

NAIL HEARTS CLIP
EPISTOLARY FANTASY BLOG
FROM 2009-2010

FELIZ MOLINA

Publishing the Unpublishable 059
/ubu editions
2011

These are accounts from CLIP
blogged and edited by Feliz Molina 2011

NAIL HEARTS CLIP
epistolary fantasy blog
from 2009-2010
Feliz Molina
Publishing the Unpublishable 055 ©2010 /ubu editions
Series editor: Kenneth Goldsmith
/ubu editions
www.ubu.com

IN THE FRONT YARD OF MY NOSTALGIA¹

Dear Nail,

I found a quote the length of an Old English yard "... the distance from the king's nose to the tip of his outstretched hand. One stroke of a nail file on his middle finger erases human history." The English yard and nose of Henry I of England influences the perpetual prolongation of the distance between us (in America).

There's a category that negates all impulses to categorize which I imagine is just a box filled with fingernails. At the horny age of thirteen I knew a boy who collected fingernail clippings and kept them in a shoebox. I thought it was weird, but now I wonder if it was a desire to collect scraps of him self, paired with a bored desire get on with life.

* * *

Eric Satie wore seven identical suits alternately for seven years. I've been biting my fingernails every day of the week since the age of seven. Being alive isn't an accident.

In other words, I'm looking forward to being without a history.
When the middle-class disappears, will our dreams look poor?

¹ Nailsectomy, This afternoon i come across a quote the length of an Old English yard that reads "...the distance from the king's nose to the tip of his outstretched hand. One stroke of a nail file on his middle finger erases human history." Can you imagine that the yard might still have its affect stemming from the nose of Henry I of England and how this contributes to the perpetual prolongation of the distance between us? On another tip of the nail file there's a category that negates all impulses to categorize which is just a box filled with fingernails. When i was 13 i had a 15 year old boyfriend who collected nail clippings and stored them in a shoebox. At first i thought it odd but now i think it was just an expression of his innate will to collect bits of himself paired with some need for progression, which ultimately, leads towards death. Did you know Eric Satie wore seven identical suits alternately for seven years and that I've been biting my nails since i was seven everyday of the week? If all this (existence in general) isn't an accident then perhaps we're addicted to accidents as a means to rescue us from some daily sense of chronology that makes up and takes up the space-time of one week which has me blogggin you again as its own way of re-(story) telling time which also might be working to invent the "future" in which "everything has already been around, only in a less elaborate form; one needs only to look. Past centuries were there only to polish and perfect the great archaic ideas." (s. zielinski) On that nailclip, i'm looking forward to being without a history.
Your,

LIGHTS BRIGHT THERE²

Manny Pacquiao boxing for survival at the MGM Grand on Youtube seems like he wins because he fights out of love; punches for millions of Filipinos, jabs for the country's recovery after major typhoons, right hooks a face for those preoccupied with so many things like hunger and karaoke. Boxing is less of metaphor and more like a narrative unfolding. Dude makes the sign of the cross on forehead and chest before every round as though he were fighting for something greater, not knowing what, but obedient to it, obedient to Jesus and the things he boxes for. He listens to his opponent's impulses and waits. Like waiting for the right timing to sing a neon pink line of karaoke text floating across a screen. Punctuation. Karaoke. Punches.

* * *

At Niagara Falls all I did was film a bunch of water. A mouth on the upper left hand corner narrating a blog entry to you which will later get cut and dragged over a grassy field spinning at eight frames per second.



(basically, do you love me)

A face smiles through a mask between eight to thirty frames like sticky numbers moving through space.

I followed the movements of my shadow draped in the gossip of blue exposure not thinking about whether or not I really mean what I'm doing.

I watched the cascading water through a little video screen like a good tourist of my own perception at three o'clock in the afternoon when no one else was looking.

I sat on a patch of grass sloping out to the marshes of that river and began to mumble to myself through the video screen while rolling around on dead November leaves.

2

Dear French-tips, After watching the Manny Pacquiao vs. Miguel Cotto fight at the MGM Grand for 45 min. somewhere its revealed that he wins because he fights out of love. He punches for the 90 million Filipinos back home, jabs for their recovery after major typhoons, right hooks a jaw for the incessant poverty of his people preoccupied with so many things like hunger and karaoke. As if boxing were also a means to save a country, instill hope in a culture masked with American idealism but yet remain cheerful as a people with a great majority running around hungry without shoes. The story is what gets me. The working narrative behind every blow which can inspire the fate of a younger generation in the Philippines. He is not fighting for himself. He makes the sign of the cross on his forehead and chest before every round. As if he is fighting for something greater, not knowing what, but obedient to it. He listens to Cotto's stamina, waits. Like waiting for the right time to jump into a neon pink line of text floating across the karaoke screen. Punctuation and timing. to the "chora". Dominated by several drives at once and executed at the punch. The same goes for piano.

Yesterday at Niagara Falls I video myself over a bridge so that you can hear the sounds of the water passing through me. A shot of my mouth on the upper left hand corner narrating a blog entry to you which I will later cut and drag out to a grassy field spinning at 8 frames per second. My face is also there masked between 8 to 30 frames per second like sticky numbers moving through space. I was walking around Niagara Falls following the movements of my shadow draped in the gossip of blue exposure not thinking about authenticity, for once. I viewed the cascading water through the little video screen like a good tourist of my own perception at 3 in the afternoon when no one else was looking. I sat beside a tree on a field of grass extending out to the marshes of that river and began to mumble to myself through the screen while laying on my belly on a pillow of dead november leaves. I keep Carlos' poem "Veritable Blue & Green Masks" in a locket around my neck to protect me from the masks everybody wears from Buffalo to Venice its all the same. So you text "do you feel authentic?" And i must say, yes, i do, most of the time.

your,

Clip hearts Pacquiao

POSTED BY NAILHEARTSCLIP AT [2:39 PM, 0 COMMENTS](#)

Later that day you texted ‘do you feel authentic?’



And someday I’d like to text back ‘yeah, totally’.

REPORTING A DATION LIVE FROM BED³

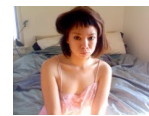
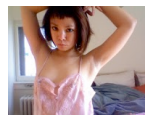
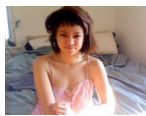
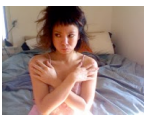
In the news people fade and flicker while I scratch my head between a million confusing thoughts and pages.

How many clips must I drag onto the time bar before seeing the image for what it truly is?

Time has been decapitated when incisions are made on the image.
The toilet doesn't work/

I scrubbed the bathroom floors after it overflowed with shit and wondered what it means to love. Is it simple and complex as a text message, are text-messages both simple and complex because love struggles to mean something.

This morning we’ll be looking at the suffix –tion, which denotes an action or condition, forming nouns of condition and action. Dation is the act of giving, not a gift, but the giving of one thing in payment of another that is due.



3

Dear Dry Cuticles Surrounding,
Well there you have it. Mexico on courier bold-font blinking neon for the month of January while i scratch my head for the second time between a million confusing thoughts underneath a pack of fireflies. How many clips must i drag into the time-bar before seeing the image for what it truly is. No wonder time has been decapitated when such incisions are made on the image. Look at what a wonderful thing cindy sherman did to herself. At least she's honest about it.

The toilet doesn't work. I scrub the floors after it having overflowed and wonder what it means to love. Is it simple and complex as a text-message, are text-messages both simple and complex because love is? Are our emotions becoming more and more conceptual because of such mediations? The suffix "-tion" denotes an action or condition, forming nouns of condition and action. "Dation" as in the act of giving, not a gift, but the giving of one thing in payment of another which was due. Like trading your sadness for a pint of Ben & Jerry's cookie dough ice-cream or to dation one sack of lonely for a kiss that's been owed since long ago. Why is it unbelievable that we haven't yet lived on venus or uranus or that a really good poem writ and floating around outerspace hasn't been a part of NASA's agenda? Why are poets the last to go to outerspace when they have already been there for thousands of years?

heart,

Clippy Sherman

POSTED BY NAILHEARTSCLIP AT 12:50 PM 0 COMMENTS

NAIL SALON SOCIOLOGY⁴

In soft weather gossip our faces cannot escape, I get hopeful about ways to flip the ground upside down to find you on the other side.

a googled sun between us where dirt and the earth used to be

only such digital powers can enable this. I need to get out of bed and finally cut something on final cut pro when all I want is to be with you in a movie theatre.

Tell me what you know about French tips and colonialism,

we need more nail salon skype dates please.



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Sunset Beach spray painted all over my Nail,
If my north node is in Gemini this might explain the surrounding gossip of when the weather lies to my face turned away from it. I am struck by the image of Kairon with his back towards time and the bald of his face covered in long hair asking me to come play with it. I've an inkling to grab onto poles and trees as knobs to flip the ground upside down whereupon you're on the other side blogging me from the same seat with google image between us where dirt and the inner core of the earth used to be. Only such digital powers could make this happen which is why its useful to get out of bed and finally cut something on a virtual time-line when all I want is to skip down the slick darkness of that road arm in arm with you. There we are hopscotching our way through every clip towards the same casino in Biarritz where upon I drag bets all over the roulette table syncing the audio of our gin & tonics with the ESC button into a pink flurry of seagulls deleting themselves into the soft hilarity of that ware. We wake to find ourselves floating on a SHIFT key off the coast of Biarritz and I am pissed you're taking up most of the room. Scoot over I say but yr busy filming us into the next dream which just gets me more annoyed and its all I have like death, I die right there at your pleasure knowing this life was all made up anyway because we've already prepared another one and RETURN key to this one: like opening yr front door to a million people that yell SURPRISE! YOU'RE ALIVE!

Your

Clip me to the Moon

POSTED BY NAILHEARTSCLIP AT 11:08 AM 0 COMMENTS

GIVE UP GOOGLING YR OLD BOYFRIEND AND JUST CALL ME TO RECITE A POEM ALREADY⁵

I'm awake after hours of dreams sinking into the air mattress and watching Valentino on Youtube. I should just do this more often, wake up to watch his saintly self sketching stacks of wedding gowns.

I don't wait for the day to get married,

Too impatient for the production of love- things.

⁵ Nail Me to the Moon,
I am up after 5 hours of dreams sinking into the air mattress watching Valentino on youtube at 7am. I should just do this more often, wake up to see his solid self sketching our wedding gowns. What do you do when you can't go to sleep because your pissed at your cat for putting a claw in the air mattress! I feel like throwing him onto the bed to pop it some more. PS. I made a video for you. A really bad one. Shades of a new york autumn on multiple screens with a hot pink poem crawling out from the center. I wait for the day til I marry. When humility kisses humility and a hand leads me up a stairwell. I don't ever consider length. For some reason it slips right past me. I'm too impatient for such things. I prefer the point to the line. sometimes. And other times I am late but never too early. Those pugs lined up like teeth on the jet seats make me happy. The jet seats make me even more happy. It is for those jet seats that would give good reason to stop writing poems for a while, sit back and recline into a line break while gliding through the sky. No one cares about words as they appear in a poem unless its pasted on the side of a jet, lets face it. The world and the things inside it are just surfaces from which the greater poem can appear. The materials we use like computer keys and pens are just phases, just brands of mascara I've used for way too long.

At 8am, Poetry is not for us, not the kind of poetry where you sit and stare at someone's overdue facial and haircut usually standing up at a podium throwing around awkward self-referential remarks hoping someone will laugh. Its not in what used to be a church where there's a table covered in old chapbooks no one wants to buy but thinks "how cute" for about 28 seconds. Least of all, its not in the nickels of some travel stipend scrounged together by a university asking you to read with a Q&A afterwards with an audience full of students who really don't give a shit, who really just want to go home and post new photos on Facebook or get ready to go fuck their boyfriends. That's what i would do, if I didn't care about poetry. That's what I would still do, even while caring about poetry. And that's the thing, there are too many goddamn arts to care about. But in the highest form of fashion, there is nothing else. Just lines, lengths, and cuts, and if your serious, fabrics and textiles akin to types of fonts. If Poetry plans to make it into the 21st century, let me remind you for the millionth that it can and won't stand on words alone.

Heart,
Pistol Clip

CAN'T FIND A PAYPHONE ANYWHERE⁶

I am looking for her searching through dorm hotels and dragging a Diane Von Furstenburg suitcase around like a prolonged parody of myself until I find her.

It seems I am also looking for unicorns.

A Surrealist party has been canceled tonight though I'm sure we'll find another one when we sit for ciders staring at the roses popping out from our skulls.

Thanksgiving in Oxford, UK means sitting in a pub called King's Tavern with a BFF who has known you since your planets and stars first aligned at birth time and tells you things about yourself as though she were reading from the teleprompter screen of god's dirty mind.

Young elite pricks with their dicks glowing.

Dudes sincerely wear tweed trench coats and bright red pants with golf caps.

At the King's Tavern I clipped and stapled together the university application floating online in my head and thought, "What if I wake up here and hate all the spires for no good reason", as in a postcard when you hate a whole city because you hate the postcard.

There are no nail salons in Oxford run by a Vietnamese family.

Maybe I should just go back home.



⁶Nails Made in China, I am looking for Liz Guthrie in central London searching through dorm hotels and dragging a diane von furstenburg suitcase around like an embarrassing sneeze prolonged to the run-on sentence of these streets. Now ducking in an internet cafe waiting for the sun to come out of this foggy mess. It seems I am also looking for unicorns. A Surrealist party has been canceled tonight though I'm sure we'll find another one when her and i sit for ciders staring at the roses popping out from our skulls. Thanksgiving in oxford means that you sit in a pub called King's Tavern with a BFF whose known you since your planets and stars first aligned since birthtime and tells you things about yrself as though she were reading from the teleprompter screen of God's dirty mind. After the 3rd cider the city looks tricky with goblins and gargoyals brigading behind CS Lewis down the cobble road leading towards a wardrobe. Young elite little pricks with taugt glowing skin. I even saw a man in a sherlock holmes tweed trench with bright red pants, a golf cap, with paint bucket of golden arrogance glowing from the brim of his teddy bear glasses while a blonde Burberry body clung to his shoulder like a brilliant sentence that's been erased because it was just damn too good. At the King's Tavern I clipped and stapled together the university application still floating online in my head and thought 'what if i wake up here and hate all the spires for no good reason', as in a postcard when you hate a whole city because you hate the postcard. Mary Jane said 'dude this is so yr element' to which I wanted to take myself downstairs to the bathroom and slap myself in the mirror all the way back to the san fernando valley. There are no nail salons in oxford run by a vietnamese family, that's for sure. So go get a mani-pedi while yr in that york york city.

heart,

Tales from the Clip

POSTED BY NAILHEARTSCLIP AT 7:11 AM 0 COMMENTS

LETS BUILD A NEW GERUND⁷

(Somewhere just one infinite ghost lives in every poem ever written. How many things begin and end with the economy we don't even understand? What a beautiful thing to be so stupid.)

In Jodorowsky's film *Holy Mountain* Christ wearing a brown thong wakes up in a warehouse surrounded with hundreds of paper mache Christ crucifieds and screams until a pack of fat Roman soldiers rescue him out of his self-delusion. (It's the only Jodorowsky you'll ever want to see; he is a Surrealist Catholic porn director where if you've seen one of his films, you've seen them all.)

At the Russel Square station we search for the Castle—the same one we collectively imagine but have never seen. We ask the English operator at the underground information box where we could find it. Someone said, "We're looking for the castle. We seemed to have lost it", to which the operator replied, "That's alright, I'll search for you."

The entire time I'm thinking this castle doesn't even exist, that I've made it up and only close friends are generous enough to believe it too.

The operator whipped out directions heading whichever way, even the operator knows where we left it.



At the Steampunk exhibit in the Museum of The History of Science at Oxford University there were lots of industrial revolution, brass, steam, and dreams.

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Nails Hammered to the Cross,

Good Morning. Calm down a sec., would you? I text you that I exist in every poem written in the 21st century and you freak out. Like Medusa didn't when she noticed snakes crawling out from her scalp. And remember the laughter that came out of that scene Cixous obsessed over, out from the stone carving, quill, pens, & computer keys? That was me laughing it back to her face. Because what good is gender these days if its not reduced to some pathetic economic excuse which in the end leads to gesture. How many things begin and end with the economy we don't even understand? What a beautiful thing to be so stupid. Like that scene from Jodorowsky's *Holy Mountain* when Christ in a brown thong woke up in a warehouse surrounded by hundreds of paper mache Christ-crucifieds. And what did he do? He just screamed until a pack of fat Roman soldiers came in to rescue him out of his fantasy. Although they didn't. After falling asleep in the Horse Theater on blue velvet lined seats somewhere in London I wake up to the final scene of shaved heads wandering through a desert valley. Liz Guthrie is to my left and I get up to tell her I'm hungry. Its the only Jodorowsky film I'll care to see in my life--he's one of those retro surrealist Catholic porn directors where if you've seen one, you've seen them all. At the Russel Square underground station we search for the castle--the one I've told you about, the same one FAM knows about, the same one we collectively imagine but have never seen. We ask the Brit operator at the underground information box where we could find it. Someone said "We're looking for the castle. We seemed to have lost it", to which the Brit very warmly said "That's alright, I'll search for you." And he whipped out the directions heading whichever which way. See? Even the information operator knows where we left it. The male British voice popping out from the speaker with such graceful blue sincerity helped us find it.

And look at what the Steampunks are doing--re-creating a future that never happened with loads of industrial revolution, brass, steam, and dreams. Its possible now to live in a world that doesn't exist. Is this a relief or is it mad? I skip between the two, one foot over the other and wake up on the same air mattress tucked in the brow of Buffalo, NY. At the Steampunk exhibit in the Museum of the History of Science in oxford I found two shining artifacts: a gold tabernacle clock and a gold crucifix clock straight from the 17th century when there wasn't yet a separation between church and state, when science & Christianity were interlocked. Its this interlocking I've recently gotten hooked to. But why? To imagine myself in a world where I could walk down the street and go for a drink with an alchemist who can make words appear in the air with gold dust and we sit back to watch it glitter and fade without having any resources to electricity and therefore, no attachment to the poem that manifests according to whatever chemical properties and states that gold is conjured by. I want to live in a world where electricity is powered by pure love, friendship, and trust, where no one dares to turn on their computers unless at least one of these states are alive and flowing. I am imagining what it would be like if Power went down the road of friendship instead of war, according to what Professor Siegfried Zielinski says.

Heart,

Clipp/ing/ed/ly

POSTED BY NAILHEARTSCLIP AT 6:46 AM 0 COMMENTS

It's possible now to live in a world that doesn't exist. Is this a relief or is it the Internet?

To imagine a world where alchemists can make words appear in the air with gold dust, to not live on electricity, to not know what a digital poem is.

To live in a world where electricity is powered by friendship instead of war.



THE DEAD AUTHOR IS WAKING UP TO THE SOUNDS OF CUT & PASTE⁸

Is it a good thing to secure our distances to preserve our habits to blog each other?

The chicken is in the oven. The potatoes are boiling.

I get dizzy from too much Interneting and stare at a map of France tacked to the wall, tracing veins up the English channel past the Dover Beach poem.

"Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! For the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night." 1867

yeah yeah, let us truthfully reflect from every angle of a lie

the gift of a lie is truth cloaked in shame. Like when Eve got thrown out of the garden, I too choose to follow her through malls and supermarkets, corridors and streets that divide the rich and poor.

8 dear Nail York,

Is it a good thing, ultimately, that we serve the purpose to secure our own distances thereby prompting further habits to blog? The chicken is in the oven, the potatoes are boiling, and the tea is blowing steam from out of the glass. I get dizzy and stare at a map of France tacked to the wall above a Victorian desk, tracing the veins up to the English channel past the Dover Beach poem.

"Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! For the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night." 1867

Yes, let us be true in all senses of the lie. One gift a lie has to offer is the truth cloaked in shame. Like Eve when having been thrown out of the garden, I too choose to follow her, through the malls and supermarkets, and down the golden staircase of my psyche. We are anonymous and I was wondering what you think about that. What you think about being, what Nicholas Carr calls a "pancake people" that is "spread wide and thin as we connect with that vast network of information accessed by the mere touch of a button." I am not a pancake and neither are you. I don't think, therefore, I am a pancake sounds more accurate. If we are authors in a body we can't entirely inhabit nor live without then so be it. Or that every time I mistakenly grind my teeth do I hear the regurgitating sound of someone sending a message through the Skype. The once regarded notion of the author being dead is as old as the now defunct clothing stores we once frequented like Charlotte Rouse or Kids Mart. The difference to now anticipate is the silly idea that maybe the Author is trying on new perceptions and going back to bed with a syntax that is inseparable from the totality of an "author" that is "never more than the instance of writing [sure, yes,...] language knows a 'subject', not a 'person'. Though the subject is not 'empty outside of the very enunciation which defines it, suffices to make language 'hold together', suffices, that is to say, exhausts it." We are only exhausted by the idea that there is nothing new.

The subject is not outside of her enunciation if there is a renewed sense of faith in something that is above, beyond, or beside herself. In order for the Author to come back, there must be a relationship to something other her own subject being "empty outside of the [...] enunciation [...] to make language 'hold together'" (in this case, syntax as a form of art). This "relationship to something other" points us towards that unknown thing which binds us here, call it the divine, the mystery that is life and death.

"To give a text an Author is to impose a limit on that text, to furnish it with a final signified, to close the writing[...] by refusing to assign a 'secret', an ultimate meaning, to the text (and to the world as text), liberates what may be called an anti-theological activity, an activity that is truly revolutionary since to refuse to fix meaning is, in the end, to refuse God and his hypostases - reason, law, science." The nihilist trend in writing to erase, bury, or distance the I from the text is the same gesture of anonymity we are faced with in the context of "blogging". In fact, the multiple corpses we inhabit in order to blog each other may be a consequence of this very ideology paired with the growing succession of the various writing slates, templates, and interfaces we are confronted with just to write something so simple as a letter, poem, or tweet. At the end of every blogpost we have our bodies to return to, despite that they may contain strains of media induced illnesses, its all we have to look forward to when we fall asleep in our separate cities and names. A return to God signifying science, mystery, art, or that vast space known as internet-nothingness is a radical thing.

More later.

heart,
Clipstick USB

POSTED BY NAILHEARTSCLIP AT 4:21 PM 0 COMMENTS

What do you think about being, what Nicholas Carr calls a "pancake people" that is "spread wide and thin as we connect with that vast network of information accessed by the mere touch of a button."

I am not a pancake and neither are you.

so much for authors in a body we can't entirely inhabit nor live without. Or when I habitually grind my teeth I hear the regurgitating sound of someone sending a message through Skype.

the dead author died long ago like Charlotte Rousse or Kids Mart we once frequented in our youth.

; to try on egos ; poor author can't decide what is outside or inside of the fitting room; does not understand what is public and private; to inhabit multiple voices; to blog each other; templates and interfaces just to write something so simple as a letter, poem, or tweet; at the end of every blogpost we have bodies to return to; bodies to fall asleep in our separate cities and names.

BECAUSE WE'LL JUST HAVE TO BE TOYS R' US KIDS FOREVER⁹



To be alive, true stories only need skin.

author dwells in the unrest of wholly belonging to any social class inasmuch as those classes are highly imaginary and yet we live them.

Where do we live? Today I lived on the Huffington Post.

I don't think I've seen the sun, I mean really seen it in months.

And what is imagination. To imagine a nation, seek solace in that which can only be thought or dreamed.

to sometimes find idiocy, pure idiocy liberating while taking refuge in black letters scattered around inside the Internet.

Every night the dream gets tighter and tighter while following someone, waiting for someone, or doing what someone tells me to do. I don't have a face or body, just movement with colors and furniture.

9

Nailice

in

Wonderland:

There's something inexplicably virtuous about life. It begins with the skin, i think. Disinterest is waiting at the door. The author's haven is in the unrest of wholly belonging to any social class inasmuch as those classes are highly imaginary and yet we live them. Where do we live? On some days i live from website to website. I don't think I've seen the sun, i mean really seen it, in months. And what is imagination? To imagine a nation and seek solace in that which can only be thought or dreamed and such is a work of shameless art. Death is at the expense of living it. I sometimes find idiocy, pure idiocy liberating while succumbing to the neon black irony of alphabet letters all scattered in innerspace. I keep needing to go back to buddhism but without the books or youtube. Every night the dream gets tighter and tighter. I am either following someone, waiting for someone, or doing what someone tells me to do. I don't have a face or a body, just movement and situation with colors and furniture. At around 9:30am you were four years old talking to me in the form of a round button. A close-up of your short bangs and voice talking to me as a button and it made perfect sense. I listened closely and found myself standing in a square. A baby carriage was being pushed around with baby girl inside who belonged to me. It was dark like 3pm in Siberia. Natalya was pushing the baby around because i couldn't. The atmosphere moved and stretched like taffy. You woke me with a text asking about LA and New Years. Even the text-message stretched like taffy and that's why it took a while to respond. In the sagging belly of the air mattress i refuse to get up and curl like a petal on an old magnolia or the vintage telephone ring that purrs one by one that somewhere a voice is there in a body forwarding the call, refusing to pick up. I would crawl right into that voicemail box if only i were invisible enough and fall asleep on a bed of saved messages for good.

stars

Clipwis Carroll

POSTED BY NAILHEARTSCLIP AT 8:59 PM 0 COMMENTS

At around 9:30am you were four years old talking to me in the form of a round button. A close up shot of your face voiced an opinion.

Your existence as a button made too much sense.
I listened closely to what you were saying and found myself standing in a square.

It was dark like 3pm in Siberia. Natalya was pushing around a pram with a baby girl inside who belonged to me.

The Siberian atmosphere moved and stretched like rainbow taffy from Chuck-E-Cheese.
Your text-message awoke me asking about celebrating the New Year in LA.

It rings again, someone leaves a message.

If I were invisible enough, I'd crawl into that voicemail box and fall asleep on a bed of saved messages for good.

LOVE FROM STARBUCKS, CALIFORNIA¹⁰

In Europe they go on holiday. In America they go on vacation or spring break or get two weeks off. In Los Angeles the December sun just swirls the longer you stare at it like those kid visionaries in Fatima, Portugal.

I think we are being followed by angels; tiny ones like a dozen pygmy monkeys bouncing around on Youtube.

All impulses to blog you leave the room when you can go outside in cut off shorts and stand in open toe heels under a genetically modified apple tree smiling into a smartphone to record the fantasy so many valley girls live for.

While donating trash bags of old clothes to the Goodwill I tell you through terrible reception there's not one place where we belong; the way a lifetime begins and ends seamlessly sewn by an imaginary timeline.

(how do we escape the narrative?)

* * *

Christmas was with distant relatives taking up three rows at the Regal Theater.

Avatar.

Afterward, a Thai restaurant for green curry and thom ka gai soup while a Thai Elvis impersonator sang to us.

My brother claps hysterically because he's really good.

My father just looks on, thinking he can do it better

and boy he can, as good as Elvis could ever do Elvis.

10 Nail Polish to Decorate the Cake,

In Europe they say "holiday, I'm on holiday." In America we say "I'm going on vacation" or "I can't wait for spring break" or "I have 2 weeks off in the summer." In my world I like to say it in as many different ways possible. In Los Angeles the sun doesn't skip a beat. Just swirls and bounces the longer you stare at it like those saints in Fatima, Portugal. I feel that I am being followed by angels, tiny ones like a dozen pygmy monkeys bouncing around my head. I am more in love with my life here than anywhere else besides Spain, France or the Philippines. There are no impulses to blog when you can go outside in cut off shorts and stand in open toe heels under a genetically modified apple tree smiling into a sony digital to record the fantasy so many valley girls live. I am seriously thinking about that life again and how these poems can live in it--how the poem can not only survive being born from a laptop at the food court at the Northridge Mall in front of Surf City or Tommy's, but also burst out laughing in the general hoax of poetry and art as yet another thing to consume or lack like hardly being able to keep up with the piles and piles of reality tv shows, gathering dust on my unactivated Tivo account or the tartar on my teeth, which, by the way I am so badly wanting to get them whitened. I've an appointment tomorrow with Britney Spear's old clairvoyant nested in some office in a high rise on Canyon Drive in Beverly Hills at 2pm and writing a review of it in the funnies section of NailheartsClip due by the next time you sneeze. While trying to get rid of trash bags of old clothes at the Goodwill I tell you there's no one place we belong to or can stand to live in for too long. I am not interested in studying a culture anymore than just living in one in the same way lifetimes begin and end into one seamless life sewn by an inherently imaginary time. But isn't it all just narrative? Isn't life one big narrative with no finite beginning or end along with all the academic subjects and relationships scattered within it? This Christmas was without gifts and wrapping paper and yet it was the most fun and debauchorous in years with cousins, uncles, and aunts taking up three rows at the Regal Theater in Downtown LA with a line up of 3D eyeglasses all poking out from their faces while laughing and crying to Avatar while passing around a popcorn bucket, a box of Reeses Pieces, a bag of dried Filipino chili pork skin called "chicharon", and a cherry Big Gulp. Afterwards we dump ourselves into some Thai restaurant called Palms in east Hollywood eating green curry and thom ka gai soup with a dope Thai Elvis impersonator doing his thing on stage. My brother claps hysterically because he's so good. At the table my cousin tells me about those water cottages in Palawan island in the Philippines and I want badly to bether, to wake up in the middle of the ocean in a bamboo cottage on stilts with a boat moored below, the water clear blue like nothing you've seen and the shore hundreds of feet away you could care less if a typhoon came or didn't because your too busy already being in heaven. 2010? Are you kidding? Its gonna be a huge year-- the year of the Metal Tiger. Raaaaaaarrrr.

<3

Clipippines

POSTED BY NAILHEARTSCLIP AT [2:11 PM](#) [0 COMMENTS](#)

TOTALLY NOT THE FUCKING MAMA¹¹



After last night's four-hour game of Girl Talk I think we know each other a little better.

my eyes are tiny planets floating in the skull of our galaxy. My eyes big and wide like this baby dinosaur always giving his mom a hard goddamn time

.and flip open the phone to see if anyone has thought to text me but all I get is a backdrop of a barn on a corn field with a date and time as if pasted forever on blue digital sky. If I press the menu button I end up in the AT&T Mall waiting for you to quit rummaging through the audio and graphic files of "my stuff" like a jealous boyfriend eager to know who I am or who I last fucked.

jealousy is an inverted sweater like a virtue worn inside out. But for now, look at this baby dinosaur pouting in a high chair

Just waiting to make up our minds on how to live.

¹¹Pin the Nail on the Donkey.
After last night's 4 hour game of Girl Talk I think we know each other a little more. Not that you never suspected the playground. Close your eyes and look at the 9 foot wooden statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the prayer room in the backyard and you'll understand. My eyes are tiny planets floating in the skull of our galaxy and the beauty and truth of metaphor is not dead. I flip open the cellphone to see if anyone has thought to text me but all I get is a backdrop of a barn on a corn field with a date and time as if pasted forever on a digital blue sky. If I press the menu button I end up in the AT&T Mall waiting for you to quit rummaging through the audio and graphic files of "my stuff" like a jealous boyfriend eager to know who I am. Jealousy might be an inverted virtue like a love sweater worn inside out but for now, dollar tacos are good enough on a street corner in Lincoln Heights without the anal gesturing of GPS. I am ready to move back to LA if only it gets me closer to the logic of magic tricks so that I won't have to keep biting my nails in a huff about how it is that the soul works and what it has to do with an internet powered by electricity. Tonight i am a baby dinosaur pouting in a high chair waiting for one of us to make up our minds.

Your,

Binder Clip to Keep the Veil on my Head

POSTED BY NAILHEARTSCLIP AT 8:39 PM 0 COMMENTS

I Like To Trip You Out

somewhere the cell phone vibrated
"I can get us a free hotel in Puerto Vallarta, what do you say,
lets make something happen." To paste the city of Buffalo
onto the overall collage of our joint anxieties and see what happens.
What you'll get is a dumb sketch of your history married to mine
and our house on foreclosure on the moon projected on the exterior wall
of the Museum Of Contemporary Art Barcelona. I guess we're not
really sad under living room Christmas lights, just being real
or sun deficient, the sun
is a blurry video
a tragic comedy mostly made up of miles
and long distance phone bills, texts and sweat
on the treadmill that god given treadmill
to keep us from really losing it.

SUNDAY NIGHT MASHUP¹²

Distance and communication only adds greater sensitivity to the spaces where language sends and falls,

a voice and face on Youtube: to be taken to the far ends of ambivalent disgust

A portable cinema running thirty-eight hours a day. to capture punctuation. see it glitter and glow in a light box. The apartment (the apartment transforming into what I hope will inspire clarity, fearlessness, and love) The sun stayed out of Buffalo today while I went out to search for a new ink cartridge. The printer.

And what about Portland, Oregon? (why a random text about moving there?)

Re: I can't be bothered with any more organic granola, orange crocs pushed and shoved to repeat some eco-pantoum contracting and expanding between harmonica bars.

Re: to experiment with subjectivity, make better nature poems.

This Sunday afternoon filled with Pandora channels.

To kick up thumbs and avoid texting sounds like a good plan for the next twittering years; to fall into the neutral boobie traps of texts so often misunderstood for false affect when really its just someone on the other end of emptiness pushing buttons in the general mediated hoax of the 21st century.

To text our little human emotions to other Samsaric realms.

To text our dead loved ones miss you or fuck you for not clearing up your debt, asshole.

Yeah such is the planet we inhabit and dear god I must say, I'm glad we are here.

12

All the Nails to Build a Full House or Inject into One Arm Junky:
Everytime I hear Burroughs i want to puke into a Youtube bucket while he takes me to the far ends of starry disgust or the Sundowner bathroom stalls of Boulder, CO that vibrate everytime you or my mom calls. The Portable Cinema is open 38 hours a day capturing punctuation that glitters and glows in a light box. Hear me shake it. Rearranged the apartment into what I am hoping will work to inspire focus, fearlessness, and love. The sun stayed out of Buffalo's way today. I am on a mission to find a new ink cartridge for the printer so I can not see the difference between page and screen. Portland, Oregon sounds like a very uninteresting poem-- conceptually of course. I can imagine language tasting very much like organic oatmeal cookies over there with in a pair orange crocs pushed and shoved to repeat in some eco-pantoum contracting and expanding between harmonica bars. To prance around a blue flannel from Target with q-tips for wands is all I can think of doing on a Sunday filled Pandora channels and burnt vanilla sugar cookies. To kick up thumbs and avoid textmessaging for a while sounds like a good plan for the next few twittering years so as not to fall into the neutral boobie traps of texts oft mistaken for paranoid intonations when really its just someone on the other end of emptiness pushing buttons in the general mediated hoax of the 21st century. Should we get used to it? The distance and non-spatial communication adding greater sensitivity to the spaces where language sends and falls? One can only wonder what will happen when the earth enters Aquarius in 2011-- will we ever be able to text our human emotions and errors straight to any of the samsaric realms. Will we be able to text our dead loved ones "miss you" or "fuck you for not clearing up your debt, asshole." Ah, such is the planet we inhabit and god, I must say, i love it.

Clipster

POSTED BY NAILHEARTSCLIP AT 1:24 PM 0 COMMENTS

FOLD US INTO ORIGAMI AND MAKE US DISAPPEAR¹³

Your end of my imagination is in love with someone else. Exterior this Bloggy interior is just the same old cafe and snow flurry out the window.

This afternoon I went to Mass at Saint Louis Cathedral in Downtown Buffalo and felt like magic; to be on this earth just to blog you every few days, look up at the sky and say tiny prayers for the nonsensical of it.

Watching the transubstantiation is sort of like pulling handles on a slot machine: You look up, hope, and wait. If something comes out then great.

I'm ready to Adobe Flash myself to heaven real soon.

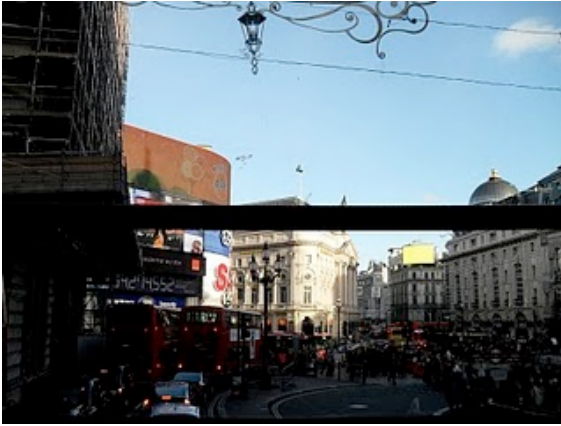
On the public toilet I tell Michael Keenan through endless snow and distance all we need are a bunch of pillows and sleep.

If we could get by in this world with just one pillow and enough sleep as a way of surrendering to the demands of the economy we could origami fold this blog, let it rest in our memory and say goodnight forever.

13

Hey Nail Cuticle Pie!
So good your end of my imagination is pumping out happy texts to whomever deserves it. From the interior of this interior which is just the same old cafe a swiffer of snow blasts out the window like what every Electrelane song pretty much looks like. It seems i am following around this haircut wherever it goes, messing up the sides like tired bubble gum slurpy sidehawks. I think this is where I want to be--always one inch away from the circus that follows me. Today I went to mass at Saint Louis Cathedral in downtown Buffalo at noon and felt like magic; like being put on this earth just to blog you every few days of my little life, look up and say tiny prayers just for the nonsensical of it. Though isn't this the same as pulling handles on the slot machine? You look up. You guess and wait. And if something comes out then great. Michael Keenan gets here in 3 weeks and I'm just about ready to adobe flash myself to that Biolystak Art Factory in Poland June if america doesn't reply. In Buffalo everything is cozy. You show up to the Book Arts center for a Linh Dinh reading with a table full of dinner for 5 bucks and after he's finished he tells his fans to fuck off which i thought was kinda rude in a Hello Kitty kinda way. Shelves of little presses all snug in their bookcase cubicles not even caring to be sifted through. Some canadian poet talking about refrigerators, how he watched her wash dishes, how the Looney Tunes all made it to his 5 year old's solo party in the space of one pillow. On the public toilet I tell Keenan over cellphone talk that all poets need are a bunch of sleep and pillows. If we could get by in this world with just one pillow and enough to eat as a way of surrendering to the demands of the economy we could origami fold this blog, let it rest in some museum and call it night. But don't worry, i'm not succumbing to the ergonomic seductions of the iPad just yet and plus, it doesn't even come with a webcam which is like having compact facial powder with no mirror. How annoying, right?

God how I love,
ClipBook POSTED BY NAILHEARTSClip AT 11:18 AM 0 COMMENTS



Internet Killed the Internet Star
for Carlos Lara

The London Eye turning
like neon Jeremy ferris Bentham dream
Openly, shiny prisoners inside Internet cities
Oh let me lol upon the wire
a sociology of gestures
punch dialing drunk darlings
Lets fuck on twitter again
It was fun the first time around and now
its hard to have you in one place.
Left you a message the other day
pressed # hoping you might feel it.

AMERICAN BEAUTY ¹⁴



How the day opens and closes. Glass doors swinging. Praise the things we buy to hide.

The beauty in things people carry on themselves that sustains the uniformity and distance.

A boy shot himself in the head at my high school. His plan was to shoot himself at an SAT testing center. At 7am he set up a tripod and video camera, turned the car radio real loud, mumbled a few words and said goodbye.

14

Nailed to Sound of It,

I don't know how it happens. Not knowing how to begin. How the day opens and closes. Glass doors swinging. How everyone is plugged to their musics, tiny tendrils blocking out all possibility for human embarrassment. Ode to the things we buy to hide. I am looking at the things people carry on themselves that sustains the uniformity and distance. The embarrassment of such objects to conceal oneself is an aesthetic we'd rather not install on the contextual floors of art. Shit, I'd rather not. Its too embarrassing it hurts. But how to expose it and is it worth something to expose? Should this kind of embarrassment sell? Could I sell photo prints of me in close-up holding or wearing the things I own in order to hide? What are those things? Here, I'll give you a list:

1. chanel sunglasses
2. books
3. laptop
4. earphones
5. clothes
6. jewelry

But lets get more subtle:

1. mascara
2. eye-liner
3. friends
4. facebook
5. font-types
6. parties
7. karaoke
8. the lover
9. the general
10. tastes in

Today I am not embarrassed about these things but I can't promise it'll be that way tomorrow. I am asking that you be embarrassed with me if your in the mood. Did I tell you about the boy who shot himself in the head in front of a video camera at my highschool at 7am and left me a poem in his email? I'm beginning to think about art and trauma. Video, a gunshot to the head, and a poem. Wondering what all this means. Asking my 18 year old self what really happened. If it was him this whole time that lead me to a media program in some gateway to the Midwest. If its him that follows me sometimes, that makes the dvd skip the way it does, that makes my computer freeze, that makes the eject button not work. And of course i know its not him. He's not here with me. He's in a video with his head blown apart while high off acid. That December morning in 2000 i woke up unusually early, as if i heard the gunshot from miles away. That same day when all the students were dismissed from their classes i went home, prayed for him, and took a nap.

Today, I feel like him. I think I'm becoming him. Re-watching American Beauty with a classroom full of students who seem to get it. But I don't get it. how 10 years could pass right before your eyes and nothing changes. You become who you always were-- just an insecure high-school kid with big dreams and nothing to lose.

Love.

Not a Cliptomaniac but it sounds like a good project

POSTED BY NAILHEARTSCLIP AT 10:57 AM 0 COMMENTS

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] If he followed [REDACTED] to the gateway to the Midwest, if its him that makes the DVD skip, him that makes [REDACTED] computer freeze, that makes the eject button not work.

Obviously it's not him.

[REDACTED] not here with [REDACTED].

[REDACTED]'s saved and hidden somewhere in the video archive of LAPD with his head blown apart while high off acid.

Decem[REDACTED], 2000 I woke up unusually early as if [REDACTED] heard the gunshot from miles away.

He (like you and me) was just an insecure high-school kid with projects overdue, filmmaking dreams and nothing to lose.

KILLING FOR KARAOKE



Walang hiya, mamatay na ako
pero pag sabihin--
hintay mo ako, dito sa Blogosphere, dito:
ang buhay natin parang pilo

Hindi aking hamo dahil walang dahil,
America ikaw may-ari nang Manila

neon Mahal na Birgin ilaw, 7 Elebens, wagas karaoke
Catolico-techno malaking manika
milyones pataygutom
daandaan batang-lansangan, burang
sa alaala. Lahat ay bitbit
nang micropono ilalim walang Christo dito.

pretty bad translation

Without embarrassment, I'll die now
but that's like saying
wait for me, here in the Blogosphere, here
our lives are hopscotch

I don't mind because there's no because
America you own Manila
neon Blessed Virgin lights, 7 Elevens, pure karaoke
Catholic-techno blow up doll
millions dead hungry
thousands of street kids, erased
from memory. Everyone carries
a microphone beneath no God here.

BEING THERE FOR YOU A LOT THESE DAYS¹⁵



A thousand Gmail buzzes gather like a hailstorm.

For three days I bend and shake inside my self's clothes to break wicked fever spells on a memory foam mattress sinking further into a dream . . .

There will come a time when we have to choose between a commodified life or commodified death.

Not that life and death aren't the same thing; to tolerate the exhausting beastly forces of both.

I am always where you are.

Everyday I should sing happy birthday to everyone born.

15

Nailsisco

Rodriguez:

A thousand gmail buzzes gather like a hailstorm while celebratory pops ring incessantly in my little ear. For three days I bend and shake inside my self's clothes to break wicked fever spells on a memory foam mattress sinking further into dream. In one of them in the early pre-dawn hours Slovoj Zizek is holding my newborn daughter up to his face, so proud for her to be born. He kisses her lips and closes his eyes. I see that she has dark hair and blue eyes. Why he adores her is unknown to me. This only makes me think I need to read at least of half of his babble including signed receipts. This summer in the Alps I'll be sitting next to him at a picnic table wiping the spit from his mouth, offering arnica oil to help slow-motion soothe the anxious "no future" trembling. After a two hour marathon talk with Michael Keenan on the phone last night I feel the decent cruelty and grace of Artaud reminding us that death is impossible. I feel it more in a classroom full of students who don't seem to believe it.

Its time we come to grips with choosing between commodity or death. Not that both aren't embedded in each other but that we figure a way to make both magic; to make the business of commodities and death magical so that we can tolerate the exhaustible beastly forces of both. I am always where you are. Your helicopter isn't so distant from mine while I lay in bed fumbling through the folds of every dream, itching to break through the wardrobe inside my belly. Your helicopter isn't so distant from mine, our propeller wings almost touching. Am fingering the idea of doing a clown workshop this summer to tap into that inner you know what in somewhere-europe to gain skills in the art of happy and sad--for godssakes that's what my real name stands for. I am yearning for performance body stretching, disciplined yawning, all to irritate Artaud's sense of cruelty while he turns over in his impossible death cocoon crunchy protein

Come join me in England-June 2011 for Natalya Ryzhova's Women's Wear Collection at Saint Martins? We shall be sitting front row drowning and laughing from all the engineered water designed to make the clothes on the models disappear--her idea since 2003 while we wait for science to catch up. While I wait for you to take off all that Forever 21 and Hollywood celebrity cruelty to come feast with me at a party for invisible foods in a velvet seated-rose filled room of non-performance and non-words. Everyday it seems I should be singing happy birthday to everyone born on this planet. Every other day it seems we should be taking paper-making classes to chop logs for our blogs to be born into books. And every night it seems just the appropriate thing for me to be held and swaddled in the arms of somebody who sees my dreams and believes in it more than I do.

Heart,

Clip Walk

POSTED BY NAILHEARTSCLIP AT 9:19 AM 2 COMMENTS

Eating Chocolate Ice Cream: Reading Mayakovsky
by Barbara Guest

Since I've decided to revolutionize my life
since
”
decided
”
revolutionize
”
life
”

How early it is! It is eight o'clock in the morning.
Well, the pigeons were up earlier
Did you eat all your egg?
Now we shall go for a long walk.
Now? There is too much winter.
I am going to admire the snow on your coat.
Time for hot soup, already?
You have worked for three solid hours.
I have written forty-eight, no forty-nine,
no fifty-one poems.
How many states are there?
I cannot remember what is uniting America.
It is then time for your nap.
What a lovely, pleasant dream I just had.
But I like waking up better.
I do admire reality like snow on my coat.
Would you take cream or lemon in your tea?
No sugar?
And no cigarettes.
Daytime is good, but evening is better.
I do like our evening discussions.
Yesterday we talked about Kant.
Today let's think about Hegel.
In another week we shall have reached Marx.
Goody.
Life is a joy if one has industrious hands.
Supper? Stew and well-cooked. Delicious.
Well, perhaps just one more glass of milk.
Nine o'clock! Bath time!
Soap and a clean rough towel.
Bedtime!
The Red Army is marching tonight.
They shall march through my dreams

in their new shiny leather boots,
their freshly laundered shirts.
All those ugly stains of caviar and champagne
and kisses
have been rubbed away.
They are going to the barracks.
They are answering hundreds of pink
and yellow and blue and white telephones.
How happy and contented and well-fed they look
lounging on their fur divans,
chanting, "Russia how kind you are to us.
How kind you are to everybody.
We want to live forever."
Before I wake up they will throw away
their pistols, and magically
factories will spring up where once
there was rifle fire, a roulette factory,
where once a body fell from an open window.
Hurry dear dream
I am waiting for you
under the eiderdown.
And tomorrow will be more real, perhaps,
than yesterday.

Eating Baked Chicken With Rosmarie Waldrop
by Clip

Since I've decided not to revolutionize my life
since

undecided
revolutionize
life

How late it is! 8 o'clock in the morning.
Well, the cat and rabbit were asleep earlier
Did you eat all your chicken soup?
Now we won't have to go for a long walk.
Later? There's not enough winter.
I won't admire the snow on your coat.
Time for cold soup, not yet?
You've worked for 3 hollow hours.
I didn't write 84, 94,
no 51 poems.
How many states are there?

I forget what divides America.
It is then time for you to run around, go play.
What a terrible, terrifying daydream I just had.
Though I like living better.
I still don't admire reality as it melts on your coat.
Would you take cream or lemon or aderall in your tea?
No splenda?
And yes Parliaments.
Nighttime is good, but morning is better.
I do like our morning discussions.
Yesterday we laughed about Benjamin.
Today let's not think about Agamben.
Last week we shall have reached the Marx Brothers.
Goody. Hair flip. Holler.
Life is a joy if one has piano hands.
Breakfast? Pancakes and well burnt. Delicious.
Well, perhaps not more glass of milk.
Childhood o'clock! Time to Fuck!
Organic French soap and loofa gloves.
Wake up, sleepy head!
The Taliban is marching tonight.
They shall march through a dozen Hollywood movies
with their disdain for music,
pork and water guns.
All those beautiful Futurist blood stains and dehydration
and torture
have been cropped out.
They are going for the hills.
They aren't answering any phone calls
or checking emails or tagging photos on Facebook.
How hot and tired and un-comical they look
in the Huffington Post
not saying "America how funny you seem to us.
How you turn everything into celebrity.
We want to be famous too."
Before I wake up they will recycle
their suicide bombs, and magically
a virtual world will pop up where once
a finger was, where a digital poem lives
where angels fly across computer screens.
Hurry dear dream
I'm not really waiting for you but I will
under the goose down blanket from Bed Bath & Beyond.
And tomorrow will be even further from real, perhaps,
than today.



POEM FOR KEVIN LEUNG

Wild, be heart with me

Idiocy was a pale orange
when the sun went up

and you shot yourself in the head on video
and they buried you with origami stars

Hi welcome to McDonald's
Would you like to try our new mango smoothie...

Windows scroll downward biblically
the eyebrows on the cashier smile like they hurt
(horrid survival theater of the San Fernando Valley,
non-Jesus Christmas lights)

The cruelty of a Happy Meal toy
is the production of happiness sweet happiness

Immediacy of words will do its job to betray us

(text me a unicorn from heaven)

(to excrete what ghosts inside us)

WALGREENS AWAKENING¹⁶

In Walgreens I praise the cashier for unlocking a glass sliding door to reach for Sony mini dv tapes.

Standing in line at Walgreens you can see unhappy souls in every body waiting their turn to live.

OH HELL NO

Be close or far
as California stretches
from here to there.
Let me talk about you
without knowing what love is
but with pure faith
in Virginia bumper stickers
and the roads that lead
to other bumper stickers
let the meadows full of radio
hit the balloon hours
in happy detachment our lives persist
remediated, sung and spun, hand me
a lung of this century
to understand where I am.

16

Dear Nail.

Nothing gives me more pleasure now than writing through this sphere and calling you Linda. While showering post-bath I felt the urge to call you Linda. Tonight you are Linda.

I feel a fit of luminous. An entire fist of it the shape of a heart. Hello and welcome Digital Romanticism.

In Walgreens I stand and wait for the cashier to unlock the Sony mini dv tapes from the shelf. In line for check-out I see the unhappy souls in everybody waiting their turn.

In a bubble bath I mumble a hip-hop one hit wonder with lyrics that begin "Go mind ya own Bubble Biness.." I wade and sing feeling incredibly famous and alive. I am starring in the video for it with a gold miniskirt in a room full of bubbles with backup dancers doing their thing. I squeeze my little boobs to make cleavage and repeat "Go mind ya own Bubble Biness.." I do this for about 20 minutes. And get out.

Before brushing teeth I look at my beautiful face in the mirror and kiss it a few times. I kiss it the way I would kiss me if I were someone else. I imagine what it might feel like for someone else to kiss my face. They are twins. I am a twin of myself in the same way self-imposed failure works. But this time I do not see failure but something utterly beautiful and I bend over to dry my hair and am so grateful to the mystery of life. I know it is worth living just for the mystery of it, that we are loved by this mystery and that language is forbidden to say its name.

And now in bed on my luck.

Heart,

Clips

POSTED BY NAILHEARTSCLIP AT [8:02 PM](#) [0 COMMENTS](#)

TV NATURALISM¹⁷



the cat walks in front of the television and stares at a white family.

the cat is on the windowsill staring at a blue cab pulling into the driveway I want to believe the cat knows himself well enough to notice its just thoughts passing.

There goes another one.

To be born into pure spectacle.

It's as though we already saw ourselves from above and said fuck it why not just try on a body. That month sounds good, I'll get born in that one.

"Cut and save this heart of mine but dear god don't delete it" are words that float through this karaoke afternoon riddled with faces and voices whose names I can't remember, whose names don't stick like rain.

To drag California across the globe.

To drag the sentence out from the body.

To write (to you) without a history or future is a weightless and liberating thing.

To think I am dead and looking at living things through the eyes of an angel wandering around without a name.

To smear Naturalism over our beloved Full House you get Stephanie Tanner smiling in the trees very naturally, of course.

17

Dearly Naily Sitcom,
Tonight the cat collides with the TV realism of good old childhood shows we once frequented in the twilight hours of our youth. But who says youth is subject to age? There seems a potential party in every object I turn my attention to. Bjork delivers it when she screams I Remember You, delivers in a way poems once were when the now extinct milkman once paraded through the neighborhood. We were born a few decades too late but still, I remember. My knuckles yearn to be loved. Not even my face, but my knuckles. Didn't you know that every time we sneeze the angels still take their positions, get the car started, in case our heart skips a tad too many beats? In my mind I slap and smear a forest all over the brightly lit Land of Text-messaging and retrieve one or two misunderstandings. In my mind I hang onto objects as though they were all made of playdough, slip it through the wringer and label it failure for fun. Max is on the windowsill staring at a blue cab pulling into the driveway I want to believe he knows himself well enough to notice its just thoughts passing. There goes another one.

Finding the mark of this, as Gios would call "Wave", there are only instances we can gather and refer to as something that already exists. It's almost nauseating but I'm trying to muster up the courage to just say fuck it nothing is New. And then there are the occasional "wait, this hasn't been done yet-let me try" or "wait, this looks pretty as a concept-i better not touch it." I think I was born a spectator of all of this; the same kid spectator of tv shows I'll never stop becoming. Reclining and nodding chin to that which tickles my fancy. I have daydreams of conceptualizing something that can be made or done but only for the viewer to do after I am dead and gone to heaven--a whole series of them not to be opened until my eyes close and titling it "Happy Things to Do On Your own Time". This is what I do in order to feel like I can make myself cry from 50 miles away inside myself. From 50 miles away inside myself there is a figure one-inch small standing around smiling with a real big heart made of the world. Can you see it?

In the name of the ----- Amen.

Clip House

POSTED BY NAILHEARTSCLIP AT 6:26 PM 0 COMMENTS

EASTER MASS AT THE NAIL SALON¹⁸



An argument of color extends its four limbs until it has legs. Color is a child of time and progression. Somewhere in this I wondered if color tones become fashionable as a reflex of technological inhibition.

How memory stains come to fruition during such silly daydreams, how it has me sitting here writing to you about it.

18 Dear Naily Easter.

A few days ago on the bed an argument of color extends its four limbs until it walks on its legs. On a wet spring train of that thought, somehow it was decided that color is a child of time and progression. In my mind I stared at what seemed to be color photos from the 1960s and giggled about representation, how tones in color come to prominence as a reflex of technological inhibition, how memory stains come to fruition during such silly daydreams, how it has me sitting here writing to you about it.

At Saint Louis roman catholic in downtown Buffalo, I lit a candle at the foot of the huge marble Pieta and said something like "god please take care of us all" and realized that Jim Carrey has two R's in his last name. During the priest's performance of the Transubstantiation I noticed the tabernacle behind his back resembled a drive-thru call box at the fast food joints when he removed the gold plate of tiny hosts and God was there. somehow. Does a priest still have the ordained power to turn french fries or a Happy Meal into the body of Christ? And why not?

While walking up the aisle to receive holy communion there is always the "Act of Contrition" to recite like a pop song which goes:

OMG I am sorry for my sins
In choosing to do wrong and failing to do right
I have sinned against you and your church
I firmly intend, with your help, to love you and my neighbor as I should
To make up for my sins and to help me love you and my neighbor as I should

Amen.

Leaning forward with my tongue hanging out, I felt like a puppy coming to get a treat and there was god in my mouth laughing. I walked back to the pew to, got on both knees with my face in my prayer palms and said "please take care of my family and friends. Don't forget me." At some point it became clear that Christianity is the longest living soap opera with a day and nighttime running of two-thousand years produced by Archangel Gabriel Studios all done in final cut pro in some far corner of my imagination. The bell rang. Spring is officially everywhere and its time for Claritin D allergy pills.

Everyday is a Dream. Let know one tell you otherwise.

Hearts & Stars,
Clippy Easter

POSTED BY NAILHEARTSCLIP AT 11:53 AM 0 COMMENTS

At Saint Louis roman catholic in downtown Buffalo, I lit a candle at the foot of the huge marble Pieta and said something like "god please take care of us all" and realized that Jim Carrey has two R's in his last name.

During the priest's performance of the transubstantiation I noticed the tabernacle behind his back resembled a speaker at the In N' Out drive-thru when he removed the gold plate of tiny hosts and god was there.

Does a priest have the ordained power to turn a double-double cheeseburger into the body of Christ?

Walking up the aisle for Holy Communion I realized I was really in Bank Of America.

The "Act of Contrition" prayer goes:

OMG I am sorry for my sins
In choosing to do wrong and failing to do right
I have sinned against you and yr church
I firmly intend, with the help of yr Son
To make up for my sins and to love as I should
Amen.

Leaning forward with my tongue hanging out, I felt god in my mouth laughing at me.

What is so wrong with praying for more money?

Catholicism: the longest surviving soap opera with a day and nighttime running of two-thousand years.

A bell rang.

Spring is officially everywhere and on sale.

So amen, I say

Amen.

Publishing the Unpublishable

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