

The 99 Percent Experience by Kilie Mullins

Pay the bill, keep the wolves at bay.

Raw in the state of pure depletion

That has become the normal condition.

Stripped of all ability to create,

Robbed of the joy of simple work,

Fully lost in the suffocating green.

Who am I to stand upon your boxes?

To call out "Brothers! Why do we bleed?!"

I am trapped in the same cyclical snares,

With no more power than the next.

Plugged into a machine that I cannot read.

Operating a body I cannot own.

Hope is the reason we give to fight.

The dreams we carry into the next life

Fuel the fires we leave burning behind.

Continue to squander in the fetid pools

We call our offices, schools, and homes.

Remember that your life is merely rented.