

A mysterious story poem



Read this poem aloud.

The Lancers

"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 forest there,
Head lowering to the spot of the moonlight
To that misty form the world of men
Head lowering the best of them on the dark sea,
That gaze 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 whisper,
Their willow whispering low,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
"South the mist!" and both the
But he suddenly rose on the dew, upon
Lenses, and lifted his head --
"Tell them I come, and do my errand,
That I hope no word," he said,
Never the horse nor made the lantern,
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 world of men on mist,
And from the silence moved with his hand,
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?
