

Always a BITSIAN

Author's Note: This poem has been inspired by a discussion on bits2bschool where the members vehemently argued that the phrase "ex-BITSian" didn't apply to them. A "BITSian" is always a "BITSian" and never an "ex".



Rahul Misra, 2000A2A7722

Have you ever wondered if those narrow
lanes still exist?
The yellow walls and green doors that you
banged with your fist
To wake that sleeping wingie before a Mech
Sol test
Or tell him that you had a message at the
warden's behest.

Do you remember that canteen surrounded
by barbed wire?
Where Fried Maggi was cooked over an
almost open fire
As everyone crowded the tables with cups of
tea and biscuits
Some wore shorts in the winter cold, utter
and complete misfits.

Every October do your thoughts go back to
the OASIS theme?
Does your boss tap your shoulder as you lay
back and daydream?
What would you give to be back in the BITS
audi again?
To watch those FashP models or that contest
for the biggest brain?

Or maybe APOGEE is your thing, do you
remember the night-outs there?
What about when the model didn't work and
you cried out in despair,
Did you miss Mithali because you were
hanging the last chart?
And was it worth it when the judges said
that poster set you apart?

Did you spend your evenings in C'not, was
Sky your daily hangout?
Or was it Nagarji's chai that you could never
do without?
How many tuts did you miss because a sam-
chaat was more important?
Or because it was bloody 8 in the morn and
FD3 was too distant?

They tell me things have changed, new
buildings all around,
RAF has lost its charm as on the LAN, new
movies can be found,
But somehow in my heart I know, when I
enter those gates again,
BITS will welcome me with open arms, her
son I'll always remain.

