“Corpse Flower”  
Sonia Greenfield  
  
*In Memoriam James Foley*  
  
They’ve said that the jihadist  
narrator spoke in an East London accent, that  
the journalist in orange kneeled on the ground, that  
he may have denounced America before  
the knife met throat and cut back. I’ll never know  
beyond what they’ve said on the radio  
as I tune it to Morning Becomes Eclectic  
meaning just music. In San Marino  
after four years, the Titan Arum  
is about to bloom, but you can call it  
a corpse flower. I thought that it would look different,  
the flower I mean. More like the enormous meaty  
flowers of Borneo and less like a new monk stripping  
away his purple robes, though they both  
pollinate by flies drawn to the scent. Look  
them up online. I won’t watch how the event  
unfolds, yet I hold in my imagination  
his mother’s hand hovering above the mouse,  
cursor blinking over that play arrow, to say nothing  
of its barbed end.