

a rather simple 101 poem :)

in halls of duke, where minds ignite
a journey starts, both day and night
through circuits, loops, and endless dreams
we dive into the world of screens
professor rodgers stands with grace
a guiding star in cyberspace
with python's serpent coiled and wise
we learn to see with coder's eyes

we open up, our screens ablaze
in pycharm's soft and shining haze
the community edition, free and bright
our beacon in the coding night
indent your lines, no brackets here
each colon placed, each loop sincere
a missing tab, a sigh, a groan
but victory when it runs alone

the apts await, those trusty trials
a thousand tests across the miles
each function small, yet fierce in fight
you crave that flash of perfect green light
oh sacred green, oh sweet release
your loops and lists now bring you peace
no red to mock, no gray to tease
just rows of green, the sweetest breeze

yet apts are not alone
for assignments cut us to the bone
from clever games to sorting feats
we grind through every bold repeat
quizzes lurk with cunning might
each lecture morning, take the fight
how many calls, what base case here
the recursion dance, a thrill, a fear

and when the air grows thick with test
the mighty exam will gauge the best
nested loops, strange string recasts
they flash before you lightning fast
you breathe, you code, you write, you dream
you trace the paths of every scheme
for here you earn, with sweat and soul
another checkpoint toward the goal

through strings and lists, through loops and recursions
through sorting apts and map inversions
through top-down design and functions deep
through while loops' maze and file reads' sweep
we climb, we fall, we rise anew
for comp sci 101 is true
a proving ground, a forging flame
where every coder earns their name

so here is to nights of endless grind
to every bug we dared to find
to green lights flashing in the night
and dreams of functions running right
here is to the lists we came to love
to none that fits just like a glove
to strings we slice, to sorts we weave
to programs we can now believe

thank you rodgers, keeper bright
who showed us how to win this fight
you lit the path, you cleared the way
we code because you taught us play
at duke, in 101's bright tower
we found in python newfound power
the future is ours, we now can see
thanks to comp sci, thanks to thee