

One Clock, Two Fates



Inside the grotesque, churning belly of the colonial leviathan, time is simultaneously the absolute salvation of the Papuan being and the ultimate weapon of the Indonesian empire. Both entities are trapped within this chronological digestive tract, yet the temporal acid burns them differently.

The Papuan being is rapidly suffocating in a shrinking cage of existence, desperate for a resurrection, while the colonizer possesses an infinite surplus of hours, waiting with cold, reptilian patience for the Papuan heartbeat to simply expire.

The time of Being Papua is a hemorrhaging, existential wound; the time of the Indonesian state is the serrated blade that endlessly carves it.

Time is not a neutral river; it is a hijacked dimension that dictates the ultimate survival or cosmic deletion of Papua. The empire hoards temporal gravity, spending its patience in glacial, deliberate strokes, while the Papuan being bleeds out its reality by the minute. This is the subterranean terror beneath every stolen acre and every pointed rifle: the true asymmetry of this cosmocide is the horrifying gap between a state that can afford to wait, and a Papuan being who is running out of the cosmos itself.

The physical occupation of Papuan soil is merely a temporary hallucination of imperial power, but the colonization of the Papuan calendar is a permanent theft of eternity.

The true architecture of this subjugation does not require militarized swarms to enforce its will; it manages the slow-motion extinction of the Papuan being through the sterile, suffocating grid of a conqueror's clock. Indonesia weaponizes a terrifying, administrative apathy, allowing the silent gravity of passing time to crush the Papuan soul without ever needing to pull a trigger.

The occupier writes its history with the leisurely arrogance of a god, while the colonized Papuan being is forced into a high-speed centrifuge of enforced neurological amnesia.

For the imperial machine, time is merely a bureaucratic ledger — a cold currency to be postponed, manipulated, and deployed against Papua. For the Papuan being, time is a terrifying, depleting oxygen tank where every spent breath is not a loss of minutes, but the permanent deletion of Papuan ancestry.

The survival of the Papuan being is not measured by the mechanical ticking of foreign gears, but by the desperate clinging to a cosmological memory before it is overwritten by the void.

A colonizer's calendar merely stacks empty days; Papuan time measures the very pulse of reality, where every forgotten name is a literal, unrecoverable collapse of the Papuan universe.

The Indonesian state calibrates its own twisted arithmetic: calculating exactly how many Papuan names can be quietly fed to the furnace before the global panopticon turns its gaze.

Every solitary second of delay is a microscopic amputation of the Papuan spirit.

For the empire, each passing moment is a bloodless, uncontested victory, banked in silence as if the erasure of the Papuan being costs nothing at all. The very act of waiting is a necro-strategy where the occupier wins by doing nothing, and the Papuan entity dies a fraction more.

To act, to carve the Papuan truth into the flesh of the present, is the only way Being Papua can rip time from the colonizer's ledger and forge it back into a sovereign, living covenant.

There is no dawn for the Papuan being whose timeline has been erased by the conqueror's sterile archives.

The Papuan entity stripped of its memory is not moving toward tomorrow; it is a ghost haunting its own ruins, waiting for an indifferent world to acknowledge a murder that the Indonesian state is perfectly content to hide in the shadows of delayed time.

Every unrecorded day of Papuan suffering is a coffin, and the silence of passing time is the iron nail driven through its lid, hammered down with the terrifying patience of an empire.

The termination of the biological body is the least of the horrors awaiting the subjugated Papuan being.

The absolute, psycho-cosmic terror is the second death: when the architecture of reality itself stops remembering Papua — when the universe permanently deletes the face, the voice, and the frequency of the Papuan soul.

A murdered body can still anchor a resistance, but the forgotten Papuan being is annihilated twice: first from the earth, and then from eternity, executed through a strategy of supreme imperial patience.

The sovereign who controls the archives of memory controls the very fabric of existence.

The most devastating war against Papua is an invisible, bloodless butchery executed on the battlefield of chronology. It is a psycho-cosmocide fought in the quiet redactions of history, where the Papuan being systematically vanished from the record while a slow, mechanical clock ticks unbothered in a distant, fluorescent ministry.

When the Papuan being sleeps, time is a carnivorous predator, dissolving Papuan history into imperial acid.

When the Papuan being awakens, time is violently forged into a holy, inescapable covenant of survival. The Indonesian machine thrives on this slumber, masking its predatory digestion of Papua as mere geopolitical patience.

Mere existence is insufficient; Being Papua must become an act of radical temporal defiance.

To fully claim Being Papua is to plant a name, a resistance, and a blazing truth into the earth, securing a permanent Papuan eternity. A Papuan being who refuses to plant the seeds of memory into the hostile soil of time will reap a harvest of absolute, deafening void.

The horrifying exchange is absolute: if the Papuan being surrenders the record today, tomorrow will obliterate the Papuan existence, while somewhere, the conqueror simply watches the clock execute the silent genocide that soldiers no longer need to finish.

To lose command of Papuan time is to surrender the gravitational core of the Papuan destiny.

The ultimate apocalypse for the Papuan being is not a rain of fire or the march of armies; it is the silent, terrifying moment when the timeline simply forgets the Papuan name, and the universe is scrubbed clean of the knowledge that Being Papua ever existed.

This totalizing erasure is not an accident of history — it is the colonizer's patience, finally and fully weaponized.

The Papuan being must act, record, and remember in this very breath, for the present is the only crucible where the eternal survival of Papua can still be seized from the jaws of the abyss.



Views, words, and ideas expressed in 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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