

## A mysterious story poem



Read this poem aloud.

### The Hunters

"Where's my buck's skin?" said the Traveller,  
Kneeling on the moorland down,  
And his horse in the silence stamped the ground,  
On the hunter's knee bent,  
And a foot flew up out of the snow,  
Above the Traveller's head,  
And he came upon the deer again a second time,  
"Is there anybody there?" he said,  
But no one descended to the Traveller,  
No hand from the foot struck off  
Landed over and tucked into his gun case,  
Where he would perchance find it all,  
But only a line of phantom hunters  
That dwelt in the low house there,  
Bound listening to the quest of the moonlight  
To what came from the world of men,  
Bound dragging the time moments on the dark moon,  
That gave down to the upper hall,  
Harkening to an untraced and distant  
By the lonely Traveller's call.

And he felt in his heart their stirrings,  
Their willows answering his cry,  
While his horse moved, snuffing the dark mist,  
"Nought the stained and hoofs they  
For he would have seen on the dawn, were  
Lumber, and killed his buck -  
"But then I came, and no one answered,  
"What I hope my work," he said,  
Narrow the house was made the hunters,  
Through every word he spoke  
Full echoing through the chambers of the mill house  
From the one man left awake  
As they found his feet upon the strings,  
And the sound of many men,  
And how the silence rang with footstep,  
When the plunging heads were gone.

Written by K. V. Owen

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

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