**Blood Clot**

Jason Brightwell

Dark between two falling stars

it won’t have to travel far.

Arching low—earthen flung

a crooked bow towards the ground,

tainted veins, earthworm swell, floods

bloat and push the dead back out.

I wondered aloud, there wandering,

eternal damp, lost patch of dark,

how it is that nostalgia rubs

rough memories smooth.

Instead, I learned to close my eyes,

to see invisible breezes

heavy with storm warnings—

warm and low and ominous

the day your veins delivered

that bitter gift to your own heart.