



The Tin Boy as Self Touching All Edges

When the desire to cut himself into earthworm bits subsided, improbably, there was a bridge. It had been there forever, leading from the back of the Ozma's castle over a bog tinted daily to look like granny smith candy. It must taste sweet too, he thought, as he led the sawhorse over it and watched the green carp surface, their glass mouths open for pellets or rain. Sometimes under full sun he felt his tin parts fusing together until they covered him snug as skin, uninterrupted by bolts or latches. Not a boy made of mirrors but a mirror himself, fluid like an animal in motion, leaving them all in the dust he lit up.