


PRIME RHYMES

In flight, from your poet on site

What A Queen

*Her Majesty. Her Grace.
Her Destiny. Embraced
A Platinum Queen. On Every
Screen. Most Loyal Royal.
For Country. For Crown.
She never backed down.*

*Along pomp and circumstance
she still makes horses dance
and guardsmen glance. Jets
cross the sky, in stripes they still
fly. Living on by tiny princes
and princesses. In cute suits
and velvet dresses.
From palace to pageant. In
past and the present. While
history's written, the more we're
left smitten, with a Queen like
no other. All time favourite
grandmother. Have a heavenly
High Tea. With scones and a
brownie. An hors d'oeuvre for
your Corgi.
With all our sympathy.
From across the North Sea *



This mo(u)rning

*This morning. Time's mourning.
Clocks warning. Westminster -
Big Ben. Time yearns for her
reign. Seven decades.
Rewind, replayed.
People keen. On their Queen.
Fine and small. And yet so tall.
Lillibeth, Elisabeth.
She's Evergreen.
Forever Queen.*



The Longest Swansong

A Day in London

*Monday's London. That day in London.
One Way through London. Way beyond London.
A way to pray. A way to say:
Thank You Ma'am. Thank you "Gan-Gan".
As right as wrong. The Longest Swansong.
So long. Shine on.
Through white on blue. Her orphans too  .*



Swans in Hydepark on Monday

One More Ride



*All their days. A thousand waves.
Like soaring doves,
her hands in gloves,
Bride and groom unite again
"Now they will meet again"*

*This life of bliss, it will be missed.
a Royal ride, in love and pride.*

*The Kolonels 👑 pride,
In red and black, a steady track.
One last parade, never to fade.*

*A goodbye bling.
A glimpse of every castle wing
Brooches, medals.
Flowers, petals
Mourning dew,
a pinned horseshoe,
Charlotte,
means
goodluck to you*

*Breaking dawn
by bagpipeplayers
Gan-Gan's drawn
by 👑 Navy sailors*

*One more ride,
her grenadiers
held her so near
her grenadiers
held her so dear*

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-A LONDON BRIDGE FALLEN-

A London Bridge fallen. A lifetime of calling. A thousand red boxes. Surviving prime foxes. No less than fifteen. It's never been seen. From Winston to Truss; "In her we trust".

An era. An ending. History's bending. Big Ben pending.
We never thought it would. We never thought it could.
From upclose and afar. Quoting Stephen Fry:
"Elizabethans we are." Wishing we'd known her. Like Trudeau
or her own Sirs. As Helen said it well. She played it so swell.
We would not kiss and tell.



In the end, she went,
in the land of the
Unicorn 🦄 Now
she's returned to
where she was born.
Although we feel
blue, her own wish
comes true.
A new page. A new
Age. And so it shall
be. In grief and for
comfort. King
Charles and Queen
Consort. A new
Prince of Wales.

A new set of tales. "Whether
they be long or short". Spreading
wings like words.

May they live on as hers.

-PRIME RHYME-

Winston, Liz. Wisdom. Wiz. Her
first. Her last. Brave wingman
passed. His statue saw his
Queen's cortège. With bagpipes;
bittersweet solfège. She, given
the same first name. Entering a
worldwide game. Back in time,
when rhyme was prime. From
grey to green, and in between.
They all could serve their noble
Queen.



Like Teddy & Winny the Pooh,
Sir Paddington will miss her too 🧸

