**Source #4**

Class Copy – Annotate on the T-Chart.

**Debts**

By Karen Hesse

Daddy is thinking

of taking a loan from Mr. Roosevelt and his men,

to get some new wheat planted

where the winter crop has spindled out and died.

Mr. Roosevelt promises

Daddy won’t have to pay a dime

till the crop comes in.

Daddy says,

“I can turn the fields over,

start again.

It’s sure to rain soon.

Wheat’s sure to grow.”

Ma says, “What if it doesn’t?”

Daddy takes off his hat,

roughs up his hair,

puts the hat back on.

“Course it’ll rain,” he says.

Ma says, “Bay,

it hasn’t rained enough to grow wheat in

three years.”

Daddy looks like a fight brewing.

He takes that red face of his out to the barn,

To keep from feuding with my pregnant ma.

I ask Ma

how, after all this time,

Daddy still believes in rain.

“Well, it rains enough,” Ma says,

“now and again,

to keep a person hoping.

But even if it didn’t

your daddy would have to believe.

It’s coming on spring,

and he’s a farmer.”

March 1934