

BEARDED DIARY

Ashes of a lost dream

BASIL



BlueRoseONE^{.com}
S t o r i e s M a t t e r

New Delhi • London

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS

India | U.K.

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ISBN: 978-93-7825-512-0

Cover design: Deepak Katheria

Typesetting: Manisha Rawat

First Edition: April 2026

**To the young boy who loved to write.
To the one who believed in hopes and dreams.**

Preface

Let me begin by asking you not to expect anything from within this book. This book doesn't promise anything extraordinary—just honest words and moments I chose to hold onto..

This book is just me fulfilling a promise I made to myself a long time ago. This is just me trying to convince myself that not all my dreams were lost; that I have done some justice to that teenager who believed that I shall make it big.

This book, or collection of poetry, if you will, is just that... a collection of poetry and some random thoughts strewn about in no particular order. I repeat, there is no order.

Most of these poems were written when I was younger and the older me takes no credit or blame for those works... Although you can assume that some of the clever or beautiful ones were recently written.

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Run

Run, my son,

RUN...

No stops at all,

NONE...

No pauses, no

FUN...

Rise now with the

SUN...

And run till you are

DONE...

So said the world-

FOOLS...

they... with their

RULES...

I say, friends,

CHILL...

Let's have our

FILL...

Of all things

GOOD--

fun, joy, and

FOOD...

Life is short;

LIVE...

Of what you have,

GIVE...



Smile is like a lightning—
It can brighten the darkest of nights.



Some stories
are strange...
the more you read,
the more you see
yourself in them...

I learned too late,
that some are
never meant
to be read...



I have mastered
the mastery of oceans;
yet, there is that one drop
that I cannot handle...

I can win wars
with nothing but a gaze;
but it was a tear
that brought me to my knees...

The world is my empire,
mine, forever to rule;
yet, a corner in her heart
I failed to conquer...



Ballad of Pain

And in blood shall I write
this tale of mine;
all bloody and foul,
nothing divine...

Across miles from where I stand,
all around,
heads, limbs, and charred bones
on the ground...

Trees cut and ripped apart--
bloody all...

Me alone, cry and shout
and unheard call;
to nobody, though to all,
help I seek.

Through eyes closed with gushing tears,
I try to peek...

Oh! The sight that met my eyes
stops my heart...

And then again, in a sudden rush,
it again starts.

Pumping hard, and harder still,
it fills me up.

The pressure in me and the heat,
building up...

And in a rush, all at once,

I blow apart...

Once again, I was killed
by my heart...

Lo behold!!! There I was,
born again...

For seconds few, or even less,

I was sane...
I looked upon the bloodied parts
all around...
Parts of me was all I saw,
strewn around...
Cut, torn, and left to rot,
I saw myself;
a thousand me, or maybe more,
beyond help...

Down came, out of the blue,
a giant knife,
and chopped me down, bit by bit,
and took my life...
I felt the pain burning through
with every blow...
I felt the life drain out of me,
reluctantly slow...

And as the pain was overcome
with calm and peace,
and in death's welcoming arms
I felt at ease,
I was jerked back to life—
made whole again;
and thus goes on my bloody tale—
the ballad of pain...



Missing You

I long for you, my dear lady,
like no man has, for a living soul...

I long for you, night and day,
'coz only you can make me whole...

Ever seen a moth, lost in the dark,
with so short a life, only hours few?...
It longs for light, the faintest glow,
and thus, my dear, I long for you...

A child was lost, once in a crowd,
like a fawn alone, in a jungle new...
He longs the most, for a guiding hand,
and thus, my dear, I long for you...

The seeds in a garden, on a rainy day,
have opened up, with saplings new...
They long for the sun, just to bloom,
and thus, my dear, I long for you...

A drowning man, in the ocean's depths,
fearing that his end is due...
He longs for air, the blessed breath,
and thus, my dear, I long for you...

The dying river, flowing down,
from hills covered in mist and dew...
It longs for rain, to live again,
and thus, my dear, I long for you...

The farmer deprived of his very land,
with nothing to eat, let alone sue...
He longs for justice, his only hope,
and thus, my dear, I long for you...

The lonely orphan, in the hostile world,
lonely for sure and frightened too...
He longs for a friend, one at least,
and thus, my dear, I long for you...
I long for you, my dear lady,
like no man has, for a living soul...
I long for you, night and day,
'coz only you can make me whole...



My Heart

I'll be dead
by the time you see,
There was a heart
deep in me...
On that day
when the truth you see,
don't you cry
over me...
Tears I have shed
enough for you,
and a bit
for others too...
You may know
or may not;
If I had my say,
you better not...
But if you knew
how I cried;
how to smile
hard I tried...
How very much,
if ever you knew,
you would be forced
to start anew;
filled with love,
a new start,
where you would see,
my little heart...
But why I ask
should it be
that you will love

just good me???
Nay, my dear,
that ain't it...
The pieces there
doesn't fit...
If reasons you need
to love me true
I'm better off
sans love and you...



The world will hate us,
the world will curse us...
But deep inside, they just envy us...
For all they aspired and failed was to be us...



The Boy in the Box

At last, I have my space;
my world for me to build...
Small, but large enough,
my kingdom for me to build...
Miles and miles, in an arm's length;
untouched, undaunted-
a land of joy and peace,
with a little moor- haunted...

my dreams and hopes
I shall hide
in this little space;
the kingdom of a child...

No bills to pay,
no worldly worries...
No fights, no quarrels,
no blind hurries...

In here, I shall live
as long as possibly can..
For a day shall come
when I walk out a man...
And then, like a mule,
burdened by all,
I shall move ahead,
walk, run... fumble till I fall...
Blind, I shall walk
in a maze unknown;
as others reap
what I had sown...
I shall watch,
cold and numb,
as my dreams,

in piles they dump...
I shall love,
hope and trust,
and then watch them
trampled in the dust...

I dread that day
when I shall leave
this little box
where the real I live...

But for now,
I won't fret,
'coz that day ain't here;
no... not yet...

I shall build a world
where not a tear
shall ever be spilled;
where only ghosts I fear...

Here I shall rule,
a world undaunted;
A land of joy and peace,
with a little moor – haunted...



Joker

Like a joker,
who laughs not for himself...
who laughs in pain,
to see others happy...

I laughed at fate,
tears brimming in my eyes...
With each blow I got,
I laughed harder still...

I laughed in darkness
to hide my tears...
I laughed out loud,
my breaking heart ever unheard...

All laughed with me,
oblivious to my torments...

And when at last
I stopped laughing...
“Lucky man...” they said,
“he died happy...”



For in the child's eyes I saw wonder...
Not of spectacles magical yonder;
but the little things, where her eyes wander...
and there never is a magic grander...



To My Daughter

My dear... my heart, my soul...
I have no words of advice...
nothing to preach...
but I do have dreams...
hopes...
unsaid... unheard...
deep within...
I may never say,
but I wish...
I wish...
I wish I could bring you up
to be free...
Unbound, unheld... unblinded
by the walls of my parenthood...
I want you to be free...
free as a bird,
exploring the world...
Free as a beast...
out in the wild...
not captive,
behind bars...
Not a specimen for all to see,
Not walking around in your tiny space
as spectators observe
and throw in food...
their morsels of appreciation
for you to nibble on...
where you see the
murals on the wall
and call it home...
NO...
I don't want

you to believe...
that life is easy...
that the world is
as big as your cage...
that food is what you are fed...
I don't want you to sit there,
nibbling on...
waiting for the vet
to conduct his weekly inspection...
Yeah... Sounds easy...
But I don't want easy for you...
I want you to know
that the forest
is not always as green
as the wall paintings suggest...
I want you to know that
not all meal is easy...
I want you to learn
that life is not easy...
I want...
I want you to have a life...
not just live...
I want you to know
hunger...
pain...
fatigue and despair...
I want you to know
what it is to have your prey
get away...
What it is like to lose a battle...
I want you to learn,
and I want you to get back up,
to lick your wounds
and fight on...
And then, my dear,
you will truly cherish life...
You will enjoy

every bite of every meal...
You will savor every step
 you take...
 Then, my dear,
 you will know
 happiness...
And that is what I want...
 Your happiness...
Unbound... unrestrained...
 unobstructed by walls—
 non-existent...

 At this point,
 you may ask,
“What if we were the deer??”
 Well, my dear...
 that doesn't matter...
 For I will be there...
 Your father...
 your friend...
 your best ally...
I shall walk by your side...
I shall teach you to run...
 To protect yourself...
 To go down fighting...
 To never surrender...
 To dream...
 To hope...
And most important...
 To live...

 And if ever
 we are cornered,
waiting for the lion to pounce,
 and you feel afraid...
 Know this, my child,
as I hold your face and
 look into your eyes...

Know this...
That courage is nothing
but an offspring of fear...
Courage is the child
born in the womb
of your deepest fear
by hope...
So hold on, my little one...
hold on to your hope...
Hold on...
Hold on as your fear
surrenders...
Because on that day,
when I look into your eyes,
I wish to see
that spark of hope...
and I want you to know
that it is that spark
which will ignite mine...
Which will bring a smile
to my lips
as I say, "don't be afraid"
and walk out to defend you...



Change

The fields are not as green,
the river not that clean...
the birds not that gay,
the squirrels have ceased to play...
For good or bad, I never know,
but change, for sure, is part of the flow...
Change is where the old cease to be,
and the new shoot turns to a tree...
Who cares if extinction we face,
if the world gets a better race...
Life is now; give it the best,
forget your fears- leave the nest...
Fly out there, at least for the view;
you've just got hours few...
And when thy wings shall wither,
and thou shall join me hither,
upon the world we shall look,
as if reading from a book...
And when I say, " I should have.."
Smile, my dear, and say, " I have..."



Blessed

Blessed are those
sacred souls,
like the teddy bears
and Barbie dolls...

In all shapes
and sizes too,
with a single aim-
nothing new..

Just sit there,
or lie or stand,
loved and cared
in a growing hand..

Nothing to worry;
no joy nor pain...
In this bloody world,
nothing to gain...

Blessed are they-
the heartless few,
sans broken bits
or worries new...

Blessed are those
soulless souls,
those teddy bears
and Barbie dolls....



Lost

In silent sobs
and tear-less cries,
gritting teeth
and frequent sighs...

Thus I sat,
lost in thought...
To hold onto one,
hard I fought...
For a word at least,
I searched in vain;
The long-lost toy-
me, the child again...

My heart I turned
inside out...
My feelings all
I spread out...
Enough I got,
a valley to fill,
but words
I found nil...!!

The poet in me,
as if dead;
a shell left out
to move ahead.

Thus I sat,
nearing insane...
I felt nothing,
No joy nor pain...



Poem of Pain

I love this sting,
as I draw red ink,
to write on a cloud,
my cries- silently loud...

This deafening sound
of my heart's pound,
when it itself does tear,
I love to hear...

I tear myself,
I bleed myself...
I cherish the pain;
Yeah!! I'm insane...

You've seen my smile,
my laughter juvenile...
You've seen it all,
but not my fall...

To recall, I don't dare
those memories- a nightmare...
Those days bygone,
those days alone...

It was hell,
those nights and days...
I was tortured
in a thousand ways...

The wound still hurts;
like hell it hurts...
On all my days,
even the brightest of days...

To forget them,
I tried in vain...
They just came back,
time and again...

Like the rain
that hides tears...

Like the rage
that hides fears...

I too found
my cover;
my pain to hide-
the perfect cover...

I wrote my pain
in blood and tears...

I wrote it all;
my pain and fears...

I love this sting,
as I draw red ink,
to write on a cloud,
my cries- silently loud...



The Walk

Through the wet sand

I walked on;
the path ahead
went on and on...

Where to?

I didn't know,
but I had to,
and I would go on...

I never looked back,
but I knew

with each step

I left prints new
in the sand-

milestones left by me,
to be washed away
by the dancing sea...

I treaded on,
never slow or fast...

And the sea behind
wiped my past...

My leg was sore;

I didn't stop,
'coz walking on
was my only hope...

My feet was torn
by bottles broken;
of someone's rage,
the remaining token...

Or maybe his sins,
hidden away;
a stranger's sin

for me to pay...
It hurt a lot!!...
I didn't stop,
'coz walking on
was my only hope...



Of all the good things that came to me, you were the best...
Of all the price I have paid,
yours, the greatest...



Leave Me Not

I ask you tonight,
leave me not alone.

Stay by me, dear,
till the break of dawn...

I'm lost & scared,
like a trapped young fawn,

my feeling unwritten,
nor ever drawn...

By the treacherous winds,
my shelter blown...

Except for you,
I'm all alone...

I can't, my dear,
without you go on...

I ask you tonight,
leave me not alone..



Outburst

The howling wind on my face,
strong and wet, with water chill...
The roaring sea, thrashing and wild...
On a seashore rock, I stood still...

Nature there, doing what I couldn't,
an extension I felt... a part of me...
Or have I turned inside out,
my heart out there and the sea in me?...

The wind wailing, my heart's cry...
My desires suppressed, frustrations hidden,
anger, pain, and all unexpressed,
gushing out, all of a sudden...

The sea splashing, wetting my face,
with water salty— my unshed tears...
The drizzle cold, cleansing my soul,
washing off my untold fears...

My heart to me, nature held bare,
yet on that rock I stood still...
I wanted to, but couldn't connect...
I tried and failed, my heart to spill...

The sun was blocked, as if joy denied,
just dark clouds there I saw,
gloomy and rumbling, with thunderous roars...
How so evident, the anger raw!...

And in between those flashes of rage,
at all in sight and nothing at all...
Lashing out like a blind man's whip,
pity those on whom it fall...

Then one struck, at my feet...
A flash; and then I was airborne...
I felt very light, even within,
so calm, so pure... as if reborn...

The wind carried me in his arms
and gently placed on the now calm sea...
She covered me with watery sheets,
and in her bosom, I felt free...

And there I lay, cuddled up to her,
with burdens nil, my heart at ease...
Nature thus granted my wish,
and there at last I was at peace...



Silence

A lush green park,
in the evening light,
surrounded by hills,
priding their might...

The sky behind,
with its reddish glow,
with fluffy clouds
in a silent flow...
The singing birds,
heading home-
little black prints
on the reddish dome...

To this sight rare,
I paid no heed...
No!.. I'm not blind,
or a different breed...

I was just lost,
in a rarer sight...
It was beauty
at its height...
Those black pearls,
in a background white,
vibrant and dancing
in the evening light...

I saw myself
floating in them...
My reflection,
like that in a gem...

And in those eyes
I saw it all...
Her joy and pain,
rise and fall...
Her secrets all,

with nothing to spare,
her heart to me
she held bare...
For a long time
I was trapped in them,
until I could
no more see them...

Then we stood,
ready to go...
We headed home,
our steps too slow...
As I lay
on that night,
staring at the ceiling,
devoid of light...
I thought of the day,
and it dawned on me...
Sitting in the park
for hours three,
not for once
did I say a word,
nor from her
was anything heard...

I called her up,
in regret basked...
“How was the day?”
I simply asked...
“It was the best...”
she started to say...
“Of all my days,
the best was today...
And thanks to you,
my sweetheart,
for telling me all,
for baring your heart...”



My Tears

In the darkest of nights,
I've wept alone,
both at present
and past bygone...
Never in fear,
or regret,
or memories sour
to forget...
But still those tears
I often shed...
The fire inside
with tears I fed...
"He ain't a man,
he who cries..."
says the world,
the liar lies..
A true man is,
I believe,
who after death,
does again live...
Who after a cry
wipes his tears...
Who to cry
holds no fears...
Who wipes his tears
and others' too...
And thus I'm one,
I say to you...



The Three

Successful men, I've heard,
has a woman with a helping hand...
But this man here, I now admit,
without three, can't even stand...

And as always, my mother comes first;
without her, there wouldn't be me...
Loving and caring, strong and demanding,
the very right mix, as a mother should be...

"To thee I owe this very life;
at thy very feet, my heaven I see...
To tell you this, I've tried and failed;
alas! My love, you may never see...

You gave me all, and I returned nil;
guilty I am, and shall ever be...
Still the past I wish to undo,
and as you wish, I want to be..."

The next a woman I wouldn't call,
'coz always to me, a kid she'll be...
Too mature, beyond her age,
but just a kid she's always to me...

From the time I remember, she's been there,
as a friend, a sister, and a guide...
She listens to me in joy and pain;
never from her, shall I anything hide...

To speak of her in paper and ink...
to fill the sea with pebble and sand...
To measure the love in her heart...
impossible tasks for a human hand...

Many a times, when I'm safe
after an attack of troubles sinister,
I have wondered, beyond wonder,
how men manage without a sister...

And now the last, but not the least,
I present the love of my life...
Calm and quite, and beautiful too,
she with her smile lighted up my life...

She brought with her to my life
joy and smile, and all things good...
In sun and rain, and darkest of nights,
in flood and famine, by me she stood...

"Dear, oh dear! I speak to you,
you stood by me, and I shall by you...
And this, my dear, I pledge to you,
you stood by me, and I shall by you..."

There you go, my confession;
before you all, bare I stand...
This man here, I now admit,
without these three, can't even stand...



The best of truths are not the ones spoken,
but the lies left unspoken.



Why does good always win?
Probably because history is written by the victor!!



First comes fear—
gut- wrenching
and deep...

Then comes the pain—
Unbearable
and slow...

And then the bliss
Of nothingness
and calm....



Enough

They struck and I fell.
I got up, bleeding but fine...
They struck again, and again I fell;
I got up, 'coz the will was mine...
They'll strike again, but I won't fall,
'coz now for once I've had enough...
I'll strike now before I'm struck;
hear me all, this is no bluff...
It's my turn now to move ahead;
I want to win, and win I shall...
All in my path, now beware—
I shall strike, and all shall fall....



A nomad am I in this desert race,
treading on into oblivion...
And in my dreams, I see my home,
the oasis green, MY HEAVEN ON EARTH....



The Crossroad

It's the path,
Some said,
Not the destination.
Breath.
Relax... take your time.
Enjoy
Every sensation...
Some had their mind
On the destination.
Walk...
Run... persevere...
Do not stop,
For at the end
Is satisfaction...
The ultimate emotion...

I stood
For a while alone
At the crossroad,
Unable to choose...
For I was greedy
And wanted it all...
I wanted to see,
To feel,
To be present,
To embrace every moment...
And I wanted the bliss,
The joy,
The satisfaction,
As I stood at the summit...

Most of all,
I wanted to remember,
To look back
And see not just a blur...

I want them,
For if I fail,
Those memories—
The sun and the rain,
That cool breeze
From far ago—
I need to remember
How that felt...

So I chose
To have it all,
To pause,
To feel,
Yet never stop...

You may ask...
As you should,
And many a times,
So do I,
Every step,
Every day...

Though I know
That I shall never know,
The question
In my mind
Forever lingers...

WAS IT WORTH IT??



Cycle

Born... just born,
Out of nowhere,
With no sense,
No memory...

Just claims
Of pain,
Sufferings,
Of love...

Then taught,
Nurtured,
Fed "FACTS,"
Educated...

Then trained,
Steered,
Given purpose,
Guided...

Then let out
To achieve,
Succeed,
EARN...

And then... then forced
To provide,
To produce,
To LOVE,
To protect,
And... DIE...



One of these days,
You are going to lose...
Simply by ignoring the fact that you have already won...



Ignorance is bliss...
Especially when you learn to ignore the ignorant...



Man proposes,
God disposes...
Man proposes again,
God disposes...
Man does himself,
God applauds...



Every time you walked back into my life,
I left the gates wide open...
Half hoping that you might choose to stay,
And half fearing that you might break
the walls on your way out...



Irony

“Go out there, son,
You are on your own;
Chase your dreams,
Be what you want to be...”
They said, as a path
I was shown;
I was late to realize
But my first taste of irony...

Be strong, be brave,
Never cry, be bold.
“You are a big boy;
Soon a man to be...”
Time and again,
I was always told...
Years before I saw
That blurry vision of Irony...

Learn, work, earn,
Find yourself a bride...
Love, breed, provide;
Protector, you must be...
A list of rules
For me to abide...
“You are a man...”
Forever free...”
Lo and behold!!
The greatest of irony...



Trust me, it is not easy...
To smile,
when tears choke your inside...
To speak,
when it is hard even to breathe...
To care,
when you want to watch the whole world burn...



You really think I don't see??
Well, nothing such has passed by me.
Neither am I too blind to see...
I just wish to let you be...

I have donned
this mask of glee...

Not to hide,
nor as a plea...

Let's just say--

This is me
trying to save you
from what may be,
if ever you see
the maskless me...



Sometimes I feel like we are in a time-lapse video;

A lot of perfectly still moments that pass by in
the blink of an eye...

