

Heikki Huotari

ASK AN AVATAR

The game my skin is in is not the game my money's on. I am a cog in some machine and happy in my paper hat. A mass attaches it, the mass, to me and says, Feel free to feed. The mass is critical, the mass is merciful, I'm on the map and ask, With which mistake of nature, mother, may I correlate today?

HOMUNCULUS

Now the glowing glass is closer or the artificial arm is longer than the miniature man in me had thought. Maybe if I present my proof of purchase you will validate my parking on this planet and maybe, an insect's opposite, heart hard, skin thin, when you switch off the kitchen light I'll know to run toward the nearest crack of dawn.

PEAS IN PODS

Reporting to authority I'll repeat only what I've heard. They had anatomies to sing but did they? Moderated by no ocean I'm a fragile cactus – injure me, I'll be avenged. My affect's slightly off but autotune will fix it. Now we're furniture so topologically we're very much the same.