

The Failed Assassin

Confounded, half-conscious, Bond raises himself from the earth.
Around him rains grit, palm fronds, flesh, camellia petals.
The crater, which used to be a man holding a box, belches

smoke. Citizens are moving their lips, but Bond senses nothing
but his body, his pockets, his pen that if pulled apart becomes
a shiv. In that moment, he is thinking of a former him, a boy,

walking the moors above Skyfall, the fog stalking the flatlands,
wondering what he would do if someone, something had stepped out
of that whiteness, bold, fully-formed, into what little world was left.