

DIAMOND DIVAS

Each Diva has a story.

A HANDMADE DIAMOND ART COLLECTION

38 portraits, set stone by stone

Pearls, crystal, flowers and gold - one of one, made to order.



Flora

\$50 · 12

THE BLOOM

She planted her first garden in her hair when she was nine and never took it out. Every braid is a different color because every year of her life deserved its own. Ask which one is her favorite and she'll tell you about her grandmother instead.



Verde

\$50 · 12

THE KEEPER

She keeps other people's secrets the way she wears emerald — close, and forever. The white bloom at her crown was a gift from someone she never named. She turns her face away because she already knows what you're going to say.



Solene

\$50 · 12

THE SUNFLOWER

Flowers instead of a halo, laughing straight up at the light. She lost everything once and answered by planting sunflowers. Joy is her whole strategy, and it has never failed her yet.



Reine

\$50 · 12

THE SILHOUETTE

All crystal, no color — she gave up needing to be noticed a long time ago. She stands in the doorway of the room and the chandelier follows her instead. Rooms remember her after she leaves.



Adelle

\$50 · 12

THE DEBUT

Pearl drops fall from her shoulders like the rain on the night she was born — or so her mother swore. She was made for one entrance and she has never needed a second. Everyone remembers exactly where they were standing.



Opaline

\$50 · 12

THE ENCORE

Her stones change color depending on where you stand — which is also true of her opinions. Iridescent, weightless, gone before the applause finishes. She only ever comes back once, and only if you ask properly.



Nadira

\$50 · 12

THE CORONATION

Two silver wings of crystal and a curtain of pearls. Nobody invited her to the ceremony; the ceremony rearranged itself around her. She is not attending — she is the occasion.



Camille

\$50 · 12

THE VEIL

Wide-brimmed, eyes closed, pearls to the collarbone. She has heard every compliment already and is resting between them. Do not mistake the stillness for sleep — she misses nothing.



Pretty

\$50 · 12

THE SIGNATURE

Gold hoops, soft light, one word set in stone. Her mother gave her the name before she was born and dared the world to disagree. Some Divas need a story — she just needed the signature.



Bijou

\$50 · 12

THE BOUQUET

Pearls bloom beside her like a bush that only flowers at night. She grew them herself, in secret, the way she grows everything she loves. She never turns to look — she knows they're there.



Rosalind

\$50 · 12

THE BLUSH

Rose crystal from her hat to her heels, a butterfly waiting on her shoulder. The butterfly arrives every spring and no one can explain it. Soft on the outside only — ask anyone who tested her.



Perle

\$50 · 12

THE SOVEREIGN

Pearls stacked into a crown that keeps going down her shoulders. She inherited the first strand and earned every one after it. She looks past you on purpose — you haven't been introduced yet.



Zahara

\$60 · 11

THE SAPPHIRE

Blue stones at her ear, gold on her lids, a wrap of pearls above it all. She crossed an ocean with one suitcase and never once sounded tired. Quiet — and completely in charge.



Fleur

\$50 · 12

THE WILDFLOWER

Every flower she owns is in her hair at once. The butterflies followed her home from the market one Tuesday and simply stayed. She feeds them gossip; they seem to prefer it.



Kiki

\$50 · 12

THE SECRET

Jeweled hood, finger to her lips, a ring the size of a promise. She knows what you did, when, and why — and she has decided to keep it. For now, she says, smiling.



Iris

\$50 · 12

THE RAINBOW

Every color she's ever loved, wrapped and stacked and worn at the same time. People told her to pick one. She picked all of them, and there is no apology anywhere on her.



Noire

\$50 · 12

THE DIAMOND VEIL

Crystal falls over her face like rain off a roof. She wore the veil to her own celebration so she could watch everyone without being watched. Deep skin, silver light, eyes closed in perfect peace.



Amara

\$60 · 11

THE HEADWRAP

Silver stacked to the sky, one hand resting at her cheek, a blue stone burning at her throat. She learned the wrap from her mother, who learned it from hers. She lets you look — that's the lesson.

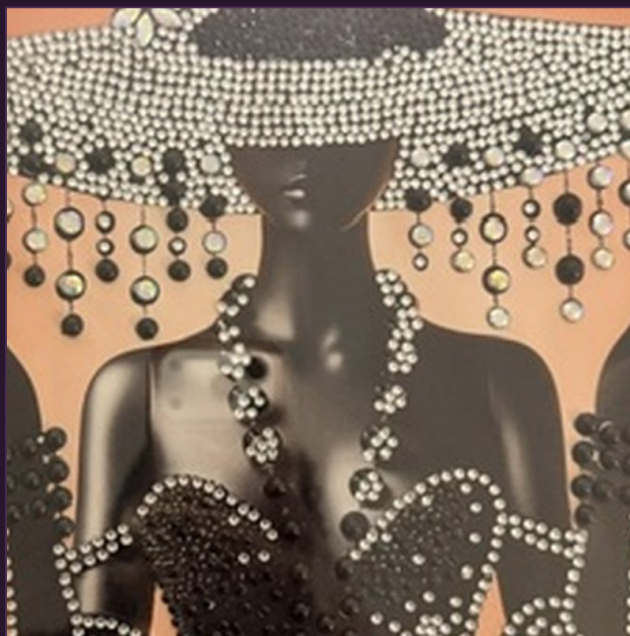


Josephine

\$50 · 12

THE DUET

Two figures, one pearl hat, a green heel between them. She never goes anywhere without her own reflection; they argue about shoes and agree about everything else. Twice the woman, half the patience.



Margot

\$50 · 12

THE DAISY

Black and crystal against warm peach, one small daisy where nobody expects it. The daisy is for her sister. Her whole story is that flower — and she'll tell it if you ask gently.



Rosette

\$50 · 12

THE BLUSH PARADE

Pink pearls, a hat like a parasol, and three pairs of shoes she has not chosen between. She has been deciding since last spring. The parade, she says, can wait until she's ready.



Saphir

\$50 · 12

THE MIDNIGHT GOWN

Sapphire drops falling from her sleeves, a fan of pearls behind her. She arrives last on purpose — she timed it once, and the room applauded. The train keeps going; so does she.



Goldie

\$60 · 11

THE GILDED

Pearl lace above, gold below, boots set with light. She dressed for herself on an ordinary Wednesday and everybody else adjusted. Gold, she insists, is a neutral.

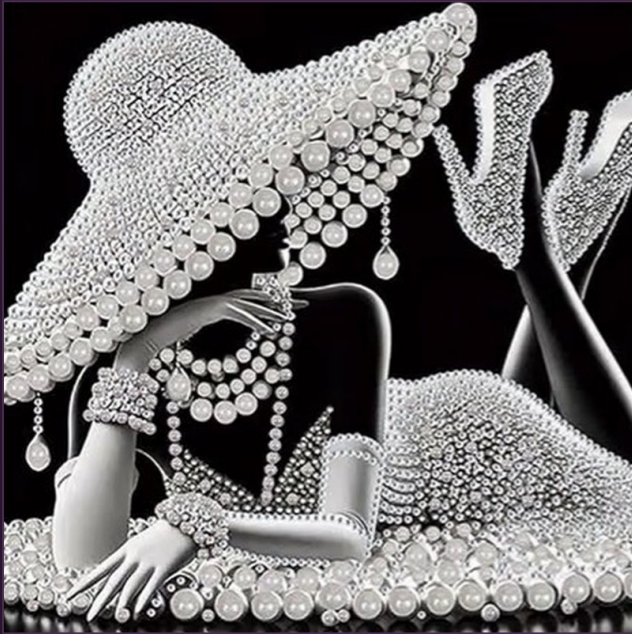


Rosé

\$50 · 12

THE SUNHAT

Blush pearls around the brim, lashes down, nails long enough to make a point. She is not asleep — she is deciding. The last person who interrupted a decision still hears about it.



Marlene

\$50 · 12

THE RECLINE

Pearls from the hat to the heels, against a black background that knows better than to compete. She lies down and the room still stands. Rest, she will tell you, is a position of power.



Grace

\$25

THE BELIEVER

Roses, gold, glasses, and hands folded. One word spelled out at her feet and she means every letter of it. She prayed through the storm and came out shinier.



Diamant

\$50 · 12

THE FINALE

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



Aurelia

\$50 · 12

THE ADORNED

Gold chains across her brow, a flower of crystal at her temple, one ring held to her chin like she's weighing the whole room in her hand. She wears the garden and the gold at once, because choosing was never her style.



Moto

\$50 · 12

THE RIDE

A cruiser paved in pearls, every spoke set in crystal, the engine lined in facets. Built for the Diva who refused to arrive quietly. Not a portrait you hang — a machine you ride, dipped in diamonds.



Caprice

\$25

THE WHIM

Silver crystal from crown to collarbone, light pooling off every facet. She changes her mind hourly and has never once been wrong. Whim, she insists, is just confidence moving quickly.



Belle

\$25

THE WHITE ROSE

A pearl crown, one white rose, a veil trailing down. She turns three quarters away and the whole room turns with her. The rose was left at her door with no note; she wore it anyway.



Lumière

\$25

THE FLOATING STONES

Three diamonds drifting around her head, a teardrop burning at her throat. She stopped reaching for light years ago — it comes to her now. She looks down so it can land.



Leona

\$25

THE SUNSET PRINT

Leopard from the bow to the hem, grey curls catching the last light, a heart set in the corner of the sky. She is the whole warm hour — and everything soft about her is deliberate.



Ruby

\$25

THE RED BRIM

A scarlet hat sweeps past her shoulder, edged in pearls that catch every glimmer of light. She learned long ago that mystery needs no introduction. One lifted hand, one knowing glance, and the room belongs to her.



Olive

\$25

THE SUNDAY HAT

Green brim tilted just so, blooms on the side, black lace everywhere else. She always sits in the front row — and the front row, everyone agrees, is better for it.



Ife

\$50 · 12

THE BEADED CROWN

She wears her grandmother's beads on her head because a crown that heavy belongs somewhere it can be carried. Every color in that wrap is a year she got through, and the gold at her forehead is the one she'd live again. She doesn't explain the colors — you're welcome to sit with them.



Onyx

\$125 · 28

THE GILDED GAZE

Black, silver, and gold braided up into a crown, with chandelier pearls at her ears. She keeps her eyes closed because she already saw everything coming. What she's doing now is simply enjoying the view behind her lids.



Violette

\$125 · 28

THE AMETHYST

A silver wrap stacked high, violet lids, and a teardrop of blue at each ear. She is the rarest color in the room and she knows exactly how rare. One hand at her jaw — she's been posed like that for an hour and hasn't tired of it.

Commission a Diva of your own

Every portrait here is one of one · hand-set, facet by facet.

Custom sizes, colorways, and portraits are made to order.

Visit divadiamondstories.com and send your question from the page —
you'll get a personal reply.

DIAMOND DIVAS