

## 1931

Endless possibilities  
So many dreams  
All was well  
Wheat the size of people  
Golden and beautiful  
We harvested and planted  
The wind kicked up  
Some dust  
Wheat grew and we harvested  
Again and again  
Wind came again and wouldn't  
stop  
More dust  
Giant clouds dark as coal  
No one can breathe  
Coughing up dirt

No crop  
Some people are leaving  
Most are fighting the dust.  
No money,  
No rain,  
And no food.  
Hopes and dreams gone.  
From the grassy plains,  
To the Sahara Desert,  
Hope wouldn't return  
Until 1939.

By Natalie Brenes, Grade 10