

Tapping on the keyboard lying in front of me
Every letter illuminated by the screen brightness, which is contrasted with my dark room
Every pixel staring at my withering face, hoping I unlock the key
Opening the green door that allows me to sleep
Killing off the bugs, disrespecting their presence by not bestowing them a memorial tomb
As the colors of each line of code make a Bob Dylan-Esque scenery on PyCharm
I pseudo-code my way through my midnight gloom
As hours pass me by, the cramp spirals through my arm
But I soldier through, a war afoot, I maintain focus by chewing on my pillow's yarn
Then, a miracle ascends
My APT, now leafy green, loves me again!
But a doom is still impending
Because tomorrow my midterm is happening!
"AHHHHHHHHHHH" – mini freakout said in a whisper so as to not wake my roommate
Oh lord, my total hour of sleep is going to be ten minus eight
So I go, headfirst, into my battle
Another field filled with empty Cheetos packets and coffee to me happy for my sake
I love coding and Comp Sci, but nobody warned me about all this hassle!
Next morning, my blaring alarm yanks me awake
I go into Bryan Center as my enemy stands guard
I show my intellectual dominance: I display my Duke ID card!
Hours later, the relief I feel after the midterm is incomparable
The love bug I have for coding is inoperable
So, as I bid adieu to the class that reminded me coding can be fun
Professor Rodger, thank you for all the lessons in Python!
Maybe you'll see me again, because I'm not done.

