

Old Penny

by Gary Hardaway

It has lain for a month, untouched,
and darkening further with exposure
and time, on an inconspicuous spot
in the parking lot. Nothing about it

is attractive- its color, it's design,
it's market value. I leave it be and watch
to see if anyone sees it as a path
to better luck- that fabled lucky penny.

I defer to the better fortune of others
in my generosity. And wonder if
my own mediocre luck would worsen
were I to pick it up and pocket it.

