



Thursday 21st January 2021

LO: to write a sound poem.

The sound collector

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

Roger McGough



The Sound Collector by Roger McGough

You will need:

LO: to plan a sound poem
Plan your poem using the plan below. Think carefully about the words you are going to use.

<u>Sound</u>	<u>Object</u>	<u>Draw a picture</u>

Noun and Verb Word Bank			
Verbs		Nouns	
whistling	ringing	kettle	bell
purring	scrapping	lock	grill
turning	ticking	kitten	drain
ticking	bubbling	clock	baby
popping	creaking	toaster	timer
crying	squeaking	marmalade	curtain

Task: Write your own poem based on 'The Sound Collector.'

- Use your plan to help you!
- Use the word bank to help you!
- Use 'The Sound Collector Poem to help you.'

The sound collector

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 scrapping 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

Roger McGough

