

A mysterious story poem



Read this poem aloud.

The Listeners

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveller,
Knocking on the door-knob down;
And his horse in the silence stamped the ground
Of the door's heavy floor;
And a bird flew up out of the turret,
Above the Traveller's head;
And he smote upon the door again a second time,
"Is there anybody there?" he said,
But no one descended to the Traveller;
No head from the door-panels all
Lapsed over and looked into his grey eyes,
Where he stood perplexed and still;
But only a host of phantom listeners
That dwell in the lone house there,
Swoon listening in the quiet of the moonlight
To that voice from the world of men,
Swoon changing the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,
That goes down to the empty hall,
Hearkening in an air stirred and shaken
By the lonely Traveller's call.

And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
Their stillness answering his own,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
"Nuzzle the mare and foal dry;
For he would be more on the door, even
Loudly, and lifted his head -
"Tell them I come, and no one answered,
That I keep my word," he said,
Never the least stir made the listeners,
Though every word he spoke
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
From the one man left awake;
As, they heard his feet upon the stair,
And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence rang with backward,
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

Water in the Moon

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