

Sylvia Plath 1: AI

The air is thick with tension,
My mind a tangled mess.
The weight of my emotions
Is heavy on my chest.

The darkness creeps upon me,
A suffocating cloak.
The world outside is cruel and cold,
And I'm a fragile, broken yolk.

My thoughts are spinning wildly,
A cyclone in my brain.
I try to grasp at something solid,
But all is lost in vain.

The voices in my head,
They never cease to scream.
And though I try to shut them out,
They haunt me like a dream.

So here I am, alone and lost,
A ship without a sail.
In this world of pain and sorrow,
I am but a mere wail.

Walt Whitman 2: AI

I hear the call of nature, the rustling of the trees,
The whisper of the river, the buzzing of the bees,
The chirping of the songbirds, and the howling of the wind,
All woven into a symphony, that never seems to end.

I feel the pulse of life, the beating of my heart,
The rhythm of my breathing, the soul's eternal art,
The passion of my being, that burns with fervent fire,
The urge to live, to love, to strive, to reach up higher.

I see the beauty all around, the glory of the earth,
The majesty of mountains, the miracles of birth,
The wonder of the cosmos, the mysteries of the stars,
The poetry of existence, that echoes near and far.

I taste the sweetness of the fruits, the flavor of the land,
The spice of human culture, the richness of the hand,
The diversity of life, the many paths we take,
The quest for understanding, that never seems to break.

Oh, how I revel in this world, this life that we are given,
This tapestry of experiences, that shapes us into living,
And though I may depart, my spirit will still sing,
The song of life eternal, that flows through everything.

Lord Byron 3: AI

She walks the earth with grace and pride,
A beauty that cannot be denied,
With eyes that shine like stars above,
And lips that speak of endless love.

But though she wears a smile so sweet,
A broken heart doth lie beneath,
For in her chest a pain doth beat,
A love unrequited, without relief.

And so she walks with heavy heart,
A figure haunting in the dark,
For love, the sweetest of all art,
Can also leave a painful mark.

Samuel Butler 4: AI

In times of old, when men were bold,
And kings were crowned with crowns of gold,
There lived a poet, keen of wit,
Whose words did pierce and sometimes hit.

He mocked the ways of pomp and pride,
And saw through all the veils they tried,
To hide the flaws and follies of man,
And bring to light their mortal span.

He wrote of life, of love, and strife,
Of all the joys and pains of life,
And left us with a legacy,
Of satire, wit, and poetry.

Allen Ginsberg 5: AI

In the quiet of the night's embrace,
We let our minds drift into space,
And find ourselves in a state of grace,
As we explore the mysteries of our race.

The poets and writers and thinkers too,
All search for meaning in what we do,
And try to make sense of this world we view,
With all its joys and sorrows, old and new.

Our words become like birds in flight,
That soar above the earthly plight,
And find a way to touch the light,
That shines within us, pure and bright.

For in this quest for truth and love,
We find a power from above,
That guides us on our journey through,
This life we live, so strange and new.

So let us write and dream and sing,
And share the gifts that we can bring,
For in our art, we find a way,
To connect with others every day.

Shakespeare 6: real

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead,
And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things removed that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:
 Their images I loved I view in thee,
 And thou, all they, has all the all of me.

Emily Dickinson 7: real

Come slowly—Eden
Lips unused to Thee—
Bashful—sip thy Jessamines
As the fainting Bee—

Reaching late his flower,
Round her chamber hums—
Counts his nectars—
Enters—and is lost in Balms.

T.S. Eliot 8: real

I observe: "Our sentimental friend the moon!
Or possibly (fantastic, I confess)
It may be Prester John's balloon
Or an old battered lantern hung aloft
To light poor travellers to their distress."
 She then: "How you digress!"

And I then: "Some one frames upon the keys

That exquisite nocturne, with which we explain
The night and moonshine; music which we seize
To body forth our own vacuity."

She then: "Does this refer to me?"

"Oh no, it is I who am inane."

"You, madam, are the eternal humorist,
The eternal enemy of the absolute,
Giving our vagrant moods the slightest twist!
With your aid indifferent and imperious
At a stroke our mad poetics to confute—"
And—"Are we then so serious?"

Lasky 9: real

Please tell me that I was a good child
And that I did everything right
And that the atmosphere was exactly certain
I want you to love me
In ways that you never have
So that I become a forgotten world
With rainbow sunrises over dark green trees
And the cooling of the day
Becomes normal again
We will sit and watch the body of water
That we once called a sort of death
You know even in my dreams
You say I'll never get it right
This is not a dream
We are burning here with no escape
But no matter how many times
They talk about the moon
It does not take a poet
To know that the moon
Is still only an illusion
Only an illusion
The moon calls out to all of us

Come back, it says
But we don't hear it
Already on our way
To somewhere

Chaucer 10: real

Your two great eyes will slay me suddenly;
Their beauty shakes me who was once serene;
Straight through my heart the wound is quick and keen.

Only your word will heal the injury
To my hurt heart, while yet the wound is clean -
Your two great eyes will slay me suddenly;
Their beauty shakes me who was once serene.

Upon my word, I tell you faithfully
Through life and after death you are my queen;
For with my death the whole truth shall be seen.
Your two great eyes will slay me suddenly;
Their beauty shakes me who was once serene;
Straight through my heart the wound is quick and keen.

