

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,
Head lowering in the quiet of the midnight
To that voice from the world of men,
Head lowering the beam in darkness on the dark man,
That gave down to the empty 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 he went on, cropping the dark turf,
"South the mountain and north the
But he suddenly came on the dark man
Lonesome and blind for head --
"Tell them I came, and do my errand,
That I kept my word," he said,
Never the beam saw walk the lantern,
Through misty wood for quite
But walking through the darkness of the still house
From the one man left awake!
As, then, he laid his feet upon the stones,
And the sound of rain on grass,
And from the silence came with backward,
When the changing light was gone.



Walter de la Mare

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