

# 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