

Winter 1979

Barbara Price

It didn't feel dangerous, the winter of Ted
"He Looks So Normal" Bundy,
in the news again for killing a girl
just my age in Florida. It didn't feel
dangerous to stick out my thumb
far away in New Hampshire, to peer
inside the Ford sedan that slowed
into the slushy shoulder, to look at
the balding man in his camel coat,
his phone company badge on a chain;
he smiled and said he had a daughter
just my age. It didn't feel dangerous
to climb in. The cigarette smell
reminded me of my grandmother.
The car was warm and I wanted
to get home before the snow started,
before light faded into December dark.