

601 Christie Street

Kristen Smith

before tattoos  
before the red chair  
and the insomnia

you were the one  
who graffitied  
the town hall wall  
with the blue bell alarm clock

you introduced me to Eliot when  
we found pigeons fried to concrete

you made driftwood sculptures  
then threw them into  
the Northumberland Strait—  
you called it 'art-cycling'

I knew you  
the way bees know  
their hive