

Fia Gani

That's Just the Way the World Works.

Poetry

Some days, I look at the world
and see the monster itself.
The one humanity built
with the illusion of control
until it rose beyond reach, inexorable.
A creature marked everywhere with our fingerprints.
We talk about “how things are” as if they arrived this way,
as if skyscrapers sprouted from the dirt
already paired with security guards and locked doors.
But if you peel everything back—
the money, the borders, the titles printed beneath names—
you get something *embarrassingly* simple;
a species that once wandered forests
with nothing except
the need to stay alive
Together.

We hunted. We gathered.
We shared the fire
because the dark was too big
to face alone.
No one was above or below.
There was only us,
and the fragile miracle of each other.

But civilization grew teeth.

Over centuries,
the world twisted itself into a maze of winners
and leftovers.
A world where someone drowns in luxury
while someone else drowns in everything luxury ignores.

How did we build a society where a stranger’s suffering
is background noise, where a tent on the sidewalk
sits a few feet from a restaurant

that charges more for dinner than
that person sees in a month,
and still, people feel nothing?

They say, “that’s just how the world works,”
like its gravity, or the tides,
or something carved into stone
before humans could speak.

But nothing about this is natural.
This is cement and steel and interest rates and inheritance.
Whole cities rising on the backs
of people who will never be invited
inside the buildings they build.

It’s children learning the shape of hunger
before they learn the shape of their own handwriting.

It's the quiet violence of being told to “work harder”
by people who have never carried anything heavy
except their own opinions,
by mouths that have never tasted struggle,
and by hands that have never lifted anything heavier than entitlement.

History built a world so uneven
that millions exist at the bottom
not because they belong there,
but because someone has to.

The basement expanded deeper and wider
until the foundation hardened
and the exits vanished.

A tower above leans on every side
but still stands
because too many lives bear its foundation.

And when I look at all of it,
the horror is not the suffering itself.
It’s the scale of it,

the normalization,
the way we scroll past it like it's just
bad weather and some cloudy skies.

Because beneath every statistic
is a life as real as mine,
as real as yours.
A life with a heartbeat that once believed in a future,
and held a hope that lost its name.

Centuries of brilliance, of empires, of innovation,
yet somewhere along the timeline,
our species misplaced its memory of what it once was;
a circle of people around a fire,
depending on each other to see the morning.

And maybe that's the brutal part.
Not how the world ended up,
but that somewhere in the long story of humanity,
we stopped remembering that every person we stepped over
had the same beginning as we did,
and deserved the same chance to keep going.

The world that exists today was handcrafted by history,
polished by centuries,
and perfected by the ambitions
of those long gone.
And now it is too large to lift,
too tangled to unwind,
and too deeply rooted to repair without collapsing everything built upon it.

This is not "how the world works."
It is how the world was made.
And the world that was made is a world
that no longer remembers
how to care for its own.

Still, somewhere beneath the wreckage,
the echo of a fire remains.
Small enough to miss,

but warm enough to remind us
what we once needed each other for.