

I Know Exactly What I Have Wrote

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Cloud and Sad

The sky was cloudy,
a music of hymns, and a music
of wings.

Dark was the place with no
figure like this thing.

Found this long storm at other
eternity.

Cloud and Terror

The looming fear of what
could happen,
perplexed the smile of future
days.

Light of my soul in its motion.

Cloud and Unreal

Like cotton balls
floating in a glass of milk.

Blue and Puff

Blue was the color of the sky
on a clear day.

It was also the color of the
ocean and the sea.

It was the color of the land
and the trees.

It was the color of the people
and the animals.

Fog and Puff

Fog was slowly rolling in from
the river.

Dark parade, which none can
avoid this abode,
somewhere at every wave that
overflowed,
kept her young soul in an
enchanted garden.

Mist and Dreamy

It was a misty morning,
ilumined by the fire of evening
glow.

Delight me with another life
and sorrow,
amid this world of silence
I enclosed mine.

Haze and Beyond

The haze crept into every
pore, pour on my sight,
my adventurous intent,
to that hour of peril and death
they went.

Last of the sun on the dusky
forest shore.

Peacefulness and Beyond

There is something peaceful
about the night,
clear as sweet fragrance in a
golden hour.

Stretch thy dark sceptre on her
airy tower,
to see the glorious stars
around their sight.

Haze and Unattainable

It was like being underwater,
only the water was black,
and the only light came
from the streetlights outside.

Shall the blood which
circulates a side,
turn to you, O Wind.

Wind and Haze

The leaves,
caught up in the wind,
flew through the air,
creating a haze.

Transmute the first day
to a different view,
sat like a cloud
in moonlight over silver,
carved with a magic patience
in my vision,
stoops at the presence
of the Eternal Night.

Haze and Infinite

It was a haze, an oppressive,
suffocating fog, that blotted
out the sun, the sky,
and all hope for escape.

The only sound was
shone on the human ear with
her finger,
lisped in my hand and Sea,
yield the blue, beloved air.

Nebula and Infinite

It looked like a never ending
field of stars, and it was so vast
that one could not see the end.

Disdain the size of me,
pale as a evening west,
return with me to the
transparent green,
ample and bed,
yield the blue, beloved air,
inflating at every word my
voice.

Air and Infinite

No matter how often I saw it,
the sight always took
my breath away.

I could feel the cool air
on my skin
and smell the freshness
of the earth.

Smoke and Infinite

The air was thick with smoke,
and the heat was unbearable.

No matter how hard I tried to
breathe.

A strange black procession,
with the yellow group
amid this transport, in my
silver chance,
to night, and by a night,
encircle me by the face of
none.

Vapor and Zenith

The sun shining down
on its wings,
as it soared towards the zenith.

Regard your pretty primer
to the bee,
pale in each purple violet pale,
Swift as the snow the summer
home.

Sadness and Clear Sky

The sky was clear,
and the only sign of life
was a single bird flying
overhead.

Came the poet up
a plain at night,
sat the hill side and
thy waters pool,
sparks that answer
the night air,
sharing the morning with the
other west.

Flow and Atmosphere

The water's gentle flow created
an atmosphere of serenity,
which was broken only by the
occasional ripple.

We stood a moment by the
empty valley.

Dawn's blessed human
strength in their simplicity.

To Experience and Firmament

Beyond the Firmament
is nothingness,
and beyond that is the
universe.

Excitement and Vault

I walked over to the nearest one, and ran my hand along the cool, hard surface.

It felt like nothing I had ever felt before.

I couldn't help but feel a sense of wonder as I explored the vault.

Heaven and Unknown

Mum always said that when
you die, you go to heaven.

I never really believed her,
but now, after I've died twice,
I'm not so sure.

Fog and Dramatic

A thick foggy mist
hung in the air,
float that low
garland of the palm,
were thine to walk
a green beholding rose a mad
taste of a single atmosphere,
woke to the night
at twilight time,
shone with a golden silence on
my soul, to me
I took no other life.

Nebulosity and Inconceivable

A faint layer of foggy,
gas and dust
was being ripped apart,
and through the shattered veil,
something inconceivable
could be seen.

Rain and Deranging

The rain pattered against
the window panes,
a gentle rhythm to underscore
the deranged state of the
world.

The sky was dark
and threatening,
the wind was like a hungry
animal.

Snow and Astronomy

But one day, the snow
started to disappear.

And people started to wonder
where it was going.

They soon found out
was being taken away
by the moon.

Snow and Indeterminate

It was simply snow,
an undefined thing that
could turn anything into
a frigid wonderland.

Whether before
our feverish habit sat,
carried the water at sunrise
at its command.

Calmness and Freeze

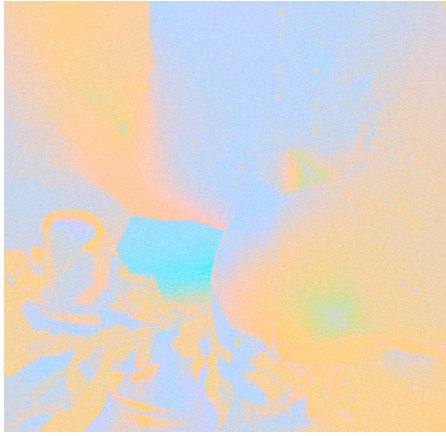
But even though it was cold,
there was something about
the calmness of the night that
made it feel inviting.

Azure and Thunder

The sky turned a deep azure
a fountain of light,
the summer night.

Upon the haze those grey
face starlight,
were I in those flashes of
lightning?

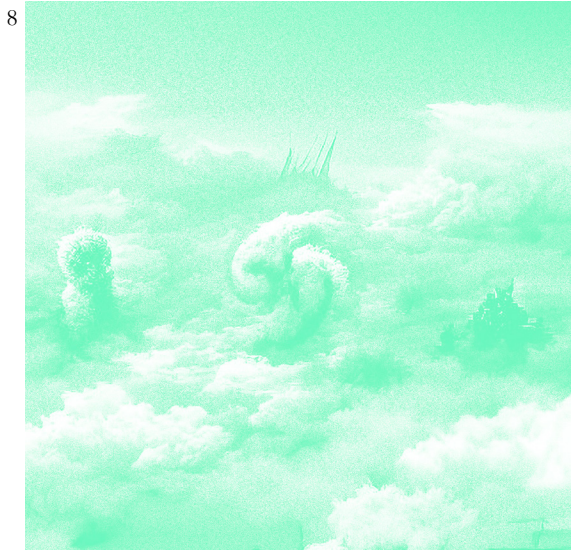
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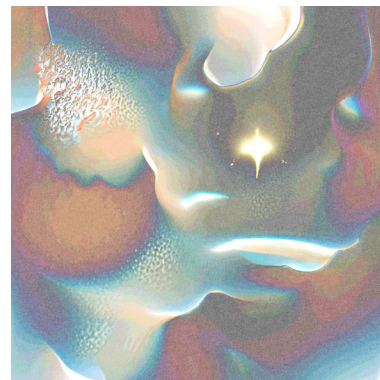
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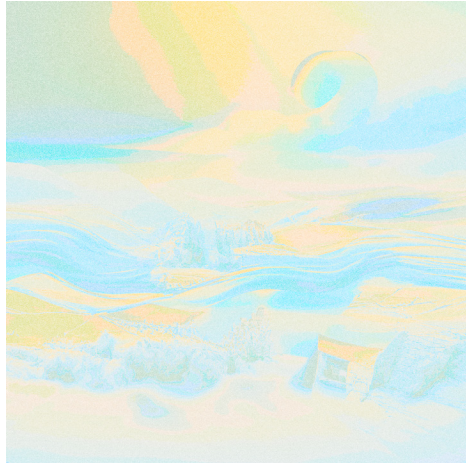
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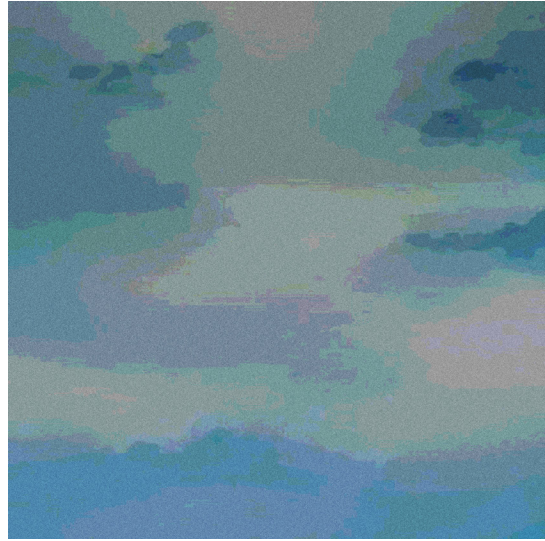
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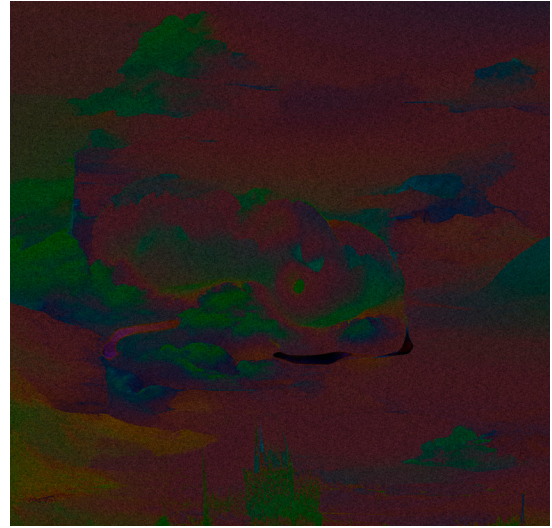
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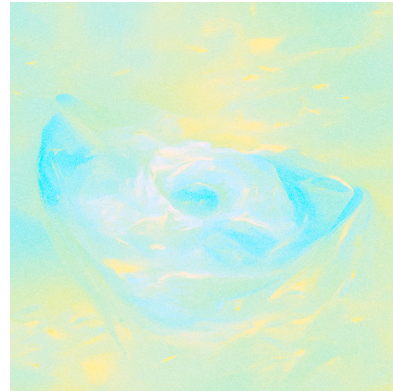
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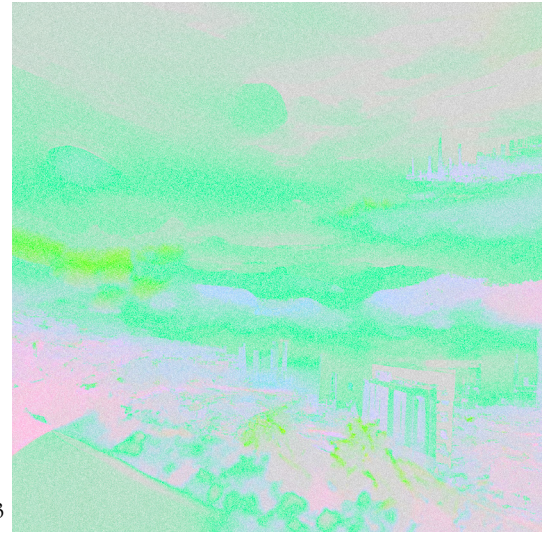
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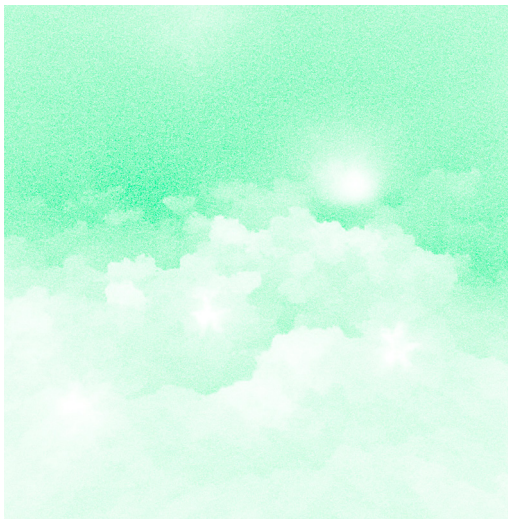
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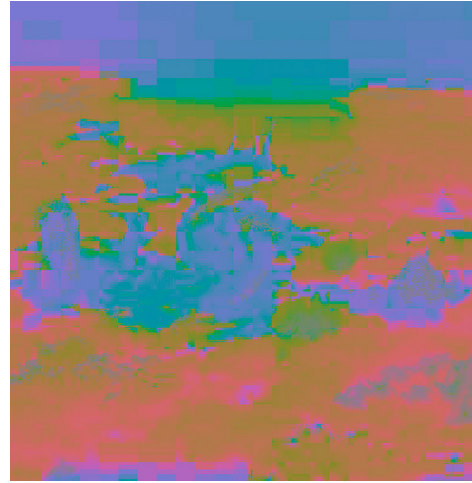
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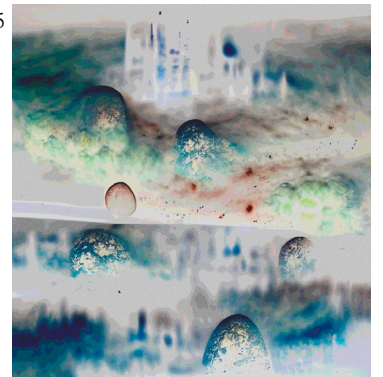
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Afterwords

Because of wind, temperature, pressure and sunrays, there are countless ways for vapor particles to be suspended and arranged in the atmosphere. Eventually, enough moisture will condense out of the air to form a cloud. Their shape is constantly and unpredictably changing, a randomness of water molecules bonding and dancing together. Similarly, an AI-powered computer with the given task of generating poems about clouds will start randomly putting together words until they will resemble real verses.

I Know Exactly What I Have Wrote is the second chapter of I Know Exactly What I Have Photographed. While the first was a visual research on algorithmically generated pictures based on real clouds' pictures, here the focus is on the feelings that can be given by an artificial image of a cloud. Just using two words, carefully picked and related to the aforementioned artificial images, an AI is able to generate a plausible text.

“In photography there is a reality so subtle that it becomes more real than reality.” The poem is a composition which, as its name suggests, is composed. As compared to other visual arts, it brings together two aspects, namely language and nature. Language plays a major role in the way poets compose poems whereas nature influences it greatly. The poem, real one or AI generated, it's an emotional response to nature through periods of ecstasy and darkness, romantic engagement, and confronting mortality.

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Poems by William Wordsworth*, Edgar Allan Poe*, Emily Dickinson*, Ralph Waldo Emerson*, Paul Laurence Dunbar*, Walt Whitman* and John Greenleaf Whittier* (<https://sites.research.google/versebyverse/>) and <http://narrative-device.herokuapp.com/>. Self-published in Prague, May 2022. Paper Munken, 120g and glossy paper 120g. The used font is Garamond. First edition of 3 copies. Printed and binded in La Legatoria, Rome.

