I came here with a bag full of books-

There they stood, not with chalks in their hands-

But with fiery in their eyes, they caught what we missed

Each lecture carved a secret door,

That showed us words could mean much more.

Through them, I wrestled Marx's by the candlelight

And listened to the restless voice of Edward Said,

Who warned of stories that framed the ''Other''.

They questioned us, they pressed, they pried,

They never let our thoughts just slide.

Spivak whispered-sharp and true

Fanon spoke of colonized minds and broken chains

That left stains-

Here I was, a sharpened voice and a restless mind

More than words- each text a seed, each theory ran deep

As the canon weighed like heavy stone, Bhabha traced the hybrid space

Though I grunted at the midnight load, deadlines stared at me like a toad-

Relentlessly, they trained the marrow of the brain, through sleepless nights of joy and pain

In Lecture Halls, friendships were forged; through theory's maze, laughers echoed

Each line became a border crossed-a lasting mark on heart and mind alike

Time moves fast- not in semesters but in voices lost, along the way

So, when we leave the lecture halls,

We will hear the echoes in the walls

Of questions planted in the hearts and stories woven in the Self.