

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 descending the first mountains 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 strangeness,
Their stillness increasing his awe,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
"South the mountain and north the
But he suddenly came on the dark sea,
Landed, 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 wind he spoke
But sailing through the darkness of the old forest
From the sea was left under
As, then, found his feet upon the mist,
And the sound of rain on grass,
And from the silence moved with backward,
When the changing hour was gone.



Water by G. H. Hill

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