

"10946 ..."

Breathless /. this mad ascension sans foci  
Fibonacci series blurted by on screen  
as strange as fiction, yet not as clean,  
I can not finish, though dearly plead I,  
this next number be the last one that I ever see

Incessant >>> they came a, b = b, a+b  
and odd links in sequence when rounded down  
made jest of fiction, yet drowned sense out,  
I cannot begin, though dearly plead I,  
that love be more! than mere numbers and so ever be

Breathless ... of full emotion, you and me  
on grassy hill, blood trumping in our hearts  
as vain as rainbows on highest skies  
I could forget, though dearly plead I,  
to cipher more from love's grand and Orphic abaci.