

A winner stands alone

On a world renowned stage,
Confronting a house full of applauding audience,
Standing alone, a winner looks appalled amidst all the ambience.
Weighing a win on life's balance it seems so light,
Ironically, it equates to a loss unable to fight.
What's a win when the people appreciating you aren't those who complete you,
The perturbing fact is that the winner fakes a smile, not knowing what to do.
Everybody is congratulating him on his achievement,
He feels suffocated, choked to death; he fears abandonment.
At the end of the day the house, full of people, wears a look so desolate and
haunted,
Sitting in a dark corner of a room he ponders is this what he wanted.
He looks at the mirror and faces his reflection,
Unable to look right in to his eyes, he grieves his win to his heart's satisfaction.
He pleads to God to answer the questions he doesn't know,
Through the open window, a gush of cool breeze blows.
It didn't matter if he reached the top by sheer hardwork or crook,
As long as he could set things right in his past no matter what it took;
He walks out of the poignant silence of his mansion,
His body and the wind blowing across both equally cold as if in a competition.
Standing in the middle, he can clearly see a gag reel of his past playing on one side
and his winner life on the other,
Helpless, he figures he's got a decision to make, to choose the first side or the
latter.
Turmoil and conflicts of emotion become less intense in his mind,
Just like the clouds dissipating, giving way to a clear sky so kind.
Without looking back he heads forward knowing where to go,
All he ever wanted was to be happy, he mistook a friend for a foe.
A winner's not a leader if he has nothing to lose,
For a real winner, the people who love him are his muse.
So we have a chance, to test our might,
Just as Bon Jovi says "you are the superman tonight."

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