

# Blood Flow

by Jim Gold

“Blood flow is controlled through metaphors,” said Dr. Breathdare to Jason Peabody, who was lying under the Thirty-third street sign. Blood was oozing out of the wound beneath his sixteenth vertebra, forming a puddle on the sidewalk; yet Jason remained calm. He watched his blood flow south towards Thirty-second street and meditated upon the Danube and how smoothly it flowed by Slovakia, Hungary, Bulgaria, Romania, and through the Dobruzhian Delta into the Black Sea. His own dark stream was now trickling past Macy’s, the IRT subway station, and Madison Square Garden.

Dr. Breathdare knelt next to Jason and said with quiet assurance, “You’ve made your point, Jason. People are beginning to stare at you. It’s time to stop this attention-getting behavior and get back to your office. Stop this blood flow now!”

Jason concentrated on the command. He clamped his mind on his arteries and slowed his heart beat. His wound clotted. “Thank you, Jason,” said kindly Dr. Breathdare. “You have performed an outstanding public service. Always better to speak up than bleed in public. People will listen to you.”

Jason rose. “Thank you, Doctor,” he said, picking up his briefcase, and headed towards his travel office in Penn Plaza. “Now I can finish writing that Eastern European guide book.”

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