

UPS AND DOWNS

Dorothy Fifield
Woodside, California

The

Patterns

Perfected

By nature's talent

Repeatedly favor, it seems,

A number sequence named for Senor Fibonacci.

It's one, two, three, five, eight, thirteen, twenty-one,

And up, until you come on down again.

Pine cones, sunflowers and pineapples; what, cacti, too?

No telling what this may lead to.

Accept the challenge.

Explore this

Numbers

Game!



A FIBONACCI RIDDLE

Dorothy Fifield
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I'm

Not dry,

Nor thirsty,

Yet drink a great deal.

But look at me now, I'm flying

Around and down, up and around, plop, plop, up and down.

The longer I spin, the warmer I get,

But I never get dizzy, nor do I tire.

Just when I feel I'm all afire, the trip is over.

Loving hands caress and fold me

Into a neat square

For drying.

What am

I?

(Ans: a towel)

