

Unbuckle my spine, and
Untie my tie, and
Throw my Moose skin over the chairback.

And slide down to the toward ^{where} ~~an~~ open mouth of ~~the~~ ^{an} strong
A crescent with foul breath, and clapped teeth,
And dried spittle in the ~~crease~~,
A wound, rough shaped with fatal shears.

Then turn out the light, and
Return to their dreaming, and
Greet our lost grin in the mirror.