

## Poem

Is there anybody there?' said the Traveller,

Knocking on the moonlit door;

And his horse in the silence  the grasses

Of the forest's  floor: And a bird flew up out of the

Above the Traveller's head:

And he  upon the door again a second time;

'Is there anybody there?' he said.

But no one  to the Traveller;

No head from the leaf-fringed

Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,

Where he stood  and still.

But only a host of  listeners

That dwelt in the lone house then

Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight

To that voice from the world of men:

Stood  the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,

That goes down to the empty hall,

in an air stirred and shaken

By the lonely Traveller's call.

Hearkening

sill

perplexed

thronging

champed

descended

phantom

smote

ferny

turret

- Walter de la Mare