

AMBROSIA

SPRING/SUMMER 2020



JOURNEY AT SEA

AMBROSIA STAFF

Managing Editors

Heather Mack
Rachel Weisbrot

Submissions and Copy Editors

Glendon Frank
Sarah Joy Jantzen Bradley
Shonda Kitchen
Heather Mack
Rachel Weisbrot

Faculty Advisors

Dr. Rita Dirks
Dr. Darren Dyck
Dr. Jonathan Goossen

Web and Production

Ambrose University

Design and Layout

Sarah Joy Jantzen Bradley

Ambrosia Literary Review

Volume 1, Issue 4: Spring/Summer 2020

Published by Ambrose University

150 Ambrose Circle SW

Calgary, AB T3H 0L5

Website: ambrose.edu/ambrosia-literary-review

E-mail: literaryreview@ambrose.edu

Cover Art: Lauren Schmitke

© 2020

Hygeia Joan Gloria

All works of Hygeia Joan Gloria featured in this issue are reprinted with permission of Dr. Rita Dirks, Literary Executor.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Editor's Note	iii
Featured Publications	iv
Cancun and Courage	1
Nervous Wreck	2
An Appointment with Life	3
What Do We Do With?	7
Your Skin	7
The Funeral	8
Water Lilies	9
A Psalm of Spring	10
Recover	11
With Dad at the Saskatoon Market	12
Sleepless and Thoughtful	13
Grief Is	15
Journey at Sea	16
Genesis: From Garden to City	17
Contributors	18

Editor's Note

This semester's issue of *Ambrosia*, "Journey at Sea," comes in the midst of the COVID-19 pandemic that has turned our world upside-down and thrown us all into a time of uncertainty and fear. It also comes in the wake of the sudden passing in February of one of Ambrose's students and my fellow classmate: Hygeia Gloria. The issue's title, "Journey at Sea," is taken from the title of one of Hygeia's poems, which we have published at the end of this issue.

Sea voyage themes are familiar to those who study literature (and likely even those who don't). From Coleridge's *Rhyme of the Ancyent Marinere* to Homer's *Odyssey*, Melville's *Moby Dick* to Lewis' *Voyage of the Dawn Treader*, journeys at sea seem to make for stories that we love. The thrill of adventure, the potential for mutiny, the vast expanse of uncharted ocean, and of course, the destination – be it home, exploration, conquest, or simply escape – all make for excellent story-telling elements.

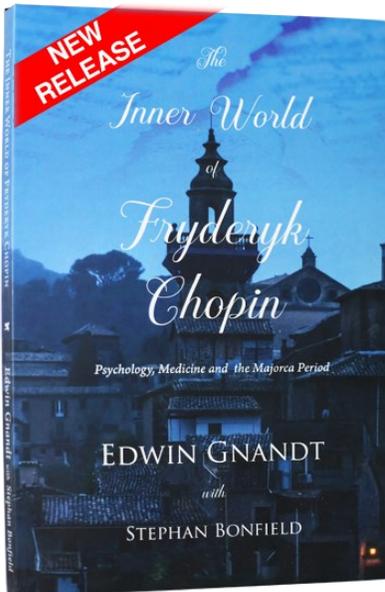
But the best stories are not just stories, and perhaps one of the reasons that journeys at sea make great stories is because they are often treated as analogous to spiritual journeys of the soul. The *Rhyme of the Ancyent Marinere* is a story of guilt, despair, and darkness moving towards forgiveness, redemption, and light. In the *Odyssey*, Odysseus' simple goal to get home requires him to face death, shipwreck, temptation, and the terrifying monsters Scylla and Charybdis who together claimed the lives of countless sailors. Ishmael aboard the *Pequod* observes and barely survives Ahab's obsessive, doomed quest to kill the white whale. To reach Aslan's country, the crew of the *Dawn Treader* encounter storm, sea serpent, shipwreck, invisible strangers, and utter darkness where even the worst dreams become real. Both journeys at sea and journeys of the soul can be frightening, unpredictable, and chaotic.

Characters in books never go through sea journeys without being changed in some way – they must find strength, endurance, and perseverance to face the challenges they meet. For many, this time feels like that dark island in *Dawn Treader* where nightmares threaten and there seems to be no way out. But in such times of darkness and despair, may we, like Lucy Pevensie, find comfort, hope, and strength in Aslan's whisper: "Courage, dear heart." The poetry and prose laid out in the following pages explore that darkness in many different forms, but they include a whisper of hope as well. As we all try to find our balance in the world of COVID-19, and especially as our Ambrose community mourns the death of Hygeia, we invite you to enter this issue and journey with us through the waves of loss, grief, change, hope, and healing.

Rachel Weisbrot

Managing Editor

Featured Publications



The Inner World of Fryderyk Chopin: Psychology, Medicine and the Majorca Period

By Edwin Gnanadt, with Stephan Bonfield

On November 7th of 1838, Fryderyk Chopin and George Sand set sail on the 'El Mallorquin' for the Island of Majorca in the Mediterranean Sea. What should have been a long romantic sojourn, resulted in a breakdown of Chopin's physical and mental condition. His life filled with unconscious fears, hallucinations, and unsubstantiated paranoid thoughts. This analytical research offers the reader unique insights into Chopin's complex mind, relationships, and life.

State of Fragility

By Hygeia Gloria

This chapbook explores different ways each character of each poem experiences such fragility that it gives them a burning and painful sensation. Each poem is laden with emotions which may be disturbing or offensive for some, and in each poem's core is a combination of situations and thoughts which the poet experienced before or during its composition.

Cancun and Courage by Hygeia Gloria

The sound of crashing waves signal freedom
From all those years which felt like eternity
As I cried endlessly in my cold cage.
A sudden wave of clarity shrouds me
And gives such courage to start breaking free.

Nervous Wreck by Hygeia Gloria

Trapped in a bubble of insecurity,
I struggle to hold my head up high.
I can feel the end of me is nigh
My thoughts now wrecked by anxiety.
I feel as if my legs have gone jelly;
How dare they betray me!
I talk in a quivering voice,
My mind now full of noise
I have never felt such vulnerability.
I can sense my mind now drift
To a place where control does not exist.
This bubble, with its surface so thin,
Is not that easy to break from within!
Save me from this dreadful situation,
For it feels like my damnation!
Oh, I never wanted to be this way.
I beg you please -
Just let me fade away.



An Appointment with Life by John Paul Cooper

I stared out the windows of a limousine, speeding down an unfamiliar highway. Another limousine passed us, heading in the opposite direction. What was I doing in a limousine? Moments earlier, I had been searching online job ads on my laptop.

“How are you doing back there? It can be quite a shock.”

I looked up at the man behind the wheel of the limousine. He was wearing a black uniform with white shirt and black tie. His cap was tilted back to match his relaxed smile. “I’m the Driver,” he said.

“I must be dreaming,” I said to myself.

“You’re not dreaming,” the Driver replied.

“Well then, where am I?” I asked.

“You’re in a company car,” the Driver replied. “Only the best for an appointment with Life.”

“An appointment with Life? Does that mean I’m dead?”

“No, you’re fine; that would be another destination, different Driver. Just relax, we’ll be there in a few minutes.”

“An appointment with life.... What does that mean?”

“People think of it in many different ways,” the Driver answered. “They describe it as a dream, a vision, spiritual enlightenment, even prophesy. You can call it whatever you want to, the real issue is whether you learn anything.”

The limousine turned off the highway and headed straight towards a thick concrete wall. By the time I realized there were no seatbelts, we had safely passed through the wall. Now, we were travelling along a winding road, lined with lush vegetation.

“I would have warned you about the wall,” the Driver said, “but no one believes me.”

“Is it a hologram?” I asked.

The Driver shrugged his shoulders. “How should I know? I just drive.”

The limousine stopped in front of a huge office building. Immediately, my door was opened by the Driver. I couldn’t understand how he’d moved so quickly, but then realized he was still sitting behind the wheel. It was two men, who looked and dressed exactly the same. “Are you twins?”

The Driver holding the door gave me a puzzled look. “I just open the door.”

As I stepped out of the limousine and walked towards the building, I passed a young woman sitting on a bench. She had just opened a box and was taking out its contents: a name tag, a smock worn by retail store employees, and a handbook for customer service representatives. She looked up at me. “I wanted to be a History Professor.”

Arriving at the office building, I pushed open a glass door and found myself in an enormous atrium. Another man, who looked and dressed exactly like the Driver, sat behind a reception desk. Nearby, a young man about the same age as me stood holding a box marked ‘Life Insurance Sales Rep.’

“I could have been an Airline Pilot,” he whispered to himself, “and now that dream is gone, all because of a stupid inner ear infection.”

I spoke to the young man. “What’s this all about?”

“It’s bullshit, that’s what it is!” The young man was shaking, but I couldn’t tell if he was ready to kill someone or break down and cry.

“Life told me,” he said, “that there are other paths for me to follow. I need to take some time to reflect on what my true strengths are. Can you believe that? A dream I’ve had since I was about five years old just came crashing down, and it’s all supposed to be solved by warm, fuzzy feelings and navel-gazing!”

As I watched the young man begin sobbing, I realized the last thing I wanted to do was go to the appointment. I turned and started back towards the door, but a strong hand grasped my elbow and held me back. It was another Driver. “Follow me.”

The Driver guided me towards an elevator. The door opened as we approached, and another young man came running out, tears streaming down his face.

“So, what are you crying about?” I demanded. “Is everyone here depressed?”

“I’m not depressed!” he exclaimed. “Life just said my hard work is going to pay off, I’m going to university on a full-ride football scholarship! When I graduate and go pro, I’m going to buy my mother the house of her dreams.”

“Before you start looking at houses,” I said, “better find out if you’re playing pro football in the United States or Canada; they don’t make the same kind of money.”

The young man considered my statement. “Life didn’t tell me where I’d be playing.”

I shrugged my shoulders. “I guess there has to be some mystery.”

The Driver tugged at my arm. “We can’t make Life wait. Life has a busy schedule.”

As I entered the elevator, the Driver asked me which floor I wanted to go to. Since there was only one number on the panel, I replied, “Three hundred and fourteen.”

As we ascended, the walls and floor of the elevator slowly changed from stainless steel to clear glass. “I must be dreaming,” I said to myself.

At level three hundred and fourteen, I stepped off the elevator and entered a large room with clear glass walls and floor. In the center of the room there was an ancient wooden desk, with a single box placed on top.

A figure draped in red and black robes stood next to the desk. Its face slowly morphed from man to woman, Asian to Black, Hispanic to Arab, young to old. It was everyone. It was Life.

Life watched me silently. I sensed what Life wanted to discuss with me, but I resisted. The memories were too painful. Ever since I had received the last reply two weeks ago, I had been trying to avoid thinking about it, trying to put it behind me. Finally, unable to contain the raw emotions churning inside me, I screamed. “I wanted to be a lawyer! That was my dream! That was my destiny!”

“Destiny, now that’s a loaded word,” answered Life. “I suppose you believed God was going to help you.”

“How do you know if I believe in God?”

“While you were attending university, you went to a Christian organization for students every Friday. You also went around campus, putting up posters for a Bible study. And then on Sundays, you attended church. Those aren’t usually the activities of an atheist.”

“You don’t have to be a genius to figure that out.”

"You don't have to be a genius to do many things," Life replied.

"Many people use God as an excuse for their failures," Life continued. "It isn't uncommon. Some say they failed because God, for whatever reason, refused to answer their prayers. Others, scared they'll anger God, blame themselves instead, claiming they didn't have enough faith. Still others claim they failed because it wasn't God's will. Instead of admitting they didn't study hard enough, they weren't ambitious enough, or they weren't smart enough, they claim God prevented it from happening. I could have been a doctor, but it wasn't God's will. I could have been an astronaut, but it wasn't God's will."

Life locked eyes with me. "I could have been a lawyer, but it wasn't God's will."

"Maybe it was, maybe it wasn't, I have no idea," I answered.

Life motioned with its hand towards a distant point, and the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa appeared beneath us. "You didn't hesitate to talk about your dream of becoming a lawyer, but you've never told anyone about your real ambition."

"That's the curse of being a dreamer," I replied, "you dream of climbing higher, so you have further to fall."

Life moved closer. "In order to be released, you must say the words."

"It's humiliating, I was a fool to believe it was possible."

"After you graduated with the Liberal Arts degree, you were placed on the waiting lists at two Law Schools. You had the opportunity to go on a French language course, which could have helped you reach both goals, but you talked yourself out of it. You weren't a fool to believe it was possible; many things are possible that don't come to pass."

"I don't want to talk about this."

"Say the words."

"What difference does it make now?"

"Say the words!"

"Fine! My dream was to be the Prime Minister of Canada! I thought I had a chance. I don't know why, I just believed it was possible. Did I let the opportunity of a lifetime slip through my fingers? I see the Prime Minister on television, I hear sound clips on the radio, and I think to myself, that could have been me...."

"You think that because your dream of becoming a lawyer and, perhaps, Prime Minister didn't come true, all is lost. I don't agree. Another dream awaits you."

"There is no other dream!"

"You seem to have forgotten something about yourself," Life responded. "You value your private time. How much private time do you think the Prime Minister gets? He goes to meetings constantly. When he isn't speaking to his cabinet ministers, he's at some event, opening a new facility, attending town hall meetings, travelling to international conferences, doing question and answer sessions in the House of Commons, reading reports, signing documents. It never ends."

I considered Life's words. "Perhaps. But I still would have loved being a lawyer."

Life raised an eyebrow. "Really? As a criminal lawyer, you'd be constantly taking legal briefs home to prepare for trials. If you were a business lawyer, just imagine how much time you'd spend preparing documents for

mergers and acquisitions: twelve to fourteen-hour days, six or seven days a week.”

“So I’d be busy. So what?”

Life’s face had stopped morphing and had settled on a familiar visage. I was looking at myself. “Both of these careers would deny you the one thing you need more than any other: you need time to write.”

“It’s a hobby. I write fiction.”

Life’s face began to morph again. “Do you have any idea how many people are miserable, because they followed money or prestige instead of their true passions?”

“But I still need to pay the bills,” I replied. “It can take years to build a writing career.”

Life pointed at the box on the old desk. I walked over and opened it. Inside was a safety vest, steel toed boots, work gloves and a forklift licence.

“A Forklift Operator? What do I tell my friends from university? They all know I applied to Law School.”

“Tell them you work to support your family while pursuing your passion. Tell them you’re a Writer.”

“A family?” I asked.

“Yes,” Life answered.

I relaxed. “So, I find love and I continue to write.”

“Whether the love lasts,” Life replied, “will depend on you. If you constantly talk about how much happier you’d be if your life was different, you’ll drive everyone away from you. I’m offering you a different path, but I can’t make you follow it. If you prefer to remain in the past, chained to a never-ending treadmill of bitterness, that’s your choice.”

Life motioned towards the elevator.

“Is it over already?” I asked.

“I have many appointments,” Life answered.

As the elevator door opened, I looked back at Life. “Are you God?”

Life smiled. “No, I’m not the CEO. I’m a mid-level executive, who offers guidance. God has a much larger office.”

The Driver was waiting for me in the elevator. “Your uniform is immaculate,” I said. “Where do you get it dry-cleaned?”

The Driver gave me a confused look. “I don’t know, I just escort people to and from the elevator.”

“Sorry,” I replied, “couldn’t resist.”

Life stood by the elevator door. “You seem to have forgotten that you’re supposed to be miserable and depressed.”

“I don’t have time to be depressed,” I replied. “I have a great idea for a story. I just need to decide if it’s going to be a novel or a screenplay.”

What Do We Do With? by Colleen Jantzen

What do we do with
What do we do with all the bits we don't like
Like the concubine and the twelve pieces
Or the sacrifice of a daughter
(to name only two)
What do we do with
All the many many bits
Like these?

Your Skin by Colleen Jantzen

I want to crawl inside your skin
And be sheltered
From the world
That is too rough for me
Too much for me
I want to crawl inside your skin
And be sheltered
For a while.

The Funeral by Dorothy Bentley

You were wrapped in my son's best tie-dyed t-shirt after you were found dead. I was in the living room in my old Lazyboy, reading, when his heart-wrenched cry reverberated through the house. I had never heard such grief from his lips. Sobs bent him in two as he held your cold body lovingly. He petted your scaly head and back. He looked inside your mouth at your lolling tongue, and he searched your dim eyes. Your dragon flares were already turning black as was the tip of your broken tail. He called you Stubbs. When you were a hatchling, one of your siblings had bitten off the end of your tail. When my son chose you at the pet store, you were the only one who held still, lifting your head; you seemed to be smiling at my son. He chose you, and you chose him.

You slept on his pillow. He flipped you onto your back like you were sun-tanning on holidays. He filmed you eating worms and crickets. His face lit up when he was with you. He had cloudy days more often than and you brought sunshine to them all. You were his first pet, his first love outside our family, his first piercing death.

Months before, he had stopped coming to church, stopped praying at the table over our shared meals, stopped believing. But when you stopped breathing, he could not bear that you were no more. In an effort to comfort him, I assured him that we would see you again in Heaven. He let me hug him then.

"I have to believe now. Nothing else makes sense. Will there be worms and crickets there?"

"Of course. They have to be because Stubbs needs his favourite foods." A part of me worried about the theological soundness of this comfort.

Later, his dad and I stooped in the rain with him over the hole he had dug in the silt at the back corner of the fenced yard, under the birch tree. It was two feet deep and the exact outer shape of the size eleven shoe box which had contained his new sneakers. Stubbs was in there. My son had put worms and crickets in there too, just in case, as well as the letter. There was a heart drawn on the outside of the folded paper in smeared blue ink, stained with dirt from the shovel. My son swiped at his tears, smudging dirt on his face. The rain soaked his white t-shirt, but he refused the jacket I offered. He said I could pray if I wanted. I did want. My vision blurred as broken words tumbled out and peace settled over us all. Thank you, Stubbs.

Water Lilies by Noah Harms

Winter's frost leaves snowy seas
That seem to prompt a cosmic pause.
As blizzards envelop the prairies,
The dormant water lilies freeze.

Life is stalled.

Once vibrant colors are masked
By a boundless blanket of white,
A ghostly sheet that is ever creased.
Crinkling leaves and chirping crickets
Have long since crumbled away;
Even the sparrow's song has ceased.

The world is silent.

The suffocating cold sucks
The air out of your lungs,
The sharpness stabbing
Into every breath.
Each snowy step you take
Is a deafening crunch
That serves to remind you
How lonely it is to walk in death.

You've collapsed.

Where were you walking?
When did you stop?
Will the cold ever pass?
If it does, will you go?
These questions send you
Tumbling down that cerebral spiral,
And the shattered bottle screams
The only answer: "I don't know!"

But it gets better.

The sun shines sultry springtime rays,
Her vibrancy re-infatuating the world
Just as she has a billion times before.
The birds return singing a new song,
And what once was dead resurrects
Not with a whimper, but with a roar.

You learn to breathe again.

Winter's frost leaves scars, it's true.
But while I watch the water lilies
Blossom and bloom, I wonder
If one day maybe I will, too.

A Psalm of Spring by Dorothy Bentley

when the garden was frozen and forlorn I called where are you Lord?
surely you have not brought me through raging fires to hide me in sorrow
you deserve to be fallow they said I knew they were right my past life full
but I would not settle all night long I tossed and turned their words stones
on my grave my garden mourned for his presence my snow bed a tomb
where have you brought me Lord? the prairie a prison the winter a lament
will I be cold and forgotten forever? when I stopped struggling he arrived
wherever I send you I will be
I will not leave you fallow
soon it will be spring
I opened the garden-gate to him first light saying come
into this burned-out life he has waited for the open gate
he has longed too when I called he had already sent his lip-words
his dewy kiss too sweet for my forehead he kisses the place
where he has written his name he weaves a daisy-chain from stubble
for a crown my heart longs for his attention like a little girl standing on father
feet at a spring dance while he carries me on his shoulder to look
at the charred forest his concern etched on his brow
stay close little one
he hems me in with ribbons of lavender his fingers are laced with mine
sandalwood clouds my senses this knowing too divine
though I am weak and timid he draws me near he pulls down
the heart wreckage with fierce love I adore him alone
and he alone I adore I was fallow but now hope blossoms
I was choked by ruins but now I know serenity my tears watered
the grave God waters the whole Earth his love endures forever



Recover by Daniella Jukes

A spiral staircase with no rails
It's long and steep and wet
Recovery is hard to climb
With limbs made of cement

Your friends will come to help you
Well...until it gets too hard,
They'll call from up ahead of you to say
"It's not that far!"

And true friends don't go too high up
Encouraging from above
(You see the sudden distance —
You're not sure if you're still loved)

You'll slip and fall three stories
And you'll find you start to doubt
'Have I thought wrong?' you wonder,
'Is there even a way out?'

You cry but no one hears you
Here you're startlingly alone
No one comes down to comfort you
(You think you hear them groan)

And yet you keep on climbing
'Cause there's nothing else to do
And maybe if you're strong enough
Your friends will come back too.

You know if you can just push on
And keep your chin held high
Not even closest friends will see
The tears still in your eyes

And as you climb you wonder
'Will they notice that I'm hurt?
What if they find they can't look past
This new blood and old dirt?'

'Just one more time' you think, not pleased,
'I'll make one more attempt.
Then if I don't see the others,
At least I've tried my best'

You're not sure if it's worth it
But a dash of hope is wise.
Believe that (surely someday)
Out of Darkness
You'll Arise

With Dad at the Saskatoon Market by Colleen Jantzen

"Keep your hands in your lap
You don't want to buy anything
Like a sheep or something"
(but I do)
And the great crowd of men
And the noise
And the smell of salt and hay and oil and manure
And we're going to the concession
(I can't believe it!)
And I'm going to get a Vico (that's chocolate milk) and a bag of chips
And you're getting a hamburger (too much for me)
And I reach up to take your hand in the crush
But it's not you
And I freeze
But
Then
I find you
And I take your hand
And everything is alright with the world again
And it's the best day
And I'm with my Dad
And I could have bought a sheep (or a peacock)
And I have a Vico and a bag of chips
Eight.

Sleepless and Thoughtful by Willow Pawlak

It's said that when you can't sleep at night, it's because someone is thinking about you. But that's not true. No one ever thinks about me. And there I was, wide awake in the middle of the night.

It was probably my own fault. I just couldn't stop thinking and the more I thought, the more awake I felt. I thought about how I had to fall asleep soon, because if I didn't, then I wasn't going to be able to get out of bed and go to school and deal with *them*. It was hard enough to have to put up with it all on a good day. On those days I could almost ignore the fact that everyone was ignoring me. I could forget the ones who lied and gossiped and left me out. If I felt good enough, I could forget I'd ever known any of them. Then, everything would be okay.

It was easier for me to be alone around strangers than it was to be alone where I'd once thought I had friends.

Maybe it would be easier if I had any friends at all. School wasn't everything, after all. But everything was the same. When I went to work, I'd go in, put on my nametag, and put in my hours. Sometimes when I was on cash a customer would make small talk, and that was the most I could hope for. I knew that the others sometimes went out to eat or to the movies because I'd gone with them once. No one had tried to talk to me. When I'd asked questions, tried to be one of them, they changed the subject. The looks they gave me out of the corners of their eyes asked me why I was there. I hadn't invited myself again.

I'd thought that church might be better. But I had no friends there, either. There was a youth group that I had attended until I couldn't take it anymore. I couldn't take any more of those little groups standing shoulder-to-shoulder in a corner, blocking out everything and everyone else. I couldn't take listening to people talk about movies or TV shows that they'd moved on from before I even got the chance to watch. I was left in a constant cycle of always being one step behind them. I couldn't stand the way it seemed like every conversation died when I entered. But the worst part was the looks, those fake smiles and bored eyes, the glances that never quite reached my eyes and said, "I'm too polite to say this out loud, but I really don't want to be talking to you right now."

Home became my only safe place; Mom and Dad were the only people who cared. Sometimes when it was all too much, I just didn't leave my room.

I had to get my thoughts off of this or I was never going to get to sleep. But whenever I tried, my mind just circled back to the same thing. "No one ever thinks about you."

I gave up.

I got out of bed and I turned on the light, and I looked for anything that would distract me until maybe I would just drop off. I spun my basketball on my finger and thought about the effort I'd put into mastering the skill. Then I thought about how I had no one who would bother to notice me doing it anyway. It was useless. I threw the ball back into my closet. Since anything else would risk disturbing my parents in the next room, I just went to the window and looked out at the darkness, and tried to make my mind copy the abyss.

Think of nothing. Think of nothing. Think of nothing.

But I kept thinking of everything.

In the windowpane was the reflection of my bookshelf. For lack of anything else to do, I went to the old bookshelf and started opening books for the first time in years. For a moment my thoughts grew still. I remembered some of the stories I'd loved, without needing to do anything more than look at the cover or read a few sentences. I remembered that many of these stories had lonely characters. Characters who were just like me. But all of them always ended up with a lot of friends, and people to trust.

I felt my mind turn inward again and tears welled up at the frustration. No matter what I did, the thoughts always came back! I kept flipping through books, but it was automatic now. My fingers felt the movement, and I kept grabbing and re-shelving books just because it was too repetitive to think about, and I didn't need to see to do it.

I wanted out of my head!

My fingers stopped on a page of a book I hadn't looked at and couldn't remember picking up. My eyes went to it automatically. Just a few lines stood out as the rest began to blur together from my tears.

"How precious to me are your thoughts, God! How vast is the sum of them! Were I to count them, they would outnumber the grains of sand - when I awake, I am still with you."

In an instant, my mind stilled. My eyes dried. And I finally felt very calm, and very, very sleepy.

Grief Is by Shonda Kitchen

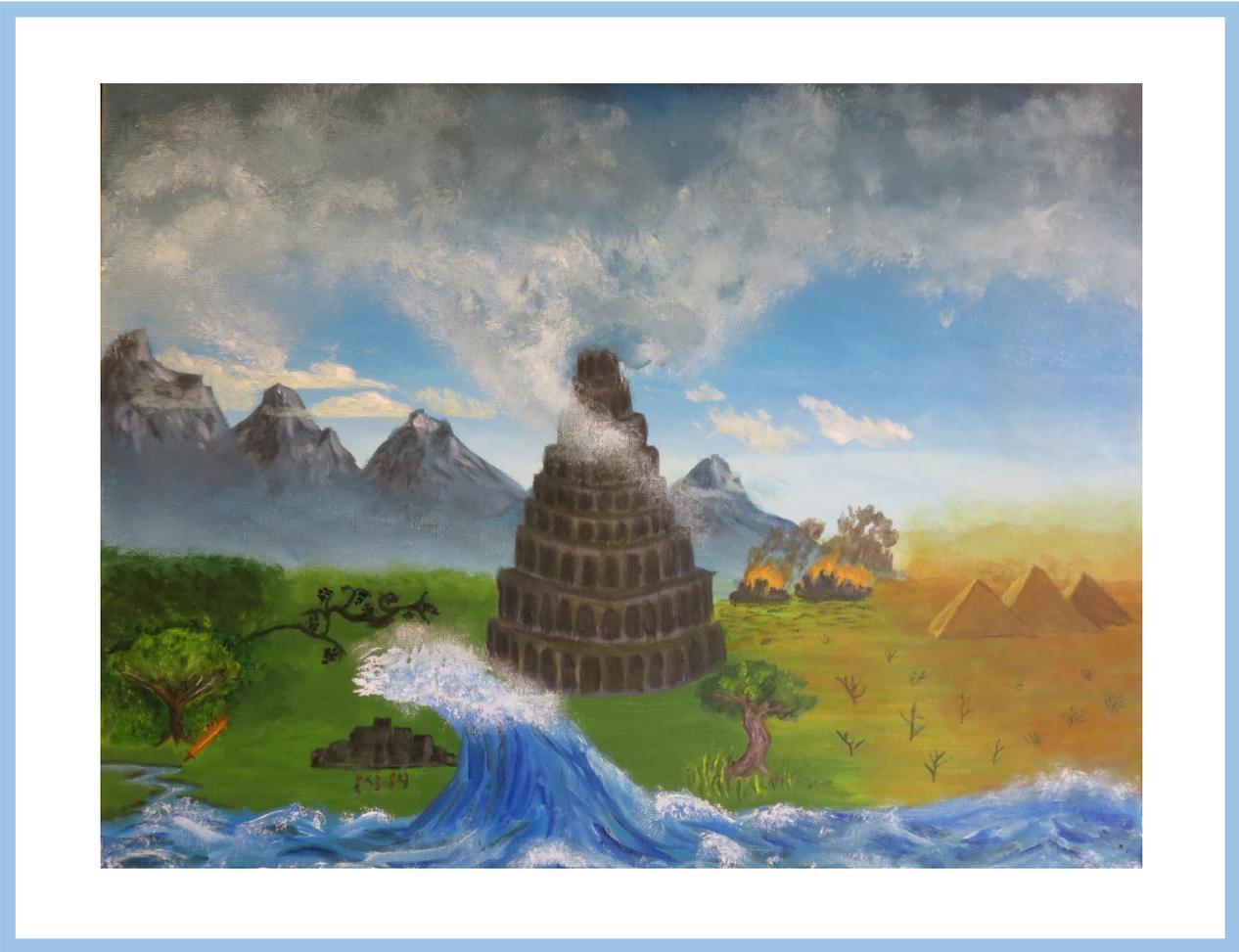
Grief is
Seeing you
Washing the dishes
And calling your name
Repeating myself
To ears that don't hear
And a back that never turns
Only to wake up
Again, in my room.

Journey at Sea by Hygeia Gloria

I realize that I'm lost at sea -
The beautiful yet tragic sea of life.
Caught up in the waves
I panic as the water monsters
Devour me with fuming rage.
No soul is there to help me.
No words can express how monstrous
The darkness which trapped me has become.
No words can describe my pain;
Its goal is to drive me insane.
I'm still stuck at sea;
I struggle to see the day
When that light shines down on me
And guides me to escape the void I'm in.
Although the days I face are nothing but dim,
There is an inner voice saying everything will be okay.



Genesis: From Garden to City by Elanor Delaney



Dorothy Bentley

Dorothy Bentley, a former student at Ambrose University, is now the Fort McMurray Regional Facilitator for the Writers' Guild of Alberta. Read more about her and her work at www.dorothybentley.net.

John Paul Cooper

J. Paul Cooper has a Bachelor of Arts (Political Science) from Saint Mary's University, Halifax, and is a member of the Writers' Guild of Alberta and the Imaginative Fiction Writer's Association. His short fiction, articles and essays have been published in print anthologies, online journals, magazines and newspapers.

Elanor Delaney

Elanor is a behavioural science student who enjoys painting as a hobby. She loves hiking in the mountains and listening to prog rock music.

Noah Harms

Noah Harms is a graduate of the English program at Ambrose University. He is currently working as a freelance writer/editor and spends his free time discussing esoteric elements of spirituality with his friends. Noah and Glendon Frank currently co-host 30/40 Vision, a popular podcast that is described by one listener as 'the personal reflections of bright and thoughtful young people on their own experiences with [religion and spirituality].'

Colleen Jantzen

Jesus follower, wife, mom, poet, baker, student, worship leader, librarian, gardener, quilter, knitter, singer, musician, grandma...

Daniella Jukes

Daniella Jukes is a Psychology student at Athabasca University. She believes that all forms of art from poetry to painting, help us bridge the gap between our experiences and the world around us.

Shonda Kitchen

Shonda is in her third year at Ambrose University in the English Program. She enjoys reading, writing poetry, and a good cup of tea or coffee.

Willow Pawlak

Willow Pawlak is in her second year of Biology at Ambrose University. She is also a co-leader of the Ambrose Writer's Club and spends her free time reading, writing and drawing.

Lauren Schmitke

Lauren Schmitke is a fourth-year double major in English and Business. The visual arts have always been an important part of her life. It has been a way for her to process, release stress and express her thoughts and emotions.

Ambrosia Literary Review

Volume 1, Issue 4: Spring/Summer 2020

Published by Ambrose University

150 Ambrose Circle SW

Calgary, AB T3H 0L5

Website: ambrose.edu/ambrosia-literary-review

E-mail: literaryreview@ambrose.edu

Cover Art: Lauren Schmitke