

A Law Reviewer Reminisces

Christopher Dinwiddy Tussling

In school I made the law review —
In fact, I rose to editor.
I coveted my point of view,
Signed memos with a curlicue.

Revisions were my stock in trade,
From Tushnet to Al Dershowitz.
I dressed their prose and often made
Our issues quite oblique and staid.

If footnotes were not numerous,
I'd treble them through underlings.
If anything was humorous,
I'd cut it as if tumorous.

A *which* or a *that* perturbed the Board,
For no one knew which one was right.
Or even *that* one was right, Good Lord!
Thank God our grammar wasn't scored.

She was awfully proud, my Momma,
To have a son excel in law.
Best evidence? Besides a diploma,
I cite with an italic comma.

But now, forsooth, I feel depressed,
Since no one at my firm can see:
That I'm a star and they are blessed,
But they've just said . . . Who would have guessed?