

Today is the day the Queen I see,
Of travels and tours by her majesty;
To trouble to ask about what time of day,
The procession to be building and what to say.

People will come from all around the about,
To see the royal leader without a doubt;
But what of the average person in the street,
All chance but a hope that they might meet.

We wait just to see what till become of this day,
The weather still changing in its wonderful way;
To top it all off and make the day complete,
I change seats in Salamanca Park for the right to compete.

It's a lovely day with the sun shining so longingly,
A walk to the river and the sun on it just rightly;
A pair of sparrows to contrast the royal signs,
God and his writing evolving from Biblical designs.

So when the Queen arrives and parades down to cities,
The beauty of the loving specialness of the day;
The meaning as usual is what will she say,
That when the truth is upon us her love will be grey.

As when see all the people living along the course,
The subtly and treasure of the best commonwealth resource;
The car and the lady well probably best left alone,
But her blessing and meting would privilege me to won.

Signed,

No crown thrown