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Laundry Room

Mary Shelley Reid

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Laundry Room

Mary Shelley Reid

I saw you in a penny on the lint screen.
How odd it was to be so suddenly assaulted
by your presence when I hadn't thought
of you in so long. Why I saw you
in a penny, or in a moment of such laughable
mundanity—upon the midnight realization
that I didn't have enough clean underwear
for the next day—I couldn't tell you.
But there you were, sitting snugly
on the screen between two rather unremarkable
specks of lint. And to think,
if I'd said *keep the change* last week,
when I bought a latte for four ninety-nine
and spilled it on my jeans, you wouldn't be
staring up at me in the face of Abe Lincoln.
The thought of it made me laugh,
which in and of itself was redemption.