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## Amanda and the Man-Soul

Mary B. Moore

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AMANDA AND THE MAN-SOUL

Amanda likes the mandolin's twang  
she also likes a good man and has one  
inside her, says Jung. Her mantra  
is *Amanda Man Amanda*. She suns  
today, listens to bluegrass, tans  
and forgets about the little man.  
She is reading Jung.  
She is not who you think she is.  
She's just blackened her spiked hair  
like a Goth and bathes herself in Aloe  
to soothe her fresh tats, her arm cuts.  
Not to imply she's unhealthy. Amanda  
thinks the man lives in her chest. She'd like  
to evict him, cut him out, but where would he go?  
Tragic face, happy face, sly face, and so forth.  
Jung says the man inside is her soul,  
the sexes crossed. She's his hidey hole.  
Amanda never hides.  
She looks up. The sun's  
on the book, on her lap, it's hot  
in her jet black hair. She'd like  
a sturdy girl soul, thick-knuckled,  
chin squared, feet splayed from working  
the soil. She'd play mandolin  
for its moods, both lyric and bold.  
But Amanda's stuck with the middle man.  
He thumps in her chest like iambs,  
part of Amanda's *I am*.