

## **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.

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