

**Spirograph -  
Miriam Manglani**

A planet orbits another,  
its footprints unfurl masterpieces  
as my father's deft hand circles the paper,  
pinned down on all four corners.

When it's my turn,  
my hand slips,  
and one planet eclipses the other.  
I always circled in his shadow,  
even when he was gone.

