



## The impostor in all of us

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Impostor syndrome in medicine has been widely written about in academic journals and is prevalent in the profession. I wanted to poeticize this concept from a physician's perspective.

This poem is organized into 3 stanzas: *my*, *our*, and *they*. The first stanza, *my*, orients the reader to the medical profession using metaphors, while the second, *our*, transitions to the internal conflict within the writer, a product of impostor syndrome. *They* ends the poem with the blunt realization that a misrepresentation of the achievements of colleagues perpetuates impostor syndrome. Ultimately, we are all equal in our goal to provide the best care possible.

### Impostor syndrome

White streams of sapience flow from my shoulders to  
knees  
Extensions of ears which hearken to the soul hang from  
my neck  
Gilded framed pride  
Stacked bounded scripts  
10000 hours  
It is all a facade to him

He has been my kryptonite since birth  
Subconscious insecurities  
And boundless unfiltered judgement  
We are Apollo and Hades  
Yet our intertwined flaws run deeper than our crimson river

Our colleagues always surround and support us  
Yet they still seem so distantly high above  
Our ambitions and goals, a moving target in perpetuity  
Our desires overshadow the vision  
Of these communal feelings amongst us all  
And of the symmetry of this rigid crystal lattice around us

Alas

It is a struggle many of us face

We are all impostors

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**Competing interests**  
None declared