



poems / The Impostor

Haunted by ghosts of inadequacy,
I tread the path of perfection,
Seeking validation, grasping at greatness,
Trying to outrun the demons within.
My endless efforts never enough,
The finish line forever out of reach,
Comparing myself to fantasies unrealised,
Judging my progress against moving targets.
A fraud, an impostor, undeserving,
The lingering fear that one day I'll be exposed,
My achievements dismissed as luck or deception,
My confidence just a fragile facade.
But the only judgment that matters is my own,
The only expectations I must meet are those I set,
So I quiet the cruel inner critic, silence the doubts,
And embrace at last my enoughness.

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