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Road to Fame

Ever since a childhood

Yaana sang for Manya

Every song she loved to hear

To forget every tear she dropped

When she was scolded every time

from her parents to set her right

Yaana, an eldest of the two

Could not bear the little sis cry

for beating from her step mom received

It was Maanya who was hurt

But was yaana to suffer

As they grew

From the cocoon they flew

To the distant land

One from other distance grew

Yaana settled with her career bright

Maanya's interest in filmdom drew

Close to road of straying blew

Slow by slow she waylaid

Her ways to late night parties wild

Every night, inebriated, intoxicated

with drugs and glasses of wines throttled

With every man her expectations grew

For a small or better role she could do

She slept slept every night

With every new man she found

Hopes and influence attraction raised

Frustration, anger disaster soared

Heights to drought her soul to drill

Her conscience almost dead

Would silently lead her tears

Never to dry

All friends she met on way

Where greedy for money she spent

To let her ego inflate

To keep them happy

She did what they told her so

But the need to help had aroused

they all turned their faces to foes

Regretting and fuming

in her anger drew curtains

of her room to close

Silent in bed she laid to part

From the world of selfish slews

Her days and nights

were drowned intoxicated

Little to realize

her state of mind

Now on her bed, in her room

Every man in her prime knew

For few rupees she killed her soul

with her weared body old

Old before her age she grew

Negligence on her health

She brought by force

which once she cared dearly

Hospitalized for pills

she popped at large

Her end that was earlier

than her time she called

Day or two later, on the bed

She fluttered

she found her sister near

She gazed blankly, empty eyes

Hollow of her eyes darkened

Like a deep well telling

A long story sad

Yaana cuddles and kisses

Takes her sister in her arms

Crying and kissing

Kissing and crying

Till Maanya's eyes

Filled with tears

For a fall to flow

As long as her sadness

Left a vacuum to fill up

Not with sadness

But love for

her sister brimmed

Describing how she loathed

Her life so cruel

and the world around

How she wondrously

wandered in every arms

Of flaunting hope

She swirled and danced

And drooped so low

In the arms of night

Every tale of every night

Lamented tortured soul

To cry

Both the sisters cuddled tight

laid both in reunion delight

Seeing her sister on her side

Looking after her needs and care

All the lost love both compensated

Both of them had much to tell

Much to gain lost bond to regain

She read for her

and danced for her

Taking her places

by carrying her verbally

Fruits and drinks she bought for her

With her ownself prepared her food

She looked after her

like more than her own self

Slowly maanya's health glowed

but her eyes did not

betraying heart

Desperate voice

has much to say

How she suffered?

How every night?

she felt tormented?

How she loathed men?

In every man she found a face

Behind a mask rules

A terror whipping all parts

of body and soul

She could not find her voice

to say as she was ashamed of self,
"why she chose a disgraceful path?"

Yaana not so naive
to not feel the pain of hers
Still she smiled with a smile
For her little sister to delight
Slowly she reached out to her heart
Every day cajoling and consoling her
Cuddling and kissing her
Telling her stories
and taking her places
to feed her imagination
Lost in world of imagination
she lost her pain to release her
Slaved mind with thoughts unkind

One day to yaana's delight
She unfolded her mind
Tearful eyes
with pained lips
She poured her woes

She poured and poured
till her heart had nothing left
She kissed her hugged her
Till her heart could delve
All tears when dried
Her soul was left with nothing to deny

Ready to be punished
For the guilt stricken mind
From a sister by her side
With no more fear inside
Now she smiled and laughed aloud
She happily decided to live her life
with dignity and pride
With her sister around
no more straying around
She found her lost confidence
She found her inner strength
To fight to win,
once lost battle
She survived she learnt
Every nuances of her work

She worked hard and hard

Till she reached her peak

On the stage she stands

When she hears her name ring

For the award and fame she received

She glows and shines

With her sister beside

She cries and cries

Till her heart dries

She calls her sister on dais

and thankfully hugs

her sister beloved!

'Road to Fame' is a poem on the theme of a poem written by Christiana Rossetti 'Goblin Market'.