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.*

Erik Fernandez y Garcia

**Corresponding to** Erik Fernandez y Garcia, Associate Professor of Clinical Pediatrics University of California Davis, School of Medicine Sacramento, CA 95817; Erik.fernandez@ucdmc.ucdavis.edu

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