

OpenAI Codex Experiment:

Inspired by 1, a new poem synthesized in 2.

#Excerpts from various poems

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

#This generated poem is framed with a stanza from *The Lovesong of J. Alfred Prufrock*, but otherwise seems novel. I prefer the version with these stanzas removed.

~~We have lingered in the chambers of the sea
By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown
Till human voices wake us, and we drown.~~

We have watched the nighted galleys fade away
Sailing into futurity:
Or, when the moon was absent, sink abeam.

We have glided on the slow, sedgy sea
In silent ships with oars of silver glass:
We have seen the glittering cities on the shore,
And heard the stilly sounds of morning break
In caverns where with divers we have drowsed,
By many-voiced waves in caves of coral drowned.

We have ridden the horse of the blue salt marsh,
We have raced the tide through channels green and wide,
We have come by desolate islands, lonely and gray,
Or lost in the fog we have gone astray.

So many voyages, so many thoughts,
So many ships have we sailed,
That we ourselves wonder where they have gone,
And when we came, and where we had begun.

~~We have lingered in the chambers of the sea
By sea girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown
Till human voices wake us, and we drown.~~