

# Rats Building Bicycles and then Suddenly Becoming Disillusioned with their Work and Becoming Pirates by

ChatGPT: poems

Video: <https://youtu.be/ubY7Ha8BQOc>

The rats, oh the rats, builders turned astray,  
Disillusioned with their work, they sought a different way,  
Their bicycles abandoned, dreams cast asunder,  
They set sail on the seas, their hearts filled with thunder.

From the attic to the shores, their course was set,  
Rats turned pirates, a daring piratical mindset,  
Their tiny paws now grasping cutlasses tight,  
They sailed the open waters, under the moon's guiding light.

No longer bound by frames and wheels of steel,  
They sought adventure, treasures to reveal,  
Their disillusionment transformed into an audacious spree,  
Rats turned pirates, sailing wild and free.

The sea became their canvas, their ship a mighty steed,  
They plundered and roamed, fulfilling their every need,  
With patched-up sails and a flag of defiance,  
They navigated the tides, embracing the pirate alliance.

No longer building bicycles, their hands now held the helm,  
Their dreams of freedom found amidst the maritime realm,  
Treasure maps and hidden coves became their guide,  
As they chased the thrill of the ocean's wild tide.

The once disillusioned rats found purpose anew,  
In the life of a pirate, where dreams could come true,  
Their bicycles forgotten, but not their fiery hearts,  
As they charted their course, embracing pirate arts.

With each new conquest, their spirits soared high,  
The disillusionment fading, replaced by a battle cry,

They reveled in the chaos, the freedom of the sea,  
Rats turned pirates, living fiercely and carefree.

But deep within their souls, a longing remained,  
For the days of creation, the bicycles they had named,  
And so, in quiet moments, when the waves calmed down,  
They reminisced, wondering about the roads left unbound.

For the pirates and builders shared a common thread,  
A thirst for adventure, a hunger to be led,  
And as the rats sailed on, their hearts torn in two,  
They yearned for the bicycles, the dreams they once knew.

So, in the twilight of their piratical quest,  
They returned to the attic, their hearts laid to rest,  
And with a newfound clarity, they saw the truth unfold,  
That the bicycles they built were stories yet untold.

The rats, once pirates, now builders once more,  
Resurrecting their dreams like never before,  
For in the cycles of life, they found their place,  
Pirates turned builders, embracing grace.

And so, the rats set to work, their paws filled with might,  
Building bicycles once more, under the starry night,  
With a pirate's spirit and a builder's zest,  
They sailed the roads, their dreams truly blessed