

## Pseudophed

Penelope Scott

Well, it snowed once in Oregon  
I mean, it snowed a few times  
But I saw you out there one time in the cold  
I jumped up onto my bed  
I scared the hell out of my friends  
I took a picture of you, but you didn't show

Pure light, pure dread, pure Pseudophed  
If you wanted me dead, I'd be dead  
I loved a boy enough I tried to waste away for him  
And I would kill him if ever you said

In the cold breathing darkness of the terrifying forest  
Twigs snap under feet belonging to the void  
It has got me in its sights, it wants to touch its guts to mine  
And put me six feet underground right next to Freud

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