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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