

We're prettier than they are

but they're infinitely wealthier.

They're willing to risk loss in order to make money,

We're unwillingly losing money in order to make art.

They're (proud) entrepreneurs (by choice),

We're (bitter) entrepreneurs (under constraint).

They earn 30 times more than an average person and are enough detached from reality to write that down to their hard work,

We're happy if it ever happens that we get paid.

They're under the opinion that their efforts are worthier than ours —

We are not.

They wonder why break the law to get all they can if they can get it all legally,

We're starting to wonder why not break the law (to even the stakes a little).

They're self-invested narcissists bathed in privilege,

We're socially awkward empaths smelling of socialism.

They're compulsorily self-interested,
we're curious and considerate.
They're well respected,
we're pitied at best.
(They're amazing at PR, we are terrible at it.)

But —

In this disenchanted world of
production and consumption they
do spiritual exercises,
yoga, home baking.

...

While we'd rather hear a symphony than eat
and don't need to bake or take deep breaths
(except to get nourishment, oxygen ...) —

and we're infinitely giddier.