



MEMORY MERCHANTS

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It's not what you do.
It's how you make people feel
People buy jewellery because it's a reflection of something;
someone they love, who it's destined for, or a memory, often a subconscious one.
'So new, yet so old'
Perhaps it's no surprise that adoration and adorn have the same linguistic mother...

ADORNING THE ADORED

We talk 'around ourselves'. We associate benoi with memories, fleeting moments
or magical, momentous, all seared forever...
'Wonder from chaos of an artists studio, beauty of drifting clouds, discovery of a long lost,
uncontrollable laughter, wearing stones from the dawn of time, birsong after a storm, a rainbow
from a diamond, for a moment on the wall. The world in an emerald, and the song of a sapphire.
Children bounding down a staircase, kindness from a stranger, and a flower on your pillow

With love

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A mark that whispers of us, our intent.

*Some letters, becoming a shadow of necklace on naked neck, the curve of a lobe that's taking
in tender voice, or arch of bracelet under silken cuff*

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MASTERPIECES



As long as one can fathom, or short as a blink.
A long collection of moments and memories, from one's first open eye
at dawn, to the promise of dreams at dusk,
A year and some days ago a Benoi piece found its home.
This is a story, charting its journey, that most precious of precious
things, to you.
A Billion years, countless Summers ago, before there was anything
that we'd know, there was nothing,
Other than hot rocks,
Bubbling stone,
And rivers of searing heat.
Earth had her intent, something was coming,
Deep, deep below, in the darkest of darks, crystals were gradually,
forming
You may be wearing it now.
With the weight of the world, tiny stones were making.
Imprisoned by power, held tight by this might,
Encased, in rocks too hot to the touch, it was time.
Vibrations of intensity, power upended, reached the surface,
In was out, and out was now encased within.
It travelled, in a river of lava, making the journey from 100 miles
below, into the worlds early air,
And the view of the stars, not changed since.
There it lay.
Extraordinary, that after a billion years, it would find
You

RAINFALL

I feel you, falling through my air,
Washing my skin, whispering to my bones,
And sharing silence with my breath,
One day I'll hold, your liquid light,
As you fall through my air.

EMERALDS, DIAMONDS, WHITE
AND YELLOW GOLD





UNDRESS

Beyond this night,
Your hearts pulse light to my eyes,
Clear to see, as you
reveal your inner song to me.

PEA EMERALDS AND DIAMONDS,
WHITE GOLD





MONSOON

The rain bounced, the mossed ground
springing with joy,
flipping drops up and over,
as a small child,
before welcoming once more,
to the embrace of the forest floor emeralds.

BLACK DIAMONDS,
WHITE DIAMONDS, GOLD





EMBRACE

I feel you, passing through my me,
Embracing my heart, dancing with my soul,
And taking tea with my spirit,
One day i'll catch, to kiss you,
As you pass through my me.

RUBY, DIAMONDS, GOLD





SCALA

Carries aloft,
Us,
Fused, merged, together.
Abreast this winding staircase
At ruby red dawn, takes us,
Dusted snow as diamonds, at storm, or still,
In our world so far,
Day's dreams or night's flights,
Your walk, so light,
As it shows us the view,
This magical place.

DIAMONDS, NON HEATED MOZAMBIQUE
RUBY, GOLD





WAVES

As if moon's pull,
Your gentle waves flow,
Wetting parched sand,
Bringing life to my feet.

DIAMONDS, WHITE GOLD





LA DANZA

Toes glide as if iced floor,
Your feet rising to flee,
Fluid body, as seaweed ebb and flows in gentle wave,
My heart dancing as you close on me.

BLUE SAPPHIRES AND DIAMONDS,
WHITE GOLD





I FOLLOW YOU

Which ever way you go,
North, South, East or way of the setting sun,
I'll follow, picking flowers that bloom in your wake,
And drink from your pool, cool waters flow.

DIAMONDS, GOLD
AND BLUE TITANIUM





WHO WE ARE

As an Indian traveling the world, I noticed a perception that culturally we excel in 'making things happen', but are not always associated with quality. This impression stayed in my mind and inspired my dream: to build a team showcasing India's capabilities of vision and hard work, but beautifully blended with Italian charm and craftsmanship. Benoi transforms memories into exquisite jewellery, from India's rich vibrant colours to Italy's refined elegance, our journey runs deep roads through cultural and artisanal expertise. Benoi began as a passion project to create jewellery that connects deeply with its owners, telling stories of love, nostalgia and hope... Each piece is accompanied with the tale that inspired it. Storytelling is as old as the first campfire. Everything is so fast and instantaneous now. We invite you, for a moment, to get lost in another place.


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Binoy Shah, *co-founder*



Gino Di Luca, *ceo*

A STORY

We, with many pockets

Nobody's sure their years,
Calm spirits and bright eyes belie age,
Criss crossed lines their faces,
crow's feet intersecting albatross's wings,
Embedded skin, the map,
Mirrored reflection of these men's routes,
They're interested in everyone and everything,
Children respond to their spirits,
And animals relax in each presence,
Women love them and men want to be them,
Whisperers to the world,
Plants bear buds by their breath,
And butterflies land on their nose,
Born of quiet obsession,
To dream, to discover gems and stones
Creating the finest, most beautiful jewelry,
Adorning women of the world.
Hanging as wet silk,

So comfortable they forget to remove at evenings end
Possibility is present, wherever they go,
They see light in everything, alchemists as are,
bedding poetry and pragmatism under same blankets,
Born of I & I
Italy and India, their colors collide,
Travel the world so bright,
Always, a compass to find,
A book to sketch, drawing quick, as birds in flight,
Pockets of pearls and precious gems,
And always some space for new finds,
Where ever they be,
We are memory merchants,
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