

My Old Cowboy Poet

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There`s a Hero I know
A master at verse and rhyme

He reaches deep inside
To capture the feelings
We all try to hide
And through his words
A key is found
To unlock the demons

Our hearts keep bound
He calls himself "Old"
But his heart and soul
Are like brand new
And every poem he shoots for
His aim is always true

He served his country proudly
And to this day
His patriotic spirit shines
Brighter than the light of day

He is a beacon of hope
Of comfort and caring
When the spark of a verse
Comes burning into his awareness

I owe him more
Than I could ever pay
When my heart and soul finds peace
From what his poems say
Saying "Thank You" seems so small
But I hope and pray he knows it

My Brother...My Friend...My Hero
My Old Cowboy Poet.