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.

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