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Driving North Barney Kirby

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Barney Kirby

DRIVING NORTH

It is when I return here that I realize how much I hate snow, winter, its pure blankness—every detail undressed, twigs, the rot—and every romantic ideal I've had about New England could easily be tossed on the porch with the rest of the empties I once took to the liquor store and on the drive there saw a bumper sticker reading, "Expect nothing and you will be rewarded," advice so false and cheap I believed in it myself, clutching it like a pint of whiskey, a color pale as the street lamps of Baltimore sinking through the windshield.