

OpenAI Codex Experiment:
Inspired by 1, a new poem in 2.

1

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?

In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo

See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.

Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

The art of losing isn't hard to master;
so many things seem filled with the intent
to be lost that their loss is no disaster.

Because I could not stop for Death —
He kindly stopped for me —
The Carriage held but just Ourselves —
And Immortality.

2

#Seems to be completely novel with cursory searches.

Is it to cast one's eyes so low?
To see so much of what we know? —
The nearness of our passing breeds
The best of what we know.

But I recall
the time I knew
The best of what I knew

Was lost as well
And what I'd known
Was what I'd lost.

I'm not sure what I've done
To make you love me, but I
Know what I've done
To make you hate me.

I know I'm not
The only one
Whose dreams are gone
And who is wronged
And who is strong
And who is weak
And who is loved
And who is hated

I'll go back to the place I was
The day I knew

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The day I knew.