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
Woodside, California

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: & LOVEL)