

# Veneer

## The Verve Pipe

thirteen miles on 31 are drying  
all along adopt-a-highway lay the empty cans of  
masquerade

thirteen miles on 31 are drying  
the sky is lavender with ivory clouds that threaten  
drops of finger-paints  
puddle jumping children clad  
in yellow raincoats splash the deeper  
purple of veneer

rows and rows of animals, their shiver skin  
is painted different shades  
and from grazing painted grass their teeth  
are stained the incandescent green  
indifferent they watch the rainfall steady  
blend their spots and run their stripes  
of veneer

lovely ladies strip themselves of furs the winds require  
lovely ladies bathe themselves in technicolor mire  
lovely gentleman

at 85 on 31 i'm flying  
flying

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