



Where there's smoke there's fire.

Ghostly Residents

H R FRANCIS

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HR Francis

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Reader discretion is advised due to horror content.

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Poetry Based On
The Ghosts Of
The Lyceum Theatre
Crewe

Also by H R Francis

NOVELLA

Train Of Thought

POETRY

Considered My Soul
Horror Lines
For The Love Of A Man

The Monk

The Lost Child

The Stagehand

The Forgotten Actor

The Ballerina Or Lady In White



The Monk

Emaciated fingers of a cadaverous hand
Reach from beneath a cowl
The scent of death, a spiritual man
Locked forever, to prowl
The darkest places, shadowed in sin
Eternally on hallowed floor
Never again, feel light within
Holy footsteps of a time before

In a different time, this place
Occupying the same space
Trapped in remorse
In a fall from grace
Cursed to wander
Never to rest
Perpetual torment
Never confess.

In darkened corner and shrouded eye
He haunts beneath the stage
With echoing groan and icy cry
Suffering a bygone age
He watches from a distant door
You glance, but then he's gone
Dissolved into the dark once more
The faceless hooded one.

The Lost Child

Ding dong, the bell doth chime
 Calling us to dinnertime
Washing hands and saying grace
 Grateful for this happy place
 To lay my head, until I'm dead!

With my soldier, without a care
And my favourite button eye bear
 I just want to play and play
 In the garden, all the day
But now he said that I am dead!

What is dead? A kind of dream?
I think I remember that I screamed.
Was that real, or just pretend?
A game I played with my best friend?
 Am I dead?

Mummy and Daddy left me here
I cried, and then I dried my tears.
They went to Heaven without me
But, my time was soon to be
I am dead!

Ding dong the bell doth chime
Calling us to dinnertime
Then I'll play forevermore
In the garden I adore
Because I'm dead.

The Stagehand

Across darkened stage, atop creaking steps of wood
A faded scrawl on bricks of old
Told of pure, Theatric love.
Where once would sit, above, in view
Those who in times of nothing ado
Rested and jested the times between.
In awe of the great, thespian dream.
A telling of one, who refused to leave.

A hand of the stage, of those hidden behind.
A curtain swimmer with a soulful mind,
For the art in his heart.

He may never, actually be revealed to the eye,
For his happiness lies, not within the cries for more.
Or, nor need of applause.
For his heart, his cause, his pause, his love
Is for the stage.
Hence his hand was gained,

And thence remained,
Forever.

A man of the sea, just passing through
With time to kill, and what a sailor knew
Put to good use.

With knot and noose, pulley and wheel,
Once immersed, evermore to feel,
How real the unreal.

A choice to stay, a decision was made.
A home to build and a career bade,
Farewell.

He learned and earned, and fell for the pull of the
Theatre.

No more a drifter, nor traveller, but part creator and
contributor

To the dream.

Footlights aglow, commencement of show after show.

Years melted years

Swallowed laughter and tears

Heart jerking fears
Songs hark unto ears.

When perishment caught, a life was cut short.
Maybe thirty plus two, still only the thought
For the art in his heart.

He welcomed no light, but an eternal night
For he refused to let his soul take flight
He turned from the gates, he would never leave
Couldn't let go of the place where he'd been the happiest.
The only true home, the Theatrical throng.
The only real place he had ever belonged.
His place filled with passion, with drama and song
And a family, with whom he would never be wronged.

So much time, a relative blur, did pass before his eyes.
A job he loved, and continued to do, much to the surprise
Of all future staff and technical crews
Who ignored the whistles, the missing screws,
The invisibly moved and misplacements, they knew

Were down to him, the mischievous unseen
Part of the fixtures, the fittings, the team
Still in love with the thespian dream.

So you just may, unbeknownst, one day
From one faint, cornered eye, spy the guy
With the art in his heart.

For in a high rise above a stage,
On a brick wall
Faintly remains
The scrawlings of those
From a time gone by,
Committed to memory,
No longer for eyes
Just for Charlie.

The Forgotten Actor

When he's there he makes it clear
With the smell of smoke
And the step of his heel.
His presence is always distinctly felt
With no mistaking the menacing dwell
Silhouetted, in a shadowed niche,
He watches you, in hopes to teach
That you may be unwelcome
And within the reach of
The Actor.

No one knows of the actual fate
That brought about the death,
A rumour is all that lingers, still
Of demise and last taken breath.
The cause of a fire, of engulfing flames
Ingrained in history,
A cigarette left to carelessly burn?
Or a deeper mystery?

Truth may never be revealed,
Of that long forgotten even'
What secrets were buried deep beneath?
What sins 'fore the eyes of Heaven?
Why the menace?
Why threat and disdain
Seep from presence mere?
What reason for his anger?
Regret?
Or malice sheer?

So with his name unrevealed
And memory long burned,
His cost has all but been forgotten,
His lessons yet be learned.
He comes to make sure
Well, it's known,
That we are visitors within his home,
His eternal home, never to leave.
No moving on, no reprieve for
The Actor.

What was his crime?
What locked him in
His palace of the arts?
Forever, questions stitched within
The beautifully carved,
Painted plaster elegance
That crowns and sits above.
That rests atop the audience
To absorb, but not absolve
Where the sinner and the saint
All equally are viewed
Distinguish 'tween the two, unmeasured.
Equality assumed
None can hide their truth from heart,
Known - is deep within
As we are truly
Judge and jury
Presiding o'er our sin.
Is this the reason for the reside
Of our hostile, thespian threat?
Did, his actions long ago

Sentence for his debt?
To be, always and forever stained
With the now - historical blame,
And to carry the shame
And forever
Be named
The Forgotten Actor.

The Ballerina

She brings with her the breath of cold
The scent of lavender bloom
Oblivious to your company
She traverses the room.

Melancholic music
Deep within one mind
Silent pirouetting
Lost way back in time.

Nothing of recognition
Nor understanding of your presence
Her teardrops like ice diamonds
The beauty of her essence.

She should have been an angel
But circumstances skewed
Driving her sweet, beautiful soul
By the hand of a devilish muse.

Locked now in forever
All too much to bear
The taking of her own life
Was a release for her, from care.

So, just as she once was
And as she'll always be
Her life was overburdened
But in the dance she's free.

The beautiful Ballerina
Gracious Lady in White
Be honoured if you see her
In her endless dance of night.

Acknowledgements

Ghostly encounters experienced by patrons and staff previously documented online and in any related articles.

All staff, past and present, and their stories of the resident ghosts.

My personal experiences with the Ghosts of The Lyceum.

Information on the Ghosts in the Lyceum Centenary Brochure.

March 11th 1910

A fire broke out in a dressing room and burnt down a Theatre.

What could have happened that night to cause such a disaster?

Who are the ghostly residents that dwell within and how did they get there?

A young local woman with an eye for a mystery sets out to write a story and uncovers some unexpected truths.

Is it time for the story to be told, or should it stay forever buried?

THE RESIDENTS

by

H R Francis

Coming soon.

