

My Nippers Cap

My grand nippers cap,
Is my cherished treasure map.
Leads me to the sacred gold,
It is over seven years old.
What once was a pearly, fluorescent grey,
Is now dull and faded away.
Sand embedded in its threadbare layers,
It is an enemy to the other players.
King of the sea,
He is always there for me.
We paddle, we swim and we run,
It is now faded from the sun.
A gift of strong protection,
We have a strong connection.
It will always be of meaning to me,
It is my beloved key.

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