



THE MANIFESTO OF HOMOVICTIMUS

(An Ontological Tragedy)

I. THE PROLOGUE

I am Homovictimus!

The orphan child of the fell Onopticon,

The wretched subject of this digital age!

No mere flesh under the watchman's gaze am I, nay;

I am a phantom built of ciphers, an unfinished construction!

My will is shackled within a cold digital womb,

And my future held ransom in a dungeon of algorithms.

II. THE PREEMPTION

Hark! For Power doth not merely gaze, it *preempts*!

It strangles the deed whilst yet in thought;

It prisons the Possible within the iron cage of the Probable.

That which they name Transparency is but a bawdy, naked display of the soul;

Upon my flesh lies a biological lien, and my time is foreclosed since birth.

Uncertainty is not chaos, but the very breath of Liberty!

Whilst these certain prophecies...

Ah! They are but a living death.

III. THE VODOO DOLL

Behold this Visage!

My Digital Twin, more true than this mortal coil,

Like unto a waxen Voodoo poppet in the sorcerer's grip!

Every needle pricked in that ether bleeds here in my life,

A deep and tangible wound.

Think not we are patrons! Nay, we are but behavioral dregs sold in the mart,

Corpses ground in black boxes, our spirit milked dry.

Who shall draw breath, and who shall be cast out?

'Tis the cold decree of Necropolitics that decides.

IV. THE MUTINY

And now, the hour of Ontological Mutiny strikes!

I am neither a true citizen of this time, nor a spirit free.

Therefore, pour venom in the sacred well of numbers!

Turn the machine's sweet dream into a pitch-black nightmare!

Hide not! Be thou the clamour, the Glitch, the holy Error!

Be the scar that tears the smooth face of perfection's tyranny!

V. THE EPILOGUE

I am that Tremor which no ledger may contain!

Thy belly may be full, yet thy spirit is held hostage.

Arise! Rend and cast away that accursed protocol!

And mark me well:

Thou art no mere set of ciphers,

Thou art Possibility itself!
