

## **Standing Tall, Feeling Small**

**The science professor took his stance  
Before a class of transfixed youth;  
Darwin's conjectures he advanced  
Advocated random chance,  
And convinced them this was truth.**

**Most accepted all he said  
Without evidence or proof,  
He postulated 'God was dead',  
That men had been for years misled—  
The Bible was a toxic spoof.**

**Then at the rear a student rose  
And declared his faith in God,  
At his temerity I froze—  
No place to hide, my unease showed—  
I sunk chagrined and overawed.**

**The science professor, unimpressed,  
Declared his horror and contempt—  
How dare some zealot to suggest  
An alternative as here professed—  
He would suffer no dissent.**

**He held him up to ridicule  
He quoted from the 'qualified'  
Suggested one must be a fool  
With understanding minuscule—  
The boy took it in his stride.**

**He kept his poise and took his seat  
When professor ceased to vent;  
Quiet, courageous, without conceit,  
His witness left me bittersweet,  
Ashamed of my embarrassment.**

**By Vincent Lyons.**