

## Justin Solonynka "Maybe She'll Dance"

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The old man died and her soul went along  
Not that she really knew him  
And they were caught like flies in a posthumous web  
On a thread marked "Next of kin"  
And now they have what once was his own  
And all the stories besides  
She begins to rummage and hopes to strike carpet  
So perhaps she can go for a ride

Or maybe she'll sell it, maybe she'll keep it  
Maybe she'll burn it, maybe she'll eat it  
Maybe she'll spit on it outside and in, just to clean it off  
Or maybe she'll dance all over it  
Maybe she'll dance

She took fifty-six flannels and washed them all clean  
The fire marshall comes today  
A can of weiner bits bursts into flames  
She's got sixty-two records to play

Or maybe she'll sell them, maybe she'll keep them  
Maybe she'll burn them, maybe she'll eat them  
Maybe she'll spit on them outside and in, just to clean  
them off  
Or maybe she'll dance all over them  
Maybe she'll

Take a giant vat of nails and screws and  
Throw it down the stairs  
Then take heaps of paint, heaps of paint and glue and  
See if the living care

And now there's the house that held all this stuff  
Grandfather left her here  
She can't wiggle her nose or pray to some God  
To make the house disappear

But maybe she'll sell it, maybe she'll keep it  
Maybe she'll burn it, maybe she'll eat it  
Maybe she'll spit on it outside and in, just to clean it off  
Or maybe she'll dance,  
Maybe she'll dance all over...

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