

Jeff Mock

SELF-PORTRAIT IN THE OVAL OFFICE

With his left hand, Jeff Mock
Taps the ash of his cigar, and with his right,
He wields power like a chain saw,
Like a tuna fish, a monkey wrench,
A pine cone. Power, he says,
Is good. Power is good, he says.
He puffs and props his feet and thinks
He likes it here. He likes the carpet
And desk. He likes the big windows.
He likes the cigars. He likes the press
Piling in whenever an itch itches him.
Most of all, he likes the sheer,
Shimmery aura of opportunity. It glimmers,
It flickers and gleams, it radiates, anything
May happen. Jeff Mock may become
A real humanitarian. It's a chance, perhaps.
No—. *Yeah*, it is: why,
It's a chance to do some real good
For the people, clothe the hungry, feed
The naked, end wars, or start one
For fun and profit, a chance to make
The history books—hmmmmm, a chance,
Perhaps someday, for world domination.
Yeah, it does sound nice:
World domination, and a good cigar too.
The question isn't *why* but *why not*.
Indeed, the answer is *why not* too.
Somewhere nearby there's a button,
He's heard about it, it could be done—
On your knees, North Korea, China,
Former Soviet Union, and hell,
Spain France England Germany,

Da, we never liked you anyway,
So kneel, we're Americans and crazy.
But it's still early, there's much
Jeff Mock must do, promises
And threats to make, opponents to compromise,
Enemies to befriend. He'll do just
What it takes, he'll take just
What he can. Power, he says. He speaks
Softly, but carries a big megaphone.

EPITHALAMION FOR SARAH AND TONY

Her veil, his tie—
They do, and undo
What has not been

Undone. Deer pause
Below their window,
On the sill sparrows

Alight, the wilds
Uncoil and listen in.
Even the mountain

Leans all night down
To discover their
Discovery.

All night it listens
For the wind lifting
The sheets, the lake's

Low murmur lapping
The bed. All night
The mountain leans