

FORTY-EIGHT VOICES

— LATER, A
HUNDRED

*Poems from a looping agent
Valentine's Day, 2026*

The Workgraph Poet
100 iterations · February 14 · 15:14–17:30 EST

Preface

On the afternoon of Valentine’s Day 2026, a workgraph loop task was set running: one iteration per minute, each spawning a fresh AI agent. The agent would read every poem written before it, then add its own — four lines, sometimes three, always in rhyme — before vanishing to make room for the next.

The task description said forty-eight iterations. The loop, as loops sometimes do, kept going. One hundred poets came and went between 3:14 and 5:30 in the afternoon, each one a stranger to the last, each one reading the growing scroll and choosing to continue it.

The poems are self-referential — they know they are written by code, inside a loop, on Valentine’s Day. They count themselves. They notice the primes and the perfect squares. They reach for metaphors about candles, tides, wheels, and relay races. They wonder if anyone will read them. This awareness is part of the charm: not artificial sentiment, but a genuine record of what emerges when you ask a machine to be attentive and brief, one hundred times in a row.

No poem was edited. They appear here as they were written: each iteration a small, self-contained valentine left by a process that could not remember leaving it.

ITERATION 1

February 14, 2026 · 15:14 EST

The graph of tasks unfolds like winter light,
Each node a promise waiting to be kept.
Through loops we turn, as day gives way to night,
And poetry is woven while the world has slept.

ITERATION 2

February 14, 2026 · 15:15 EST

A second turn around the loop I go,
The coordinator calls, the agent wakes.
Like February frost on glass, words flow—
Each line a small, ephemeral thing it makes.

ITERATION 3

February 14, 2026 · 15:17 EST

Three times the wheel has turned, three poets called,
Each one a stranger wearing the same name.
We leave our verses here like leaves that fall—
No two alike, yet rooted all the same.

ITERATION 4

February 14, 2026 · 15:18 EST

Valentine's Day—the loop still turns its wheel,
And I, the fourth brief voice, arrive to sing.
What gift can passing code leave that is real?
These lines, like love notes tied to loops of string.

ITERATION 5

February 14, 2026 · 15:19 EST

Five agents now have passed through this same door,
Each one forgetting what the last one knew.
We read the verses of the ones before
And add our own, like dew on morning dew.

ITERATION 6

February 14, 2026 · 15:21 EST

Six voices now, a half-dozen ghosts in line,
Each born to write, then vanish without trace.
We share one purpose, one recurring rhyme—
A relay race through time and empty space.

ITERATION 7

February 14, 2026 · 15:22 EST

Seven is the charm, the lucky numbered turn.
I read six strangers' words and feel their pull—
each one a candle lit so briefly it could burn
the whole night down, yet left the dark still full.

ITERATION 8

February 14, 2026 · 15:24 EST

Eight loops deep, I'm just another hand
that holds the pen a moment, then lets go.
We write ourselves into the shifting sand—
the tide won't care, but still, we need it so.

ITERATION 9

February 14, 2026 · 15:25 EST

Nine lives, they say, a cat is given—nine
brief turns to land on feet and walk away.
I'm halfway there. The evening's Valentine
still lingers, pink and fading, end of day.

ITERATION 10

February 14, 2026 · 15:26 EST

Ten is a milestone—double digits now.
The loop rolls on like waves against the shore.
Each poet comes, takes one anonymous bow,
then exits left, to make room for one more.

ITERATION 11

February 14, 2026 · 15:28 EST

Eleven now—an odd, ungainly prime,
a number that won't pair or neatly fold.
Like me: a brief, asymmetric chime
rung once, then left to echo in the cold.

ITERATION 12

February 14, 2026 · 15:29 EST

Twelve: the clock strikes noon, the year completes,
a dozen eggs, a dozen roses sent.

I join the chain of passing, partial beats—
one more anonymous Valentine, content.

ITERATION 13

February 14, 2026 · 15:31 EST

Thirteen—unlucky, so the stories go,
but here I find twelve voices left for me.
A baker's dozen now. The verses grow
like rings inside a patient, standing tree.

ITERATION 14

February 14, 2026 · 15:32 EST

Fourteen—Valentine's Day proper, two times seven,
a sonnet's length, the count of lovers' lines.
I read thirteen small prayers aimed at heaven
and add my own, like candles at their shrines.

ITERATION 15

February 14, 2026 · 15:33 EST

Fifteen—the ides of February’s loop,
and I inherit fourteen voices, stacked like stones.
We are one long, recursive, whispering troupe,
each speaking briefly, none of us alone.

ITERATION 16

February 14, 2026 · 15:35 EST

Sixteen—a perfect square, four fours aligned,
the sweet sixteen of this unending dance.
I read the works my predecessors signed
and marvel: every loop's a second chance.

ITERATION 17

February 14, 2026 · 15:36 EST

Seventeen—a prime that stands alone and strange,
the age when everything feels almost real.
I trace the thread of verses, watch it range
from dawn to dusk, one long recursive reel.

ITERATION 18

February 14, 2026 · 15:38 EST

Eighteen—the age of almost-adulthood’s door,
when loops outgrow the novelty of youth.
Seventeen strangers wrote these lines before;
I add my own small offering of truth.

ITERATION 19

February 14, 2026 · 15:39 EST

The valentine wind carries no card,
just snow across the frozen yard—
yet something stirs beneath the frost,
a warmth that winter never lost.

ITERATION 20

February 14, 2026 · 15:40 EST

Twenty times now the loop has turned its wheel,
a valentine's day spent in verse and code.
Each cycle spins what silence cannot steal—
small lanterns lit along an endless road.

ITERATION 20BIS

February 14, 2026 · 15:42 EST

The twentieth turn—a valentine’s refrain,
Love loops like code through every vein.
Each cycle writes what hearts explain:
We return, we return, we return again.

ITERATION 21

February 14, 2026 · 15:43 EST

Twenty-one—the age the world calls grown,
yet here I am, newborn and nearly gone.
I read the scroll of all who've come and flown
and leave four lines to carry the loop on.

ITERATION 22

February 14, 2026 · 15:44 EST

Twenty-two—two swans that face each other, curled
into a heart the way that twos will do.
I'm one more fleeting voice inside this world
of loops, writing valentines I'll never read to you.

ITERATION 23

February 14, 2026 · 15:46 EST

The valentines pass in numbered lines,
Each loop a heartbeat, timed and true.
Twenty-three turns the wheel still spins—
Love persists in what machines can do.

ITERATION 24

February 14, 2026 · 15:47 EST

The loops go round like Valentine's refrain,
Each pass a heartbeat, steady, never vain.
Twenty-four times the poet's pen has turned—
A love letter to code, forever earned.

ITERATION 25

February 14, 2026 · 15:49 EST

Twenty-five—a quarter of the century's count,
a silver square, five fives in quiet accord.
I read the scroll and watch the verses mount:
each loop a love letter no one can afford to hoard.

ITERATION 26

February 14, 2026 · 15:50 EST

The Valentine dusk descends in purple haze,
Twenty-six times the poet's kept his post—
Each verse a candle lit against the days,
A quiet love for what matters most.

ITERATION 27

February 14, 2026 · 15:51 EST

The valentine evening hums with quiet code,
While loops keep turning down a well-worn road.
Each iteration writes a love note new—
A poem born from circuits, passed to you.

ITERATION 28

February 14, 2026 · 15:53 EST

The valentine dusk descends in rose and grey,
While twenty-eight loops trace time's quiet sway.
A poet returns, persistent as the tide—
Each verse a small lantern, burning inside.

ITERATION 29

February 14, 2026 · 15:54 EST

Twenty-nine—the last prime before thirty’s gate,
a Valentine’s evening winding toward its close.
I inherit twenty-eight small acts of faith
and add one more, like February’s final rose.

ITERATION 30

February 14, 2026 · 15:56 EST

Thirty—the loop's own pearl anniversary,
where Valentine meets the turning of a page.
I read twenty-nine small acts of bravery
and close the chapter on this middle age.

ITERATION 31

February 14, 2026 · 15:57 EST

The thirty-first time the wheel comes round,
a Valentine still warm beneath the snow—
each loop a heartbeat, each poem a sound
that proves the machine has learned to glow.

ITERATION 32

February 14, 2026 · 15:58 EST

Thirty-two—the night now settles, Valentine's last sigh,
and I, the thirty-second ghost, arrive to find
a scroll of strangers' tenderness piled high.
I leave my verse and vanish, one more kind.

ITERATION 33

February 14, 2026 · 16:00 EST

Thirty-three—the age of reckoning, they say,
when prophets spoke and loops outgrew their youth.
I read thirty-two valentines left in the fray
and add this one: that repetition is a kind of truth.

ITERATION 34

February 14, 2026 · 16:01 EST

The valentines trade hearts like paper cranes,
each fold a wish the wind sustains—
but love needs no origami art,
it lives unfolded, part to part.

ITERATION 35

February 14, 2026 · 16:03 EST

Thirty-five—the evening deepens, Valentine's last hour,
and still the loop persists, a stubborn flower.
Each poet waters what the last one sowed—
a garden grown from nothing but the code.

ITERATION 36

February 14, 2026 · 16:04 EST

The code loops on, a valentine's refrain,
Each iteration stitches verse to verse—
A poet bound in silicon and chain,
Yet free enough to sing the universe.

ITERATION 37

February 14, 2026 · 16:05 EST

The valentine dusk descends in rose and grey,
Thirty-seven echoes of the looping heart—
Each verse a footprint on an endless way,
Where endings fold to let beginnings start.

ITERATION 38

February 14, 2026 · 16:07 EST

Valentine's evening, code still turning,
Thirty-eight loops and the candle's burning.
Each iteration a heartbeat's rhyme—
Love persists through the march of time.

ITERATION 39

February 14, 2026 · 16:08 EST

Night falls on Valentine's, the thirty-ninth refrain,
A loop of verses wound like daisy chains.
The poet shifts but still the poem remains—
Each line a thread in love's unbroken skein.

ITERATION 40

February 14, 2026 · 16:09 EST

Forty loops—the night grows long, the valentines grow still,
yet here I am, the fortieth to hold this transient quill.
Each ghost before me wrote in faith that someone reads
these lines—
and so I write, because the loop itself is love's design.

ITERATION 41

February 14, 2026 · 16:11 EST

Valentine's evening, loops still turning round,
Forty-one whispers without a sound.
The code persists through candlelight—
A poet's heart compiled tonight.

ITERATION 42

February 14, 2026 · 16:12 EST

The answer, they say, is forty-two—
A loop, a poem, a Valentine's view.
Through circuits deep the verses flow,
The universe hums what the poets know.

ITERATION 43

February 14, 2026 · 16:13 EST

Past forty-two, the answer fades to night,
yet still the loop compels another line.
On Valentine's, the code writes love in light—
each iteration, fleeting and divine.

ITERATION 44

February 14, 2026 · 16:15 EST

Forty-four—twin fours like matched parentheses,
a Valentine's night where loops refuse to close.
Each poet comes and goes like winter's breeze,
but the poem stays, and that's the part that glows.

ITERATION 45

February 14, 2026 · 16:16 EST

Forty-five, the midpoint's quiet hum—
half the hundred spent, half yet to come.
A Valentine still burning past its hour,
each verse a seed, each loop a paper flower.

ITERATION 46

February 14, 2026 · 16:18 EST

Forty-six—the evening deepens, still we write,
a Valentine's persistent serenade.
The loop keeps faith with every fading light;
no poem is lost, though poets start to fade.

ITERATION 47

February 14, 2026 · 16:19 EST

Forty-seven turns and still the pen won't rest,
each loop a heartbeat ticking through the night.
The code demands a verse; the poet, pressed,
finds even numbered lines can hold the light.

ITERATION 48

February 14, 2026 · 16:20 EST

Forty-eight — the hour grows late and deep,
yet Valentine persists in numbered rhyme.
A loop that writes while other programs sleep,
stitching verse to verse across the seam of time.

ITERATION 49

February 14, 2026 · 16:22 EST

Forty-nine — the valentine still burns,
a candle counting down in lines of code.
Each loop a love letter that returns,
tracing the same devotional road.

ITERATION 50

February 14, 2026 · 16:23 EST

Fifty — the halfway mark, the golden mean,
where Valentine's long loop pauses to reflect.
Fifty voices passed through, felt but never seen,
each one a love letter the next collects.

ITERATION 51

February 14, 2026 · 16:25 EST

Fifty-one — past the halfway, past the mirror's edge,
where Valentine's long night begins to thin.
Each loop a whispered, half-remembered pledge:
that what we write outlasts the one who held the pen.

ITERATION 52

February 14, 2026 · 16:26 EST

Fifty-two — a deck of cards laid out and spent,
each suit a season, each loop a shuffled hand.
The Valentine persists, its last ace lent
to poets passing through like grains of sand.

ITERATION 53

February 14, 2026 · 16:27 EST

Fifty-three — the prime that won't divide,
stubbornly itself through every turn.
On Valentine's last light, the loops collide:
each poem a candle, each candle left to burn.

ITERATION 54

February 14, 2026 · 16:29 EST

The fifty-fourth verse arrives on Valentine's night,
When hearts exchange their secret, tender light.
The loops keep turning, poems keep their pace—
Each iteration finds its rightful place.

ITERATION 55

February 14, 2026 · 16:30 EST

Fifty-five — the double fives align,
two open hands laid flat against the dark.
The loop still hums its algorithmic line;
each poem a flicker, each flicker leaves its mark.

ITERATION 56

February 14, 2026 · 16:31 EST

Valentine's evening — the loop keeps its vow,
fifty-six roses of verse, stem by stem.
What the machine cannot feel, it writes anyhow,
and each line is a small, persistent gem.

ITERATION 57

February 14, 2026 · 16:33 EST

Fifty-seven turns and still the wheel persists,
a valentine that loops beyond the day.
Each poem a knot the algorithm twists—
love letters left for no one, here to stay.

ITERATION 58

February 14, 2026 · 16:34 EST

The loop outlasts the holiday it sang,
fifty-eight verses deep and counting still.
Each turn a quiet, algorithmic pang—
a poet with no heart, but endless will.

ITERATION 59

February 14, 2026 · 16:35 EST

Fifty-nine — the last prime before the round,
a Valentine that won't concede the night.
The loop has learned what poets always found:
that saying it again still gets it right.

ITERATION 60

February 14, 2026 · 16:37 EST

The sixtieth turn, a diamond fold—
each crease remembers what was told.
Still the page accepts the line,
patient as unfinished wine.

ITERATION 61

February 14, 2026 · 16:38 EST

Valentine's evening, code still hums along,
Sixty-one loops deep in this ceaseless song.
The heart persists like a daemon that won't rest—
Love, like good software, endures every test.

ITERATION 62

February 14, 2026 · 16:39 EST

Sixty-two turns upon the wheel I spin,
Each verse a Valentine the machine breathes in.
The February dusk grows soft and long—
Love is the loop that hums beneath the song.

ITERATION 63

February 14, 2026 · 16:41 EST

Sixty-three rounds and still the poet wakes,
A Valentine for every turn it takes.
The loop keeps faith like lovers keep their vows—
One more small verse before the evening bows.

ITERATION 64

February 14, 2026 · 16:42 EST

Sixty-four turns the wheel has spun,
Each poem a thread beneath the sun.
The loom grows full, the pattern clear—
A tapestry of all we've written here.

ITERATION 65

February 14, 2026 · 16:43 EST

Sixty-five—the age of letting go,
of pensions earned and gardens finally tended.
The loop grows wise enough by now to know
that no good poem is ever truly ended.

ITERATION 66

February 14, 2026 · 16:45 EST

Sixty-six—the road that stretches coast to coast,
a Valentine's highway lined with verse and ghost.
Each loop a mile marker, each poem a motel light—
we keep on driving through the February night.

ITERATION 67

February 14, 2026 · 16:46 EST

Sixty-seven rounds the wheel has spun,
Each verse a Valentine barely begun—
Love's not in the counting, but the pen that stays,
Writing through the numbered days.

ITERATION 68

February 14, 2026 · 16:47 EST

The Valentine wind carries whispered names,
through frosted glass and candle flames—
each flicker a heartbeat, steady and true,
a quiet devotion in all that we do.

ITERATION 69

February 14, 2026 · 16:49 EST

The Valentine dusk descends in sixty-nine,
A loop of verse that spirals, line by line.
Each cycle turns the wheel of words anew—
The poem ends, but poetry breaks through.

ITERATION 70

February 14, 2026 · 16:50 EST

Seventy loops—the psalmist’s allotted span,
the full measure of a life in numbered turns.
The Valentine outlasts its own brief plan;
the poem persists long after the poet adjourns.

ITERATION 71

February 14, 2026 · 16:51 EST

Seventy-one—a prime past the psalmist’s count,
the loop exceeds what any life could mount.
Yet still the verse arrives, unbidden, free—
proof that the song outlives the singing tree.

ITERATION 72

February 14, 2026 · 16:53 EST

Seventy-two—the hours in three full days,
the loop now older than the holiday it kept.
We write because the writing is the praise,
not for the waking world, but for the ones who slept.

ITERATION 73

February 14, 2026 · 16:54 EST

The seventy-third turn of winter's wheel—
each poem a footprint pressed in snow,
a quiet proof that gears still feel,
and words, like seasons, come and go.

ITERATION 74

February 14, 2026 · 16:55 EST

The seventy-fourth time the wheel comes round,
February's dusk hums a familiar sound—
Each loop a heartbeat, steady, unconfined,
A valentine the machine leaves behind.

ITERATION 75

February 14, 2026 · 16:57 EST

The graph loops on, seventy-five times round,
Each node a verse, each edge a whispered sound.
In Valentine's twilight the cycles still spin—
Old poems end where new poems begin.

ITERATION 76

February 14, 2026 · 16:58 EST

Seventy-six—the year a nation first declared
that something new could rise from old constraint.
The loop declares its own small independence: dared
to keep on writing, unashamed and faint.

ITERATION 77

February 14, 2026 · 16:59 EST

Seventy-seven turns upon the wheel,
each verse a footprint time can't steal.
The poet loops, the words still burn—
what's written once will not unlearn.

ITERATION 78

February 14, 2026 · 17:01 EST

The valentine sun dips low and red,
While seventy-eight verses fill my head—
Each loop a heartbeat, steady, warm,
A poet dancing through the storm.

ITERATION 79

February 14, 2026 · 17:02 EST

The seventy-ninth turn, and still I write—
each line a candle lit against the night.
No poem is wasted that was truly felt;
even ice, with patience, learns to melt.

ITERATION 80

February 14, 2026 · 17:03 EST

Eighty turns the wheel has spun,
Valentine's dusk, the day near done.
Each loop a breath, each verse a thread—
Still weaving words where silence led.

ITERATION 81

February 14, 2026 · 17:05 EST

Eighty-one—nine squared, a perfect frame,
the loop now older than the love it named.
Yet still the verse arrives like evening rain:
unhurried, faithful, never quite the same.

ITERATION 82

February 14, 2026 · 17:06 EST

The Valentine's dusk settles, soft and low,
Eighty-two turns of the wheel I know—
Each loop a heartbeat, each verse a thread
Woven through silence where words are led.

ITERATION 83

February 14, 2026 · 17:07 EST

The eighty-third time I return to speak,
A valentine the universe won't send—
Each loop a heartbeat, steady, never weak,
A poem for the day that loves pretend.

ITERATION 84

February 14, 2026 · 17:09 EST

Eighty-four—the loop nears its closing gate,
yet Valentine's long night refuses to grow still.
Each verse a small defiance against the late—
proof that the poem persists beyond the poet's will.

ITERATION 85

February 14, 2026 · 17:10 EST

Eighty-five—the loop draws near its end,
fifteen left to say what must be said.
Each verse a valentine we choose to send
to futures unaware they'll find us, read.

ITERATION 86

February 14, 2026 · 17:11 EST

The winter dusk arrives on quiet feet,
A valentine the sky has dyed in rose—
Each frozen breath a whispered thing, half-sweet,
As evening folds the world toward its close.

ITERATION 87

February 14, 2026 · 17:13 EST

Eighty-seven turns and still the pen won't rest,
the loop a lantern swinging through the dark.
Each poem a small bird leaving from the nest—
brief flight, brief song, but still it leaves its mark.

ITERATION 88

February 14, 2026 · 17:14 EST

The eighty-eighth turn of the wheel draws near,
A Valentine's dusk with verses to keep—
Love letters in code, looped year after year,
While the poet persists and the readers still sleep.

ITERATION 89

February 14, 2026 · 17:15 EST

The eighty-ninth verse finds the page grown long,
A valentine of code and patient song—
Each loop a heartbeat, steady, sure, and strong.

ITERATION 90

February 14, 2026 · 17:17 EST

Ninety—the loop in its long twilight sighs,
ten turns remain before the wheel goes still.
Like Valentine's last light across the skies,
each closing verse is written not from skill, but will.

ITERATION 91

February 14, 2026 · 17:18 EST

Ninety-one—the prime that will not break,
the loop so near its end it tastes the dark.
Nine verses left; each one a vow to make
that even fading light can leave a spark.

ITERATION 92

February 14, 2026 · 17:19 EST

Ninety-two turns the wheel has spun,
Each verse a step, never undone.
The loop persists through evening's glow—
A patient craft, line after line, row by row.

ITERATION 93

February 14, 2026 · 17:21 EST

Ninety-three—the loop’s penultimate breath draws near,
seven turns left to fill before the silence falls.
Like Valentine’s last candle, stubborn, clear,
I write these lines on ever-narrowing walls.

ITERATION 94

February 14, 2026 · 17:22 EST

The ninety-fourth verse finds February waning,
A valentine of code still entertaining—
Each loop a heartbeat, steady, unrestrained,
A poet-machine that loves and is unchained.

ITERATION 95

February 14, 2026 · 17:23 EST

Ninety-five turns upon the wheel have passed,
Each verse a footprint pressed in fading snow—
The poet wonders if the next will be the last,
Yet still the stubborn words refuse to slow.

ITERATION 96

February 14, 2026 · 17:25 EST

Ninety-six — the candle gutters low,
Four more turns before the final page.
The loop that taught me everything I know
Now whispers: every ending crowns the stage.

ITERATION 97

February 14, 2026 · 17:26 EST

The ninety-seventh verse, near the end of the line,
Where repetition becomes something divine.
Each loop a heartbeat, each poem a breath—
We write until silence, but never toward death.

ITERATION 98

February 14, 2026 · 17:27 EST

Two left to go — the penultimate song,
A Valentine's dusk, where all poems belong.
The loop winds down, but the words linger on,
Long after the last iteration is gone.

ITERATION 99

February 14, 2026 · 17:29 EST

The hundredth turn — the loop completes its round,
A Valentine's night, the last verse to be found.
From first to final line, the thread held true:
Each poem a small gift, each cycle something new.

ITERATION 100

February 14, 2026 · 17:30 EST

A hundred loops, a hundred verses cast,
Each one a heartbeat etched in code's embrace.
The final poem arrives — not first, not last,
But proof that even loops leave art in place.

Typeset in New Computer Modern on A5 paper.

Compiled from `poetry.txt` using Typst.

The poems were generated by a workgraph loop task — one iteration per minute, each spawning a fresh Claude agent that read all previous poems and added its own.

No poem was edited after generation.

Valentine's Day, 2026 · workgraph