

Imposter Syndrome

I map out my story,
My pen is my compass.

But, what if I'm lost?
What if the roads I so carefully paved
Are just winding trails on a path to nowhere.

How can I call myself an artist
If my words are not mine?

Does Shakespeare have dibs on the tragic hero?
Does Dickinson have a monopoly on isolation?

Maybe instead, we all borrow from each other,
A universal library without any late fees.

So, maybe I am an imposter,
But maybe we all are,
And in that case,
None of us are.