

## Egotist

A worm ascends a garden weed  
And views the spacious lawn  
Exulting in his epic deed  
As if his feat does far exceed  
The scene he looks upon.

Long there before his life commenced  
And will be when he's gone  
He only sees inside the fence,  
Knows nothing of a world immense,  
The universe beyond.

How like the braying scientist  
Who boasts, "We've conquered space"—  
A self-deluded egotist  
Who in half-truth and myth persists—  
We've barely left first base!

"We'll soon find out how all began"  
He says in pompous pride;  
How arrogant of little man  
To dare presume or think he can  
Push God and Truth aside!

Was he around when God made all?  
Did God need his assist?  
"Your God is dead!" his vain catcall,  
Oblivious to what befalls  
When God and Truth's dismissed.



The worm atop his new-found dais  
Now gloats defiantly;  
He's lord of all his eye surveys  
And in his pride no notice pays—  
The bird swoops silently.

*Vincent Lyons.*