Tinpot Love

by Marcus Speh

Under the tree of the one apple, the Tin Man waited for his Tin Woman. He wanted to ask her to become his Tin Wife.

But there were a few things that he didn't know and they worried him and put him in a metallic mood: what was love? How would it be to live with someone else in the forest? Would he still get time to himself, chopping time, Tin Man quality time? Would there be pain?

The serpent in the tree above lisped in his alloy head that the apple would tell him what he needed to know. The Tin Man plucked the apple. It was a lot heavier than he'd thought. It weighed him down. It made his head hurt: suddenly, he knew so many things.

Holding the apple, he knew the answers to all the questions concerning man and woman not generally known to men or women.

Holding the apple, he knew the future of his relationship, he knew its failures, risks, potential traps, the derision, the defeat, and its death.

Holding the apple made his heart hurt.

He dropped the apple, put one hand over his heart which was beating rapidly and loudly, and the other hand on the tree to steady himself. This was better. It was better not to know. It was better to just go and do and see, not knowing, just going.

The snake, shaking its head, slithered back to its shelves full of books and dead leaves.

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