Imposter Syndrome” – by Sneha Bagchi

They lurk behind my eyes
And chant constantly
Into my ears
Screaming over the lessons
I must absorb
They wind themselves
Between my fingers
Shaking and stumbling
They have stilled my tongue
And bound my thoughts
Leaving me with silences
They echo with my steps
In the rhythm of my feet
My peers can hear them
As I shuffle down the hallway

My endless apologies
Have become more
Common than my name
Reaching for words to fill
My empty mouth
As I poke and prod
Looking for anything
To seize as evidence
And yet my patients
Do not see these words
carved in scarlet letters
Dripping down
My forehead

*I don’t know*
*I will never Know*

*What’s wrong*