The Sound Collector – by Roger McGough



A stranger called this morning
Dressed all in black and grey
Put every sound into a bag
And carried it away





The whistling of the kettle
The turning of the lock
The purring of the kitten
The ticking of the clock





The popping of the toaster
The crunching of the flakes
When you spread the marmalade
The scraping noise it makes



The hissing of the frying pan
The ticking of the grill
The bubbling of the bathtub
As it starts to fill



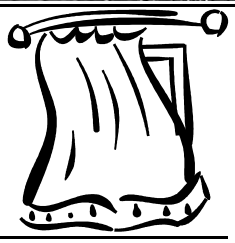


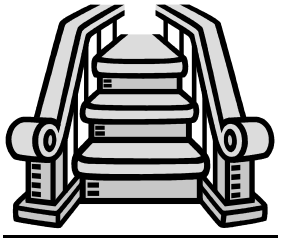
The drumming of the raindrops
On the window pane
When you do the washing up
The gurgle of the drain





The crying of the baby
The squeaking of the chair
The swishing of the curtain
The creaking of the stair





A stranger called this morning
He didn't leave his name
Left us only silence
Life will never be the same