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