .

Again,

THANK YOU! ALL MY LOVE IF YOU HAVE DOWNLOADED THIS!

- *Your pal,*  
*Big Sal*







































Listed below are 2 simple and delicious recipes that my family and I have made and used as well as quite enjoyed:

- **CHRISTMAS CANDY**

This is the stuff my mom would always make for the holidays and specifically around the end of year. It is simple to make but hot damn it is something delicious. From my family to yours, here is one variation of my Mom's candy recipe! (Was gonna include this one on a future cookbook, but what the hell! Have at it now.)

Ingredients -

- Box of graham crackers
  - 2 sticks of butter
  - Bag of butterscotch chips
  - Bag of semi-sweet chocolate chips
  - Bag of vanilla chips
  - 2 cups of crushed walnut
  - Small bag of shredded coconut
  - 3 cans of condensed milk
  - Bake at 350\*
  - 9 x 12 baking dish
1. Crumble up some of the graham crackers and mix with some of the butter until it is a Play Doh-like consistency and push a large layer of the mixture into the bottom of the greased baking dish while throwing the rest of the crumbled graham crackers and butter in with all the sweetened chips, the crushed walnut, and the condensed milk.
  2. Stir the ingredients well and preheat the oven. Put all the candy mixture into the baking dish and top it with the coconut shreds.
  3. Cook the candy until the coconut is golden brown on top and the inside is melted and gooey.

## **- SOUTHWESTERN STYLE HOT CIDER**

I myself have made this once or twice for my wife and myself I believe, but it is truly delicious when you can cut some fresh apples up into the cider and then eat them afterwards. It imparts lots of deliciousness into this dessert drink!

Ingredients –

- 2-quart pot for boiling
  - 2 tablespoons of cinnamon
  - 2 chopped and sliced apples
  - A dash of red pepper powder or flakes
  - 2 quarts of purified water or plain green tea
  - 2 teaspoons of cardamom
  - 1 tablespoon of dried lemon rind or liquid lemon juice
  - 1 teaspoon of ginger powder
  - 3 sprigs of fresh mint or 2 teaspoons of crushed mint
1. Put the water to a boil and poke holes in the apple slices with a fork or a toothpick.
  2. Coat the apples with a thin layer of cinnamon and add the cinnamon-coated slices to the boiling water.
  3. Slowly add the cardamom, the dash of red pepper, the lemon rind or juice, the ginger powder, the mint, and some more cinnamon to your taste desire.
  4. Boil the liquid mix for a good 10 minutes for a full-flavored drink.