

Imposter Syndrome

by Joann Renee Boswell

there is a God living
in my clothes. They perform wonders
i could not possibly achieve. clumsy,
beautiful creations sing praise. when
i glance behind, no One is there.
i stand alone exposed on a mountain
of adulation receiving love that should
be shared. it's too much.

expectation demands more
miracles, increasing signs of
Omni-Everything, but i was born
this way – the Big Dipper in my mouth.

i see my own hands separate air
from water, sperm from sac, life
from death—sheer luck. fluke, i
am your father.

i was cold. i lit a spark.
all this happy accident
tumbled out of the cosmic dryer,
delighting my undeserving self.

i understand the confusion. my knowledge eclipses
yours so you can't see
the *i n c h i n g* circumference *e x p a n d i n g* the perimeter of my nescience.
hoodwinked worshippers, there's no secret formula.

sure, i started the whole thing
but it wasn't a snap of finger on palm
or an easy contralto cantata –
it was eons of planning and privilege,
false starts and rough drafts. i am not
magic. i am intentional.

simply put, you inspire me
as it seems i inspire you.
co-creators, please credit
yourselves. it is lonely up here.
join me. you've got this.

if you feel like a fraud, it's okay,
i'm pretty sure
I AM imposter too.

- Joann Renee Boswell is a member of Sierra Cascades Yearly Meeting of Friends.