

For Girton College by Mattie O'Callaghan

Cycling in circles
Never full of air
Squeaky brakes
Rain drenched hair
15 minutes later
Wondering if they call it pooled
Because you look like
You swam from the town centre
Soaked just to get here
Fingers numb
Where are my keys
Oh please, lock turn in
It's dinner time soon.

The glowing red
Warms you inside
The arch a place
To leave the heartache
And essays behind
The porters smile
Greeted by toy Buster
Wishing he was still alive.

Twisting turning up the staircases
Bumping into your DoS
'Oo have you just been for a swim?'
They ask
'no' you sob
'The sky just came down'
'don't worry, we'll fix you a cuppa
And all will be dried by suppa'

10 minutes later
After a milky tea
And console
That you a Girton feminist
Can do anything you think
You burst into the hall doors
Starving
Now mesmerised by
potatoes galore
Desperate for the curly fries
And extra mash on the side
But what's this
No banoffee pie left?!
It's ok, your friend says

We can halve mine!

We sit down to the long wooden tables
Sharing drama
Debating Foucault
But really surrounded by women
Who made dinner a grand affair
When they suffered a loss
Angered why their gender cost
Their education

So suddenly the rainy cycles
And supervision remarks
Fade away
The portraits join in the chat
'You know you're more than your brains
We didn't just fight for equal education
We fought for a society
To accept us with all our pains'

So you smother your chips
In the vibrant life
And savour the banoffee
Knowing with each bite
You're embraced by your friends
And the history that lights
This hall.

Girton isn't just for thunder thighs
Monster drinks, cycling jokes
And even a mummy of its own
Girton is for all
Accepting who you are in these walls
Which will always welcome you home.