

Poetry about the Dust Bowl

Dustbowl Days

by Nicole S. Porter

*Handkerchief to nose,
I cross these dusty streets the
wind whipping my gingham
dress
around my legs.*

*My son carries his frosty bottle
of orange Nehi pop
while my daughter hugs her
dolly
close to her chest.*

*We struggle, nomads fighting
the swirling whorls of sand
trying to keep the dust
out of our eyes.*

*When the wind settles again I
can see the barren lands
surrounding our tiny town -
Hopeful skeletons.*

*The farmers playing checkers
in front of the gas station
grumble about the price of corn
and their souls.*

Leaving the Dust Bowl

By: Bob Bradshaw

Our house poked between
the sand dunes
like a half-buried shrimp
boat.

Sand leaned against the
tops of fences.

We turned our plates on
the dinner table
upside down
and covered the baby's crib
with a wet sheet
at night to keep her
from breathing grit.

Dust pneumonia was as
common
as rash and bankrupt
farms.

It's time to leave, Mother,
I said. We gave our land to
the bank. We gave our
mule
to Jordon, who took on
the burden of trying to
feed it.

Don't worry, Mother.
California is like a big
green harbor waiting for
us. Mother
nodded. We tied on
the beds and furniture and
cooking pans
and threw in the kids
out of sentimental reasons
and pointed the car west.

Farewell to the Farm

The coach is at the door at last; The
eager children, mounting fast And
kissing hands, in chorus sing:
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

To house and garden, field and lawn,
The meadow-gates we swang upon,
To pump and stable, tree and swing,
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

And fare you well for evermore,
O ladder at the hayloft door, O
hayloft where the cobwebs cling,
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

Crack goes the whip, and off we go; The
trees and houses smaller grow; Last,
round the woody turn we sing: Good-
bye, good-bye, to everything!

[Robert Louis Stevenson](#)

Those Terrible Dust Bowl Days

It took place back in the 1930s
And it was called the dust bowl days
Folks tried to scrape out a living
As dust storms left their world in a haze

There was a drought in Oklahoma
Dust storms took over their home
No food or jobs could be found
They had to pack up and begin to roam

They couldn't seal their homes enough
The dust continued to sift through
Can you just imagine what it would be like
If this were to happen to you?

Some starved and froze in the winter
Folks lost new babies in the cold
It was a nightmarish time
Such sad stories later were told

It is almost impossible to imagine
It continues today to amaze
Thinking about what folks went through In
those terrible dust bowl days!

Marilyn Lott

Dust Bowl

Dust! rolling, blinding, dirty,
grinding, Dust!
It swirls around, along the
ground, then
In the air, it isn't fair!
It howls and groans,
It squeals and moans, It
gets in everywhere.
It finds each hole,
And every bowl,
And fills them all with glee.
Through doors,

On floors,
On every book and chair.
It stings! It
clings!
Then leaves behind
Despair!
Dust everywhere.
But,
Clean it up,
Wash every cup,
Polish floors,
Shine doors,
Clean up this cursed stuff.
Now!
That will do,
Just like new,
But!
Look outside!
No, no, don't hide,
It's just
More dust!
Rolling, blinding, dirty, grinding,
Dust!

Stella P. Bell