

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.

