

## STEPHEN WREN

### Imaginary grass landscape

1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34...

He was unusual.

When the teacher told him about Fibonacci and the sequence, he started to dream.  
The numbers ran like sprinters across endless stretches of land. Steppes and shrubs by a lake.

The sequence was alive.

Eloquence and order was significant. Breaking entropy's law was his freedom.  
He positioned each number around a fortified gatehouse. In a castle of sense.

He almost laughed out loud.

He knew that sequences (like the imaginary grass landscape) go on forever.  
He knew that fitting all those integers around the gatehouse would be a true challenge.

Then the lesson ended.

In later life, his abstractness was struck by a few overwhelming realities.  
He saw Fibonacci-numbered leaves on flower stems. He saw beautiful helices.