

# Penny

*by* Jennifer Howard

I saw a woman stop,  
Stoop on the platform  
To pick up a penny,  
And wondered what it was worth  
To her, that disruption,  
That eddy in the flow of the day's rush.  
One hint of brightness,  
A tiny windfall  
And something changed.  
Lucky heads up  
She took it between gloved fingers,  
Rose and went on her way,  
A little richer,  
A little luckier, reminded  
Maybe small good things  
Can happen to almost anyone.

