

**No
Work
Finished
Here**

**Liz
Worth**

Rewriting Andy Warhol

FIRST EDITION

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page 1 – You are here

I didn't do a thing last night
felt like a ghost
just staying up and all that, just talking
car noises in the background.
Some of my throat is gone.
Need some Obertrols – blue ones, blasting
oh, the orange ones are divine.

Is there ANY place we can keep calling
voice on the other end
know where we can get some.
This number in front of us – sister would know us.

We should start for the park. Takes forever.
Asleep on the bus, too gorgeous.
It's all right – fantastic, baby,
you definitely are here.

page 2 – I wanted to believe this

We're going to spend this whole day
trying to find out
what I did last night.

You went to the whorehouse.
They don't have any electricity,
it's all bare skin, washed-out noises,
mean girls, roughly treated.

I hate all that. Horrid.

Maybe we should have a cup of coffee
uptown
in the park.
I wanted to believe this
business of another marvelous world but
I don't remember.
I remember we –

page 3 – People aren't equipped for my filth

From the outside
there's always trouble
so precious like
living higher than
every other day.

Amuse me up here,
in background
seventy-seventh cut especially weird,
like living a riot.

I lose lots of friends and
been robbed twice,
all of my amphetamine, time.
People aren't equipped for my filth and
I can't be deceptive.
I don't know why.

Hey listen
I think we better go through everything amazing.
Why don't we take a hit,
sweet subterfuge
walk way down there.
Upset doesn't matter. Someone always loses something.

page 4 – My darling

My darling got mean.
She said it was just one of those days.
I suspected television,
magnificent rumors.

I didn't have to know
the spread of wonder
would save her.

For the first time
she's afraid of what
someone said to me -
"you're really fucking her up, aren't you?"
I won't answer that.

They don't want to think of her and
last night's visit,
pressure recorded as blood.

Everyone looks so happy
as they tell me about her
pinching drugs,
working the divine to zero.
Can't support what people are believing.
She's still as night.
What do you hold? Not her.

page 5 – Dare to stop us

I'm beginning to talk like her,
the girl who says she wants anything:
sleeping pills
coffee
a little mother.
Afraid somebody's gonna forget to be
vaguely interested.

I slept over last night.
She doesn't look like the same person
in the nighttime
slipping barbituates,
a mysterious act.
If she wants a drug, she takes it.
How stoned do you get
with your life in your hands?

To be a missing woman
in the morning
is to go off on your own, be a
mysterious presence, completely marvelous
cut off from names and talk and sounds.
Jolting in time to a
furious problem.

Say we had to.
Dare to stop us.

page 6 – Who cares

I'm not hungry,
just chewed an
enormous flower of
bubble gum.

I'm being snubbed
at the counter,
an old friend out of season.
Do you know what it feels like?

Just slap me in the face.
I don't understand the
private booth, wonder
when they'll crawl out.
Such a fool, to walk
down the street,
meet people - please.

I always say who cares
but the letter is a gallery
of wonder,
fresh noise
on this side of loved.

I don't think he saw me.

I don't think he was taken
with who I am.

page 7 – I go under like a wonderful third time

You believe that
all your goin' to have
is wretched,
don't think it's worth it
to tell Obertröls from acid.

Sieged by this tiny little marble
you let me take the ones
that tasted secret
five, six or eleven -
here's your fun.

I go under like a wonderful third time,
pretend like I'm someone else.

I don't look very good today,
was sieged by
carbolic upset last night,
the melt of a minute
replenished with a
sudden swallow.

That's all right.
You'll go, very pure, and
I'll sneak out with yesterday,
my mouth sexual with
scenes I don't understand.

page 8 – Didn't want these scenes

I can't get interested enough
to be up by eleven,
to have to pretend I
meet the requirements to
get ahead.

I don't think it's worth it,
to be other than what I am so I
take all these Obertrols.
I was up all night,
dazzled by my madness.
Wouldn't mind going
to the hospital this afternoon -
no, I'm not courageous enough.

What's going to happen to me
when I start to want this?
You know I really feel the
scream of blame is law.
I couldn't score in the bathroom
and it wasn't enough to call.
I figured that you didn't want these scenes
over and over again.