

Waxer

I once watched a man wax a hallway
with an overweight rotary buffer
that he waltzed from one side to the other
by tipping it ever so slightly, letting
the bristles on one side get a grip
on the floor, drawing the big machine
in that direction, then artfully tipping it
into the opposite, letting it lead, letting it
whirl him out over the beautiful shine
that the two of them made as they
swept down the hall, the man always
in charge but cajoling his partner
into believing that she was, stealing
the show while the man merely followed,
the two swirling out over the gloss
from the overhead lighting, gracefully
rounding a corner and gone.

—Ted Kooser