

College life

We enter young, with their eyes still very open,
Dragging dreams that we had barely tied.
New names, new faces, crowded rooms,
The aroma of the chalk, the perfumes of the desktop.
Calls in the canteen and empty dishes,
Group chats born from Twist of Fats.
The laugh spilled on the floors of the shelter,
Midnight conversations behind closed doors.
Derived conferences, half listening, Notes taken and dragged answers.
The crushed flourished in the library air, A stolen look, a silent look.
Some days felt like they'd never end,
Some flew with every hug, every friend.
We chased grades and lost our way,
But found ourselves along the way.



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