

# 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**