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.