

Storefront theatre

by [Steven Peterson](#) in the [January 1, 2020](#) issue

Chicago. January. Present time.

“The core of winter,” says our weatherman,
Whose forecast draws more eyes than local crime
Or something happening in Somewheristan.

A storefront theatre. A wind-chilled night.

We’re in a tiny lobby, parka-packed.

A call: “The house is open!” Polite,

We set out folding chairs from where they’re stacked.

Lights down. Lights up. Two actors: He and She.

Her voice. Then his. They whisper; we’re that near.

Who now recalls the winter? Nobody.

We’re anywhere. It’s anytime. For here,

Between that simple stage and every seat,

A kind of cold communion turns to heat.