Diamond

Stronger than a towering wave sweeping to shore,

Harder than an A Level 55 maths grade question,

Rarer than a fistful of carbon nanotubes,

Light shines through a myriad of colours,

And as old as the rock that it was mined from,

Clear as ice or a nightingale’s song:

Diamond.

Signifying power, love and strength, it burns

With a fire like that in the heart of the sun,

It can be the shining tip of a drill,

Or an exquisite piece in a gold filigree nest,

But it still shines wherever it is,

One of the few things that are both beautiful and strong:

Diamond.

It is a peculiar mixture of alien and familiar,

Which could have easily been made on Jupiter instead of Earth,

And yet it still manages to dazzle onlookers with its shine

From a display case or a crown,

Despite its unique structure and its rarity on Earth,

It manages to be as individual as a soul:

Diamond.

The highest level in most computer games,

Or the prize everyone covets on a game show,

Zinc or glass just don’t measure up to the real thing,

Forgeries are always seen through, fake to the core,

Found at famous auctions in locked cases,

A thousand lifetimes passing its own:

Diamond.

By Isla in year 8