A Fibonacci Poem for After

The

Change

Of the

Season is

A sacred cycle.

But would bears rather stay asleep?

Do tulip blooms ever prefer the dark underground?

Long hours of winter's nights are harsh but lucid: do what is required to survive.

Early spring trades snow's simplicity for a tangled snarl of broken twigs, greys and tans and muds and last fall's leaves revealed in the dirty ground.

Rabbits frolic between April thaw and frost, but I know some didn't survive September. Is it easier for some creatures to settle into hiding than to climb out of it? I never missed large gatherings and small talk.

Theorem: If everyone is missing out, then I don't fear I alone am missing out. Proof: By contradiction, suppose the room is crowded.

It will be hard to forget how good it felt to have a real excuse to not see you,

Hard to remember why I used to do it that way.

Two shots plus two weeks equals my

Former self – maybe.

But what if

I can't

Change

Back?

Author Note: This is a Fibonacci poem, in which the number of syllables per line follows the sequence 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55, 34, 21, 13, 8, 5, 3, 2, 1, and 1.