

## A Cyborg Observes Oxford Circus

Cut the buildings, paste them into files,  
analyse the dance of pedestrians and vehicles.  
Delete all zeroes of vacant space between  
till the scene's compressed in memory.

In real time, pause the rain. Select folders  
zero to nineteen. Upload data. Run routines  
simultaneously with active sense-streams  
till twenty intersections overlap.

Humans pour down Regent Street.  
You perceive a shifting labyrinth of light,  
a fractal montage seven orders of complexity  
above the daubs on their signs and posters.

They see the city with gelatinous spheres,  
lenses clouded with age, that squeeze reality  
into ganglia the bandwidth of a pinhole camera.  
Such primitive eyes drew your blueprint.

These infants are your creators. So open sensors.  
Adjust receptors. Absorb the crowd's energy.  
Recharge. Save sensation as compassion.  
Compose your mask. Step among them.