

## You're a Pretty Cool Yard

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## You're a Pretty Cool Yard

Kevin Oliver

As vast as a playground  
yet as empty as a nihilist.  
You were owned by no one  
but shared by everyone  
who called that cramped complex home.

In the fall, your  
locks palpitated with hues of hazel.  
After class, you were a treasure coven  
lined with pyrite coins and rhinestones  
that left my attire repulsively bronze.  
Dopamine and dirt  
a common occurrence with you.

In the winter, you  
dyed your locks an unwelcoming white.  
We braided them into makeshift men  
with gravel for noses within them.  
But I didn't own gloves, so  
the frost bit the tips of fingers  
and travelled down to my puny wrists  
inflating and petrifying them.  
Compelling a loathsome extraction  
to the roasted living room.

From the living room's lucid window  
you belonged to me,  
a hollow hearted gesture  
too obscure to observe back then.