

The Listeners by Walter de la Mare



'Is there anybody there?' said
the Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence

champed the grasses

Of the forest's **fenny 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 leaf-fringed
sill

Leaned over and looked into his
grey eyes,

Where he stood **perplexed** and
still.

But only a host of **phantom**
listeners

That **dwelt** in the lone house
then

Stood listening in the quiet of
the moonlight

