



Wine & Roses

Claudia Alexander

Wine & Roses

By C. Alexander

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Wine & Roses

I remember when
I used to wear cologne;
It gave me the feeling
Of having what I'd always wanted,
That the possibility of love was near.
Now I bathe my nights
In roses and wine,
And wonder how my hope for love
Slipped away.

Lux Life

Your love yields a life of luxuries
No woman has ever seen;
I rest my head upon your heart
In the shade of a pomegranate tree.

Thirteen

This November wind
Cautiously circling
Just above the nape
Of my neck
In the waning warmth
Of a distant sun
Is weighted with your love.
A predetermined love
Fashioned in Creation
To return what was
Stolen from me.
Walk with me.

Winter Red

There is wine enough for seven glasses —
One overripe with the promise of former loves,
One filled with doves;
The next filled with thyme,
Followed by one of rosemary;
Another distilled in an ivory sadness.
A sixth, supple and warm,
Darkened at the rim, obscured by deceit.
The final representing the beauty
I see in you.
I drink of the seventh until I am full
To drown the memory of the others,
As the weather turns cold
And the winter sun slants
Perpendicular to me,
I think of all that is to come
On the other side of this life
Staring at the glass half full
Thinking of you.

The Most Beautiful

My Sovereign King —

I have seen your wealth in the vast abundance of all
That you have shown me.

It was more than I could have ever imagined,
Far more than what I was told.

I see you serve a generous God that provides
For your every need;

I might not have believed it,
If I had not seen it with my own eyes,

The weight of your authority,
The respect of those you honor with your wisdom —

No amount of praise could ever capture
The privilege of knowing.

You offer me gifts,
But nothing is more valuable

Than the prayer of a righteous man.
The love of a righteous man outshines

The rarest of rubies;
Its depth and purity are easily distinguishable

Among counterfeits.
You invite my questions,
That I might sharpen your purpose
But more so,
You seek your confirmation in my eyes.
There is no other man who has honored me so.
It is impossible to quantify your offerings —
It would be enough to say I am a queen,
But what would that mean if I could not, in turn,
Share my wealth with you, my King.
I present to you the purest gold,
And my most precious gems,
Sapphire and jade, onyx and pearls;
The rarest of spices —
Saffron, cinnamon, ginger and cardamom,
Along with the finest sandalwood.
I pray that such gifts prove themselves worthy
For the rarest of souls, Heart of David.
From this day forward
I will wear the memory of you at every moment,

At every opportunity,
As a reminder of your kindness,
My Most Beautiful one,
A jewel unlike any other.
Ask for anything, you say, and it will be yours,
Yet I hesitate to do the very thing you desire,
My ruby, my Most Beautiful — my Solomon, my friend.
Speak to me, my love, ask me anything.
Ask for me.

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