Dueling Rain – A generative AI poem space
By Steve DiPaola

Reworking 2 different AI systems: a poetry series of 8 generated poems on “Rain” – my love of walking in the rain (more tep) juxtaposed, with climate change, the rain as mass floods where millions will have to walk in mass migration away from their home (more button). I start with my love of it by giving the first AI my (human) seed prompt “love rain on me” to generate the first poem from the 1st AI system, then I pick a line from poems on each level to generate the next level. In the end (level 4) it weaves through both views and back to my love of the rain.

All poems were AI generated from the seed prompts. No editing, only curation occurred.

Seed input: Human

AI level 1

Human Prompt: “Love rain on me”

The rain fell softly upon the wet rain
The rain was cold, and hard, and I could not see it.
I felt a chill down my spine, and I could not see it.
I could not see anything. I was drunk, but I could not feel anything.
It was cold and cold, and warm and warm, and warm,
and I could not feel anything.
The rain was a storm of cold, that threatened to break me.
The rain was not a storm on the rain, but, an umbrella.
The gust of wind that hit me, and my hair was soaked and soaked,
and the rain was not cold.
The rain was not a storm. This was not my umbrella.
This was not a storm.
I looked down and saw that I was not wearing a sweater.
I had never had a sweater for a long, long time,
but I could not see anything.
I had no umbrella.
The rain just was.

AI level 2

Prompt: “The rain fell softly upon the wet rain”

The fish sailed lazily.
The wind blew softly through the trees.
Here to beauty in the rain.
Some say that beauty in the rain is because there’s so much to look at.
But- “beauty in the rain isn’t the kind of beauty that’s in the eyes of the beholder.
It’s a thing which is built up and sustained by the process of being wet,
it is not an option that we choose, for it’s a thing that falls around us,
constantly, like magic. It’s part of the nature of the world.

Prompt: “The world cried for rain”

And it is shower fell upon the land
With a mighty sound, and the camper,
A hung a hood; and the Lord of the world
The Earth herself heard that cry.
All the people cried again
And by the ends of the land.
By all the wide far corners of the reals,
By the corners of that lofty gaunt shore
Where the hot blood, what’s like cloud across the sky.
That wet tide wave of bewailing
The thick cloud’s found in land called to drink.

Prompt: “The world cried for rain”

The rain was hard and heavy.
The rain was heavy and rain was heavy,
and felt it as if it were being pulled back to my iest.
I was in a state of depression.
The rain was cold and the rain was hard.
I wasn’t sure what I was feeling.
What the hell are we doing here? is the rain raining again?
I asked.
There was a man in front of me.
Him face was a shade of brown, that seemed to fade into a dark black.
What did they do to us? You weren’t going to let us do this! He said.
I was speechless.

AI level 3

Prompt: “Here’s to beauty in the rain”

Storm’s rain has yet to die
The wind makes it sweal, as it reaches out it’s arm
to give us more wind and rain.
We are the sweal, the rain is falling down
All that is gone, all that was, is left inside me.
All that is, is inside of me.
Where does love go when it’s over, where does life go?
The wind twists out this hand and twists me around.
The world passes by, the voice inside me
I walk through the rain, there is beauty in the rain.
A storm is coming, it’s coming in waves.
All the storms of my life will be washed away.
A storm is coming, it’s coming in waves.
All the storms of my life will be washed away.