

## State of the City

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Each day holds the promise of a daily paper,  
the sun unrolls above the fold of the horizon,  
rays shining on the downtown cityscape,  
which now features a new hotel that joins  
the view from Canon's Cross: The Leg,  
the Beaverbrook Art Gallery, Officer's Square,  
City Hall, and the bridges that stitch the two sides  
of the beautiful and bountiful St. John River —  
the Wolastoq — together: Westmorland, Bill Thorpe,  
and the perpetually-under-construction Princess Margaret.

The forecast is frequently a cloudless,  
September blue, though rain and snow  
are inevitable; soon the snowplows  
will carve through the city's budget,  
clearing the way for the line item "Spring"  
with its street sweepers and flood water.  
After the water has crested, the weather  
warms to the season we all long for:  
construction. Long days of detours  
and traffic jams. When the streets  
unclog, the leaves change — orange,  
red, and yellow colour the harvests  
and feasts that brighten those shortening days,  
and then, when we shiver, there are songs.

All year long, for the morning commute, buses  
converge at King's Place, and the drive thru lineups  
back onto Union and Regent, and elsewhere through  
the city, exhaust double-doubles in the air.

All year long, the optimism is infectious,  
our growlers half-full of craft beer and cider,  
not half-empty. We dress in dangerous dress shirts,  
and can travel the world with a quick trip to our markets.

Fredericton: like the bald eagles above the river,  
our city will glide over the choppy silver waves,  
collecting origin stories to regale future dinner  
parties, or like the stallion in Dali's Santiago El Grande,  
the city will rear up and face whatever challenges  
and then gallop confidently forward.