

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,
Up the hunter's knee bent,
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 over and tucked into his gun case,
Where he would perchance find will
But only a line of phantom hunters
That dwelt in the low house there,
Bound listening to the quest of the moonlight
To what comes from the world of men
Bound dragging the time moments on the dark moon,
That give down to the upper hall,
Harkening to an unsteady and shallow
By the lonely Traveller's call.

And he felt in his heart their atmosphere,
Their stillness answering his own,
While his horse moved, stamping the dark soil,
"Noisy the staid and hoary men,
But he will bring me my the deer, says
Luther, and bid the hunt -"
"Call them I come, and no one answered,
"What I hope my work," he said,
Narrow the hour the made the hunters,
"Thought every word he under
Full echoing through the chambers 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 how the silence rang with his word,
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?
