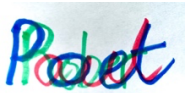


I am seventy-five, I am diamond

I'm older than most things / from deep inside earth, I surface from violent volcanic eruption / I'm harder than hard things, natural and pure / I cut, grind and polish, only similar can scar me / I am rock, I am adamant my crystals are cubic, my lattice bonds stronger than heat can destroy / I'm precious and proper, unbreakable, untamed / I'm colourless and clearcut, my faces make rainbows from fragments of daylight / I sparkle exceptional, brilliant, magnificent / I'm a frost pattern, a snowflake, an iceberg, a sun dog / I'm common as carbon, the backbone of life, my carat is countless and priceless as light in the deep of the sea.

I'm the space between compass points, everything between / I'm Singapore, Gambia, Erraid, Isle of Wight / I'm heart red, jack, queen and king, I am ace, I am wealth, power, and love / I'm April, I'm faithful, I'm innocence and courage / I'm baseball, a road sign, a warning, instruction / I'm the pattern on your Marks & Spencer slipover and socks / I'm the front of your elbow, the back of your knee, sock me, you'll see / I'm the hungry inside of a baby bird's beak, reaching for sustenance, survival and life / I am kite: I dive, spin, tease-kiss those clouds, cut cord, I am free / I'm your best friend forever / (they all want to be me).



***Paul Robert
Worcestershire Poet Laureate 2025/6***