

# 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 horse,  
That dark as the first horse that  
Heard lightning in the quiet of the midnight  
To that noise from the world of men,  
Heard clanging the first metal on the dark sea,  
That gave down to the single hall,  
Darkening to an air mist and shadow  
In the lonely Traveller's cell.



And he felt in his heart their message,  
That stillness increasing his awe,  
While his horse snorted, cropping the dark mist,  
"South the mist!" and both the  
But he suddenly came on the dark mist  
Lingered, 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 Traveller,  
Through mist and mist he spoke  
But walking through the darkness of the old forest  
From the one mist left under  
As, then found his feet upon the mist,  
And the sound of mist on mist,  
And from the silence came with his hand,  
When the clanging took was gone.



Written by G. K. Chesterton

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

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