



A HANDMADE DIAMOND ART COLLECTION

Diamond Divas

Each Diva has a story.

Thirty portraits, set stone by stone by hand.



No. 01

Flora

The Bloom

Every braid is a different color, every color a different day. She carries a whole garden in her hair and never explains it.



No. 02

Verde

The Keeper

Wrapped in emerald, crowned in white bloom. She turns her face away because she already knows what you're going to say.



No. 03

Pearla

The Crown

A thousand pearls on her head and not one of them out of place. Gold on her lashes, ice at her ear, patience in her eyes.



No. 04

Solene

The Sunflower

Flowers instead of a halo, laughing straight up at the light. Joy is her whole strategy and it works every time.



No. 05

Reine

The Silhouette

All crystal, no color. She stands in the doorway of the room and the chandelier follows her instead.



No. 06

Adelle

The Debut

Pearl drops falling like rain from her shoulders. She was made for one entrance and she has never needed a second.



No. 07

Opaline

The Encore

Iridescent, weightless, gone before the applause finishes.
Her stones change color depending on where you stand.



No. 08

Nadira

The Coronation

Two silver wings of crystal and a curtain of pearls. She is
not attending the ceremony — she is the ceremony.



No. 09

Camille

The Veil

Wide-brimmed, eyes closed, pearls to the collarbone. She has heard the compliment before and she is resting.



No. 10

Pretty

The Signature

Gold hoops, soft light, one word set in stone. Some Divas need a story — she just needed the name.



No. 11

Bijou

The Bouquet

Pearls blooming beside her like a bush that only flowers at night. She never turns to look at them.



No. 12

Rosalind

The Blush

Rose crystal from her hat to her heels, a butterfly waiting on her shoulder. Soft on the outside only.

No. 13

Perle

The Sovereign

Pearls stacked into a crown that keeps going down her shoulders. She looks past you on purpose.



No. 14

Blanche

The Framed

Silver on silver, framed in black. She stepped out of a ballroom and let the door close behind her.





No. 15

Zahara

The Sapphire

Blue stones at her ear, gold on her lids, a wrap of pearls above it all. Quiet, and completely in charge.



No. 16

Fleur

The Wildflower

Every flower she owns is in her hair at once. The butterflies followed her here and they're staying.

No. 17

Kiki

The Secret

Jeweled hood, finger to her lips, a ring the size of a promise. She knows and she isn't telling.



No. 18

Iris

The Rainbow

Every color she's ever loved, wrapped and stacked and worn at the same time. No apology anywhere on her.





No. 19

Noire

The Diamond Veil

Crystal falling over her face like rain off a roof. Deep skin, silver light, eyes closed in peace.



No. 20

Olive

The Sunday Hat

Green brim tilted just so, blooms on the side, black lace everywhere else. She always sits in the front row.



No. 21

Amara

The Headwrap

Silver headwrap stacked to the sky, one hand resting at her cheek, a blue stone burning at her throat. She lets you look.



No. 22

Josephine

The Duet

Two figures, one pearl hat, a green heel between them. She never goes anywhere without her own reflection.



No. 23

Margot

The Daisy

Black and crystal against warm peach, one small daisy where nobody expects it. Her whole story is that flower.



No. 24

Rosette

The Blush Parade

Pink pearls, a hat like a parasol and three pairs of shoes she has not chosen between. She is still deciding.

No. 25

Saphir

The Midnight Gown

Sapphire drops falling from her sleeves, a fan of pearls behind her, a train that keeps going. The last woman to arrive.



No. 26

Goldie

The Gilded

Pearl lace above, gold below, boots set with light. She dressed for herself and everybody else adjusted.



No. 27

Rosé

The Sunhat



Blush pearls around the brim, lashes down, nails long enough to make a point. She is not asleep — she is deciding.

No. 28

Marlene

The Recline



Pearls from the hat to the heels and a black background that knows better than to compete. She lies down and the room still stands.

No. 29

Grace

The Believer



Roses, gold, glasses and hands folded. One word spelled out at her feet and she means every letter of it.

No. 30

Diamant

The Finale



Silver headwrap, pearls to the wrist, one hand raised like she is about to say something worth waiting for. The last Diva, and she knew it all along.

COMMISSIONS

A Diva of your own

Every Diva is handmade, one of one — no kits, only characters.

Custom pieces and orders are welcome.

Reach out through the contact form at divadiamondstories.com
and tell us which Diva caught your eye.