Gold

Seen by so many but owned by so few,

Rare but common; if only they knew.

Stolen but safe with protection in place;

Hard to find but easy to trace.

Forms over many years of time

Just to be found, found and mined,

And sold to the rich in watches and rings.

Everyone wants these precious things.

And they are locked up in a safe:

The home for her life is a special palace.

She is a golden special being

She is our very own royal queen.

Gold sparkles in her crown

Her power travels all around

With her wherever she may be,

Seeing her in person is such a treat.

Lizzie is our golden queen

She is the ruler others seek.

By Sophie in year 8