

Public AI versus ChatGPT in challenge to write autumn poetry (An exercise by [Katherine Wikoff](#), October 3, 2025)

Prompt to Public AI chat (Apertus, Swiss AI)

I said:

Can you write a poem about autumn and pumpkins? Maybe make it humorous?

Public AI said:

Certainly! Here's a poem about autumn and pumpkins with a humorous twist:

Public AI said:

Autumn's Pumpkin Prank

Jolly Jack-O'-Lanterns at the doorstep of the night, Wear grins as large as a full moon's fallen sight. They greet the wind with their elaborate smiles, Like jack-lanterns on a hill, the world their place to domicile.

But wait, not all of them are just a sight, Some carvings tell the tales we'll tell at twilight. Some even dance like secret squirrels, hiding in the leaves, Making autumn laughter sound like a joyful, echoing weave.

Pumpkins, too, play along this magical play, Mutating back to vines when the clock strikes gray. A trick that turns the harvest-thyme into a sprinkle of fun, As autumn's magic trick makes pumpkins pumpkins again—but just begun.

Now where are the gourds and the squash? They got smart, Decided to change their ways, they switched to metamorphic art. Standing tall with dignity and theaters in their core, Seeking respect instead of being sold for \$1.95 per score.

So little pumpkins giggle with joy that's never old, While children laugh and wonder if they've grown a little cold. But as the skies paint a sunset of reflected fire, And pumpkins dance in the

dwindling hours of the tide of twilight's desire, The world's largest prank becomes the
"autumn's greatest wall," Where pumpkins pump in movement and chortle in the hall.

Autumn, in her costume of changing leaves and color, Has added laughter to her gallery of
armor. So raise a glass of cider, or perhaps a pumpkin candle in sight, For this autumn poem
adds a joke to winter's night!

I said:

Hmm, not quite what I was looking for. I don't want rhyming, would prefer free verse but in
stanzas. Can you add in some notes about the weather growing cooler, the leaves turning color.
I'd like a reference to time passing, sands through the hourglass, etc. I'd love a gently humorous
tone, more wry and with a slightly distant, detached tone.

Public AI said:

Autumn's Edges

Season of whispers, silver-seated, come to think in the dusk-curtained heat. The edges of my
clock's face, well— now sharpened with leaves in their soft release.

Agrée, a été becomes mon cœur amourstrum. The cooler weather bears no grudge, just gentle-
treading justice. It slides through my fingers, in its untamed rush— sands through the
hourglass, twirling in hue.

In the courtyard's rose, now an autumnal curse, the petals they hold with a deceptive force.
Fading grace yields to shadows that caress, leaves tracing the air with soft, rhythmic steps.

Autumn, with a wry salute, skims the surface of summer's retreating property. Weather waltzes
gently, a respectful measure, cooler air to the cheek, a brush of tender tattle.

The colors in leaves pretend to play, a fervent tapestry that daily reads its decay. The world's
painter's unfoldable bow, spraying hues that leave hearts aglow.

Pumpkins, too, part of the autumnal scheme, carved features smile and beam. It's a playful season's grin, a setting sun that just might win.

Time passes with a lazy swing, leaves rustling, hands holding a thing. A gentle perspective on the season's flush—a delicate, detached verbally soft mush.

Autumn's carved grin—each stroke, quiet, indistinct from the forest's latent quiet. Here's a season that waves, not just a hand, but the very essence of calm and understanding.

It's a pleasant season for my reflective pen—to sketch the outline of time's softer den—a season of color changing hands, with a wry, detached, spin that transcends.

Prompt to ChatGPT

I said:

Can you write a poem about autumn and pumpkins? Maybe make it humorous? I don't want rhyming, would prefer free verse but in stanzas. Can you add in some notes about the weather growing cooler, the leaves turning color. I'd like a reference to time passing, sands through the hourglass, etc. I'd love a gently humorous tone, more wry and with a slightly distant, detached tone.

ChatGPT said:

Here's a draft of a free-verse poem for you, keeping it wry, gently humorous, and slightly detached:

Autumn with Pumpkins

The air cools,
not with drama,
but with the resigned sigh of someone
turning down a blanket at night.

Leaves, once insistent on being green,
have begun their small rebellions—
rust, amber, ochre—
like coworkers who decide
to “dress casual” on Friday
and never return to form.

Pumpkins appear everywhere.
On porches.
In grocery carts.
In lattes that pretend to be seasonal
but taste mostly of sugar
and marketing.
The pumpkin itself
has very little say in this arrangement.

Time, of course, keeps doing
what time does.
The old hourglass trick—
sand sliding with neither malice
nor mercy.
You'd think the leaves would protest,
but they fall willingly,
one after another,
as if auditioning for a role in gravity's chorus.

Meanwhile, the pumpkins sit—
patient, rotund,
each one pretending
it might become pie
instead of collapsing
in a soft heap by the compost bin.

And we,
watching our breath rise in the cool air,
pretend the season is only about beauty,
not about endings,
as if autumn were a party
thrown in our honor,
with pumpkins for decoration,
and not, in fact,
a countdown disguised in foliage.

Would you like me to sharpen the humor a little more—leaning into satire about pumpkin spice culture, or keep it in this gently wry, understated mode?