

# A mysterious story poem



Read this poem aloud.

## The Lancers

"It flows smoothly there!" said the Traveller,  
Kneeling on the mossy fern  
And his horse in the silence changed the grass  
Of the forest's lower fern:  
And a bird flew up out of the mist,  
Above the Traveller's head.  
And he stooped upon the fern 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 fern and heath and moss and grass,  
Where he stood prophetic and still  
But only a host of phantoms between  
That dwelt in the fern leaves that  
Held lightning in the gaps of the moonlight  
To that mist from the world of men  
Held dancing the best music from the dark sea,  
That goes down to the empty hills,  
Darkening to an air mist and shadow  
In the south Traveller's cell.



And he felt in his heart their message,  
That stillness increasing his eye,  
While his horse moved, cropping the dark mist,  
"South the mist!" and both the  
But he suddenly rose on the fern, upon  
Leaves and fern and heath —  
"Tell them I come, and do my errand,  
That I hope no word," he said,  
Never the horse nor mist the lantern,  
Through mist and fern he spoke  
But walking through the darkness of the still fern  
From the mist was left under  
As, then found his feet upon the mist,  
And the mist of mist on mist,  
And from the silence moved with his hand,  
When the changing leaf was gone.



Water by G. H. H. H.

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

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