



STRIKE ONE

Kathryne M. Young

Dang it all, folks!
Are we still in the game?
Two job talks, no offers –
I'm feeling the shame.

I read and I write,
I swear I never nap!
But now I'd be happy
With a substandard VAP.

Or a clerkship in Georgia,
Idaho, or Maine
(At this point I'd kill
For Urbana-Champaign)

I wrote to some schools
From whom I hadn't heard,
And you know what they said
To this evidence nerd?

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and at the Stanford Criminal Justice Center.*

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“Who are you? Oh, YOU?
Are YOU still around?
We forgot to tell you
We recently found

“A much better candidate,
Really on fire . . .
With practice, 10 pubs,
And she just clerked for Breyer.

“She climbs mountains, swims oceans –
You MUST taste her cooking.
She’s brilliant and earnest
And really good looking.

“Not that you’re NOT great –
You totally are . . .
You’ll land a job someday!
I know you’ll go far.”

I hang up and stare
At the phone in my hand.
If I was a tad smarter
I would have planned

A backup job somewhere,
Learned French or Chinese,
Got a hedge fund position,
Been a keeper of bees . . .

Or played the bass tuba
In a big-time brass band,
Or bought Nubian goat flocks
And lived off the land.

Strike One

I'd become a high priest
And go contemplate koans
If it wasn't for all of
These darn law school loans.

I'd open a nursery
That only sold cactus.
But now I'm at wits' end,
And might have to . . . practice.

