

In the morning as you wake up and wish you could die
The thought of Salarpuria makes you wanna cry

With a heavy heart you scrape yourself off the bed
And lumber across the road , bleary eyes red.

After a long journey which turns your backbone to pulp
Before entering the dungeons , lung-fulls of fresh air you should gulp

Enter the cubbyhole and a sorry sight meets you
Try breathing and a fetid smell greets you

Come lunchtime with white worms for dessert
Rapped for complaining and no conviction that you can assert

Up and down, you choke to death in those awful lifts
Wish we could send them TNT as parcelled gifts

You slide and slumber in those godforsaken chairs
Wasting away , chatting on yahoo for what seems like years

Zero privacy as you write code in the summer heat
It feels as if you were selling peanuts on a dirty street.

Time and again, tears roll down your tender cheeks
As you kiss the ground of beloved campus after several weeks

Oh fate, what did I do wrong to be punished like this
The diet of prozacs for my depression is hard to miss

I wish for the day when I would be free
Outside Salarpuria , I shall stand and sing 'Aazadi'

By : Sameer Sapuroo