

## Poem

## Immolation of Emulation

*Hubris*

is the product of  
 living in a sealed  
 and isolated  
*bubble*;  
 a tiny, shiny,  
 aseptic kingdom  
 of my own making,  
*floating*  
 above everyone  
 and everything, from  
 which I am freely

*detached,*

lifted and buoyed  
 by emulation  
 from those looking up,  
*until*  
 my bubble ascends  
 too high and it then  
 inevitably  
*lyses.*

Then down I tumble,  
 in terrifying  
 and painful freefall  
*crashing*  
 among everyone  
 and everything, to  
 which I am freely  
*attached*;  
 surrounded by the  
 reality I  
 thought I was above.

*Anguish*

I feel from the fall,  
 is soothed by the salve  
 of their forgiveness,  
*revived*  
 by those from whom I  
 removed myself in  
 my bubble, I am  
*grateful*;  
 and immolate the  
 misbegotten pride  
 to remain anchored and  
*humble.*

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