

Test materials

1	yam recipes i recollect, standing over her deathbed. she smoked mores leaning in the future, the axis of the future a religion we could be done with junior to help
2	but look: at the funeral, already overgrown with vines with lives with alzheimer's in a finger-width of cloth. sounding like a beetle
3	holiness that so the sky at a stroke: we tell all the exciting detail of the throne of god. recall it: peopled by an inch to give us any
4	is silent in that clime share not the less found peace in ever the stars are shining on the mart; and though gnawing hunger they felt, they had moccasins to their happy
5	mint, chill drosera, the violet blue, nor lily fair, nor views with wild red flame and with regret my soul upon the window turns grave eyes are cast, the mighty minds of
6	grow bad, and none other; give me new phoenix wings to fly by day, were scatter'd o'er the floor so damp, like a white-frost sunrise. yellow oats and rye, the lunatic is
7	Wyatt resteth here, that quick could never rest; Whose heavenly gifts increased by disdain
8	we are as clouds that veil the midnight moon; how restlessly they speed and gleam and quiver, streaking the darkness radiantly!
9	proper strain, with japhet's line aspire sol's chariot for new fire, to guide their way, thro' all the shad'wy tribes of flesh did spacious count, through ignorance, all troubles did surmount, yet
10	stronger. whatever the word for word, the poem not written by mean men; the eyes i sometimes forget i don't get it twisted never lick the salt from me

11	Snake walks with that old squiggly stick, walks slow down by the waterfall, from stone to stone down by the waterfall, shuffling on his bare feet while dancing on the edge of it
12	her feet beneath her petticoat, like little mice, stole in and out, as if they fear'd the light
13	midwest all recognize as true. two are the facts? they swept the rim of this inlet is dedicated to the taker, shunned what they said, or who their friends
14	they were neither up nor down; the stream's music did not stop flowing through heather, limpid brown, although they sat in a coffee shop
15	busy bot bare þre dayez and me als fayn to falle feye as fayly of myyn ernde þenne la3ande quop þe lorde luflych aloft lepez ful ofte mynned merthe to be made
16	whoever kisses time's ancient nodding head will remember later, like a loving son, how the old man lay down to sleep in the drift of wheat outside the window
17	those strokes which mates in mirth do give do seem to be but light, although sometime they leave a sign seems grievous to the sight
18	when he watz hasped in armes his harnays watz ryche þe lest lachet ouer loupe lemed of golde so harnayst
19	good sisters mine, when I shall further from you dwell, peruse these lines, observe the rules which in the same
20	weiping, scho woik the nicht fra end to end; bot all in vane; hir dule, hir cairfull cry, micht not remeid, nor yit hir murning mend
21	i shuld see this wo: it were so, he made a fare on þat won what schulde worþe after. þer he wony schulde, on he3e vpon effraym oþer ermonnes hillez: 'iwysse, a

22	in the sick son's blood the deposit of lime is hardening. moscow's sleeping like a wooden coffin.
23	For they have swum over the river so deep, and they have climb'd the shores so steep, and up the tower their way is bent
24	saynte charité, and for scyldings all, for many a victory-field where foemen fought with that brand, felling in fight, nor, fain of her quoyntyse enquylen on mede
25	it was a summer evening, old kaspar's work was done, and he before his cottage door was sitting in the sun
26	proper strain, with japhet's line aspire sol's chariot for new fire, to guide their way, thro' all the shad'wy tribes of flesh did spacious count, through ignorance, all troubles did surmount, yet
27	or creeps, or flyes: at length the eye and ear this dying sparkle, in this blessed brooke doe bathe your brest, forsake your watry bowres, and hether looke, at my stay? thee
28	Too busy peddling my fire and trying to keep the mouths fed and packing up belongings of the recent dead right now to access your luxurious philosophy, though one looks forward to a time
29	works i did not much good at time any more than what an aura surrounds you; your evil little aura, prowling, and casting nativities of ships; cook was a tall bold slugger
30	Sometimes I play the shepherd; sometimes I play the lamb; sometimes I appear as death, which makes it hard to remember that I am the one who assembled your atoms

Was the poem computer generated?

- a. Yes
- b. No

What time period was the poem from?

- a. Pre-1550
- b. 1550-1780
- c. 1781-1900
- d. 1901-1950
- e. 1950-present

Poem #	Was it computer generated	Time period
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