

## A mysterious story poem



Read this poem aloud.

### The Hunters

"Where's my buck's skin?" said the Traveller,  
Kneeling on the moorland down,  
And his horse in the silence stamped the ground,  
Of the hunter's knee down,  
And a foot flew up out of the snow,  
Above the Traveller's head,  
And he came upon the deer again a second time,  
"Is there anybody there?" he said,  
But no one descended to the Traveller,  
No hand from the foot struck off  
Landed deer and bucked into his gun arms,  
When he stood surprised and still,  
But only a line of phantom hunters  
That shone in the low light of dawn,  
And looking to the east of the moorlight  
As if they came from the world of men,  
And dragging the deer backwards on the dark snow,  
That gave down to the upper hills,  
Hankering to see an arrow and a bullet  
By the lonely Traveller's call.

And he felt in his heart their strangeness,  
Their willows answering his cry,  
While his horse moved, snuffing the dark mist,  
"Noisy the stunted and leafy trees  
But he will look across the dawn, says  
Lumber, and lifted his head -  
"Call them I come, and no one answered,  
"What I hope my work," he said,  
Narrow the line the tracks the hunters,  
Through every word he under  
Full of being through the darkness of the still house  
From the one man left awake  
As they found his feet upon the snow,  
And the sound of his own voice,  
And from the silence ranged with his hand,  
When the plunging heads were gone.

Written by K. V. Brown



This poem seems to be part of a longer mystery story. Why is it mysterious?

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