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Future Flowers

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Future Flowers

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the degree of
Master of Fine Arts in Creative Writing

by

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Loyola Marymount University
Bachelor of Arts in English, 2008

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This thesis is approved for recommendation to the Graduate Council.

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Abstract

This is a book-length poem presented in three untitled parts.

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A singing dream is often linked
to forthcoming paralysis of the left knee.

It is encouraging to wear what ruminates
in a kaleidoscope of reds unseen.

Together we could summarize so many lakes.
Blindness may follow.

I lost my shoe in your apartment.
I lost my shoe in your apartment.

I asked you for a toothbrush
and you gave me Chlamydia.

I darted to and fro like a small thing
and you gave me Chlamydia.

Disembowel your new children with hope and
don't forget to choose a name for your life,

a new pantsuit for your beautiful spleen.
Disembowel your new children with hope

but please don't ask me how I know why
I must eat your tiny flashing heart.

No revisionist history goes unnoticed.
A complaint is hidden in a field of corrosive light.
The amusement of birds is not your forgiving task.
There is a tiny cellfucked fable lying in the darkness of a closet,
a nuclear wasteland that isn't a forest and isn't defeat.
I built you a small desk, considered a lamp of scrimmage for its awning.
You filled your space with irrational hype and buck-toothed holy flowers.
We can only be together when we are not.
We are only confused while pulsing toward inventive war
like electric ghosts.
In a field of golden melodies we shuttle
bravely through the wetblue afternoons as if
we could child a different and unfeeling Earth with our hands.

In a game of bright fear you win sudden trophies of light.
Soaping our small marriage is still impossible outdoors.
Meaningless water is frequently drawn to scale here
though the most courageous fish will continue to feel its weight.

I called the Center of Frequent Spatial Disorders.
I did it rationally.
I called to inquire about the anxiety of native desire
and the credibility of the mistakenly blue.

I can almost discover you in a resilient place.
I can almost throw out a good name with surety.
This was almost the night of several brandings
in a contemporary village of circular marriage.

How can you continue to linger so vapidly
inside your pale aquatic heart when little else is apparent,
when so few jungles make sensible shelter for sitting out the war?

Our occasional houses go ling-ring in pastime,
their moccasins fluttering result and resulting.
I glamour the bane of a sunbroken branch.
I protrude it discreetly.

Without gunship, a green-eyed childhorse wonders
what it means to have a blazing wood,
a creek that isn't a closed system of traveling light.

In our psychic meter, no sense is gotten without dander.
In this weather of delighted luck,
no heart beats without its weight submerged in gravity.
Inside the childhorse, a small eye wanders nightly.
When trees hunt witches, they depth and tarp the land.
When we go excusing, we go pretty.

There are caves here wider than lives,
rivers longer than the image of a highway
put over itself a hundred times in the sky.
The tangling of moon music and heart music,
a credenza in a waking key confuses the city
that isn't yet bright or open.

Caricatures of places beside water,
of those thoughts that sit in a blooming lake
mid-summer without occupying any real space,
are fasting grayly, considering themselves away.

We are awake and awake, far and afar,
down this road like two small stones
kicked up by invisible feet before we could
even say *hello wake up* to the moon.

Consider the opposite of nothing
and how a night walks away when it is silver.
Here is a small moment into which we fit,
occupying the quiet space of our one hundred feelings.

Break the walking luck from an arm.
Break my case of luminous flowering.

An indentured riot is an indentured riot and lovely,
fainting some humor and wanting its miracle thusly.

I'll wire a tangent to your still circus of trees,
its meaning the double of my felony land.

Bruise me up politely.
Tie despite-me-knots in my hair.
Align your soft collected grief.

Children are figurative speeches of children
under weather's romantic sleep
where a childhorse breathes
romantically in deep.

Our loveblooms speak in numbers,
like object permanence flooded in desert gray.
Please listen to the party in the upstairs closet
where joy pumps in earthly gratitude and grace.

For sincerely dying and earthly dying
melt your unequal hearts into sequins,
dice and beg for light that isn't light.
This story isn't a willingness to negotiate a syndrome.

The west is a continuous parish,
rows of surprised cotton shirts
facing the triumph of winter's courage.

I said *hello* to my life
I said *hello, come to life*.
I said *light-winged orchid of the gray son*.

I said ten things about love into the shirts,
all surprised and full of bones and fish
streaming toward the white angle of an unloved mountain.
I spoke politely into an angel's blue rib.

My still confessions are hardly secrets.
A folded box is made a little of itself
which is to say, from a dazzling tree
of July's lyrical plot.

In a mid-sentence, light into the gray manner of sky,
the sentence which denies a good story.
In human chemistry, ventriloquism is absent
like truth, that is to say, it seems to want nothing.

A complicated breakfast is closure
in its early stages, its answers blooming like idiots
under the fork-lipped moon, like emancipated
flowers telling blonde jokes in the rain.

Trickling into love boats, the truth keeps on lounging,
trickling disgracefully, that is to say,
undoing the meaning of *cry-eth*
kindly into the woven basket.

You sit back in the surrealist winter,
act like a country without gold shifts,
pretend to be bewildered by the occupants
of your five hundred real hands.
Some types of death signals are ventricle delineation.
No breath, no heart.

You are everybody.
You are the friend of ten ghosts
and the entire population of ghosts.
You are a new chicken and
a diagnosis of beautiful diseases.

Online you are friends with everyone.
We know almost nothing can happen twice.
In this stillness I become you.
I am a hello scoping the wilderness.
I am a hello on vacation without shoes.
I am a wishbone cracked up the middle.

We are living the former lives of desperate trees
uncommonly decent in an open-faced sky.
I'm learning how to open your face like a window,
how to dream a failure into soft existence
and leave it to shriek and shriek like a tiny worm
unfollowing its prey.

You can still die here.
You can do it beautifully.
We are only ancient bees
scouring arms in the sunlight,
betting our lives on the impossibility
of perfect sequential rains.

My open mouth begins to soften.
My open mouth is a stylish casket.
My open mouth has a small gloomy future
in human consumption and customer service.

What we are actually afraid of
isn't a willing white slander

confusing the wind.
What we are actually afraid of

lights us how we light.
A small strophe

agitating leftover fruit
left sitting out in the coppering night.

Sit comparing illicit dreams about grasses
and you might remember how

the last piece considered you vague
before you considered me an edible season.

Roaming a small mountain's yard
are bees that have never insulted

each other beyond flowering,
who have never embraced

a closed morning known
for its spectacular system of sleep.

Small creatures of diagonal accord
remind me that in this infinite brightness

we can hygienically witness
the sloping wonder of the hetero-spring.

II.

I am your target audience.
I'm reading a story by Lorrie Moore
and she talks about the dead with humor.
It is nice to feel certain about any atrocity,
to tell jokes while carrying a suitcase to a funeral.
I can't read your poetry because it feels weird
to speak your name aloud, even alone.
I whisper someone else's name and that feels OK.
The celebration outside is going on about itself,
neatly tucked and quietly golden.
I am there but I am also not there.

I am a small equation about miraculous fate.
I calculate five reasons for hating your hands.
When you say that the sky is blue,
I can only think of your smooth white neck
and how it blooms under water.
If I look in your eyes, I think I might linger there,
an assumption faulted for its inaccuracy.
Inside we trade glances.
I have a look at your animal drawings
under your bright bedroom light.
Your appetite is that of a ghost's belonging.
We are a foreigner's bevy living other events.

I want to study the explosive devices inside your mouth.
We come home to find our lives inverted
and surrounded by meaningless blue light.
Something as unnatural as love can bloom
to the rhythm of hiccups while charming
a brand new stranger I found with my keys.
The bare end of the mystical road
belongs to our founding fathers.
I ask that we keep ourselves within their good graces,
within the manner spectrums of modern markets,
their cold electrical sockets blooming
like topographies of waxen planets.

We go inside a house of blame.
It is stupid and warm between our fingers.
We are waiting to become an unwelcome suggestion.
Our trees are full of mistakes.
I open your stomach but there is only water inside and it is holy.
You warn me of beginner's luck.

We are both taking these tangents too seriously.
Our appreciation for math is undesirable when opened outdoors.
I am browsing for a miniature version of acceptance.
I am on Craigslist in a hundred pieces but I don't remember why.
I am thinking about a famous rainbow right now.
Elsewhere my hands belong to someone else.

I'm so sorry for everything I couldn't tell you
in our strange new language of invented sounds.

You are vaguely historic this morning and suddenly heavy.
We are tamed hawks in a genius pasture of a worldly meeting.
The agony of turning instant
is the religion of self-discovery.
We become the rustic remainders
of a courageous equation in space.
When asked about a summer's lifting gravity
we faint into submission on couches in our invented Spains.
We are always walking toward conclusive blue places,
your voice the rapture of their sounding alarms.

I might kill you shortly and discover meaning in ambiguous refinement.
You are a recently published collection of lonely short stories,
each about courage but none about my face.
I will always believe in the value of your commencing project.
Inside a massive biography of the LA riots,
music is played vaguely by delirium's blue hand
and food is served with the caution of a new-born secret
about the complicated lives of misused trees.
I'd like to dance the tango without dividing myself freely
and I'd like to love you with alarming intensity.
What becomes impossible is any task in a field of flowers.

The future of the telescope is diminishing so please,
don't forget to discuss the option of owning a competitive face.

Be a parade made of logical crimes.
Be a parade made of musical ropes.

If you are a lonely detective, then I am a forgiving rose.
Inside your mind there is a glittering train full of promise.
Inside the train there are people being minor and executive.

The light inside is the light outside.

Anxiety is an amazing feature of being mathematic.
I am coping without fireflies but death complicates
an illness born in the irrelevant wood.
Unanswered telephones float through the room.
The structure of your grudge is sourly misleading.
You are the chirping disquiet.
So beautiful are the motions
of a young story awaiting its reading.
I can watch this morning zip by ungratefully
like a tractor with three hidden meanings.
I can feed the farm, grow the noise,
faint the essential elements of a slow motorcade at noon.

You are an inaccurate replica of an overgrown circus.
I am propelled underwater
toward imprecise handwriting.

Internal movement will be contingent
on the romantic history of blooming trees.
Only the quality of fish inside our bones
will suffer the calculated losses of our dream bones.
The meaning of my name can be attributed
to the recessed indifference of imaginative birds.

What else do you want to know
about the industrious habits of small animals
with incurable feelings of rage?

On the heroic ground is the crux of two options.
You can take a sound and break it open,
lick its lungs and lick them again,
or breathe color into the afternoon air
and forget there was ever a time
when you knew more than two jokes.
I only want you to believe in the moon.
Without bravery, you are a cloud.
Without bravery, you are another cloud.

The cultural aspects of your face
are signs of impermanence.
I watch you sail and sail and become the sea I didn't touch.

I am listing everything I know.
I could not pretend to feel things slightly.
Unlikely places in humor theory
are studies of disjointed lakes.
Why we don't draw ghosts
is not the reason why we do.
Most people are brightly solipsistic and very kind.
How the small time structure
of human invasion leapt off the page
is an explanation of rest.
You are the dirty southern wind.
I am your truck stop on a cloudless night.
We rest to be quiet outside.
A series of lights precludes us.
These are not the ties that bind us to our grief.

We are in this together.
Inside our castle of splendid futuristic grief
forgiveness is more astonishing than our naked sternums.
Let's leave together suspiciously through this decorative door.
You'll feel hotter than you've ever felt, but love is just love
and rarely the answer to any festive question about unbalanced sleep.
I am suddenly building a large aquatic network about you.
It is decently tropical and viciously flat.

We are standing in the sky
with our passive income.
Together we will breathe during complicated explosions.
What asks a question isn't alive.
Given terror, given the kind of wing
that isn't tattooed on or the kind of animal
that isn't a dog, I become a walking mania.
I walk up the clouded stairs.
I think I want a large Jewish wedding.
I think I want a systematic theory about stars.
The lights that aren't here
are figments of deeply personal regret.

I didn't see you walking by
but you were definitely walking by
with some kind of foreign dignity
I could never fully comprehend.
This winter the freedom of trees
will be ours, the freedom of lost hands
guiding a heart back into place
will go to the runner-up.
I would like to be a younger equation
of five people in a situation about flying.
Aerial courage is attributed to my grave concern
about the future of artificial walking.
I can't go anywhere in this kind of light,
with this kind of gray confused expression
on my special holiday face.
Were it that I could be an electric universe,
you could kiss me and severe vanity
would remain a problem of our only future
without a folded sky.

I take a test about the meaning of one.
I test out the meaning of it,
inject a small convenience into it.
Somebody's wet hands hang on the street.
We are paralyzed into fractioning
like a tenth of some beloved deer.
Wed my luck into a collision of stars.
I will weave you through encouraging gate.

If you look inside your basket of marriages,
you will find miracles disguised as plumage,
anonymities dressed as torn leaves
living their lonely second lives.
The mortality rate of the common firefly
is a continuous equation
about rapture in the states.
I continue to wonder about
the amputated qualities of elected trees.

Your age is very political but you will never convey
irrational brightness without a new bag of tricks.
You can trick light into believing itself a window
but you can't carve a new socket
into a wall that believes itself brave.
An afternoon bank will be robbed of friendship
but nobody will ever know about its secret life.
Together we will be beautiful ghosts.

I could be your particular need for a dramatic lakeshore.
A small ancestral meaning is your fate.
Mine, a larger army of diminutive prayers.
Don't remind anybody that spring is the weakest place.
The best conclusions are never those about
long kisses behind the trestle, never those about
the unforgettable spoons of a long winter upstairs.
The other side of this coin toss will simulate freedom.

I haven't yet learned how to rescue the sky from its gray belongings.
I lost all of my marketable skills in a war I never fought.
This morning I watched a sparrow blink repeatedly.
I thought about inventing a new mystery about you.
It would be a mystery of astrological feelings,
small kind words with many arms.
It would be shaped like a small gift of fractured peace.
The biggest religion is made of blue space and stories about luck.
Someday I would like to build a train station filled with taller versions of you.
The location of suspicion in the human body is just above the neck,
to the left of mouth and south-east of an eye when it is closed.

Like an exploration of faith you are a feather
with so many reasons to live in a tree.
At noon the answers are no longer born of
frightened music and are no longer wearing a conditional green.
This is a likely story about a classic face
and I will tell it without pausing for a breath.
We should clean the roof together and learn its namesake.
There will be a greater understanding there
and we will be so much closer to the sky.
Our vacation is a field of vacations in a field of light.

We've wondered too long about climbing the arms
of patience into the soft waves of a clerical lake.

To summarize consciousness
make of summer a gift for breathing.
Unravel your arms in quick succession.
Speak the meaning of courage under soft unspoken stars.
In the morning we are rowing toward the common,
toward a theater of relief.
A grand anomaly for understanding
is rain amidst disaster.

There is a soft agreement
between a quarry and the shyest light.
They've sleeves to roll and eyes to catch.

I am speaking of the masculine disquiet,
of a pictorial that isn't relieved to be its own home.
Sex is a drugged kitten.
I will pull apart your anxiety
with my anxiety and I will pull apart your thoughts
about a physical generosity with my own.

Each night is circular and resistant to engaging color.
We are here to grow discretionary services.
We are here to plant teeth in your addendum
and to speak like crashing plans.

We can only live beyond our amphibious desires
if we eat our patron fingers carefully.
I am paying close attention to your notion of humanity.

Decisions can be made rapidly about love.
When we looked out the window we saw rabbits kissing in the grass.
The sunset was progressing quietly over the empty parking lot.

The year of the dragon is the same year you complained about your bad knee.
Secret emotions are better left untreated by other secret emotions.

Electricity is being harvested wildly
by a perennial river.

How do we know who to rescue
or how to eat our complicated lunches in the rain?

Why we are a series of functional mistakes is not a secret.
Please scrutinize our night birds with excellent care.

There is a small moment wherein which we reconsider history.
We breed gently under drafted stars.

Let's ask God for his blue eyes in a bucket
where the hospital begins over there by the world.
Maybe the paint will stick to the walls this spring.
Maybe the idea of space is bigger than the idea of color
and the opposite of color is an idea about burning your hair.
The right way to put out a fire is the wrong way to kill a rooted truth.
In the beginning, bright animals perform to our liking
constant symphonies that are better understood indoors.

The doctors help us grieve our losses tenderly.
We can't recognize the language of spiders
to be a greater truth than the shape of the oldest ceiling.
When the war is ending and it is safe to be a pliable answer,
will you preserve your relatives in the resistant icebox,
eat your new children raw,
climb your fallen trees with diplomacy?
Specific science is a game of unwed flowers.
Specific knowledge is a religion unto itself
buried deeply in a pile of oddly numbered teeth.

Nobody recognizes the garbage truck to be a heart.
The traffic lights mark bodies of water that were never there.
Neon bodies are drifting madly across the skyline in pairs.
I have finally begun to understand the mathematics of small kitchens.

Life here is not what it used to be.
I am a collision of hearts.
You are a collision of hearts.

Who isn't inside your summer where pools of eyes pooled of love?
Inside your summer there were yellow pools of eyes and soft blue pools of love.
Inside your summer there were girls on stilts,
considering foliage
and resisting noon anxiety
and conceiving immaculate anxiety
and forgiving the rain anxiety
and they were diminishing before a wall
of the spectacular light.

You are inside the room but I am not inside the room.
We are all forgiven of the soft blue pools of love.
We are all inside the light.

I am asking you to mystically extinguish
the arm of fire in the basement next door.
Next door is a different galaxy of feathers.
Next door is a street with a more elegant name.
I am willing to negotiate a cross on the wall
of our liberal apartment.
I feel its controversy.
It is turning gold at a romantic pace.
It is feeling my left arm politely.
I didn't contract a new front porch by touch.
It isn't something I can love easily but it is lovely.
We are the rendered elements of a new stone castle.
Inside the castle there are no lights.

Do not feel remorse about supporting modern witchery.
Hold my hand and we will walk together.
If you are feeling unequal, consider an object for obsession,
a lonely glass fixture in the misty bright light.
In the event of failure I am going to misuse my brilliant hair effectively.
The small space between your feelings
is accountable for your shortness of breath.
Ghosts are walking through our rooms.
They carry lost animals with soft features.
The animals are future-resistant but diplomatic
in their understanding of what heroism is in the summer.
A story about faith in gardening is a story about faith in Ohio
or love in the Badlands or summers loved briefly.
A lesser grief is holier than its bravest understudy.

I sometimes wonder how much time I've left
to be rich instantly,
to be a grave remark about the instancy
of those exhausted rosebuds in the spring.

Your status updates roam inside my holy head.
I would love to hear how Jesus communicated significance
and where he placed his hands when he spoke suggestively
of greater beliefs, shapes in the sky that never resemble
anything but vastly different breeds of misunderstanding.

Whenever somebody pauses too long in the middle
of talking I assume they are about to die.
I am walking toward your breathless tower.
Its doors are a terrifying red.

III.

This is a letter in which
you, double-tongued heart,
become the sky,
the letter in which your cow face
becomes my black human shape
of ordinary geometry in a cup.

This is the letter in which
my black human shape becomes
your courage-choked hand,
the letter in which our entire house
considers the wind
and we've become too polite to scream.

My favorite part of today is you,
you quite unusual mystique of lions.
What are you doing is a
very large question
full of elephants boxing the night,
full of biggest hope ever imagined.

Festive shark shapes glide the light box.
Buy yourself two whistles and a horse.
You will be OK inside your wings.
Think up. Think up. Consider the nostril
as an entire being, the hair of symbolism
being its own dark terrain, just another horse
being a smaller horse, dark inside the dark.

There is imagination in the oven.
A small part of infatuation is plastic.
If you line up the distance between storms,
you might find another horse eating a bone,
another simple answer locked inside a cloud,
baring its soul to the sound of your heart.
O, predictions! You are just another ape in a basket.

You parade toward invented flowers
and scarred knees.
Compare the space between your eyes
to the biggest country ever sold for a penny.

The answer is never bleed incorrectly
into a glum book of psalms.
Maybe this is not a real séance in the dark,
but it is science without reason.

Communicate indifference.
Partition up an unmeasured lake.
Piece apart this clever season of cloaks.
Be yourself and everyone will love you.

You are only the conclusion
of kismet, only the conclusion of
an impish wine glass that beckons
a song.

Why did you wear yellow hands
to my imaginary wedding?
I cannot speak from my throat
nor to answer this miraculous question.
I am waiting for you to say
something bright like
water or *wanting* or *waste*.
You are a giant emotion on the ground.
I picked you up.
I am a series of small lights over there.
We are both constantly jealous of good timing.
We are both suddenly inside a large bubble
and nobody can say why we aren't confused.

You have the fear fault
to smile terribly at the plain sky
and at this cute pizza behind your face.
When the hem decrees silence
under an earnest moon
the pizza inside our apartment will feel
unloved and hip and crouching.
The way an everlasting siren of macabre
is resistant to economic turmoil,
I have fertile hips to give away desperately
to your numerical legs.
Inside an apartment's funeral
walking and walking is a sundress
mutated by your absence of white.
At this slow procession
where forgiveness is the erasure of palms,
you are blind and so very brave
to be a stranger.

Instancy is a measure of rest.
Instancy is a why you are never indoors
and always rinsing away some curious night
of reds born yellow in a soft-faced gallery.
You quit being practical. I quit being a roofer.

In a past-tense way, we are the same riot
and the same bright blue after a practical rapture.
I am a question about the avenged.
I am in good light holding somebody's child gratefully.
I don't hero expletives. They are only past summer friends.

I love your Spanish inquisition respectfully.
I love your slavering heart respectfully.
I am a combat zone holding your hand.
You are a rendered slope of rented arms.

If we walk toward a new philosophy,
the road can only be divided
by its own gray mystique.
The road is a revolution!

Answer me apart from these geese,
arouse the flowers nipping at my ankles
with more love than the soft data of a heart
could ever replace.

You cannot imagine the mysterious arrival of the ferrous queens.
You cannot undo the time of death of the baby with a glass knee.
Dissension is a firefly with agnostic tendencies inside the baby
that has timed out.

Where is the wife inside your unanimous health plan
or where is the soft wife inside your light?
The time freckles with resistance.
Your caring birds don't rest
because rodent molecules conceal them.

I am oblique and you are oblique.
I am oblique and you are the box inside the box.
You are like a binding contract
and unlike like a western fleet of shapely documents.

I wanted to know you better
but the hardest thing in life
is learning to listen
to another tree falling from the sky.

I wanted to feel the pain of your dreamscape.
I wanted to but it is hard to imagine
the color gray blushing,
the color gray bleeding by your night.

I'd kiss the lake you fell into.
I'd kiss the collected works
of Lorrie Moore you fell into.
I'd write a poem about your interest in rain.

This poem is not the product of sleeping sideways
and bearing wood against the sheets, clear and blue.
Inside every man there is a light.
I learned how to discover the train tracks at night
but the newness of these trees have worn thin with your escape.
Windows don't have structure the way I once assumed.
The ceilings here are only discretions of a past fog.
The wind is the conductor of our travels
beneath the stone bridge that falls under water every other week.
The sky weeps and the frogs die on the sidewalks.
I have a trigger warning for you.
Online, I am friends with everyone.

These are all the people
but not all the people.
These are fillers but not figments,
rights but not kitten clouds
in the grassless nightless sky of hearts
without hearts.
Think up and consider the mouths
of castle guards. Now they open
without a sound, now they curl
without a reason for being,
dying quietly like perfect rice in the rain.
In this moment we bathe in sunlight,
in another we figure out words
to conclude with, words to saunter by
when the fire goes completely out.

The inconsequence of small limbs
on a train track, almost touching,
almost being victorious

isn't a holiday.
Your holiday fireworks are on sale
inside your skyheart mansion.

I am the dismay experienced
when a leg is broken
for the second time

or when the broken moon
hits your bare window
for the first.

Weak are the braids we leave in to wed,
the spoons with which we dine
while dreaming of the greater resilience.

If you combine the number of heroes killed
with the number of times
nobody boarded a winter's bus,
you will only know a fact that's slightly untrue.

A paper bag only exists with something in it:
a pair of people with cloth wings,
a snow globe purchased for no known reason,
inaction that isn't yours to hate.

How a body becomes public
isn't how a moment becomes over.
Consider the atrocity of fearless diagrams,
those which make big equations
out of bigger equations.
Don't become a fish without a cause.
Don't become a fatherless ceiling.
Do invert this trilogy and name it bravely.

I took ten pills and loved the eternal weight of dreams.
I walked across the street to stare at my own abundance
but saw only those distant frail trees of your stolen heart.
The trees are here and there and you are here and there
and the generation gap is really big now.
Perhaps you'd like more time to think indefinitely
or perhaps it is time to go home indefinitely
and speak to someone who can help the sky grow legs.
I'm going to die this way without any legs
and the future seems impervious regardless
of the outcome so let's have this conversation
here in my living room, here in the dark.
What is the best way to stop believing
in the voice of God, in the voice of God?