Gold

The flip of a coin, golden and glinting

In the sunlight, the change of victory.

But with heads or tails? Coin deciding -

Who will win? An unknown mystery.

Tails.

The swish of a lion’s golden tail,

Its body sleek and pristine in the

Golden orb of the sub – shining yet pale.

Its hunting eyes – an apex predator –

Eyes like amber and constanstly darting

Through the dried, beige grassland.

Round two: The coin flipped once more,

Up in the air and down it soars,

Down into a deep yellow glove:

Heads.

The head of our monarch, her royal majesty.

The priceless golden crown

That she wears so gracefully.

And Britain’s success, never going down.

The orb and sceptre,

Resembles the power of her highness,

With years of history, the British Empire.

Queen Elizabeth, golden and shining,

Gold to celebrate the Queen’s 50th jubilee.

By Geno in year 8.