

# MATTHEW STEINBERGER

FRESHMAN - 1st Place  
Alumni Poetry Contest - 2017

## *A Purpose*

FR-2

FR - 2 I took my coat and scarf from the rack,

And opened the door with caution to the cold.

I stepped out, embracing the icy winds, with a purpose known only to me.

Staring upward, I found the sky as gray as the road.

I found thousands of snowflakes, falling, and coating my face with an icy layer.

I turned on my car and drove toward town, with a purpose known only to me.

The trees were thinning, their numbers grew scarce.

The town was approaching. It's there, and I saw it in the distance.

Snow blurred my view, but it was falling slower. I still went on, with a purpose known only to me.

As I pulled into town, I looked up; there was a hint of yellow staring back at me.

I smiled and I thought of today, a special day.

With that thought, I slowed to a stop, with a purpose known only to me.

My father was watching me, of that fact I'm sure.

I walked into a bouquet shop and picked out some flowers, then bought them and left.

With a few words of thanks, I smiled, with a purpose known only to me.

The sun is out now, I've reached where I stop.

Tears cling to my eyes, they haven't fallen yet, and I place my flowers near a stone.

A stone that marks my father's grave, I know he'd be proud.

The tears, now they fall, with a purpose known to both you and me.