Thoughts of Play

Joel Schueler

my enchanted thoughts at play

in fun rags of fresh decay
in the burning thirst of May

in the arms of Heaven’s Gate
in bold solace at cheap rate

how I watched your perfume eyes
how I loved with warming sighs

how I watched the parchment sing
how its words called to our ring
of sordid one-way passions
of fragrant hopes now ashen

of dysphoric minds unstrung
of a sparrow’s call unsung

and enshrined rhythmic tongues
and this grave soul on anklung

and quests for placid motion
and rivets in my ocean

the lauded fiend unturned
the fiend of sweet sauterne

the eyes not his aware
the narrow cannot bear

my one wish to breathe her air
Joel Schueler is from London. He has a BA (Hons) in English Literature & Creative Writing from the University of Wales, Aberystwyth. His works have been accepted in over a dozen publications including Pennsylvania Literary Journal, The Dawntreader, Atlantean Publishing & The Bangalore Review. Currently, he is working on his first novel.