

Kara Kokolakis

The Place of Laughter and Tears

The theatre is like a home –
Happiness and strife all around you.
It's a place of laughter and tears.

The smell of glue and paint on the set of the stage
Hits you as soon as you walk through the big double-doors,
And the freshly-inked programs overpower any other scent in the room.

You find your seat,
Pushing past the tightly-grouped people
Who are chattering and chattering away.

The show starts, the lights dim, and suddenly the audience is near silent.
The talented performers work their magic,
And you can tell they love what they do.

You can hear the young girl in seat L16 singing along with every song.
Her mother is shushing her, but she doesn't listen.

Or maybe you're the one on the stage,
Trying not to pay attention to the girl in seat L16.
You stifle a chuckle, as you were once just like her.

You know your lines, you know your blocking.
The choreography you know all too well.
But you're still fearful
Because you may forget to giggle on page 5
That was added an hour before opening.

This is all you've been waiting for.
Either you're watching, or you're on the stage.
You can't hide the excitement you feel
Because you're here
In the place of laughter and tears.

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