

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 them 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 windowpane
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.

TUESDAY 23RD FEBRUARY 2021



Read through The Sound Collector Poem.

How many verbs can you spot?
(Remember: verbs quite often end in
-ing, or -ed, but not every time!)

Which of those verbs are describing
sounds? Make a list.

Can you add any of your own?

