

# Seeking Purpose

by Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer

*The golden opportunity you are seeking is in yourself.  
It is not in your environment; it is not in luck or  
chance, or the help of others; it is in yourself alone.*

—Orison Swett Marden

There were no letters tucked in the trees today,  
no handwritten notes tied with red string.  
No epistles, no missives, no communiques.

Some days, a woman wishes the world  
would be more direct, more intimate, would just tell her  
her purpose, would spell it out in a language she knows.

Include sketches, clear directives. Write her name  
on the envelopes so there can be no mistake.  
Leave the letters in a place she will find them.

But no. Today, the only message in the trees  
is snow. She tries to make meaning of it.  
Laughs at the impulse. Reminds herself, Snow is snow.

Isn't it like her to look for meaning?  
Next thing you know, she'll be looking  
for a message in the clouds. In rivers. In books.

Image: "Bound" by Natalie Seabolt. "Seeking Purpose" was written  
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