

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

And slide down ~~to the~~ toward <sup>unbuckling</sup> (an) open mouth of ~~the room~~  
A crescent with foul breath, and chipped 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.