## 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.