Spiral Leap

A NASA simulation
    in fuchsia: the orbit
without the orbiter. Or

the spiral you draw on the air
as you whirl,
    encircled, your sparkler a wand

in your hand. Its fizzy light a line
    that leaps
when you think to leap,
that spells your name—

a line that stops,
    tucked back into darkness,
gone, as quick as fun. Used up, bobbed,
burnt out like the mineral ice

that trails a comet
    across a passage of night.