

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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Acknowledgements This work was supported by the National Institute of Mental Health of the National Institutes of Health under award K23MH101157. The content is the sole responsibility of the author and does not necessarily represent the official views of the National Institutes of Health.

Competing interests None.

Provenance and peer review Not commissioned; internally peer reviewed.



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To cite Fernandez y Garcia E. *Med Humanit* 2015;**41**:e7.

Published Online First 24 March 2015

Med Humanit 2015;**41**:e7. doi:10.1136/medhum-2014-010629