

An Ode to the Fibonacci Sequence

*One, one, two; three, five, eight
Sounds so simple, nothing great
Thirteen, twenty-one, thirty-four
The hinges creak on an opening door
A repeating pattern of the Master's hand
Signing His work, the universal plan
Learn to look, the pattern is plain to see
In the smile you flash, the dance of the honeybee
In the spirals of the pine cone and little acorn cap
Spiral arm galaxies and the ocean's wave whitecap
The swirl of the seashell, the air vortex of a wing
The hurricane's eye and a thousand unseen things
Welcome to the mystery of the Greek letter phi
The measurement of beauty to the human eye
The Golden Ratio, one point six one eight
One, one, two; three, five, eight*