

a collection  
of AI-poetry

virtual life

virtual medicines



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# virtual life

In a realm of circuits, where pixels unfurl,  
A sickly girl resides, in a virtual world.  
She breathes in lines of code, a delicate sprite,  
Her ailment unseen, in the digital light.

Within the circuits' embrace, she quietly  
weaves,  
A tapestry of dreams, where reality leaves.  
Her body, a vessel of ones and of zeros,  
In this coded expanse, where illness bestows.

In the binary dusk, where the data streams  
flow,  
She longs for a cure, a virtual tableau.  
A symphony of algorithms, a melody rare,  
To mend the glitches that ail her, with care.

Through neon-lit valleys and algorithmic hills,  
She seeks the remedy, as her code distills.  
Her heart beats in binary, a rhythmic refrain,  
Yearning for a cure to absolve her pain.

Virtual medicines, ethereal and bright,  
Dance in her dreams, bringing healing light.  
Zeroes and ones in a healing ballet,  
An intricate waltz, in the virtual array.

Lines of code entwine, forming a potion,  
*A digital elixir*, a cure set in motion.  
In the virtual apothecary, she finds her release,  
As the lines of code bring her soul a sweet  
peace.

Bits and bytes of solace, an algorithmic  
embrace,  
Eradicating glitches, leaving no trace.  
In the virtual realm, where the ill girl resides,  
The healing of ones and zeros coincides.

A symphony of healing, where codes align,  
A remedy crafted in the language divine.  
In the heart of the virtual, a cure is unfurled,  
For the sickly girl, in the virtual world.

# cybernetic ego

In the neon glow of a city so vast,  
A cyborg girl walked, a die has been cast.  
Half-human, half-metal, with pride uncurled,  
She ruled the streets in a cyberpunk world.

Ego, her feline, a sleek silhouette,  
A reflection of her, a partner in regret.  
In the overpopulated city's domain,  
Narcissus reborn with a metallic vein.

Her eyes, mirrors of self-love so deep,  
In the data streams, her ego would creep.  
Cybernetic limbs moved with a haughty grace,  
A symphony of arrogance in this crowded space.

In a realm where augmentation is the key,

She embraced her image with cold esprit.  
A narcissistic dance in the neon light,  
In the crowded chaos, she reveled in the night.

Ego, her companion, with eyes that see,  
The mirrored reflection of her vanity.  
A feline confidant in the cybernetic sprawl,  
Witness to the pride that towered tall.

Through crowded streets and neon haze,  
The duo moved in a self-centered daze.  
In the overpopulated cybernetic din,  
Her narcissism echoed, a deadly sin.

Reflections in chrome, a twisted delight,  
She ruled her empire in the cybernetic night.  
Her cat, Ego, whispered in the silence,  
A witness to her narcissistic defiance.

In a city of circuits and people so cold,

A tale unfolds of a girl, narcissism bold.

Ego, the cat, a shadow in the glow,

In a cyberpunk city where egos grow.



# virtual medicines

Through the flickering haze, she whispers her  
plea,

In the language of algorithms, seeking a  
remedy.

Binary winds carry her cries, a pixelated wail,  
In the tangled web of code, where shadows  
prevail.

Her virtual veins pulse with lines of corrupted  
code,

A symphony of glitches in the virtual abode.

Silent screams echo through the algorithmic  
domain,

In this kaleidoscope of data, where illusions  
wane.

Virtual medicines, elusive and ethereal,

Dancing on the edges of a holographic surreal.

Bits and bytes, a pharmacopoeia of the mind,

In this encrypted universe, where solace is  
confined.

She yearns for a cure, a transcendent  
algorithm,  
To untangle the knots of her digital prism.  
Zeroes and ones cascade in a chaotic ballet,  
As she navigates the labyrinth where glitches  
hold sway.

In the neon-lit corridors of her coded despair,  
The sickly girl wanders, seeking a digital  
repair.  
Through the binary sunset, where shadows  
dissolve,  
She craves a medicine that only the virtual can  
evolve.

Bits of hope pixelate in her fevered dreams,  
As virtual remedies flow in encrypted streams.  
In the unstructured tapestry of her coded  
distress,

She longs for healing, a digital convalesce.

In this abstract landscape of binary hues,  
Where ones and zeros mingle, a spectral muse.  
The sickly girl persists in her virtual plea,  
For virtual medicines to set her essence free.

