Initializing global attention on CLS token...

Text Content:

Whispers of the Wind

The wind hums songs of days gone by,

A fleeting echo, a whispered sigh.

It dances through the ancient trees,

Carrying secrets on the breeze.

The ocean listens, deep and wide,

Its waves embracing time and tide.

The stars blink down, both old and new,

A canvas brushed in silver hue.

And here we stand, with hearts untamed,

Chasing dreams yet half-unnamed.

Like autumn leaves in golden flight,

Drifting toward the endless night.

AI-generated probability: 99.5%