**GOOD GIRL**  
Molly Peacock

Hold up the universe, good girl. Hold up  
the tent that is the sky of your world at which  
you are the narrow center pole, good girl. Rupture  
is the enemy. Keep all whole. The itch  
to be yourself, plump and bending, below a sky  
unending, held up by God forever  
is denied by you as Central Control. Sever  
yourself, poor false Atlas, poor “Atlesse.” lie   
recumbent below the sky. Nothing falls down,  
except you, luscious and limited on the ground.  
Holding everything up, always on your own,  
creates a loneliness so profound  
you are nothing but a column, good girl,  
a temple ruin against a sky held up  
by forces beyond you. Let yourself curl  
up: a fleshy fetal figure cupped  
about its own vibrant soul. You are  
the universe about its pole. God’s not far.