

Through the Halls of Struggle


Stephan Salana

I walk, my footsteps blasting
Through the halls of struggle.
Each step is a reminder
Of pain and hardship endured.

In the field of academia, we step with might,
A tapestry of challenges, long days turned into night.
With eager hearts, young minds so full of dreams,
We embark on a journey, where struggle gleams.

Everyone wants to live carefree;
To fall in love and have an amazing thought -
Voices of those who fought
And those who lost their way

The hustle and bustle of social interactions,
Navigating friendships, overcoming distractions.
Cliques and insecurities, a delicate dance,
Through heart-wrenching of acceptance, we find our stance.



Through sleepless nights and mountains of books,
We shall prevail for knowledge is what it took.
In these halls of struggle, we forge our way,
With courage and passion, we seize the day.

I will not be deterred
By the obstacles in my way.
For I know that every struggle
Leads to growth and strength.

Through the halls of struggle,
I will find my own way.
A path paved with resilience
And the lessons of yesterday.