

James Jared Ford

Elysium

Watch for imps who beset the eyes,
primed for mischief's guileful guise,
with ignis Coriolis, their plump new prop,
Hawking skullduggery in his bone dome shop.
Far from home they revel in newfound games—
a wheel in the sky offers a coffinlike range;
but sprites boggle best in an old polyandrium,
and those quick pricks make poor neighbors in Elysium