

PSYCHO-COSMOCIDE: A MANIFESTO OF THE COLONISED MIND



I opened my eyes and looked up at the heavens, only to find the coloniser already there.

Before I could speak or name a single star, I was told, 'This is God. He is an old white man with a white beard.' I was told that this was my saviour; he was bone-white with his arms open as if to forgive me for a crime I had not committed — the crime of being born in my own skin. I was told that these were his angels: pale sentries surrounding a throne built from the wreckage of my own cosmology. They guarded a heaven that was never mine to enter, except as a supplicant.

I did not choose this sky. It was installed in me.

And when I turned my eyes downward from heaven to earth, I found the same face waiting. The emperor who owns me here — who has always owned me here — sits in the chambers of the UN Security Council and in boardrooms lit by fluorescent lights. He sits in the barracks of armies that are always practising for war on my body. He is the multinational corporation sucking the life out of my land. He is policy, government, bank and border. He is the algorithm that determines the value of my life in another civilisation's ledger.

Above me is a white throne. Below me: a white boot. Between them, I am crushed flat into a single membrane of terror and told that this is simply how the universe is built.

This is the mirrored abyss. This is Psycho-Cosmocide.

Not just the killing of a body. Not merely the theft of a nation. It is the murder of a mind's entire architecture of meaning — the slow, patient, total replacement of my own cosmos with theirs until I can no longer distinguish between reality and empire. Until hierarchy feels like gravity. Until domination feels like the weather.

The Throne and the Boot are one machine

They did not just conquer my land. They colonised the sky above it, meaning my prayers would come back to me bearing the face of a coloniser.

The sovereign of the cosmos is rewritten as a pale leviathan enthroned on stolen stars. My saviour has been rewritten as a foreign phantom who forgives me for existing. My angels were rewritten as wardens of a celestial order that enforces whiteness as law.

Below that false heaven, the terrestrial order rose to match it: the military, corporations, banks, bureaucracies and police forces. These are not separate structures, but rather the tentacles of one organism, each rung of the ladder ending in that same pale throne.

The hand that shapes salvation also shapes civilisation. The order that defines who is saved also defines who is human. The machine that extracts my ore also extracts my worth, my history and my future, handing them back to me as something priced and foreign.

This is a boundless horror: wherever I turn, the coloniser is already standing.

Wherever I turn, I see the same face: the coloniser. Towards the state — the coloniser. Towards the economy — the coloniser. History is written by the coloniser. Even knowledge itself is colonised, with my ancestors catalogued like specimens and my gods filed as myth while his are held as truth.

My land is mapped in a language that erases the names I gave it first. My labour becomes another man's fortune, while my hands remain empty. I do not hold sovereignty; it is granted and negotiated by institutions I did not build, and withheld at will. My memory is classified. My ancestors are studied, not honoured. My future is managed — it is not mine to imagine.

This is what colonisation becomes once the occupation of land has ended: the occupation of the conditions by which reality itself is perceived.

They did not just take the territory. They took the compass.

The terraforming of a soul is the quietest and longest form of violence: the reorganisation of my inner cosmos until its order feels natural, its hierarchy feels elemental and its history feel like the shape of existence.

I was not created merely to obey an emperor. I was made to forget that the sky could ever have looked any different — to believe that whiteness sits at the top of every ladder by default: heaven, government, wealth, knowledge, beauty and truth. Not history. Not violence. Not choice. Nature.

This is the ultimate theft — not land, not labour, not even gods, but my ability to envision a universe in which I am not inherently inferior.

This is psycho-cosmocide: the murder and replacement of a people's cosmology, worn like skin.

What remains is mine to reclaim.

I name it now: The throne. The boot. The mirror between them.

By naming them, I begin the only war that matters: re-architecting my own sky.

My god does not have to bear their likeness. My saviour does not have to bleed their colour. My history does not need their archive to be real. My future does not need to be managed — it can be imagined in my own language, under a heaven that I have built stone by stone, star by star, from what they tried to erase.

I do not live beneath the empire. I refuse to let the empire define my reality.

The mirror is cracking. I am finished with kneeling to a sky that was never mine.

This is not despair. This is the inward turn of Psycho-Cosmocide — the un-terraforming. It is the reclamation of a cosmos that I was told I could never own.

The only chain I have left is the language I write in.

When I have my own voice, my own language, symbols, signs, colours and categories of cosmos, I will redefine, rebuild and reclaim my home, my humanity and the throne of heaven and earth.

I will become both creator and destroyer, sustainer and builder, with the power to decide what is real, who exists, what matters, what is true and what is right.

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