

"The Duke"

by

Brian Cross

The man, a mountain, with a voice like thunder.

Yet a smile and a glance that will make you wonder.

The walk, unbridled, like a wave a mile high

A man among men, let no one ever deny

His presence, undeniable. His charm, disarming

The power he could wield with a word was alarming.

From Ireland to the plains, Germany to the sea

From the helm of a ship or atop a great steed

The screen was his canvas and the world his paint

He mirrored our lives from sinner to saint

And we watch him in awe, this great bear of a man

Capturing our attention like no one else can...

....His soul has crossed over, his body turned to ashes

But his visage can be seen with each day that passes

His work playing daily wherever you may turn

His memory, a flame that will eternally burn

The strength, the courage, his destiny no fluke

For the one, the only, the man called "The Duke".