**In the Corners of Fields**  
By Ted Kooser

**So This Is Nebraska**  
By Ted Kooser b. 1939 Ted Kooser

The gravel road rides with a slow gallop   
over the fields, the telephone lines   
streaming behind, its billow of dust   
full of the sparks of redwing blackbirds.

On either side, those dear old ladies,   
the loosening barns, their little windows   
dulled by cataracts of hay and cobwebs   
hide broken tractors under their skirts.

So this is Nebraska. A Sunday   
afternoon; July. Driving along   
with your hand out squeezing the air,   
a meadowlark waiting on every post.

Behind a shelterbelt of cedars,   
top-deep in hollyhocks, pollen and bees,   
a pickup kicks its fenders off   
and settles back to read the clouds.

You feel like that; you feel like letting   
your tires go flat, like letting the mice   
build a nest in your muffler, like being   
no more than a truck in the weeds,

clucking with chickens or sticky with honey   
or holding a skinny old man in your lap   
while he watches the road, waiting   
for someone to wave to. You feel like

waving. You feel like stopping the car   
and dancing around on the road. You wave   
instead and leave your hand out gliding   
lark-like over the wheat, over the houses.

Something is calling to me  
from the corners of fields,  
where the leftover fence wire  
suns its loose coils, and stones  
thrown out of the furrow  
sleep in warm litters;  
where the gray faces  
of old No Hunting signs  
mutter into the wind,  
and dry horse tanks  
spout fountains of sunflowers;  
where a moth  
flutters in from the pasture,  
harried by sparrows,  
and alights on a post,  
so sure of its life  
that it peacefully opens its wings.

🡪 Think about places that have meant something to you. Where have you been? Think of a great memory and focus on the PLACE.

**Examples:**A road trip somewhere in Omaha   
 pool vacation  
 hunting trip where you feel most comfortable  
 camp church  
 zoo relative/friend’s house

**Write a poem (10+ lines) that uses all five senses to describe your place; help the reader understand why this place is so special to you, to experience it themselves.** Remember a poem should have line breaks and look like a poem.

1. Define any unfamiliar words and write their down their definition.   
  
2. Does the poem rhyme?   
\_\_\_\_\_ Yes \_\_\_\_\_No  
  
2. Find and label two examples of personification.

3. Find and label two similes.  
  
4. What connotations (thoughts, feelings, ideas) come to mind at each starred line? Write down a few words.  
  
5. What is the tone of this poem? Choose at least 2 words from our tone wall.   
 \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  
  
 \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  
  
6. Put a star by at least 3 lines that help support your tone.  
  
7. Kooser uses a lot of personification. Look at the examples you labeled. How do these images strengthen the tone? Explain below in a few sentences.   
\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

“So This Is Nebraska”  
By Ted Kooser

The gravel road rides with a slow gallop   
over the fields, the telephone lines   
streaming behind, its billow of dust   
full of the sparks of redwing blackbirds.

On either side, those dear old ladies,   
the loosening barns, their little windows   
dulled by cataracts of hay and cobwebs   
hide broken tractors under their skirts.

So this is Nebraska. A Sunday   
afternoon; July. Driving along   
with your hand out squeezing the air,   
a meadowlark waiting on every post.

Behind a shelterbelt of cedars,   
top-deep in hollyhocks, pollen and bees,   
a pickup kicks its fenders off   
and settles back to read the clouds.

You feel like that; you feel like letting   
your tires go flat, like letting the mice   
build a nest in your muffler, like being   
no more than a truck in the weeds,

clucking with chickens or sticky with honey   
or holding a skinny old man in your lap   
while he watches the road, waiting   
for someone to wave to. You feel like

waving. You feel like stopping the car   
and dancing around on the road. You wave   
instead and leave your hand out gliding   
larklike over the wheat, over the houses.