

A Box of Wine

by Star Davies

Moonlight streamed around the dense clouds, but paled in comparison to the thousands of stars that sparkled in the night sky. It never ceased to amaze my husband, Tazz, or I how bright it always was at night above that house. For living in a city the stars always shined brightly and the sunrises and sunsets were ceaselessly awe-inspiring. But as beautiful as the sunsets were, it was the stars that pulls us outside with our box of wine each night.

A box of wine! A box, you may be thinking. Yes, a box. Though the type of wine varied from Chablis, to Sunset Blush, to Burgundy, to Chillable Red, the brand was always Franzia. As Tazz convinced me of very quickly, boxed wines were the most underestimated in the world of wines. Sort of like the red-headed step child of wines, he would jokingly say.

Like every other night, we sipped wine and talked about whatever came to mind. Some of our conversations were silly—like creating a pocket book of outlandish jokes—and some of our conversations were serious. We talked about elections and politics, Roman and Arcadian history, and many other topics that sprang to mind. Those days, sitting on the porch and watching the stars, are still some of my favorite memories with my husband.

What caught my eye on this particular night was not the stars in the sky or the beautiful way the clouds shrouded the moon. It was the twinkle I saw in his eyes as he looked at me. There was not a doubt in my mind that his heart was as filled with joy and love for me as mine was for him.

The thought of losing him—whether it be that night or in 50 years—tore at my heart, clenched my throat, and brimmed my eyes with tears. Nothing in the world would ever replace him. My handsome husband. Light of my heart. As a matter of fact I knew that, should anything happen to him, I would die of a broken heart. Why the thoughts filled my head as he stared so lovingly into my eyes, I will never know.

As if reading my mind, Tazz—my loving, wonderful husband—placed his glass of wine on the ground at his feet and put his arms around me. His embrace was not too tight, but not loose either. He held me in his comforting embrace and kissed my cheek.

“All of the beautiful sunsets and stars in the sky hold no weight in their beauty compared to you,” he whispered into my ear. “I love you more than anything else. You are my sun, moon, and stars all wrapped up in one. My heart. I will do everything in my power to stay with you as long as God permits me, and I will never leave you. I promise you that.”

I tried my best to swallow the fear and gave him a kiss to ensure him that I understood and returned the feelings.

When Tazz and I first married—after four months of dating—everyone told us we rushed into it too fast. Most of them had little faith in the strength of our marriage. Sitting on the porch that night I laughed to myself as I took another sip of my cool wine. Most of those friends who doubted our love and commitment had drifted away from us. If only they could see us at that moment, staring into each others eyes under the stars. We were so filled with love that the world would have had to be blind not to see it.

Though our marriage has grown in many ways since those night on that porch, I still miss the house and the memories we made every night with nothing but our love, the stars, and a box of wine.