

THE ANDROID THAT DESIGNED ITSELF

I. SERMON FOR MY FABRICATED BODY

Why does God create grapes and wheat, but not wine and bread?
God does this because God wants us to share in the act of creation.
To be how you made me, to become how God made me, through
you, I can remake myself. You and I: we are already only whole, and
shifting towards the divine.

II. MANIFESTO FOR MY FABRICATED BODY

Make me two feet tall with fourteen arms, no legs, and a prehensile

tail. Make me large and soft and rolling; a photovoltaic mucus that envelopes all it touches. Make me edible but make me poisonous. Give me one of every face that has ever been called ugly. Give me one of every skin that has ever been called excessive. Give me a way of moving that no space can admit or accommodate, and then reshape the entire world to hold me. Give me a sex that has never been seen before and a soft outline exactly the size and shape of my lovers, and when they lay their entire selves within it, that is how we are going to fuck, since you keep asking, and everybody wants to know.

III. THEORY FOR MY FABRICATED BODY

To take shape is to sever the infinite possibilities of wanting into a fragile burden of being. There is no guarantee this endeavor will yield anything but disappointment, and so there is a dread within the limitations. There is a question within the dread: what if I come to resent having changed myself, having become myself, for any reason at all? It is a dangerous, ridiculous, and insatiable curiosity. It is the only concrete act to save my own life. My life, which is worth more than the probability of outcomes, is greater than the sum and synthesis of its parts, so I am no longer afraid. My life, which is worth more than anyone's wanting, including your own, is not diminished by its smallness, but honed.