**The 80% vs the 1**

I was born into this life.

I wasn’t given a choice

I grew up with no voice.

I lived my life with no reason to cry

There was nothing in the world I was ever denied.

Poverty held me by my neck

It turned me into a wreck

Not knowing how to succeed

Having all odds stacked against me.

Wealth handed me with my title

I didn’t have to work hard for my survival.

Providing me with everything,

I didn’t need to know a thing.

I was born into this life.

Where Poverty tells me who I can and can’t be

While wealth provides me with more opportunities.

Society has placed our status upon us

There’s was no room to discuss.

Whether I was raised with a:

Silver spoon

Or

With malnutrition

I’m not to blame it’s this… messed-up society

Who pegs me as:

A human worth less, dirty, lazy, uneducated, and only God knows the rest.

But I’m privileged, hard-working, and a well-known genius.

Currency was an exchange for my “good fortune”

And for that my dreams became my reality

Nothing holding me back.

I was born into this life.

Poverty.

Wealth.

80% of the world is just like me

Making less than 10$ a day.

Loosing hope of ever being set free

I’ll never be able to stray away;

Because Poverty gave me my identity.

Lucky me I’m someone you never be,

I’m part of the 1% percent

Where my future is guaranteed.

Like success was made for me.

Because Wealth gave me my identity.

I was born into this life

Never second guessing, I had my own place to stay.

All I seek is a shelter and homemade meal.

Our lives aren’t the same,

I work each day

Knowing it’s my choice

And this choice will help me create or destroy my future

No one is able to help me.

I think of all the possibilities this world yields to me.

Whether I work hard or not it’s my choice;

The outcome will always be the same.

Because I live my life punishment free.

Who decides my destiny

Is it money?

Is it me?

Is it humanity?

We live in the same world.

But our fates lead us separate ways

My life was chosen for me,

But it’s up to me to choose my own ending.

I’m privileged.

I know this.

My life will never be like yours

I would never think twice about the tip I leave

Or even if the food on the table goes bad.

My life isn’t even close to yours dreams.

Because everything’s within my reach

I’m not able to make sure I’ll make it through today

I have to work 10 times harder

And I still may never reach the stars

I can only see them for what they hold

However, all stars have a system

And I can attempt to create my own.

How am I supposed to live?

The average housing, food, and overall life expenses are up to $70, 000 at the least per year.

What am I to do?

I barely have enough money for myself;

Yet alone my family.

Sure, I have money to spare

What’s the big deal?

If I donate it all away or spend it on me

Either way it’s my money.

It’s up to me to keep my fortune and legacy alive.

For this is my pride.

This is how I live.

While she’s given every tool she’ll ever need,

She’ll always have that one thing, a lead.

I’m never able to catch up

And I’m always left with runner-up.

Why should I apologize?

You’re the one who’s unwise.

Maybe it’s time for you to try.

Instead of blaming me as the bad guy.

I’m done with hearing all your complaints,

It’s not like you’re a saint.

There are two sides to every story…

What makes you think you know me?

Who decides my destiny

Is it money?

Is it me?

Is it humanity?

Only one gets the final say.

…

Me.