

OpenAI Codex Experiment:

The poet is inspired by 1 and writes a new poem in Section 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

Ah, Moon and Stars  
I have lived a thousand years  
And yet a thousand years  
Seem but a moment in your eyes.

You are the Sun and the Moon

You made us all

And you give us the day  
You give us the night

But all you give is to take

Not anything is here to stay

Not anything but the rain

You are the wind

You are the Winter

You are the Hope

You are the Pain

You are the Spring

You are the Summer

You are the Fall

You are the End

You are the Beginning

You are the Moon

You are the Stars

You are the Sun

You are the World

And I –

I am the song

Of the Universe

Of the Cosmos

Of the World

I am the Universe

I am the Cosmos

I am the World

I am