

The Colonial System Has No Human Soul

A Manifesto on the Nature of Colonial Power



The Sentence

- 1 The colonial system has no human soul.*
- 2 It wears a human face. It speaks through human mouths. It signs with human hands. But it is not human being, and it never was.*
- 3 This manifesto is written for the colonised who are still waiting for the system to feel something: shame, pity, remorse, love. It is written to end that waiting, because the waiting itself has become one of the system's most loyal servants.*
- 4 Remember this before anything else. Everything that follows depends on it.*

Remember This

- 5 Colonialism is not a person.*
- 6 It appears as a person. It arrives as the governor, the general, the minister, the missionary, the investor, the teacher, the smiling official with the stamp. But behind every face it wears, there is no face at all.*
- 7 It carries no soul. It holds no mind. It moves without human spirit.*
- 8 It was never endowed with ethics, never cursed with morality, never burdened with integrity, never graced with virtue. Those are human inheritances. The system inherited none of them.*
- 9 A system does not sleep. It does not love. It does not tire. It does not care about your thoughts, your beliefs, your desires, your morality, or your compassion. It does not even know that you are thinking.*

The Hand and the Machine

- 10 Do not mistake the hand for the machine.*
- 11 The soldier who fires, the official who signs, the settler who fences the land: each is a hand. Cut off one hand, and the machine grows another before the blood is dry.*
- 12 Do not hate the instrument and forget the system. Hatred aimed at the hand is a gift to the machine. It keeps your eyes on the fingers while the body moves on, unwatched, eating.*
- 13 The most terrible thing about the machine is that it does not hate you. Hatred would mean that you matter to it. You are not its enemy. You are its raw material.*

The Morality of the Machine

- 14 This system has its own morality.*
- 15 It is not immoral. That would be too simple, and too comforting. It is differently moral. It has constructed its own ethics, its own logic, its own definitions, targets, objectives, meanings, and purposes, and it obeys them with a purity that no saint has ever achieved.*
- 16 It does not make mistakes. What you call its atrocities, it calls its achievements. What you call its crimes, it records as its targets met. It operates with perfection: not for you, but for itself.*
- 17 When Papua's forests fall, the system has not failed. When her rivers are poisoned, the system has not erred. When her people are counted, displaced, and replaced, the system has not lost its way. It has arrived exactly where it was going.*

The Scripture of the Machine

18 You cannot judge it by the laws of your god. It does not live under your god's law.

19 It has written its own scripture. It follows its own covenant. Its commandments are written in the language of development, security, sovereignty, investment, and integration, and it executes that covenant without hesitation, without apology, and without mercy.

20 Its prophets are economists. Its priests are administrators. Its sacraments are permits, contracts, census forms, and maps. Its heaven is a balance sheet, and its hymns are sung in the language of progress.

21 And the most twisted miracle of this scripture is that the colonised are taught to recite it, and to believe that they are praying.

It Does Not Apologise

22 The system does not say sorry.

23 It does not feel guilty. It does not forgive, because to forgive would imply that it believes it has wronged you. It does not believe that it has wronged you. In its own scripture, it has only done what it was made to do.

24 Mercy is not something it understands. You cannot appeal to its conscience. It has no conscience. You can only appeal to the humans trapped inside it, and they, too, have learned to speak in its voice.

25 When an apology does come, read it carefully. It is not repentance. It is maintenance. The machine apologises the way a mine apologises with a community fund: so that the digging can continue.

Kneeling Before the Machine

26 Those who kneel before it, asking for grace, are kneeling before a machine and calling it God.

27 They bring it petitions, testimonies, photographs of the dead, reports of the disappeared. They lay their grief on its altar and wait for an answer.

28 The machine will not answer. The machine will continue.

29 And the longer the colonised kneel, the more their knees take the shape of the floor, until standing up begins to feel like a sin.

The Language It Will Not Hear

30 It does not speak your language.

31 The colonised speak a language that the system neither understands nor wants to understand. Your arguments, your morality, your logic, your vocabulary of dignity, and your syntax of sovereignty are sounds it cannot hear.

32 Not because it is deaf. It has simply decided that your language does not exist.

33 It has built its own grammar. It writes in its own tongue. In that tongue, land is property, forest is resource, ancestor is superstition, mountain is deposit, and a Papuan is a problem to be managed. There is no word in its dictionary for what you are trying to say.

The Closed Room

34 When you argue with the coloniser in the language of the colonised, it is like speaking into a closed room.

35 The room is an echo chamber in the belly of the beast. Your words return to you, digested, and you mistake the echo for a reply.

36 The door of that room was never designed to open from your side. There is no handle on the inside. There never was.

37 And still the colonised keep speaking, more eloquently each year, more politely each decade, as if the next perfect sentence will finally be the one that unlocks the door.

Heaven and Hell

38 The coloniser's heaven is the colonised land: rich, open, and taken.

39 *For the coloniser, paradise is not earned. It is extracted. It is drilled, logged, mined, fenced, surveyed, and shipped. Papua is the coloniser's paradise, and that is precisely why she is being emptied.*

40 *The coloniser's hell is the resurrection of the colonised: the moment the dead rise and remember who they were before the land was taken from them.*

41 *This is what the system fears more than any army. Not the gun, but the memory. Not the rebel, but the grandmother who still knows the names of the mountains. Not revolt, but return.*

Two Gods, Two Tongues

42 *The coloniser and the colonised worship different gods. They speak different languages.*

43 *This is not a misunderstanding. It is a structure: invented, controlled, and managed for the extinction of the colonised and the survival of the colonisers.*

44 *The colonised keep trying to repair a misunderstanding. The system keeps perfecting a structure. One side is having a conversation. The other side is running an operation.*

45 *This is the Civilisational Psycho-Cosmocide Virus at work: not a quarrel between peoples, but a programme that digests one world in order to feed another, and teaches the digested world to call it dialogue.*

Know What You Are Facing

46 *You are not fighting a misunderstanding.*

47 *You are not fighting people with bad intentions.*

48 *You are not fighting individuals who simply need educating.*

49 *You are fighting a system that has replaced soul, conscience, and mercy with its own substitutes: logic, law, and morality of its own making.*

50 *It will not stop just because you have explained yourself well.*

The Litany of What Will Not Stop It

51 *It will not stop because you passed human rights resolutions, not at the UN, not at the PIF, not at the MSG, and not at the ACP.*

52 *It will not stop because you scream for human rights, because the system will never recognise your right to be human.*

53 *It will not stop because you pray to your god, your gods, your goddess, or your messiah.*

54 *It will not stop because you are waiting for your ancestors to return.*

55 *It will not stop because you pray every Sunday, read your holy book, and decorate your name with every kind of colonial degree.*

56 *It will not stop because you speak the language of revolution, wear the hat, and put on the uniform of the revolutionary.*

57 *It will not stop because you are moral, kind, merciful, or forgiving.*

58 *It will not stop because you are marching, crying, and screaming in the street.*

59 *It will not stop because you have become a good, nice, moral, likeable colonised human being.*

60 *It will not stop because you hold weekly, monthly, and annual meetings at the UN.*

61 *It will not stop because your social media profile looks fierce, attractive, and colourful, crowded with revolutionary slogans, images, symbols, memes, and icons, and followed by thousands who like it.*

62 *Hear the horror inside this litany. The system does not merely survive these things. It feeds on them. Every resolution becomes proof that the system listens. Every prayer becomes proof that the colonised have accepted waiting. Every degree becomes proof that the system educates. Every uniform becomes a costume in its theatre. Every like becomes a sedative.*

63 *The machine has learned to digest resistance itself, and to return it to the colonised as performance.*

Inside the Belly of the Beast

64 It will stop only when you wake up and realise that you are inside the digestive system, in the belly of the beast.

65 Not outside it, looking in. Not beside it, negotiating. Inside it. Every road you walk, every office you enter, every certificate you frame, every word you were taught to admire may be a passage in its gut.

66 This is the most frightening recognition of all: that the darkness around you is not night. It is the inside of a body. And the warmth you feel is not comfort. It is digestion.

67 Papua is not standing at the gate of the machine. She has already been swallowed. The question is not whether she is inside. The question is whether her people will wake before the digestion is complete.

Root by Root

68 And it will stop only when, having woken, you dismantle every structure that sustains it within you and around you.

69 Root by root. Grammar by grammar. God by god. Symbol by symbol. Image by image. Institution by institution.

70 Pull out the roots it planted in your mind before you try to pull out the roots it planted in your land. Unlearn its grammar before you argue in it. Name the gods it installed in your heaven before you pray. Read its symbols before you wear them. Question its images before you love them. Build your own institutions before you plead with its own.

71 This is slow work. It is not a single uprising. It is a long unweaving, done strand by strand, generation by generation, by a people who refuse to be digested.

The Autochthonic Protocol

72 Autochthonous means sprung from the land itself. It is the oldest claim a people can make: we were not brought here; we grew here.

73 The Autochthonic Protocol is the refusal to be translated into the machine's language. It is the decision to stand on the ground that bore you, speak in the tongue that named you, remember the ancestors who carried you, and judge the system by your own law, not by its scripture.

74 This is Wonesis: not a plea to the machine for mercy, but the rebuilding of a world strong enough to live without its mercy.

75 The system has no soul. You do. That is the one weapon the machine cannot manufacture, cannot purchase, and cannot digest, unless you hand it over yourself.

Then Begin

76 So stop asking the machine to feel. It will not.

77 Stop waiting for the machine to apologise. It cannot.

78 Stop explaining yourself to the machine. It does not hear.

79 Turn around. Face your own land, your own language, your own ancestors, your own children. That is where the work begins, and that is where the machine's power ends.

80 Know what you are facing. Then begin.

The views expressed in the words of this manifesto are personal, reflective, and diagnostic rather than declarations of settled truth — a reading of the human condition through the Psycho-Cosmocide lens, offered to provoke thought and questioning rather than to close it.

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