

MARIAN CHRISTIE

View no fiery night

No

one

went to

the tower

to vie with the foe.

Fretting, worn, we rove in night fog —

the ring, the theft, the vow forgotten. Hovering high

over the town, the frightening wyvern, whirr of her winging interwoven with fire.

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Note: This is a Fibonacci poem (by syllable count) that is also a sequential lipogram; each line only contains letters that form the corresponding Fibonacci number (respectively one, one, two, three, five, eight, thirteen, twenty-one), as well as the letters of any preceding numbers in the sequence.