

Sounds that I Like and Hate

By Cindy Peters

What is more beautiful than the sounds of:

Children laughing and playing.

The gurgling and bubbling of a mountain stream.

The gentle pitter-patter of rain drops against my window pane.

The beautiful song of the morning dove.

The musical smorgasbord of Mozart, Beethoven and Bach.

The rhythmic splashing of the waves of the ocean as it pounds against the rocks on the shore.

The ringing of church bells.

Trees rustling in the wind.

The sound of a train whistle in the distance.

Popcorn popping in my microwave.

A kitten purring

Sounds that I hate:

Chimes blowing in the wind.

The sounds of shrill sirens.

Musical instruments played off tune, and the same for singers.

Heavy Metal Rock Bands.

Rap Music.

Fingernails on a chalk board.

Yelling during arguments.

Foul language.

Screams of pain and suffering.

The howling of the wind.

The loud booming of thunder.

The popping of balloons.

Fireworks and explosions.

A squeaky door or chair.

The smashing of glass on the floor.

The drill at the dentist's.

The whistle of a tea pot boiling on the stove.

The all too early alarming sound of a rooster in the morning.

The lyrics of Simon and Garfunkel had a different take on Sounds with their song, "Sounds of Silence." The lyrics are as follows:

Hello darkness my old friend

I've come to talk with you again

Because of vision softly creeping

Left its seeds while I was sleeping
And the vision that was planted in my brain
Still remains within the sounds of silence

In restless dreams, I walked alone
Narrow streets of cobblestone
Neath the halo of a streetlamp
I turned my collar to the cold and damp
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light
That split the night and touched the sound of silence.

And in the naked light, I saw
Ten thousand people, maybe more
People talking without speaking
People hearing without listening
People writing songs that voices never share
And no one dare disturb the sounds of silence

“Fools” said I, you do not know
Silence like a cancer grows
Hear my words, that I might teach you
Take my arms, that I might reach you
But my words like silent raindrops fell
And echoed in the walls of silence

And the people bowed and prayed
To the neon God they made
And the sign flashed out its warning
In the words that it was forming
And the sign said, “The words of the Prophets
Are written on the subway walls and tenement halls
And whispered in the sounds of silence.

Sometimes the best sound of all may be the sounds of silence.