

2017

Amanda Muse

Mary B. Moore

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.library.uab.edu/pms>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#), and the [English Language and Literature Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Moore, Mary B. (2017) "Amanda Muse," *PoemMemoirStory*. Vol. 16, Article 25.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.library.uab.edu/pms/vol16/iss2017/25>

This content has been accepted for inclusion by an authorized administrator of the UAB Digital Commons, and is provided as a free open access item. All inquiries regarding this item or the UAB Digital Commons should be directed to the [UAB Libraries Office of Scholarly Communication](#).

AMANDA MUSE

Amanda got a new suit
black as the tires on Grandpa's '64 Olds
and tagged: all wool, gabardine.
It smelled like an oil field and shined
like the seat of Mr. Dude's pants.
Amanda's suit's an imposter
and knew it: otherwise why slump
in the closet, sleeves
like flaccid hopes?
But oil still smells like money,
so Amanda wore it to interview
a man who wanted to sign on as
second persona.
He wanted to mask blond Greeks
and hoped for some ruins to loll
about in, stellae, pillars:
Ionic, Doric would do.
He thought he'd look imposing
in toga. He spoke with a slight lisp
and looked in a dim light like Keats.
Bemused, she signed him
above the elbow, but that was not
what he had in mind:
she was too apt to take liberties
too prone to puns.
He huffed off to find
a more compliant muse.