

night burns

(16 degrees)

night burns 1

People are boring.

night burns 2

It is a world.

A fragment of the passing
motorists, a steady
pace.

I'm caught in one tight
little wood, waiting
for a message. My heart
is all singed.

The sun is shining along my
spine, it is

night burns 3

this way at least is pure
gold, number again, on
its arse

there's always been a
weight.

night burns 4

night night, we burn
Up the burn-colours
Now tell ourselves to say
 'goths' better
five bars and hope more,
 except for myself

Ah, sanctuary / safe in
 these nets,

night burns 5

A hundred different
landscapes from up
here, and -
a police helicopter swelled
past,
he'll be forgotten

night burns 6

It goes somewhere else and
still alight
The sky is glazed
with negativity
the room is glazed
with negativity

night burns 7

anyway

you will know
you will know
you will not
we both

here the rainhour cheek
 tasted dry and sweet
as on the thorn

night burns 8

- the self messages / it's
caught in the waiting

'everyone should be
a poet' /
'everything is water' /

night burns 9

anyway

livers my puny spirit!

night burns 10

He goes on:

People want always
just to do with
the stuff they can
weigh

the mapped part

blameworthyly

mapped

night burns 11

It's a terrible kind of
satisfaction
To sense our second words
intertwined.
It's a pity to see these two
men in flight.

night burns 12

anyway

At night, roars and sweeps
A hundred tenants are packed
 in tight
Under dunes their favourite
 zappers

Moon salience
Make outside circumspect
‘These are my people!’
 So I thought
Back then

night burns 13

People are dead.

night burns 14

this is a poem about
the half-away world
maybe. no? It's fine,
I'm fine

night burns 15

It is all about time
except that

Surely that STOP
barrier is
important

night burns 16

It is a concerto of
love poems
with metaphysical
pauses;
time. It is the final
decade.
Everything is quite like a
line but a song.

16 selections from 120 generations
lumpModel-070123-124-20k
seed: 21071796
prompt: "night burns/r/n/r/n"
[settings AS default EXCEPT
max_length=56
temperature=1.0
Top_k=20
repetition_penalty=1.1]
edits: slight, syntactic
25.01.2023

Written with a GPT-2 language model
finetuned on 'theLump', a dataset
comprising ~2300 poems written by
Calum Rodger 2000-2022. Training
and generation via a1textgen by
minimaxir; arrangement by the poet.
AUTODADA logo by Sebastian Charles.



lumpCuts001
digit press
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