

Muse 2018

By Craig Thornton

In the beginning---which wasn't the beginning, it could have been the end—actually it is the middle, we could be in the middle now, couldn't we-let's pose that question? Are we in the middle of the story?...for every story has three parts. Beginning, middle and end. Somewhere in the plot we find ourselves here. Where? There. Public Square.

But is it a square? Is it a diamond, a rectangle, an oval, a polygon? When you are in the middle shapes often morph and disappoint. Why call it a square if it's not? What is this place and where is this place's place in our place?

On the American corner, do we feel especially American? Does the corner feel quintessentially American? Let's all stand there and wonder, ponder, and squander ideas of place.

If it's our place, do we care if it becomes someone else's place? Destiny and place together become destination, arguably, fundamentally, logically.

It might be time to examine our thesis statement. Can a place be a thing, can the sense of place be remotely tangible? A place is a noun, but it's not a thing. A noun is a person, PLACE or thing.

We might be helped if we just assume we are in a dream. In a dream the sense of place is vague, mysterious, elusive, gauzy. The Flower Memorial Library is the best place to be in a dream. When we dream we should construct scenes in the Library; Our meet cutes, our weddings, our epiphanies. Now this is a fantastic place. Gorgeous place. Inspirational place. OUR PLACE.

I had a dream last week I was in Thompson Park. In wakefulness the park is difficult to describe, but in a dream, Thompson Park is a dreamy place. It is one our best places in our place. This poses another thesis question. How do we praise our places without sounding like a travel brochure, a slogan thought up by a paid committee- "Virginia is for Lovers," "I Heart NY", "What happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas"

Sigh...

But we are not a committee—are we?

– it's all how we feel, how we are – how we exist, how we be free..and how we see.. that defines place.. secures our space...that brings us somewhere..near the Black River there, here, our town, our Watertown.

