

Hearing noises as they sound,

Which creek and bang and thump;

Bumping, beating, twisting, turnings,

Like things which beat and pump.

.

Listening quietly, quite intently,

As things make different sounds;

I think I am only hearing my voice,

Beating and learning things through noise.

.

There's people banging sounds ringing,

Sounding, singing, swinging, thumping;

Joy and peace and children enjoying,

Asking please and give me toys.

.

The idea is sweet as the wind will beat,

And the photo falls off the wall;

The fridge is cooling, something to eat,

As I hunger to switch them all.

.

Hearing noises, the pen on paper,

My hand along the line;

My seat is sitting as I write,

And the chair a squeak so small.

.

The cars and winds of reversing gear,

The truck and horn and birds;

The locusts and the cricket,

End this poem of words.

.

**Signed,**

**People talking**