

As for me, my main Carson Park memory is rattled by the everlasting psychological reverberations of my getting freaked out by a malevolent clown when mom brought me here to see the circus, but I'll save that story for tomorrow over in the Writers in Residence area. Meet me at the snowplow truck.

As for you: If this is your first time to Carson Park, or if you just walked in rode or your bike like any other day, if this is your first Eaux Claires or your many-ith, the message is always the same. We are deeply grateful for your presence. For your openness to the thing that isn't like all the other things. For the willingness to surf and explore, then go looking for more. We take not a second of it, not a breath of it, for granted.

And now I'll step into the shadows...