Emiliano Elizondo

"Roosevelt: The Rough Rider's Rise"

He wasn't born with iron lungs,
A sickly child, short of breath,
But grit grew louder in his chest,
A quiet war he fought with death.

He built himself with sweat and strain,
Turned fragile bones to will of steel,
For strength is forged in those who rise,
Not those who never learn to feel.

Then drums of war began to sound,
San Juan called, the battle cried,
Through smoke and fire the Riders charged,
With Roosevelt at the front of stride.

But power wasn't just in war,
His vision stretched through skies and trees,
He carved out parks, preserved the wild,
So future hearts could wander free.

"Speak softly," still his presence roared,
A steady hand, a sharpened mind,
He proved that true and lasting strength
Is lifting others as you climb.

So not all legends wear a crown,
Or wait for fate to make their name,
Some build their path with fearless steps,
And leave the world forever changed.