



CHAT GPT PROMPT



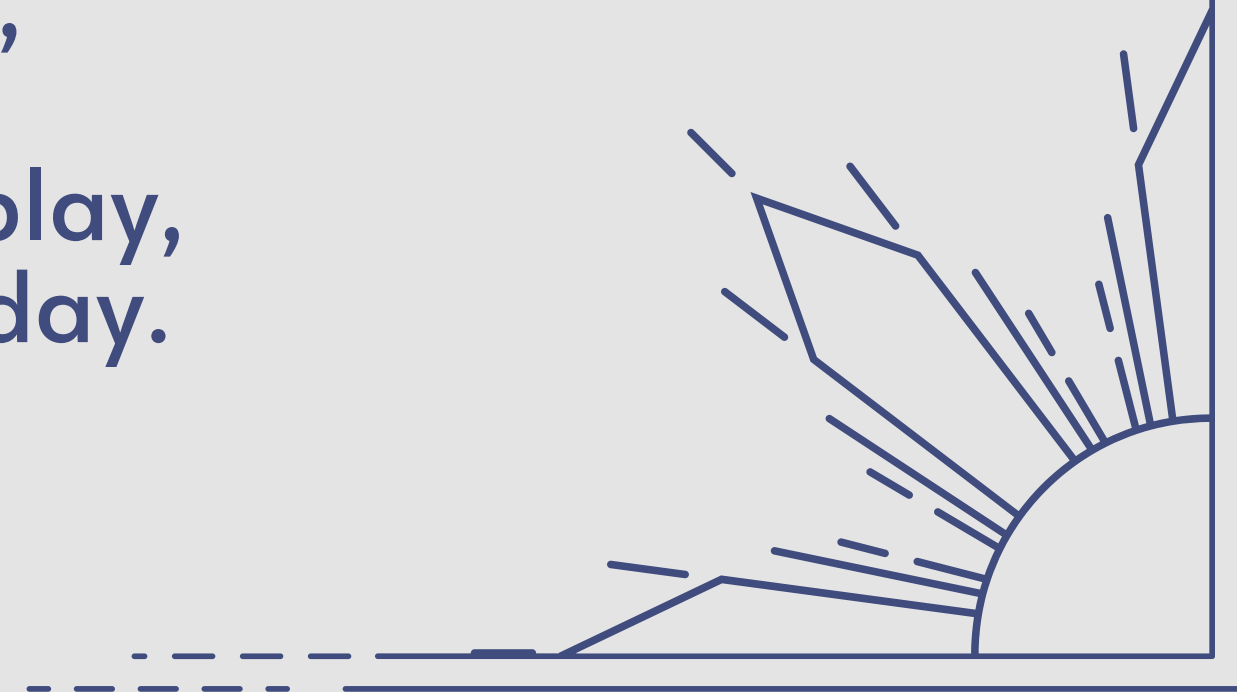
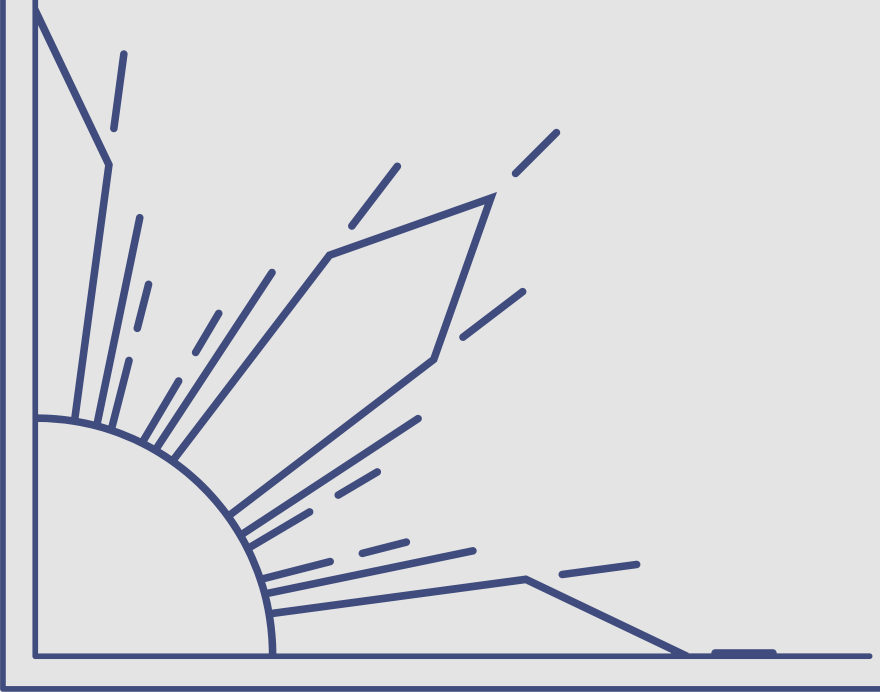
INTRODOCUTION



3 words- make a poem

A quiet spark in the fading light
A whispered thought at the edge of night.
Dreams drift close like a silver tide,
Carrying truths we try to hide.

In every step, a world unfolds,
In every breath, a story told.
And in the calm where shadows play,
We find the courage to face the day.



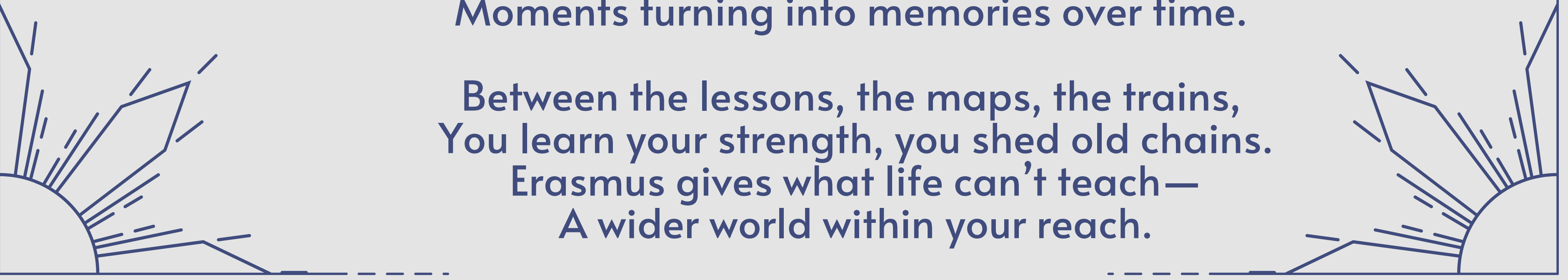


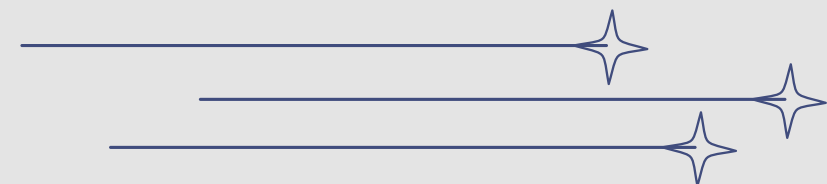
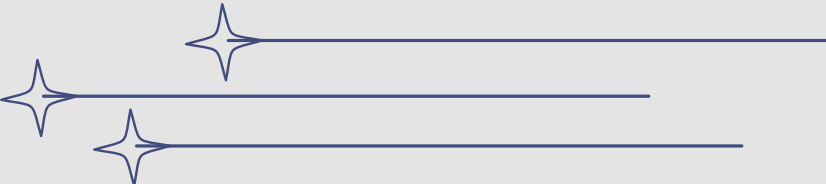
5 words- make a poem about erasmus

Suitcase full, the world ahead,
New streets where unfamiliar words are said.
A door swings wide to skies untried,
And suddenly, you're living on the other side.

Friends found fast in crowded rooms,
Laughter echoing through ancient ruins.
Nights that blur, mornings that shine,
Moments turning into memories over time.

Between the lessons, the maps, the trains,
You learn your strength, you shed old chains.
Erasmus gives what life can't teach—
A wider world within your reach.





15 words- make a poem about an youth exchange erasmus in lithuanian small village Bartninkai in winter

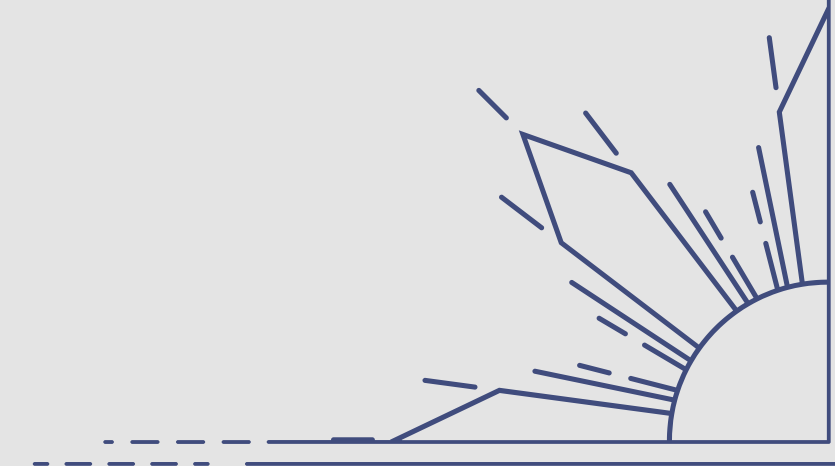
In Bartninkai, where winter holds
The fields in quiet drifts of cold,
We came from places far and near
To find a village calm and clear.

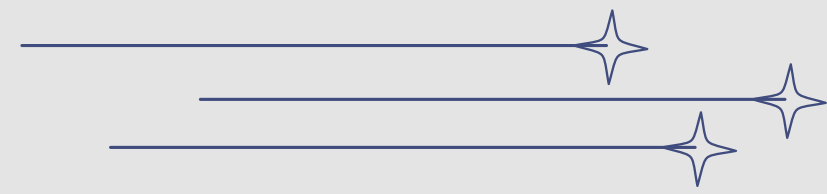

Snow lay soft on every roof,
The world outside felt still, aloof,
Yet in one room, warm lights glowed bright,
And voices rose into the night.

We shared our tales, our doubts, our aims,
We learned each other's hopes and names,
And though the wind cut sharp and deep,
The friendships made were ours to keep.

Footsteps traced on frozen ground,
A tiny village, wide in sound—
For in its hush we came to see
How winter shapes community.

When we left, the sky was pale,
The road a long, white, silent trail,
But Bartninkai stayed in our mind—
A frozen place that made us kind.





25 words- make a poem about an youth exchange erasmus with the topic of AI, in lithuanian small village Bartninkai in winter without snow and without fire

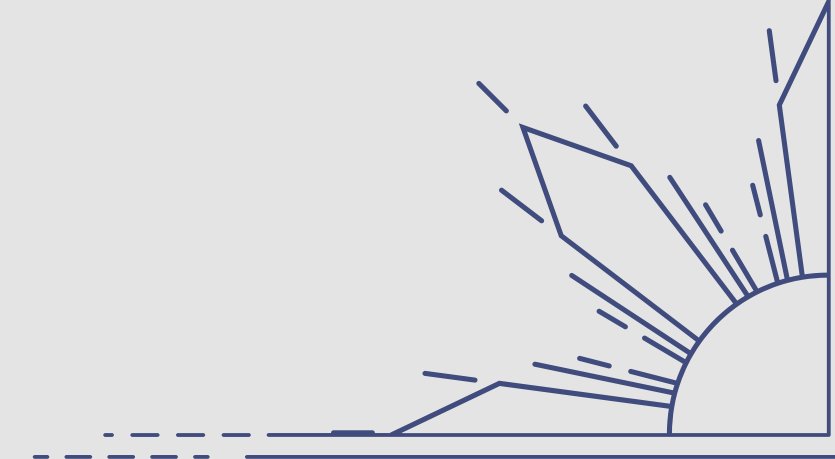
In Bartninkai, where winter stays
In muted light and shortened days,
We gathered there from far and wide
To study how machines decide.

No icy flakes, no glowing flame—
Just quiet roads that looked the same,
A village still, a gentle grey,
A perfect place to think and stay.

In simple rooms with steady pace,
We mapped the mind of each smart trace,
Asked how the code can learn and grow,
What futures we might come to know.

Outside, the trees stood bare and calm,
The air held neither bite nor balm,
Yet in our talks the spark ran deep—
Ideas that would not let us sleep.

And when we left that modest scene,
We carried more than what had been:
Bartninkai proved in its own way
That quiet places shape the brave.

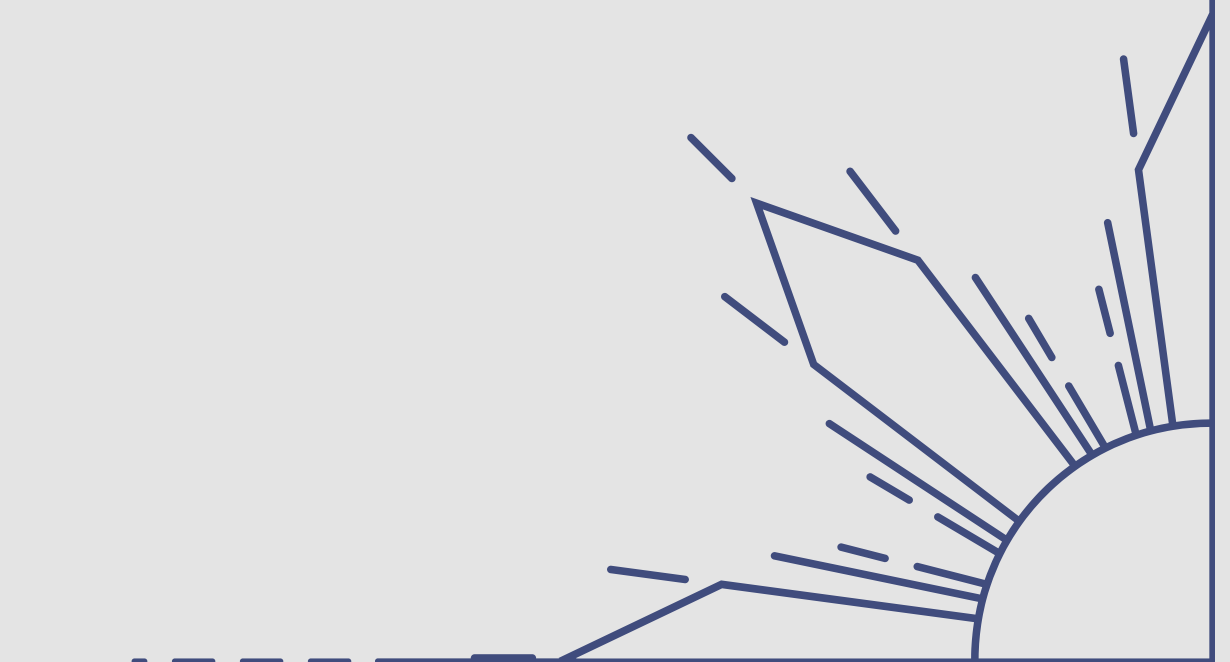
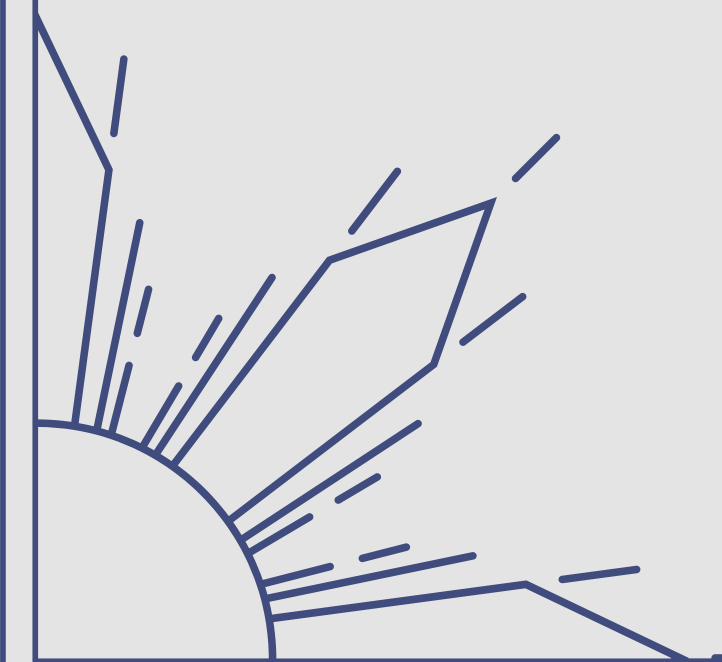




PROBLEMS



- when we mentioned Lithuania it talked about Vilnius
- it was mentioning summer
- when we mentioned winter it talked about snow
- we asked not to mention snow and it literally mentioned that was no snow
- it was just about the place and winter even after mentioning the topic AI


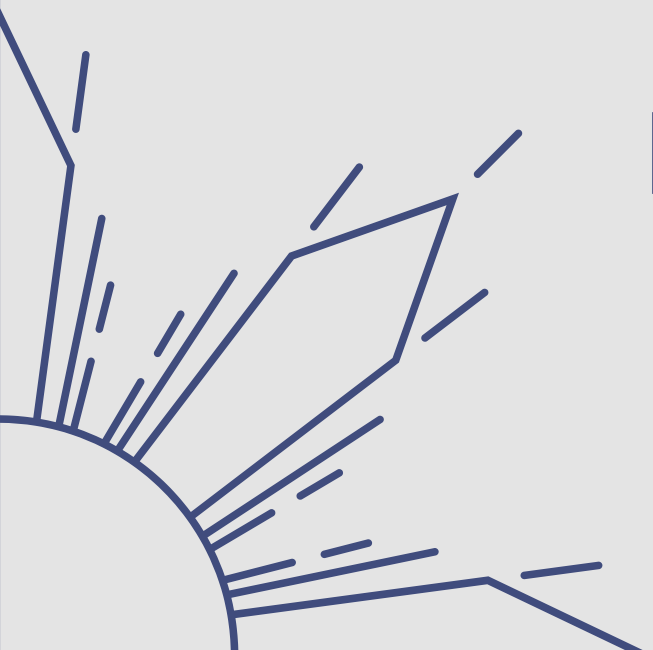




FINAL PROMPT



make a poem about an youth exchange erasmus with the topic of AI, in the lithuanian small village Bartninkai in winter, don't mention snow and fire, talk more about the experience itself and just a BIT less about the weather (you should mention still but also about the rest). there are 6 countries here. you can mention just in one verse the coordinator named Povilas. you can mention we have a sauna, we played football and tried fishing. we have cultural nights to present our countries and dances.



In Bartninkai's winter, calm but clear,
Six countries met with purpose near.
The cold stood quiet at the village's side,
Yet most of the warmth came from inside.

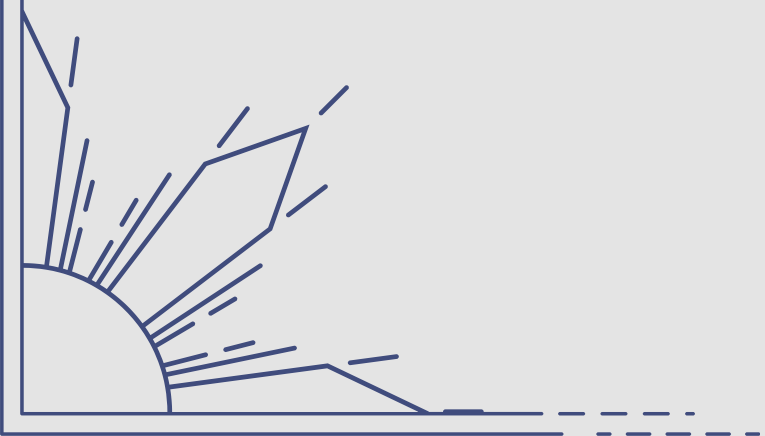
Days filled with talks on AI's reach,
How learning shifts the way we teach,
How choices built in lines of code
Might guide the paths we have not known.

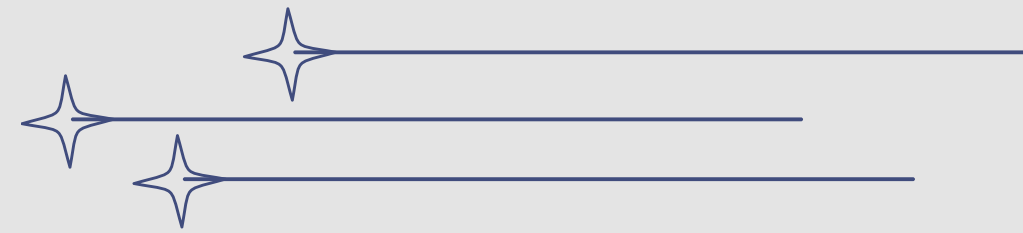
We played football on the open ground,
Laughter lifting the silent sound.
Tried fishing by the still brown stream,
A small adventure, light and clean.

The sauna called at the end of day,
A place where tired thoughts slipped away.
And once a night, the room turned bright
With dances, flags and shared delight.

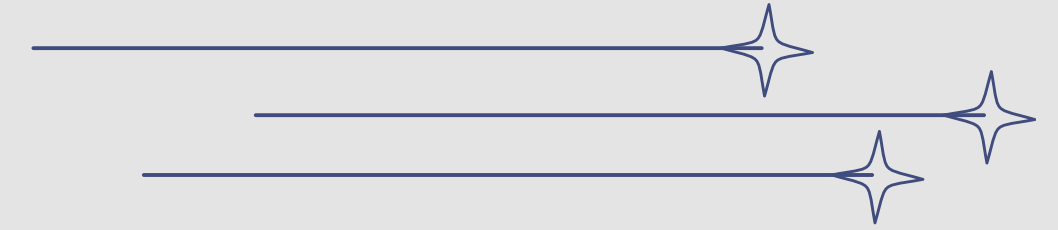
Each culture shone in its own way—
Stories told, songs at play.
Only once, with a modest smile,
Our coordinator, Povilas, walked the aisle.

When the week began to fade,
We felt the mark the village made:
Not only lessons, tasks or plans,
But a circle built by many hands.





CONCLUSION

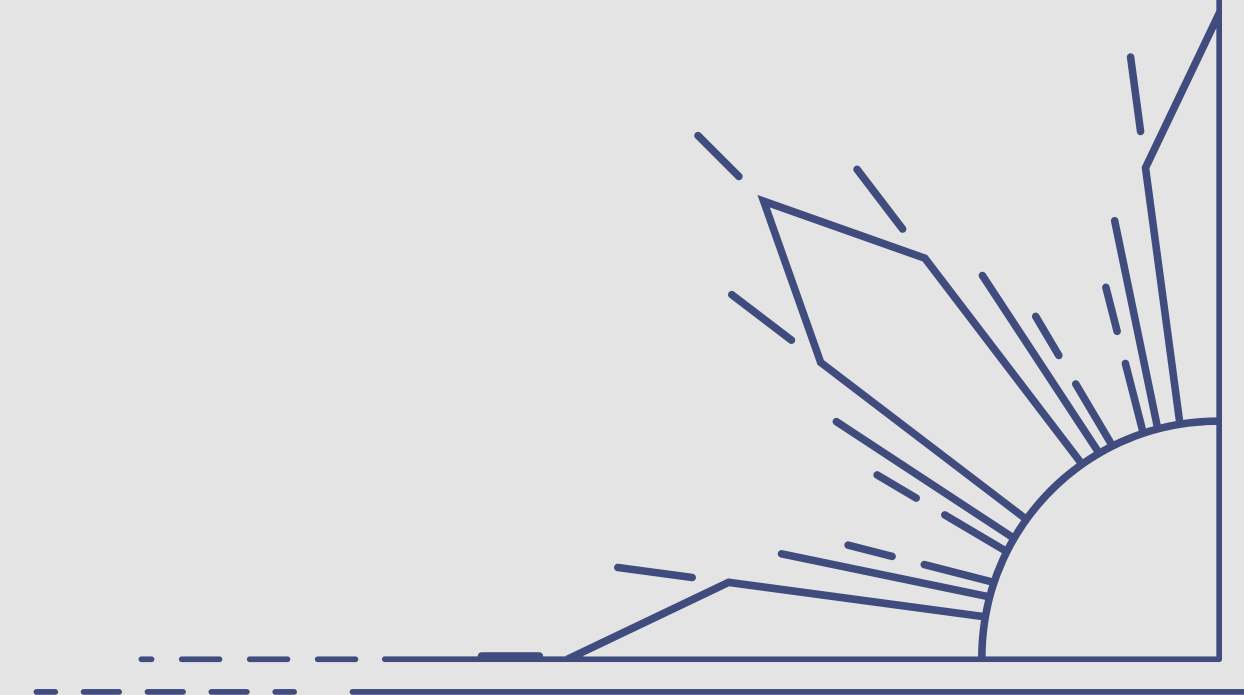
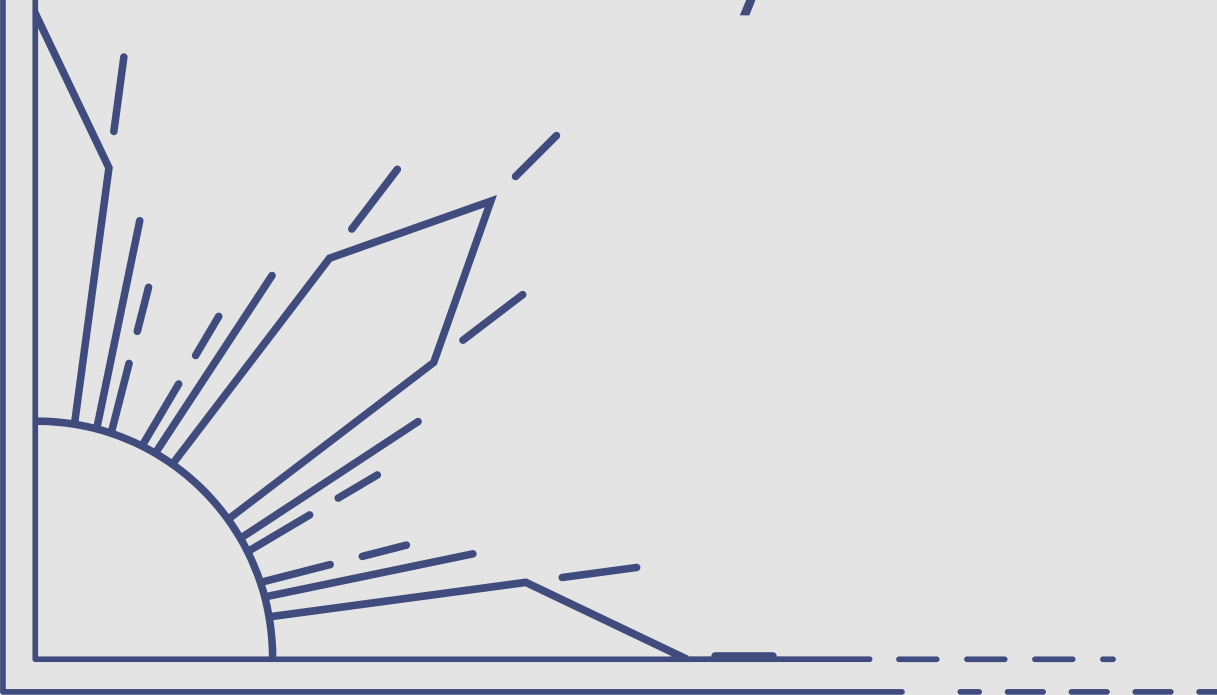


The more specific the prompt, the more specific the poem.

However, since it's maybe a strange topic for a poem it just kept getting stranger...

The part of Povilas doesn't make sense, sorry :/

We liked that the ending of the poem was about the end of the youth exchange :)





THANK YOU



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