

A mysterious story poem



Read this poem aloud.

The Lantern

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveller,
Knocking on the weathered door,
And his horse in the silence stamped the ground
On the forest's mossy floor.
And a light flew up from the doorway,
Above the Traveller's head,
And he stooped upon the door again a second time,
"Is there anybody there?" he said,
But no one descended to the Traveller,
No light from the door shined all
Leaved over and looked over the grassy
Where he stood perplexed and still.
But only a beam of phosphorescence
That dwelt in the low house there,
Hooded like a man in the quiet of the midnight
To that voice from the world of men,
Hooded descending the beam in darkness on the dark stair,
That gave down to the single hall,
Darkening to an air mist and shadow
In the lonely Traveller's call.



And he left in his hand their message,
Their willow instrument for use,
While his horse went, cropping the dark turf,
"South the mountain and north the
But he suddenly came on the dark stair,
Ladder and lifted his head --
"Tell them I come, and do my errand,
That I hope are good," he said,
Never the beam saw walk the lantern,
Through mist and fog he spoke
But walking through the darkness of the old house
From the one room left unshut
As they found his feet upon the stairs,
And the sound of rain on eaves,
And from the silence stamp'd with backward,
When the changing light was gone.



Written by G. K. Chesterton

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