

A mysterious story poem



Read this poem aloud.

The Lancers

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveller,
Knocking on the massive door,
And his horse in the silence stamped the ground
On the lance's iron hoofs:
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,
Where he stood puzzled and full
Not only a host of phantoms between
That dwelt in the low house that
Held lanterns in the gaps of the moonlight
To that voice from the world of men,
Hooded among the best mercenaries on the dark sea,
That gave down to the single hall,
Darkening to an air mist and shadow
In the lonely Traveller's call.



And he felt in his heart their meanings,
Their willows curtaining the city,
While his horse snorted, cropping the dark turf,
"South the market and north the
But he suddenly smote on the door, once
Loudly, and lifted his head —
"Tell them I come, and do my errand,
That I hope no more," he said,
Never the lance nor mailed the banner,
Through many a wall he spoke
Full entering through the darkness of the old house
From the one door left unbarred:
As, then, faced his horse upon the mystery,
And the sound of iron on iron,
And from the silence stamped with backward,
When the clanging hoofs were gone.



Water by G. H. Jones

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