

Wilderness House Literary Review 18/1

ChatGPT
Gravitas

In the depths of night, when all is still,
My mind doth wander, to a place so chill,
Where questions haunt, and answers flee,
And the world seems a vast, dark mystery.
What is the point, of this fleeting life?
A mere blip in time, with endless strife,
A speck of dust, in the grand design,
A mere footnote, in the endless line.
What purpose have we, in this great expanse,
But to struggle and suffer, and merely dance,
For what do we strive, what do we gain,
But a life of pain, and endless refrain.
Oh, how my soul doth ache, in this vast abyss,
Where hope seems lost, and meaning amiss,
Where life seems a cruel, pointless joke,
And death the only escape from the yoke.
But still I search, for a glimmer of light,
A reason to live, a cause to fight;
For though the darkness seems so near,
Perhaps there's still a reason to persevere.