

A DISUSED THEATRE

Dusty and dirty, gloomy from within,
Lofty ceilings and unlit aisle
To which yet production memories cling
And echo around the unwashed tile.
Corridors which echoed to scurrying feet,
Call boys, artistes, musicians, page,
Now are silent whilst the shadows meet
And lengthen as from age to age.

Bare boards devoid of flat and sounds
Whilst empty sockets stare down upon the scene.
Only a caretaker going his rounds
Recalls the days of 'what have been'.
The lights, music - aye, and a crowded house
Out front and behind as well;
And now! Not a light to douse.
What tales those boards could tell.
Tabs down, pit deserted,
Empty is the bar.
No audience until converted
To carry on life's Mardi Gras.

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