

Kill The Myth

We complain about rent,
About heat,
About time slipping through our hands
Like loose change.

We complain about work,
About debt,
About futures that feel
Pre-owned.

We complain endlessly,
Loudly,
Politely.
And yet the solution
Stands right in front of us,
Wearing a tailored suit,
Smiling for Forbes.

No.
Not flesh and bone.
Not blood.
Not names.

What must die
Is the idea
That hoarding is genius.
That excess is virtue.
That a billion is earned
While millions struggle to breathe.

Kill the myth
That growth is infinite
On a finite planet.

Kill the lie
That comfort for a few
Is collateral damage worth accepting.

Kill the system
That rewards emptiness
And calls it success.

Because when we say
Kill the rich,
What we really mean is:

End the reign.
End the worship.
End the immunity.

Dismantle the throne
Before it burns everything around it.

And here is the hope,
Quiet but stubborn:

Nothing built on injustice
Is immortal.

Empires rot.
Numbers mean nothing
When the ocean rises.

All we have to do
Is stop confusing wealth
With wisdom.

The solution is simple.
It always was.

Not violence.
Not hatred.

Just the courage
To finally let
An obsolete idea
Die.