

Hector the Collector

From *"Where the Sidewalk Ends: Poems and Drawings"*

By Shel Silverstein

Hector the Collector

Collected bits of string,
Collected dolls with broken heads
And rusty bells that would not ring.
Pieces out of picture puzzles,
Bent-up nails and ice cream sticks,
Twists of wires, worn-out tires,



Paper bags and broken bricks,
Old chipped vases, half shoelaces,
Gatlin' guns that wouldn't shoot,
Leaky boats that wouldn't float
And stopped-up horns that wouldn't toot.
Butter knives that had no handles,
Copper keys that fit no locks,
Rings that were too small for fingers,



Dried-up leaves and patched up socks,
Worn-out belts that had no tracks,
Airplane models, broken bottles,
Three-legged chairs and cups with cracks.

Hector the Collector

Loved these things with all his soul
Loved them more than shining diamonds,
Loved them more than glistenin' gold.
Hector called to all the people,
"Come and share my treasure trunk!"
And all the silly sightless people
Came and looked ... and called it junk.

