

Tory Dent

Variations

Allow the vine to cross over the empty space of your heart.

Allow the vine to cross over, cross over the empty heart, the empty space.

Allow the vine, whimsical yet petulant, to cross devilishly over the empty space of your heart.

Allow the empty space to cross like a cloud passing over the vine-covered heart.

Allow the vine, allow the heart, allow the empty space.

Allow the heart to cross like a vine or ivy with miniature magenta leaves, to cross over the empty space. The empty space.

Allow the empty space to lift itself up to the cloud, to the heart that drags tendrils of vines across the cold, invisible surface of its emptiness.

Allow the heart that was once a vine to be among vines again.

Allow the operatic vine to climb as an operatic theme does into the empty chair of your heart.

Allow the vine, the heart, the empty space, to cross over and under each other braiding in and out, for then the space, covered with vines and heart and emptiness, will exist as if the vine were allowed at last to cross over the empty space of your heart.

Allow inside the vine-covered heart for there to be an empty space.

Allow the empty space of your heart to shrink inside your heart like a violet, like a vine of violets, inside the safe space of your heart, evaporating within the heart of the vine.

Allow the vine of your heart to cross over the empty space that everywhere must be yours.

Allow the vine that is so small against the empty space of your heart to cross over and over its emptiness and soon the vine too will become as vast and as large.

Allow the vine that wants nothing but to cross over the empty space of your heart to cross over the empty space of your heart.

Allow the empty space to fall, as if a heart covered with vines, onto the soft ground and sink into the dirt, every empty drop, until all that is left is the heart covered with vines, a heart-shaped relief in the ground like a hill, like a valentine.