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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