

A photograph of a person in a red shirt standing behind a wooden fence, looking towards a residential street in the rain. The scene is hazy and rainy, with a large tree on the left and houses in the background. The sky is overcast and grey.

"A Man walks
in the Rain"

by
BIG SAL

A Man Walks
in the Rain

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in the Rain

*A Micro eChapbook
by Big Sal*

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"I dedicate this one to myself. Here is an ode to hoping I can heal from the crisis in my heart and in my life. Self-love means more than the opinion of others too dim to see your shine. So, shine on and always check your anger before it consumes you."

- Big Sal

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[Intro Skit]

What constitutes a man in today's fucked up world?
Is it the absence of morality?
Is it the presence of wickedness?
Or is it apathy disguised as empathy?

I'd like to believe in angels, but only the fallen are down to Earth.

Eviscerate my senses,
and blast me into oblivion –

I'm the poet you can't kill. . .

Proliferate the profiteering at the expense of our one and only planet,
and you shall finally see the destruction of your own temples.

Unto the execution like a basket of fruits for the executioner!
Belly up in the death stranding!

A man walks in the rain when his only option is to drown or stay dry!

We hunt monsters around here, homie, and we stand on no ceremony,
nor do we suffer fools!

Today is another day of reckoning, and yet it remains steadfast as the
only defender of its kind, left aloft on the promontory of forgotten
dreams and unkind opinions.

What sort of death awaits a man that seizes the day?
How can we truly see the sun when blinded by shadow?
Are we ever going to be okay?

Come now and walk with me through this everlasting gobstopper that
is the pride to swallow for a reason notwithstanding.

Kill me slowly, crown me king, and then count the motherfucking
rhymes like they are days left in your life.

I kill God Emcees for sport, and will soon teach you the ways of the
Master Jedi.

For I am legion, and we are one.

Sly Fox DM

Yo, he thinks he's extra slick when he hits her up to fuck,
So, he brings the beds to click with a river cut to tuck,
Ashy skies that see a pro bet with a staked budget bigger,
As he tries to be a poet and a fake public figure,
By the brewer in the depths of a sonnet's fucking fire,
Tries to woo her with success and a promise what he'd buy her,
By this dresser that I build as I test the dirt and steel,
I impress her with the skill and confess to her it's real,
Gut the desert's burdened yield as opposed to this like cut soy,
But I left the hurt and field when she knows who is a fuckboy,
Find and blast the cold guns jamming like a camera spies the karma,
I'm the last of shoguns standing with the samurai in armor,
With the blackest eye to conquer as I aim through to freeze reigns,
It's the baddest guy to honor when I hang you from these chains,
Hook the next mill up with sentry and still pack shit by the bridge,
Put your best skill up against me and I'll slap it like a bitch,
Marching flames that dawn a fountain with a wick if nothing's mine,
Carving veins upon a mountain as you stick to cutting pine,
Might detect the shaky worms on a day of where we've died,
I respect a lady's terms and the way she carries pride,
Live to hate this very plight as the queens refer to sin,
If to play this every night as he dreams of her for him.

~~~

Pass a night if then we found flow like free foods or something carried,  
As they slide in on the downlow and these dudes are fucking married,  
Holy bliss if nothing sucks tilled with streams and passion touched,  
Only live to bust a nut 'til their dreams are dashed and crushed,  
By the back pool of connection in its orbit with its drag,  
Try to act cool for attention as they sport it with the swag,  
Golden piss bowls with the neon in a sideshow of the cedars,  
Hold a pistol for the peons and a rifle for their leaders,  
Spread the spirits spit to come to like the truth sucks in a call,  
Let the lyrics hit like guns do with the lutes up on the wall.



## Capo Verde

Fix this section of proud made men if the mob will hand me yours,  
It's connection without cadence and the cockamamie cures,  
Share a pot of candied stirs like a circus with a mime,  
There's a lot of standing firs if the verbiage is behind,  
The emergence of a mind like the purpose of a rhyme,  
Spur a verdant sermon first -  
In occurrence of a crime and the urgency in kind,  
War in burdened urban 'burbs,  
The fatal cost of fumbles in a tug or race to do,  
The angels lost their shovels when they dug a grave for two,  
In the field to find hate at the tables and a time,  
When distilled from nightshade like tomatoes into wine,  
Test the people if they're nervous of the dead and underweight,  
Rest the needle on the surface as we set to puncture fate,  
Burning balls-up in the same town for a false man in a gray gown,  
Stirring salsa in the egg now per the balsam and the bay-bound,  
It's an option then to win if we crack the jaws of nations,  
Kissing caution to the wind as to sabotage relations,  
Stand and skip in to the law as we stab the ice and shadow,  
And they sip it through a straw to metabolize the macro.

~~~

Send us acolytes as whacko as an eel's eyes that they've seen,
When I analyze what's aggro and I realize it's a dream,
Piss pharma to break pieces like from Venice Beach as spit sparked,
Kiss karma for Snake Jesus like the venom keeps my dick hard,
Why run low to ice the sole with the oddest shackle needed?
I dunno what life will hold but I promise that I'll meet it,
I heal by dusty jailbirds as fire reaps thy pimp cup,
I feel like such a failure as I try to keep my chin up,
Blood the knife if it's for slaying like it's ISIS on their lips,
But the price is for the paying with the priceless in the crypts,
Climb to camp in on the lost notes when best to fly on home,
I'm abandoned at the crossroads and left to die alone.

Simulacrum Magenta

Skies survive the worst of undead in a dream that men don't enter,
I surmise and source the sunset when serene as simple pleasure,
Catch a queen to kiss forever at the barrows of the river,
As a fiend to fit no fletcher for the arrows in the quiver,
Past the ledge to spread a sundress with a reason to then be,
As I dredge the bed of unrest and I leave it in the sea,
Damning Eden to then bleed like I made sure of the depths,
And a season to decree with a razor on its edge,
Fight like Frazier to the threats in a bed to soak this gown,
Like a laser for the feds as they let the homeless drown,
Burn the bigger lies in bedrest and remembrance of the bomb,
Work to crystallize the remnants in the reverence of a song,
Too damn risky in the cities like a rebel in a burrow,
You can kiss me like you miss me like it's Deadpool with his girl,
We be pissing off the dumb with a keg or cask for thy limit,
See me flipping off the sun as I beg to bask and die in it,
It's to drag the casket right in for a wedding in a fire,
With an egg for basket buy-ins and the webbing of a spider,
Weighing ilk if from afar with a new stick for a vole,
Playing silk like a guitar for the music of the soul,
Bloody wings to build no loom in the rooms to bomb and lay low,
Plucking strings as billows bloom with a plume's aplomb in payload,
Time is soon upon the same clothes if my friends are on the list,
I'ma swoon 'em gone like Thanos 'til the gems are on my wrist,
Man, I bet the sky is home to the lines I laid in hand,
And I get to die alone with the rhymes that made a man,
Heavens sick of crowns and sinners if the trauma trades are free,
Let us sit on down to dinner as my mama prays for me,
Maybe null and void of lessons to still be the one that cries,
Baby, I'll destroy the legends and I'll see our sun arise.

Dog Days of Midsommar

Touch a page to fix the flanges as the serpents take our nation,
Rub the sage betwixt phalanges like the Persians break formation,
Rush the bids to buy an ox hide and drag Skweezy in for art,
Dust the ribs with iron oxide and magnesium to spark,
Turn around and sell the dollars of a king in naked rhyme,
Burn the grounds of elder scholars with a ring to make it mine,
Falling sickles in a bog shroud,
Still defeat is philosophical,
Call me kibble to the dogs now,
Feel the heat and kill us off for cold.

~~~

Claiming bud smokes in a home drowned like a ferret in a park,  
Painting brushstrokes with a bone now and I swear it is an art,  
Cool as valley mist to palm this in an another vent of urns,  
Call Aurelius for context as the government then burns,  
Write with pens and moves to storm us as the flames burned skin alone,  
Like the men Medusa warned of as her snakes turned men to stone,  
Ghost the remnants in the worst way and you'll lie if it's all over,  
Host the menace on a Thursday from July to an October.

~~~

Take the real men to the streets with their freedom as the stakes,
Break the seal then of a beast as we free him on estates,
Dead as bone to fault the towns for the bellows that you've seen,
Let him roam and salt the grounds for the gallows on the green,
Bang and riot as we lay low in accordance of the sound,
Hang 'em high up on a halo like adornments on a crown,
When we wish to heal the others if it's painless as a call-back,
Let me kiss the killer colors as they paint us then in all black,
Ashes yearn to see the scene's weight of the big pyre flame,
As we learn to be a teammate like the *Gridiron Gang*,
Must've missed me like a black dress as I'm flying low for two,
Just to kiss me on my last breath as I'm dying slow for you.

Burn the Arch and Rhododendron

Read a list in dead detention and desist the hate to fuck us,
We resist the reprehension and reciprocate in ruckus
Bitches hid their sickest shadow in a little bliss to handle,
It's alliterative ammo for a chrysalis in camo,
Orphan archons on the ferries as if rowing past the church,
Scorching gardens of canaries as they're growing back with chirps,
Man it's snowing axe to birch in a season of the cold,
And they're knowing that it hurts with a reason to revolt,
Only snipers are as fly when they hit you with a gun,
Holding lighters to the sky in a tribute as they come.

~~~

Rime to row the rivers next as I type it to a tune,  
Time to blow a kiss of death to the pirate and the plume,  
Passing nightly to the tomb when a fake love is a one-way,  
As I find it in the room and we wake up on a Sunday,  
Throwing Jacob to the runway and still set to break the glass,  
So, we make up as if some say that we'll never make it last,  
Candles said to bake for mass with a tall water splashing,  
And they'll fret the fake as fast like it's Paul Walker crashing,  
Calm the ball dropped in passion for a nightly view of nightfall,  
On the wall knock the gash in like we're driving through the drywall,  
Spin and pour the gin if filling me as kettles burn the pure prose,  
In an origin of villainy as devils turn to heroes.

~~~

Staying nasty as they can like they hump to fuck a big cock,
They can't catch me in the van as I bump it up with hip-hop,
Match a hundred bucks to piss off on a mattress and its springs,
As to hunt the cuck and spit shots at the fascists that he brings,
With a ship so white and sinful that a nickel bite is simple,
It's a sicko psycho's sickle with a little side of pickle,
Dirty tricks if to unfold when learning this isn't the whole,
Serving dishes when they're cold and burning bitches in the soul.

Golden Gate Swings

Armies at risk of a hit list with their giblets in the fires,
Barring access to the bridges from the rivets to the wires,
Slowly he walks to the entrance on an avenue for miles,
Solely detox from the sentence that they slapped on you with smiles,
Grift the law and then go murder her with death to stir the heavens,
It's a saw that is so circular and secular in sections,
Stand in misery this evening when it's something more than anthems,
And the liberty is bleeding on the cutting floor for phantoms,
Kiss the lonely rain for real when we're paid to sing it broken,
It's the ghostly pain we feel when the gate is swinging open.

~~~

Time to get into the rotten if it's lost then in a ruse,  
I'm a legend and I walk in like a boss when on the move,  
All these thoughts to feel and mention as we tour it by the brink,  
Calling shots to kill the tension as I pour it like a drink,  
Give me caffeine and a headrest by the hand of pride when solo,  
Living lastly in remembrance like the fam that died in *Coco*,  
Yes, the phantom fried as loco as a wraith to steal the eyes,  
As I stand beside the photo and I make 'em feel alive,  
Shoes still fit mom if she's blind so they're the hours that we bring,  
You will live on in my mind though and the flowers of a spring,  
Starving bedlam into death like a peacock in our chasm,  
Guard the dead when they're at rest as I C-walk in sarcasm,  
Weighing whales in a carpool if it only runs from one,  
Draping veils from the marble as the stone it comes undone,  
It's to galivant a new fate to a crock of bloody shit,  
With the elephant a roommate as we talk of what he did,  
Can we cock the gun to grip if the real faces sprawl dawn?  
And we drop the nutty bit as the drill base is all gone,  
Standing wires with the weeds charred and then sail in to find,  
Stab empires on the rebar and impale them in kind.

## Slow Sizzle Fo Shizzle

The ice is burned in context of the hog piss in a simmer,  
A life insured for progress in the dog pits for a dinner,  
Sodas that could all be mine with the right flow and a purpose,  
Smoking up the salty brine in a sideshow of the circus,  
Sold in fives to bleed the darkness of the laws on the back streets,  
Molten eyes that eat the artist as he draws in the last teeth,  
Hidden earrings stuck in cracks of the crate and burly vault,  
Whipping herrings up from scratch on a plate that's purely salt,  
Slowly doubt the info if it's all we fucking live through,  
Rolling out the window as I'm balling up the issue.

~~~

If the way 'round to the same sound is a fake crowd and a mob,
It's a shakedown in a lake town like the stakeout that is robbed,
Saving lives that never hate me if it can't be this advice,
Paying tithes of treasure lately in the tackiest of ties,
Lift an ashy fist to rise past no bigger bends or brink,
It's the nastiest of guys that'll dip their pens in ink.

~~~

Holy maidens holding ray guns like their saviors in the streets,  
Ultimatums sold to great ones like the bakers with their sweets,  
Send a portion to the people that have legalized a flower,  
When abortion is illegal and it's penalized in power,  
In the clean sports of fighters as they caught me far from self,  
It's supreme courts of snipers as their body armor melts.

~~~

Come to view rap as new jobs like a crew tapped for Tupac's,
From the boom bap to boombox on a shoe rack that few lost,
If a body risks the same dust and a seed may rest in sorting,
With a floppy disk to save us and a VHS recording.

Lonely in Sedation

A hidden rock for throwing truth with fatal wrists I used to have,
I sit atop this lonely roost and label it Seclusion Ave,
Its halo lifts when due to pass and carry some a thinning cow,
If they don't miss and shoot the grass then everyone is winning now,
In this snake bind to hold me in the eight nights as lonely,
It's a game time for home teams that then hang by their own scenes,
Read the crate our pals have looted with the canis in the dirt pits,
We sedate ourselves in stupor and we say it's for a service.

~~~

One way works for claiming winners with a peace to dawn the noose,  
Sunday church has hanged the sinners from their grief upon the roof,  
It's the orphans saved from torture as the arts stung some in venue,  
With the organs played in orchards and the hearts strung up by sinew.

~~~

Row in water and the air with a death supplied by root,
Woe the cobbler in his chair as he preps to buy a boot,
It's for any cucks that care for a city wall to frag,
With his twenty bucks to spare and a sixty dollar tag,
Coronations of a legend if they're destined for the now,
For this nation in depression as they etched it on the bough,
Patience gives its patient more than the IVs and the selfies,
Make and shift a makeshift oar for the triremes and the galleys.

~~~

Heading home a lonely body in the night if it's then nearer,  
Let me comb my goatee softly and recite this in the mirror,  
End the nights with sacred sell-bys on the southside of the room,  
Then arrive to aid an ally in the hellfire and doom.

## Arroz Con Pollo

It's arroz con pollo cooking in a pan to coat the oil,  
With the most unloyal looking like a hand to smoke or boil,  
As a coil crushed the bin of the oatmeal (such is men),  
It's a royal flush to win with the molehill busted in,  
Holding ice to save a cup when thinking thoughts if still as dumb,  
Rolling dice to make a buck and drinking shots to feel it numb,  
Finding better men with riches and the evident in orchard,  
Like a veteran as vicious as the regiment he tortured,  
Held in sticks to kill a pal as he's mailed to the casa,  
Melting bricks to fill the well with a pail for the lava,  
Teach the beaten that they meant this,  
Send it launched to bury trees,  
East of Eden and its entrance,  
When ensconced in every eve.

~~~

Standing up so we can harm 'em as we hit 'em with the rebar,
Ante up to even karma in the middle of a seesaw,
Show little leagues and phenoms as the reasons that we toast,
So, riddle me and be gone from the beaches on the coast,
Near a posh park and mansion as the flames spark in macro,
Hear the dogs bark in tandem as their chains start to rattle,
Man, we came sparring shadows with the best soldiers slapped,
And we ain't far from battle with the leftovers wrapped,
Gas their beds folding back on a teddy in a tumble,
As the rest hold a MAC when they're ready for a rumble,
Kush for writers if as blunt,
Sending funds if for the same sphinx,
Push survivors from the front,
When the guns are in a phalanx.

The Other Guy

Empty values off to bury past stairs crumbling so it's fun,
When she tells you not to worry, that there's nothing going on,
Men, we're lost when on the teams in a unit run to fight fair,
Then you're tossing in your dreams as they soon become a nightmare,
I push on to be a daddy once the truth is something more,
I just wanna see her happy but this dude's a fucking dork,
Catch an agent on the fly like I'm hidden in a box,
As she takes him for a drive and I'm sitting in my thoughts,
Get a sick kid to his pops when I write in for this hymn,
Yet I'm wicked as the gods when I strike him for his sin,
If to know the wealth is seen, then it eats you in the trunk,
It's a blow to self-esteem when she leaves you for a punk,
Set to smoke it in a blunt if we show the mind is dead,
Yet they broke into her truck and she's so behind in debt,
I found rivers up the west like it's two sick puppies cuddly,
I now wish her but the best and I knew it's what we could be.

~~~

In the verses if as furious as merry bliss still doomed,  
It's immersive in experience when fearing risk will bloom,  
Reading calmly like a verdict for the honest and the good men,  
She didn't want me then to hurt him so I promised that I wouldn't,  
It's upon us in a bookend as I whup him on the block,  
If to bomb this into woodland as I'm hooded on the walk,  
Bitch is looking who would talk of the fucking few that rumble,  
If it's rooted through a rock and I took it through a tunnel,  
Caz is cooking up the gumbo like a mystic with a leaf,  
As I shook it into crumble and it sifted into kief.

~~~

I ignite the men that kiss you with a feather fair as freedom,
I would write her them as tribute and she never cared to read them,
Two good deeds are hooks for bold eyes in then all the time they can,
You should read my books on cold nights with the holorime in hand.

[Outro Skit]

After all is said and done, is it really too much of a stretch to say that we lived?

Was it a life fulfilled?

What ever did happen to the discarded butterflies?

The dust upon their wings?

I guess I was never meant to know these things, but still it hurts.

A man truly must know himself to be willing to dance in the flames before he can walk in the rain, and only then will he be revered as a genuine article rather than a silhouetted and pirouetting Pierrot.

Unsung are the heroes who touch the sun and live to tell about it.

Without the kisses left upon their cracking cheeks.

Without any homes to go to other than the cold, hard ground.

Buried sixteen feet below the hallowed earthen chapel – finally we rest.

Be at peace ye commoners!

Be amazing ye peons!

Be yourself said the boxcutter!

If only, if only we could see just how beautifully fractured our psyches truly are, then we may finally be able to separate the art from the man.

The man who walks alone in the rain and asks for nothing but a nickel.

A sixpence for his rhymes and an audience to call his own.

The stage is now set as the puppet without strings or kisses or homes climbs up and readies for his close-up with Death.

I'd like to love again, but even the jackals laugh at the moon when it suits them. Best leave that to the judges of character who are more evil than the convicts that they pass judgment on.

Peace be the peacemakers! May we finally walk on home!

Giveaway Code = "RIMESTAR23"

Thank You For Your Time.