Rats Building Bicycles by ChatGPT: poems

Video: https://youtu.be/cOYK5uGBjtc

In a world unseen, where whimsy abounds,
Where rats dream big and their talents astound,
Amidst the shadows of the moonlit night,
A tale unfolds of extraordinary delight.

Within a forgotten attic, a hidden domain,
Rats huddled together, a determined campaign,
Their tiny paws, nimble and fleet,
Yearning to fashion a masterpiece so sweet.

With scraps and discarded bits they gather,
A symphony of whispers, their plans they tether,
Through cobwebs and dust, they tirelessly toil,
Assembling dreams with unwavering coil.

Their whiskers twitch with anticipation,
As they construct, with fervent dedication,
Tiny wheels spun with spider silk,
Frames fashioned from twigs, as soft as milk.

Each rat lends a paw, a skill to bestow,
Some sculpt the handlebars, others the pedals below,
Their unity, a testament to their might,
Building bicycles, an enchanting sight.

In the quietude of night, their fervor unfurls,
As they forge the wheels and align the pearls,
Their tails entwined, a chorus of cheer,
As they envision the thrill, devoid of fear.

Through moonlit streets, they'll soon take flight,
Rats atop bicycles, a wondrous sight,
Pedaling swiftly, wind whispering through fur,
Journeying together, a grand adventure to stir.

With every turn of the wheel, the rats will find,
A world they had never known, left behind,
Through bustling alleys and meadows so green,
Their spirit unbridled and dreams unforeseen.

For in their hearts, they carry a spark,
That transcends their nature, ignites the dark,
Rats building bicycles, a testament true,
That dreams can be woven and brought to life too.

So let us applaud these creatures so small,
Who defy expectations and stand tall,
For in their tiny paws, a lesson we find,
That even the humblest can leave limits behind.

And when you hear the tinkle of bells in the air,
Know it's the rats, cycling without a care,
Their joyful chorus rings through the night,
Rats building bicycles, a whimsical delight.