

Diamonds and Dust

Jo Diana

Don't hum your songs, you'll wake the building,
It's breathing softly just nearby,
And on Saturday mornings, the guitar whispers
Filling sunlight with its quiet sigh.

All days are fleeting, says the quiet,
They'll pass you quickly, soft and sly.
On Thursday evenings, the play is arguing
While laughter curls where memories lie.

The echoes of our whispered secrets
Float between the shelves and golden air,
And even now, when the world turns distant,
I feel them in the magic still there.

Wander these halls with gentle footsteps
And find a place to rest awhile,
For I've been blessed, and I have decided
To live inside this magic, wild.

And sometimes this place feels like a long-lost friend,
A doorway back to days I knew,
Where childhood wonder bends the hours
And walls remember what is true.

She knows my thoughts without a whisper,
Like secret chords we both can hear.
Her laughter bends the air to starlight,
And leaves me shining through my tears.

There's one who moves through rooms like sunlight,
With colors bright and eyes that gleam,
She steadies storms with quiet courage,
Then sparks the air with a sudden dream.

Her voice can lift me through the silence,
Her laughter dances, fierce and free,
A keeper of the small enchantments
That still makes time feel kind to me.

But time will steal these beams and rafters,
The roof will bow, the songs will fade,
The paint will peel, the dust will gather,
The magic is lost in what we made.

Still, I return with quiet footsteps,
To find the child I used to be,
And though the building drifts to shadows,
Its heart keeps time and waits for me.

Jo Diana is an English major with a minor in journalism. Influenced by the storytelling and lyricism of 1960s folk music, particularly that of Bob Dylan, she writes with an emphasis on rhythm, voice, and emotion. Her work often explores how language shapes memory and meaning.