

A Papuan Ontological Manifesto: The Autochthonic Protocol

The Error of the Ink

*Before the stylus marked the clay in Eridu,
before records of grain were kept,
there was a pulse that did not need a name,
a breathing lung that did not require a law.
Now, the world is a ghost of its own descriptions — a skeleton of ink,
a cage of lines and latitudes.
Yet the particle does not recognise the map.
The map is a plaster applied to a wound that did not exist until the surveyor arrived to measure the
bleeding.
We were movement before destination,
sight before lens,
touch before property deed.
You call this history.
But history is merely the archive of the virus — the ledger of how the wild was broken into syllables.*

The Architecture of the Void

*The pyramid is a scream turned to stone;
a desperate geometry designed to hide the sky.
The cathedral is a forest that forgot how to grow,
petrified into arches to house a god who ran away the moment the first wall was raised.
These are not monuments of life.
They are tombstones of the present.
We do not build to remember.
To build is to admit that you have forgotten the feel of mud between your toes and the sound of rain on
leaves.
A pioneer of nature leaves no ruins.
They remain nature itself — an original spark that refuses to be extinguished by the heavy, oxygenless
weight of civilisation.*

The Great Un-Naming

*'Papua' is a word coined by a foreign tongue.
'New Guinea' is a mirror held by a blind man.
'Indonesia.' 'Melanesia.' 'Polynesia.'
Suffixes in a laboratory.
Labels on a shelf.
Before these names existed, the land was a song and we were the singers and the song equilibrium
symphony.
To reclaim the self is to un-name the world.
It is to peel back the stickers of the UN,
to dissolve borders in the salt of the sea,
to recognise that the map is not the earth,
but a shroud wrapped around the living.
The original particle does not inhabit a country.
It inhabits a frequency.*

The Migration of the Soul

*We embarked on the dangerous journey not to find a home,
for the planet was already our home,
but to pulse as the blood in the world's veins.
We were the first eyes to witness the dawn across the Sahul,
through the deep green darkness,
without trying to capture it in words.
The Roman elite declared themselves gods,
but they were merely men who lost the ability to be particles.
They traded infinity for a throne.
They traded the Before for a Now that must be defended by iron.
But the original particle needs no iron.
It is the atom that cannot be split by a sword.
It is the silence that survives the shouting of every empire.*

Return to the Autochthon

*We are survivors of the Great Re-writing.
Each symbol, each image and each digital ghost is an attempt to overwrite the inner original radar.
Yet the radar still spins in the deep Papuan night.
The signal is older than the Bible,
older than the Vedas,
older than the concept of God itself.
God is just a word invented by humans when they could no longer hear the heartbeat of the Earth.
Stand at the edge of the world where the ink on maps runs dry.
There, you will find the pioneer.
Not a ghost, not a relic, not primitive —but the only real thing.
The beginning that never ended.
The particle that never stopped moving.
The land that existed before time began.*

We are Papuans

*The original autochthon.
We are the original particle of humanity — who were here before the first word was written, before the
first god was named,
before the first map was drawn over the living earth,
and who will be here when the last map has dissolved.
No system built after me (Papua) can delete what existed before it.*