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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