Dorimad Sol,

A difficult name to pronounce.

Despite pronunciation,

Strikes fear into the hearts of everyone.

That fear,

Led to his ultimate power.

With his name,

He struck down any and all who opposed,

Which propelled the perception forward.

The dancing blade that was his lightsaber,

Cut down countless foes.

The swirling color,

As his blade cut through the air and flesh alike.

He never stood still,

Powered through strength, skill, and hatred.

They say that it was mesmerizing,

Entrancing any onlookers,

Even his opponent.

Before their death,

They stared at the movements of Dorimad Sol,

Facing reality into death,

As they were cut down,

With the utmost beauty and destruction in complete harmony.

His teacher is unknown,

His teachings never passed down,

His combat techniques legendary,

Only beaten once.