

Of Strangers

And so it is that kindness stays with me,
the way the woman in the store smiles at me
when she can tell I might start to cry.

I carry her smile in my pocket all day,
like a coin, something I carry everywhere
with no effort, but sometimes forget, and then,

when my fingers again find the ridged edges,
when I feel the weight of the coin in my palm,
I am struck by how something so small

carries value, carries meaning. All day
the smile stays with me. All day, I touch
it again and again, feel how its weight

tips some invisible scale, how I remember
again to say hello to fate and fall in love.

—Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer