

## Sound Poems at Home

Practice reading this poem. Try to find a *rhythm* and *pulse* in it as you say it out loud.

*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 bath tub 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.*

Find all of the different sounds that are made in the poem. Can you find them in your house? Can you make them with your mouth or body?

You could try recording the poem on a phone or tablet, adding in the sounds as you say them or taking the words away and using only the sounds. How about writing your own verse for the poem with some new sounds that are found around your house?



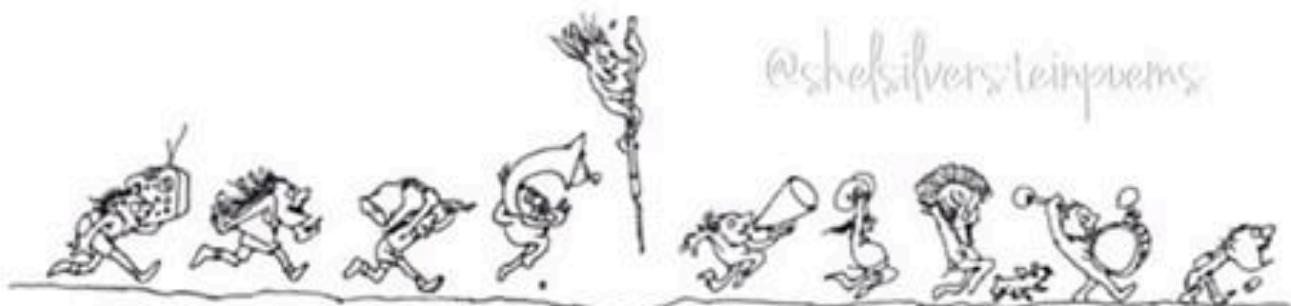
How might you write some of these sounds as words (onomatopoeia)? You could use these as part of the Roy Lichtenstein - CRASH! BANG! art activity.

Here are some other sound poems that you could try to perform.

### NOISE DAY

Let's have one day for girls and boyse  
When you can make the grandest noises  
Screech, scream, holler, and yell—  
Buzz a buzzer, clang a bell,  
Sneeze—hiccup—whistle—shout,  
Laugh until your lungs wear out,  
Toot a whistle, kick a can,  
Bang a spoon against a pan,  
Sing, yodel, bellow, hum,  
Blow a horn, beat a drum,  
Rattle a window, slam a door,  
Scrape a rake across the floor,

Use a drill, drive a nail,  
Turn the hose on the garbage pail,  
Shout Yahoo—Hurrah—Hooray,  
Turn up the music all the way,  
Try and bounce your bowling ball,  
Ride a skateboard up the wall,  
Chomp your food with a smack and a slurp,  
Chew—chomp—hiccup—burp.  
One day a year do all of these,  
The rest of the days—be quiet please.



@shefsilversleip poems

## Do You Hear the Rain?

Tap, Tap, Tap

Falling soft and light.

All the tiny raindrops

Falling in the night.

Pelting, hammering, raindrops

Soaking yards and roads.

Making pools of water

For little frogs and toads.

Silent mist is falling

In the light of day.

Sending us a message

That the rain is going away.

# Water

Sinks clog  
Water streams mud in a bog  
Waves crash rain falls  
Pitter pitter pat pat  
Against the dripping wall  
Ice melts and drizzles down  
The frosty tree trunk without a sound  
Seas surge and oceans whirl  
Rivers run and fountains twirl  
Water water everywhere  
Squirting and sprinkling  
Without a care!

Fil Bufalo, Australia 2013

Onomatopoeia Poem:  
*The Game*



*Clap! Clap!*  
*Stomp! Stomp!*  
*Swish! Swish!*

*This is the way we get through*  
*Our games.*  
*The crowd shouts,*  
*"Yahoo!"*

*The ball soars through the air.*  
*Then, bounce, bounce, bounce.*  
*The audience holds its breath.*  
*SWISH!*



*The ball goes in;*  
*We win!*

*-by Natasha Niemi*