

**Stephen Robertson**

**Fibonacci series**

*Fib: a poem in which the number of syllables in each line follows the Fibonacci sequence: 1,1,2,3,5,8*

**Elemental fib...**

Earth,  
air,  
fire,  
and water.  
Need just a few more.  
How about adding space, time, love?

**... three fibs about fibs...**

One,  
one,  
two, three,  
five, eight. But  
“Fibonacci”’s four—  
not a Fibonacci number.

Time?  
No!  
No time  
for thesis  
or antithesis.  
Have to cut straight to synthesis.

Tried  
hard  
to write  
a fib on  
achievement, but got  
only a fib on a cheap pun

**... a swindle...**

[One iamb, two anapest] feet  
[make up an eight-syllable] beat.  
Selec-  
tions will do  
for five, three and two.  
But for the two ones I must cheat.

**... a steal...**

Rage,  
rage  
against  
the dying  
of the light. Do not  
go gentle into that good night.

**... and one true fib**

Here,  
now,  
in this  
extended  
coda to our past  
good lives, the rainbow spans the sky.