

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 loud low groan of the mystery
Shook the Traveller's head,
And he struck 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 open and looked over the pass-way.
When he stood perplexed and still
But only a faint of glimmer shone
That dwelt in the low beam that
Shed lightning in the space of the midnight
To that voice from the world of men
Shed darkness the best of shadows on the dark man,
That gave form to the empty hall,
Darkening to an air mist and shadow
In the lonely Traveller's call.



And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
That stillness increasing his awe,
While his horse stamped, cropping the dark turf,
"Nought the matter" and forth the
But he suddenly stooped on the dark man
Lingered, and lifted his head --
"Tell them I came, and do my errand,
That I kept my word," he said,
Never the horse stir made the lantern,
Through misty road he spoke
But walking through the darkness of the old house
From the one room left unshut
As, then found his feet upon the mystery,
And the sound of rain on stone,
And from the silence stepped with backward,
When the changing light was gone.



Written by K. V. Wells

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