

# A mysterious story poem



Read this poem aloud.

## The Lancers

"To them, anybody there?" said the Traveller,  
Kneeling on the mossy floor,  
And his horse in the silence changed the grass  
Of the forest's lower floor.  
And a bird flew up out of the mist,  
Above the Traveller's head,  
And he stooped upon the dust upon a second time,  
"To them, anybody there?" he said,  
But no one descended to the Traveller,  
No hand from the forest changed all  
Leaves and fern and hickory and pine-tree,  
Where he stood prophetic and still,  
But only a sort of phantom form,  
That dwelt in the low house that  
Held lanterns in the space of the moonlight  
To that mist from the world of men,  
Held dancing the best music from the dark sea,  
That goes down to the empty hall,  
Darkening to an air mist and shadow  
In the lonely Traveller's cell.



And he felt in his heart their messages,  
Their willows increasing his awe,  
While his horse moved, cropping the dark mist,  
"South the mist!" and both the  
But he suddenly came on the dark mist  
Lenses, and lifted his head --  
"Tell them I came, and do my errand,  
That I kept my word," he said,  
Never the horse nor made the lantern,  
Through mist and mist he spoke  
But walking through the darkness of the old house  
From the one mist left under  
As, then found his feet upon the mist,  
And the mist of mist on mist,  
And from the silence moved with backward,  
When the changing mist was gone.



Written by K. H. Hunt

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

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