



# 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.*

*Kathryne M. Young*

“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.

