



# PROCLAMATION

Be it hereby proclaimed that

WHEREAS, Provincetown's first Poet Laureate, **Stanley Kunitz**, has served the Provincetown community through his enduring efforts on behalf of such local institutions as the Fine Arts Work Center; and has, through his life's work, brought honor and distinction to the Provincetown community; and

WHEREAS, **Stanley Kunitz** was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in 1959, the National Medal of Arts in 1993, and the National Book Award in 1995; and

WHEREAS, President Bill Clinton proclaimed **Stanley Kunitz** as Poet Laureate of the United States on July 23, 2000, stating that "poet and educator **Stanley Kunitz** has spent a life opening America's eyes and ears to poetry. He makes the ordinary become extraordinary, the everyday become timeless and significant" and

WHEREAS, **Stanley Kunitz** is one of the founders of the Fine Art Work Center in Provincetown, the organization which offers the largest residency program for emerging artists and writers in the nation; and

WHEREAS, in 2004 the Town of Provincetown named **Stanley Kunitz** as the Town's first Poet Laureate; and

WHEREAS, **Stanley Kunitz** will celebrate his one hundredth birthday on July 29, 2005 in his renowned harborside garden in Provincetown's West End;

NOW, THEREFORE, in recognition of his many contributions to our community, the Board of Selectmen of the Town of Provincetown does hereby proclaim



**FRIDAY, JULY 29, 2005**

as

**POET LAUREATE STANLEY KUNITZ DAY**  
*in the Town of Provincetown.*

In witness whereof, we hereunto set our hands and cause the seal of Provincetown to be affixed on this twenty-fifth day July, in the year 2005.

*Dr. Cheryl L. Andrews, Chairman*

*Sarah K. Peake, Vice Chairman*

*Michele Couture*

*Richard B. Olson*

*ATTEST: Keith A. Bergman, Town Manager*

*David M. Nicolau*

## **Stanley Kunitz on Provincetown.**

Last night I reached for you and shaped you there  
lying beside me as we drifted past  
the farthest seamarks and the watchdog bells,  
and round Long Point throbbing its frosty light,  
until we streamed into the open sea.  
— from *Indian Summer at Land's End*