

# *Sketch*

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*Volume 7, Number 1*

1940

*Article 1*

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## Corn Picking

Kenneth R. Baldus\*

\*Iowa State College

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radiate from a hub. As they shift in endless geometrical patterns my eyes get dizzy from the ceaseless, changing design.

We turn into an uncultivated row. The shovels sink easily through the thin top crust, and earth topples in black fountains. The squeak and creak of equipment and the smooth forward push are as a soporific to my thoughts. For the rest of the morning my motions will be automatic, as I drive the team and shift the shovels, while the green rows slip back endlessly between them.



## Corn Picking

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The air was harsh and dry with winter's cold.  
The snow made crackling sounds at every step  
As I walked down the rows of ripened corn.  
I stopped to rest and leaned against a wheel,  
And heard the neighbor picking in his field,  
The constant thud of ears against the board,  
Methodical as ever-moving time.  
A rooster crowed a mile or so away,  
Was answered by a pheasant cock close by.  
Above, the sky, a frozen, steely blue  
Was ready for another fall of snow.  
The sun looked weary in its metal cast.  
Immutability of nature's law  
Seemed crystallized in sky, in beast, in man.