

OpenAI Codex Experiment:

The poet is inspired by the contents in Section 1 and writes a new poem in Section 2.

The Lovesong of J. Alfred Prufrock and the Prince's final dialogue from Romeo and Juliet.

Section 1

And indeed there will be time
For the yellow smoke that slides along the street,
Rubbing its back upon the window-panes;
There will be time, there will be time
To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet;
There will be time to murder and create,
And time for all the works and days of hands
That lift and drop a question on your plate;
Time for you and time for me,
And time yet for a hundred indecisions,
And for a hundred visions and revisions,
Before the taking of a toast and tea.

In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo

Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.
And I for winking at your discords too
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punish'd.

Section 2

#Reminiscent of *There is a Garden in Her Face* by Thomas Campion, a couple verbatim copied lines, but mostly novel.

We that have free souls, it touches us not:

We see their sins, and smile at them.

There is a garden in her face,

Where roses and white lilies grow.

A damask-rose was full of dew,

Sweet-briar, and the small gillyflower,

This yellow flow'ret, and this pale,

Are mingled in her cheeks, as if nature

Had there made all her richest ore,

And, wanting, spar'd herself elsewhere.

Her lips, two blushing portals, stood

Half-open, ready to utter

The innermost me and the inmost:

Her eyes, like lusters in the sun,

Did cast a gleam, that kill'd the sight,

When to my heart her looks I took.

Her hair, which, like the cope of heaven,

Hung in dark waves upon her neck,

Seem'd like an auburn waterfall
Upon some bluff and light-head rock,
The flow'r of all its dewy locks
Under the midnight's diamond-dew.
And when I did, at last, behold
That face, it was as if the sky
Stoop'd down to earth when stars did fall,
And, in the wan moon's corse of light,
To some poor mortal gave a smile.
All blushes, sighs, and tears, and tender joys,
All hopes, like lamps, and like the moon,
All crazy passions, like the winds,
All lov'd, like her, beyond all measure.
O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her love doth teach the torches to burn bright!