The Sound-Collector- New Version

A stranger called this morning

Dressed all in black and grey

Put every sound into a bag

And carried them away

The ear piercing ambulance siren

Speeding past our home

The high pitched pinging

From the telephone

The tweeting of a little bird

Perched upon a tall tree

The swish of clothes in the washing machine

That my mum has cleaned for me

The happy sound of my dad

Watching the TV

The calming voice of my mum

Calling us for tea

The hissing of the cat

Playing with a toy

The excited voice of Elsie

Feeding her pretend baby boy

A stranger called this morning

He didn’t leave his name

Left us with only silence

Life will never be the same