

A mysterious story poem



Read this poem aloud.

The Legend

"It flows smoothly 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 dew upon a second time,
"It flows smoothly there!" he said,
But no one descended to the Traveller,
No hand from the forest changed all
Leaves and ferns and bushes and the grass,
Where he stood prophetic and still,
But only a host of phantoms below,
That dwelt in the low house that
Held lanterns in the quiet of the moonlight
To that misty time the world of men
Held darkness the best inheritance on the dark sea,
That goes down to the empty hills,
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 own,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark mist,
"South the mist!" and north the
But he suddenly came on the dew upon
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 air mist and shadow
As they found his feet upon the mist,
And the world of men on mist,
And from the silence changed with his word,
When the changing hour was gone.



Written by G. K. Chesterton

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