

A decorative graphic consisting of several thick, curved lines that start from the left edge and curve upwards and then horizontally to the right. The lines are colored in a sequence of blue, black, white, black, and white from top to bottom. The text 'CALJORKYA VOLTAGE' is printed in white on the top blue line.

CALJORKYA VOLTAGE

JOSHUA ESCOBAR

CALJORKYA VOLTAGE

ADVERTENCIA CONTAINS MISTRANSLATION FEELINGS
OF DERANGEMENT NUDITY ENJOY BEFORE 5/49 #909X2113
MADE IN NEW CALJORKYA

DJ Ashtrae

CALIFORNIA VOLTAGE

7 TRACK LIST

1. VIBRANT (MUSIC)

2. MADONNA (MUSIC)

3. ANITA (MUSIC)

4. DREAMS (MUSIC)

ADVERTENCIA CONTAINS MISTRANSLATION FEELINGS
OF DERANGEMENT NUDITY ENJOY BEFORE 5/49 #909YF313
MADE IN NEW CALJORKYA

5. JUDY (MUSIC)

6. NIGHT (MUSIC)

7. CRAZY (MUSIC)

8. OYI (MUSIC)

9. ELIMINA (MUSIC)

10. DEVON (MUSIC)

// TRACK LIST

Y VENTE OBSESSION (during sex I look for a way past sunset)

MADONNA'S FIRE (where are the coyotes?)

ARETHA UNLOADS AVALANCHES (hot disco breakup #5M)

DEGRADED PIÑATA HANGIN' ON (xx0x0x mE, san orlandia)

ATOMIC GIRLS SACUDE LA PEREZA (beware of mutant go-go tombay)

FOLKSTAR SAGRAD WILDFLOWER (blond birote spits XfrioX)

JUDY-T CALLS ME BAMBA (¿dónde están los coyotes?)

NIGHT VILLAGE SUPREME OR DYE (summer kiss no aveloz)

CRAYTED HOLIDAY WATER (hello, heat of winter)

OYE IMP 909 (my loco tail must cool its own fire)

ILLUMINA REFLECTIONS (el amor nos regresa a ser animals)

DEVON EN ROSES AND TEARS (demolish rooftop bar with friends)

In the intersection I let out a friend who has become depressed on his way to becoming a hero. He gets bothered by my playlists. He loses sensuality to kale smoothies. It's hard always being a little hungry around him. The new plantings are already haunting. Plastic overhangs flap. The streetlight depicts him as insane, his nose down to his elbow, eyes shimmer, torso logically impossible. His body fills the backseat. I pass a strip mall with shrines to ironed curls, boxing, payphones, sulfur, algae. Alert, he says some nonsense about summoning. He spends 200 bucks on hibernating, so he'd wake up slim fantastica, and for the feeling of reality returning to him in mere moments. At the beach I take off his jumpsuit, and then bury him below the neck, leaving him in the care of a raver who will feed him seaweed and tea and bajaletes. He probably dreams of atomic accidents, breezes sans machetes. Such sacrament serves as a substitute for suicide, uniting us like death does, the bliss of being forgotten mixed with the will to survive. Angels, I wish you could exist. You'd wrestle my responsibilities and catastrophes.

Trinidad, my great-grandmother, was an orphan raised by her uncle Benito Lopez. As a baby, she was left alone while Benito worked. When she was 8-years-old, Trinidad began babysitting for rich families in Santa Rosalia Carmargo. At 12 she became engaged to the love of her life, Maxiamino Ynoijos, who was the chauffer for the priest. She went for marriage counseling but you know the things priests do with kids—Trinidad refused. Maxiamino got mad at the priest, and was soon fired. Then along came Pancho Villa.

In those days you joined Pancho's army or you were shot, so Maxiamino rode with him for years. The two men posed for a photograph, their belts of bullets slung across their chest, yet Pancho never gave him leave. The first child died of a fever. Their second came down with Smallpox, and Trinidad was pregnant again. An old lady taught her how to make candies so she could support herself. Still, every day was a struggle.

Trinidad was playing with the other girls in the front yard one spring or summer day when Maxiamino grabbed her, put her on a horse, and then rode to the Juarez river. Trinidad then climbed into a canoe with their two children and as many of their possessions as it could hold. Maxiamino pushed it across by swimming.

Helped by a tía in New Mexico and the Lady Milendez, Trinidad and Maxiamino moved to Roswell, later farming for Roosevelt for \$2,000 a year. Trinidad picked cotton, pulled weeds from the cotton, the limpia, cooked for a dozen farm men, ran a hatchery, made her man build her a house, had 9 children, 3 of whom died young. They were always poor but grew watermelons, cantaloupes, tomatoes, chile. Trinidad's stone hacalito, her love shack, so badly built it had no partitions—is gone. So is she, passed a few years before I was born.

She never returned to Santa Rosalia Carmargo, Trinidad, the girl who fled from Pancho Villa. On the ride, the warmest spot must have been where she held her man. What she had to forbear I can't know, but she would have told me when I was old enough that love is dangerous.

If they pass by my Tacoma, they'll see banana stems and receipts shuffled with sand and dirty dreams, these pretty corners as naked as the morning.

He gets off at 3, having gone in at 5. I met him on le love app. We were supposed to see each other one Friday. That was years ago. We're not dating or anything but just like two guys staving off the bored, twisted IE. He gets off at 3, having gone in at 5 in the bright morning. The bathroom fan rumbles. His weight revolves around the bed, drifting, sliding across the tile in the kitchen. I squirm. I pull the sheets over me. Shadows move as his weight does. The aroma of the coffee and cologne hurls me, seduces me, the used-up yesterday wonder. He says bye. I groan, Goodbye Carlos. I'm here because our schedules happen to overlap. He's one freeway exit away, thru 10-second traffic with sleepless high school students, suited-up Bloomington people, sunburnt vendors. We don't go on dates. We got Burmese ++++++ once and he was unimpressed. He used to live ++ MADONNA'S FIRE ++ in Brooklyn. Most nights we grab snacks ++++++ from the A.M/P.M. across the street. I wait in a cul-de-sac off of Arrow, where track homes sit next to the fields they forget. The automatic doors open but it's not him. The automatic doors open. He comes out the south entrance. He's in a white coat, hoodie, and Nikes. I'm in tore-up jeans and a soiled button up, a college student. I follow him around the corner, past the dumps and generators. He has me take off everything except my socks. I'm like, *Don't take off too much*. He says nothing. He just rams into me, and works up a sweat. I'm like, *Keep at it fellah*. He holds down my chest as he holds up my legs. He keeps ramming. My back digs into the gravel. It feels good. It feels good. He leans in. He wants to kiss me. He hangs his lip over my nose. He strokes me. I moan and whimper like a broken VCR. After he cums, he slings his backpack over his shoulder and then goes for a cigarette, which gets lit by the time he reaches Slover. I'm still on the ground, netted by my own plasma.

Loud armor, give me todo. Loud amor, give me nada.

In a parking lot feeling the casual stop of muscle, vehicles dead asleep alongside stucco rises. Sore haircut mess. Never grew up thinking I'd be a cocksucker. Sun dying valley. Seeing leg and shoulders awake, you know, way done with the treasure fiends. Dirt field surrounded by fresh demolition, a camino for plastyc. Cypresses fixing for fast food, power-lines, youth in the back seat. Left turn— a refinery demos anti-gravity, and that we're super broke. Another parking lot—a stray boxer wants only papas fritas. Yellow light—a billow bites into the junction of tamarind messengers, SCUBA perros, peach tree mujeres. Werehaus, sex eyes, night goes way easy, turn way, ready, pink for.

Fixing holographic shades, Gemini rose chapstick, magenta headband. After showering, I daze, eat dried pizza, kisses on the carpet. Unleashing another dimension was my solution to housing mewsyk. Careless sun warms bashed in bushes lazy with July fat iguanas. Sideburns dyed yellow and pink. This nacho piñata isn't going to break. I glitter for the immaterial nurse. Wash bath bath wash. My boy has foco, rumors of five thieves, of many garlic haired loves in backyards downing me and the LBC.

Blue bits grow on your pickup, branches through windows toward a sun-beaten patio. Muddy chain link fence slides into the mustard seedlings. Charcoal grey palm fronds line wind factories, horizontal workflows, thrashings, echoes, rocky and dirty property. Engine sounds in atmosphere, subconscious, signage for legal pills, body help. Educational pavements sing, house after house after beautiful commercials after wildfire after graffiti washed by power hose. Drool on Rubidoux slopes. Purple bits running under the electrical towers with archaic dimensions. Foxtail hills covered with free TVs, broken seats, dried ketchup packets, the desert devouring for fun. Trees need even their dead leaves. A poster for necklaces has been pressed into the brickwork. Residents ease into the plaza of postcards, cacti and laundry machines. Panels of corrugated tin shield out elements, living under the path of airplanes, Styrofoam space—down right—out of the hundreds, I haven't had enough. Learn to shake bebidas Mexicanas, horchata, jicama, águia, habisco, perico, guava, foco chile, cockatoo, sandía. Bebidas Mexicanas, birds are Mexican.

Left ear bent from the superstore mauling its den, coyote paints by tongue; he uses yellow dye from eyes, trails, billboard glares. He clamps copper rods a la boca; scratches the slickness off of gutters in the late afternoon. Coyote rams into a garage door; props it up on a power box; jumps, jumps, jumps. Its horn is maracas. With three imps, a lick of botany, coyote fashions auto mo' bee lay.

My jellyfish legs live in the shower. The vent window shows hills and shacks day and night. Maybe I'll open my eyes on the freeway. What's with you making cachuchas sad?

Stray flyers pierce the pepper trees on the 10 as I seduce, try seduce revolve my beat-up tires. A hot mess passing by sweaty eucalypti. Pedestrian 313 wants me under his beautiful idea. Another sympathizes yet is unable to get me up, yet is vinegar on my legs. A car alarm goes off miles away as a broom-headed beast is on me. All their love may contain traces of mercury. Homes seeded on foptail sides, air conditioners rumbling against the two inches before my face. Freeway power reacts to my lower palea. Pavements shine, their impressive sub-skeleton softer than our asses as I need new Nintendo cartridges. The Goddess of American Love lets me ride in her truck bed alongside weed-whackers and jugs of herbicide. I used to mix brackish ++++++ water with old tequila, polka-dot strawberries and ++ CRAYTED HOLIDAY WATER ++ PreP, aged in your garage, popular with our ++++++ broke-ass friends. My neighborhood appears across caliente valley. By November it will be abandoned, the air cold enough to bust windows, and for desperate coyotes to dip into the houses of pigeons. Others get used to this mess, the copper strays eyeing your back, CDs and old magazines in the riverbeds, the citrus fest. She is saving up for Idaho and NOW is willing to walk partway just to get there. Dirt channels in through the back window. The truck steals onto the trails de lavender chaos as the ancient guy still follows in his janky ice cream truck, unsure to what extent I exist.

¿Puedo tener diez pachangas cuando te vayas? Should you eat shrimp and guac burritos in San Bernardino? El amor te va a robar a ti y a tus amigos. Find sex in San Bernardino. ¿Dónde están los coyotes? Wear your favorite shirt to San Bernardino.

What more could we want, bottled llamas? Lizards belong to the sun. Pour like this, combed up vacancy. The theory of new fortune gets turned up blasting. I speculate. We do lines on the street, the wind more real than it's feeling. NOW you're cornered with the lotto on a cartoon planet. Once in history we burn candles at the corner of a weak fence around sustained effort, selling ourselves and watermelons in the low flat valley. Small creatures and bugs eat each other as yesterday's
+++++ water clings to the mountains. Carpenter
++ ATOMIC GIRLS SACUDE LA PEREZA ++ ants crawl on my legs. Crickets play with
+++++ my hair. We open cans of fruit by leaving them on the used-up highway, yap murmuring MADE FM, lady downs her fresh threat, the city returns a few favors, I stay outside too long on the way to the East LA mansion of the Goddess of American Love, half-finished and half-electronic. Animal statues pose in the foliage of the long, legal driveway. Digital and yummy, tastes like churros, each shows a failure: trading him for him, losing your beds, smiling or dreaming during. I wait in the courtyard so long I eat your birds of paradise, slog through paper rain again. Illness turns the wheel, try biting your own hand. Mewsync in my apartment plays for a year waking cacti. I am masterfully artfully so LA. What more can we want, clay llamas? Washing my car while flies hop between cold avocados, my face pink like I'm in snow. A diamondback snake crosses us, us peeling oranges.

Wind passes through young dreams, lumber yards. Limbless dolls make waves in the ocean, my hair. We blaze in raves like death and all her friends.

No one eats eggs, so sleep on, jacaranda. No one eats eggs, so sleep on, jacaranda. No one eats eggs, she lays out gov-issue blankets over the gates. Wind boys jack our set up so sleep on just like I used to. Viejas take two jacaranda. No one eats ++++++ eggs so foco taco stands set up before we close. ++ JUDY-T CALLS ME BAMBA ++ Everyone munches so sleep on under the tables ++++++ since the mercurial wind is picking up. Votives, succulents, chickens fly jacaranda. No one eats eggs, mops. The floodlights fall so sleep on backwards. Disposable semis quiet while salient. No one eats eggs, juvenes itching for cash go. Luckily the vans sleep on circled. Three men clinging a tarp get dragged into the pond, jacaranda. No one eats eggs, traffic NOW so thick hustler 99 and me drive with no headlights and trip on the fumes. She walks to the beach, working along the way, and arrives, so sleep on, 90 bucks richer. The Inland Empire is the way to go, jacaranda. No one eats eggs, so sleep on, jacaranda. No one eats eggs, so sleep on, jacaranda.

each shows a latent tension that I feel. I wait in the courtyard so long I eat your
of paradise, the through paper thin again. I don't turn the wheel try to get
own hand. Myself in my apartment piece for a year waking each. I am
actually so L.A. What else can we want, city flames? Waking myself
hop between cold machines may feel pink like the lights have A dream back
connect us, as peeling strings

Verse esés may get deported for doing this on TV since it is not the sex that matters but what we do with it. Some wish we were like a Reality show shithead. Skirmishes are DIY. No one can tell the soldiers to stop, while on TV someone can shoot a friend in the leg by accident. HI Virus plays baseball on Tuesdays to me making esés on the IE. He sandbags Sierra where TVs double as windows, doors as fences. Kitchens make the devils dance. Hustler 47 wants us to enter his trapezoid where internet police don't care about mewsyk. Being perfect for a short dream or two is all it takes for TV to debase us into better people. Handpicked friends meant for new channels inside yourself. Love toons. I have never woken up bleeding.

like a line I can't see as much as you want. Don't put your fingers on the counter
As slippery as my ways, as ducted as I pull his mouth a bit as I feel him
cunning than the inside. You don't have to go so fast. Sweet legs of bastard, you
night trophy that had by random shit and now replaced action. Towards opening
breathes pumping him full of warmth.

Dear hot sauce doves, touch turns damage into fierceness.

Lucky Finish 52 groans dreaming at the dead bar, in a marigold suit and ketchup stains. This Beautiful fool gives me the last of his icy, saying he found a lifetime supply in a dumpster. What brings you here? His stubby twig finds its way to my leg, his hands inside my swim trunks. Starving bartender says do what you want, I'm not recording. I twist the Cockle Fool's ear during 8 long kisses. No. No way. He gasps, highway, his eye-lids pink. His hand softly pushes into my thigh. No. No way. I finger his round little ears, the only part of him anti-mezcalina. You have a load for me? His shot throat on my havoc. He stands, feral cockatoo, how many times are you gonna cum? He releases my naked waist sloppy and wet. You like to fuck a lot. I do too bite as much as you want. Don't put your elbows on the counter. As slippery as noxious as my ways, as decked as, I pull his mouth a bit as I feel him cumming from the inside. You don't have to go so fast. Sweet legs of barstool, you night trophy stained by random shit and now yellowed semen. Innards operating by breaths pumping him full of warmth.

These cheap sweats expose me to the frost, them guys riling grass on verticals.
Whack synth extreme, husk of voltage, stole 75 cent cola, sunny she. Fire hydrants
versus roads ending in sky.

Dear drug dealer, you take me aside to show me how to gamble con la rana y la
escalera. Copper bolts on the sides of your head and shoulders hardly deflate. Get
between me and my shadow. Flash your teeth. Understand that singing in water is
a waste of time. Like a banjo, you always look ready to play, despite your runaway
mornings and the hideous thoughts that come out of you like parrots. Across
the dirt field, moonlight falls but so do ill boots and the musculature of Greco-
Romans. She drops you off without your money or keys for a good reason. I get
your transmission. El diablito with his tight shorts and pointy tail wants it both
ways. You are killed in a shootout days before we hook up, and you don't even know.
My tears and spit slip like the seeds of a cantaloupe.

Bruja de sparkle, donde esta mi parajo?

Bad through the tincture, naked involved with the freestanding muscly sloppiness. A wise man tells me that crack is worse than HIV. You know suvacitias for their ultra destabilizing holds. Two and a half months in you understand that reality requires a helmet you're already wearing. You clung to the sweat lodge in fantastic clothes, and you want to get out in the middle of treading ++++++ deer. Herbaceous vapors settle on your ears and face, ++ DEVON EN ROSES AND TEARS ++ you wound with endlessly lucrative ++++++ pro connections that would remain tapped no matter what. We exist in a menthol void, our desperate joints together via morning truck bed soaking disjuncture. Take my picture, fake my temperature, making fun of my car was just the beginning. Flashing the usual lie to get into the den, issued when you were still a cholo. Around with your belt, he is so gone. You take each of them to the mat. Victory was contrived but you still eat it up. Overhead watch me never, cabron, unwarned when you cum. Stained foreverless. Wait for a machine to open so badly right NOW squeezing your soles. Loser, picking fights only you can win. Hairy legs enjoyed midair. The light tapes muscles, mixologist grip, pacific daze across the rug. The voltage in this room is way lyrical. Aggressive exits, booths shrouded in linen. Demolish roof bar with friends I love playing with easy decisions. Steel personas, illegible directing. Licking long defeat, either possessed or stuck in the routine, meshed, cultured hair, head, veins, chasing.

Tyaz, my best friend saw I stepped in chicle. She calls me, gum shoes, tells me the histories of fear have entrances.

You catch me staring at an egotistical urinal Friday, meanly like any other lime juiced American Love. It's quite possible that threats move about in the darkness unless Copernicus is thrown into whatever we're making. I fill myself with cold water to the core. Tomorrow would be your birthday. You are a long way back. Your revamped eyes on Precita, dona fortune has her own petal now. And it's not because we eat less. Tomorrow is for the post office with some possibility of getting kitty stamps. My ears get vexed with your hands on them, and I actually care about the future, even though I am not enough for this legislature. He says love means to finish in Spanish rather than the English. The wind burns with your absence as your atoms stir inside my chest, we cave at our own risk. You make me ooze immature venom, blow my fantasies. Cumming early is never a problem because you have to have me. Deserving nights become robotic and other guys make guys make me hot. I had their fever, and you said my skin was like a banana peel. My feelings get in the way but there is never much I can do about them, except rest when I have fever and dance and mess to get over the chills. I am not like your mail. Covered with a blanket in a backseat, this is how I'll wind up.

Icy nectar, the wind deals with the distance between fires by making for Saturn.

Frutas end up on the street, sweat on my jade skull, remaking roads of white lettuce and raw sugar. Tarps and temporary walls deliver peacetime while I fall asleep to Marvin Gaye; don't split my CD collection after a nightmare. She, who first touched my lips and hair, explains the syphoning of indie theater. Again I end up with dolls of D minor. Neighborhoods eat poppies during their starry bath. With the broken couches on the limestone slope we rewatch the nightmare of the valley. The 10 freeway contains so many mysterious gente, juicy tongues and smoky ears, end up confetti. Steel factories are sunburnt on the outside, ancient inside. Headlights, shadows miscellaneous antennae—gutted houses watch everything move on. Hood donkey, if I was an orange tree I could belong. Forever my feet rub against the sand. Your friends die or become dead to you. Night curls up in the dirt in the valley of sun, valley of sun where I felt love and it was sonyc; where I felt love and it was magnetyc; valley of sun where I felt love and it was nyce and angelyc; valley of sun where I felt love and it was taquyla and cytrus; valley of sun where I felt love and it was banayas in the el garage; it was no anchor; where I felt love and it was layter layter; where I felt love and it was kale chyps shot dead; valley of sun where I felt love and it was chingona and dyskoghuyhuasexssa; where I felt love and it was spryng; where I felt love and it was Cihuatlyotl beauty supplies; valley of sun where I felt and it was

Some of the imagery of California Village appears in the poetry projects The Redbox, 20/10, Rhythms, and Redumpact. This literary & Arts Magazine. Thanks to the editors of these publications.

This book is dedicated to my parents.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Gracias alex cuff, Emily Brandt, t'ai freedom ford, Jen Hyde of No, Dear/Small Anchor Press for incorporating New Caljforkya!

xxo Mel Elberg, Daisy Atterbury and Sarah Reiter for ur love and talent xxo

Infinite thanks to the MFA Program at Bard College. I wouldn't be the DJ I am today if it wasn't for you, Ann Lauterbach, Arthur Gibbons, Anselm Berrigan, Anna Moschovakis, Hoa Nguyen, Roberto Tejada, David Levi Strauss, Renee Gladman, Carla Harryman, Matvei Yankelevich, Robert Fitterman, Bill Dietz, Marina Rosenfeld, Jace Clayton (DJ /rupture), Jeanne Liotta, Malik Gaines, Laetitia Sonami, Miya Masaoka, Kenji Fujita, Alexandro Segade, Barbara Ess, Dana Hoey, Matana Roberts, Pradeep Dalal, Halsey Rodman, Fia Backström, Glen Fogel, Art Jones, Nancy Shaver!

Thanks to the artists who believed in me from the get-go: Lyn Hejinian, CS Giscombe, Robert Hass, Vikram Chandra.

Some of the mewsyc of *Caljforkya Voltage* appears in the Poetry Project's *The Recluse*, *7x7.la*, *Rigorous*, and *Palimpsest: Yale Literary & Arts Magazine*. Thanks to the editors of those publications.

This book is dedicated to my parents.

No, Dear and Small Anchor Press are based in Brooklyn. More information about their projects and publications can be found at ordessapress.com.

The cover image is by Patrick Delaney.

This chapbook was printed in August 2017 in an edition of 100.

This is copy 73 of 100.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Anchor Press and Dear Small Press are based in Brooklyn. More information about their projects and publications can be found at nodearmagazine.com.

The cover image is by Patrick Delorey.

This chapbook was printed in August 2017 in an edition of 100.

This is copy 72 of 100.

DJ Ashtrae (Joshua Escobar) comes from San Bernardino, California. He holds an MFA from Bard College, where he was the Dean's Fellow in Writing ('17). He also holds a Master's from the Graduate School of Journalism at the University of California at Berkeley, where he was a Merit Fellow ('16). He is a 2017 CantoMundo Fellow, and he lives with dj lil'piñata in Brooklyn. IG: [djashtrae17](https://www.instagram.com/djashtrae17)

No, Dear and Small Anchor Press are based in Brooklyn. More information about their projects and publications can be found at nodearmagazine.com.

The cover image is by Patrick Delorey.

This chapbook was printed in August 2017 in an edition of 100.

This is copy 72 of 100.

Dr. Ashken (Joshua Jacob) comes from San Bernardino, California. He holds an MFA from Bard College, where he was the Doris fellow in Writing (1991). He also holds a Master's from the Graduate School of Journalism at the University of California at Berkeley, where he was a Merit Fellow (1991). He was a 2007 Canon/Lando Fellow and he lives with his family in Brooklyn, New York.

The text and other Arabic text are based in Arabic. More information about their projects and publications can be found at nodarum.org.

The cover image is by Farid Farah.

This book was printed in August 2017 in an edition of 100.

This is copy 1 of 100.

ND

SA

