

## ***The Delirium of the Economy*** ***Little of its produce is beneficial, and much of it is harmful—*** ***biting and stinging***

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*At its core, the economy was meant to serve the people of yesterday. Today, it has become the master, and modern humanity its subservient slave. This is the bitter truth for those who seek brevity, content with concise words and vivid metaphors. As for those who remain skeptical, unsatisfied with anything less than lengthy expositions, to them—and to you—I present the detailed narrative.*

*In the primordial origin... there was humanity first, followed by needs. From the womb of these existential needs emerged philosophies of life. No sooner had humanity's eyes opened to the light of existence than its hands began manipulating the world. What pleased its taste was devoured by an insatiable void; what disgusted it was cast aside, while the other hand searched elsewhere for something new and useful.*

*Humanity began its livelihood plucking fruit from the earth, claiming its grasses. Soon, its hands reached trees, stripping them of their burdens. It discovered the bounty of hunting animals and the pleasure of roasting their meat over accidental fires, tearing into it with primal teeth. As it settled, it turned to fertile soil, tilling and sowing. With the harvest's yield, it found solace—its cheeks relaxed into smiles.*

*Not long after, its hands chiseled stone, crafting tools. It gathered reeds to weave garments. It learned to stack stones and build, to bend matter and create. As it excelled in construction, so it did in industry. Humanity evolved, laying the foundation for what we now call "human society." Before, alongside, and after this, it never ceased refining its worldview and shifting its philosophies.*

*This is humanity's history in managing its sustenance and securing its days. This was the economy of old, when humanity was both the purpose and foundation of existence. You might add a detail here or there, but the essence remains as described. Rearranging timelines does not disturb the*

*narrative's core. My focus is the birth of the economy as a concept, and its original purpose—before modernity's corruption and the heresies of "progress" infected both it and humanity.*

*Today, having lost its primordial logic and drowned in chaotic variables and frenzied delirium, humanity has plummeted to the bottom of priorities. Once the ultimate end, it is now a means to base goals. Once the destination of every movement and evolution, it is now mere fuel for engines. How could it not be? Money reigns supreme, bending minds and souls. It drives every living being's motion, a grand ambition and coveted prize. For its sake, all have been reduced to numbers to be summed and multiplied.*

*No clearer evidence exists than Great Britain's deeds in the lands of the People's Republic of China. Britain amassed vast quantities of opium—a narcotic known to devastate health, draining wealth and corroding the soul. Their warehouses overflowed; China teemed with hundreds of millions of targets. The Great Wall repelled invaders, but the loss of China as a market for their lethal product was deemed intolerable. The world had succumbed to their opium, yet China remained defiant.*

*But capital's hunger knows no defeat. With force as its right hand and Satan as its vile guide, it schemed. Bribes, threats, and finally war—a brutal conflict of slaughter and ruin. They succeeded in exhausting a mighty nation, stealing its wealth after shattering its security. They showed no mercy to the remnants of its foundations: mind and spirit.*

*Since then, China has borne the costs of addiction, once unyielding. My example is loud and clear: a stark indictment of capital's delirium and its vile traits. It peddles useless goods, seduces, and resorts to force. Little of its produce is beneficial, and much of it is harmful—biting and stinging.*

*Skeptics may dismiss this as ancient history. To them, I say: Your question is timely. My quiver overflows with arrows of wrath. Shall I begin with the arms industry—the pride of today's economy? Were these weapons forged to slay beasts or build homes? How many wars were ignited for war economies? How many perished under their "benevolence"? Shall I tally, or will you count the calamities?*

*Weapons exist solely for killing and destruction. Their industry thrives; their varieties infest the globe. Stockpiles overflow, yet economies stagger under their idleness. Capital incites heated minds and oppressed souls: "Claim the earth!" to the first, "Revolt!" to the second. The two clash*

*endlessly. Arms trade booms; death blooms anew. Black crows blot out the sun of justice.*

*Nor is war economy alone in killing. Tobacco's smoke drains wealth and health slowly. Media glorifies it: no masculinity without a cigarette gleaming on lips, no femininity without a slender stick between fingers. Magic—or pure sorcery—they insist. Once addiction gripped minds, they feigned concern, half-heartedly warning of dire consequences. Too late! How could people abandon lifelong habits? The deed is done; victory is smoke's.*

*With slyness and a faint voice that strains listeners' ears, they issued warnings. Half-hearted and hesitant, they outlined the risks. Their cautionary words were spoken timidly, yet through imagery and suggestion, they deliberately amplified allure. The slender stick never leaves the lips of dreamy thinkers. Its smoke perfumes the air; the coffee cup nears the lips; the trembling stick rests between the fingers of influential writers. It is the maidens' companion, their solace in nights of lament and trials. She draws it from her quiver when her beloved abandoned her, turned his gaze to her dearest friend. Then Umm Kulthum's velvety voice arrives, pouring oil onto a raging flame. Could there be anything more beautiful for Eve than an air saturated with grief—until it bursts?*

*Not by the smoke of its cigarettes alone do people die—or rather, are they killed. The fumes of cars and aircrafts poison the air, seeping into lungs and hearts, breeding disease. Add the black breath of industry, and the portrait of death is complete.*

*No creature on this stricken earth is spared—not from the ravages of today's economy, nor its foul breath. The ozone in its sky writhes in agony—soon it may surrender its spirit, departing this world of being. Afterward, neither moving nor still escapes the inferno of our blazing sun. The forest's greenery endures twin torments: from the scythe of progress and the venom of its fumes, it dwindles... it perishes. Bees groan in fields, their breath poisoned, their duties abandoned. What fate awaits creation if bees resign? Need I say more? Or have your faces paled in dread?*

*Yet the gravest output of today's economy lies in warping human instincts and inflating delusions. No one is content with their lot. Humanity lost life's essence, believing existence is mere play, unaccountable for deeds.*

*Today's Eve is not content with what she has—she'll settle for nothing less than the mold she's been sold. They schooled her in snake-oil lies: that happiness is a product of flesh and seduction; that unless she chases both, her share of care and tenderness will wither. So, the poor soul races to purchase beauty—illusion and agony—and still, it's not enough. She thins her nose, lifts her breasts, leaving no inch of her body unshaped to the whims of desire.*

*Nor are his marvels confined to mere form—he's turned his efforts to dismantle Eve's sacred burdens. Her breast milk, a mercy brimming for her child, is scorned; the wretched mother is coerced to feed the child pallid canned milk. They've schooled her in delusion: her milk is "flawed," the new is more potent than the pristine original. Generations pass to generations, all nourished by mother's milk alone. Now arrives an economy of cunning craft, luring us with the gleaming milk of herds.*

*No traveler rests in homeland resorts. They cross seas and skies, lured by distant shores adorned with palms, umbrellas, and enchantment. The fool spends his savings chasing mirages. Though, the lovely shore is just near his house, cool breezes drift from the lush forest on the adjacent slope, yet he spurns them, fixing eyes on the distant horizon where sight dissolves. No homeland sweetens in its children's gaze; no pleasure is claimed without the toll of sweat and voyage.*

*Once, the economy secured human needs. Now, it secures humans to consume its outputs. Each novelty arrives with a fatwa mandating its use. Cunningly, it entrenches itself in souls and minds. Modern man gorges on commodities, ignorant of their necessity—trapped between wakefulness and sleep in a delusional existence. He grasps neither sky nor dignified earth.*

*Delirium upon delirium. Products are created first, then imposed as "essential needs." With malice and wit, they're marketed as life's pillars. When warehouses overflow, capital roams seeking new consumers—animals, plants, even stones, if they could crave. Without the other's coercion, today's economy drowns in its surplus. A consumer economy thrives only by deceiving consumers. Perish such an economy! Sired by greed, mothered by a lust for dominion—it kills and defiles!*


*This is a drop in an ocean of tragedies. Had I the patience of Job and the wit of Jarir, I'd compose endless condemnations. Once, needs fermented into an economy of stewardship. Today, we suffer a bastard economy—*

*unmoored from necessity or benefit. Seduction its tool, coercion its habit. It extends ruinous hands, scorching stone, beast, and human alike. A ring of fire that spares none.*

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