Forces

Volume 2017

Article 13

5-1-2017

Atlas

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Recommended Citation

Myrick, Amy (2017) "Atlas," *Forces*: Vol. 2017, Article 13. Available at: https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2017/iss1/13

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ATLAS

Amy Myrick

I wish that I like Atlas held the world on my back.

Then I could set it down and stop its spinning for an hour or two. End the dizzying circles of madness and allow the calming stillness to settle in my bones.

I would stretch out my aching arms and

breathe cooling air deep into my chest,

sit down among the stars and

stare into the vast nothingness.

And when at last,

I, the great titan Atlas,

had realized

that even I was small and insignificant

among the scope of

stars and

planets and

space,

I would pick up the Earth again and hoist that mighty weight with the knowledge

It is not too much to bear.

