

Dreams & Visions

curated by
Edna Bovas



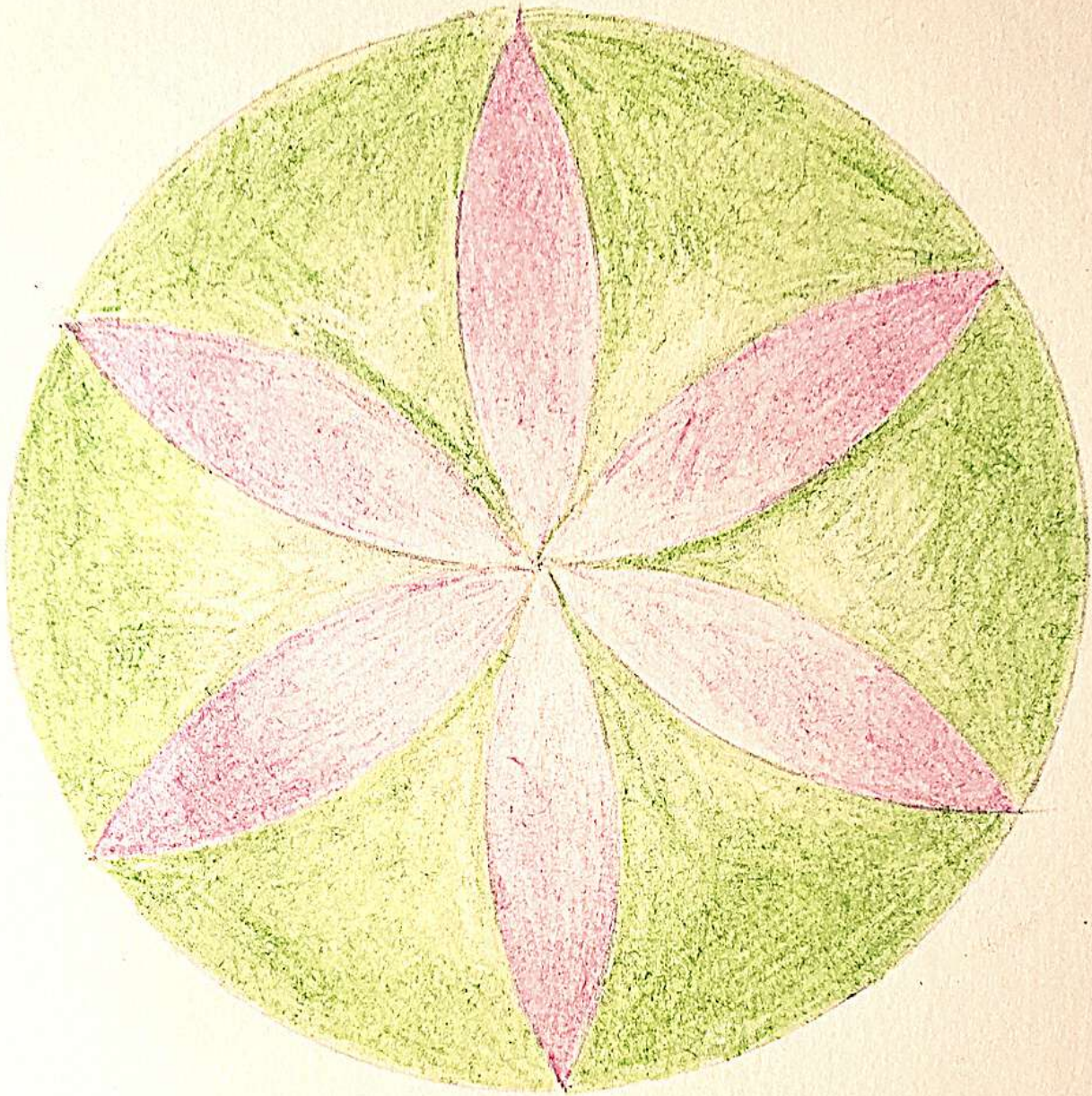
Joy

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Joy Kennedy
Alison MacDuffee
Julia Morrocco
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Alie Ruddy
Zachary Cardwell
Cameron Cardwell
John Spragge



What is





Pink Blossoms of Spring.

- A. MacDuffee

Reflection on Joy

JOY KENNEDY

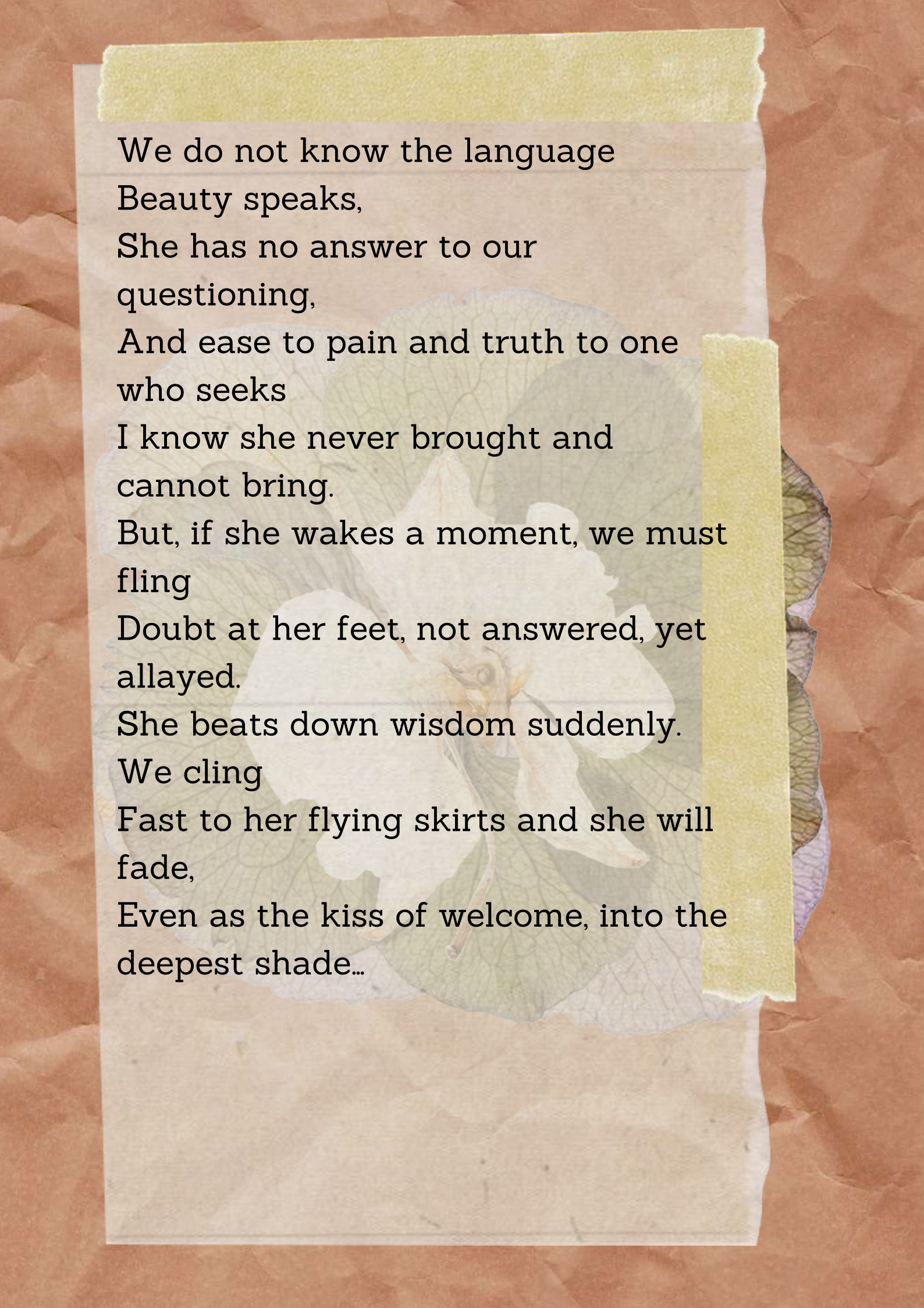
Perhaps it should be no surprise that this theme should be one that is especially personal to me. But I would like rather to engage it through the words of C.S. Lewis, of Narnia fame, and who wrote poems and theological works that have had a great impact on my own encounters with Joy.

In 1948, the year I was born, he wrote a memoir, *Surprised by Joy: The Shape of My Early Life*, the account of his conversion to Christianity. Earlier in a letter to a "Mrs Ellis", 19 August 1945, he says: "It jumps under one's ribs and tickles down one's back and makes one forget meals and keeps one (delightedly) sleepless o' nights. It shocks one awake when the other puts one to sleep. My private table is one second of joy is worth 12 hours of Pleasure. I think you really quite agree with me."

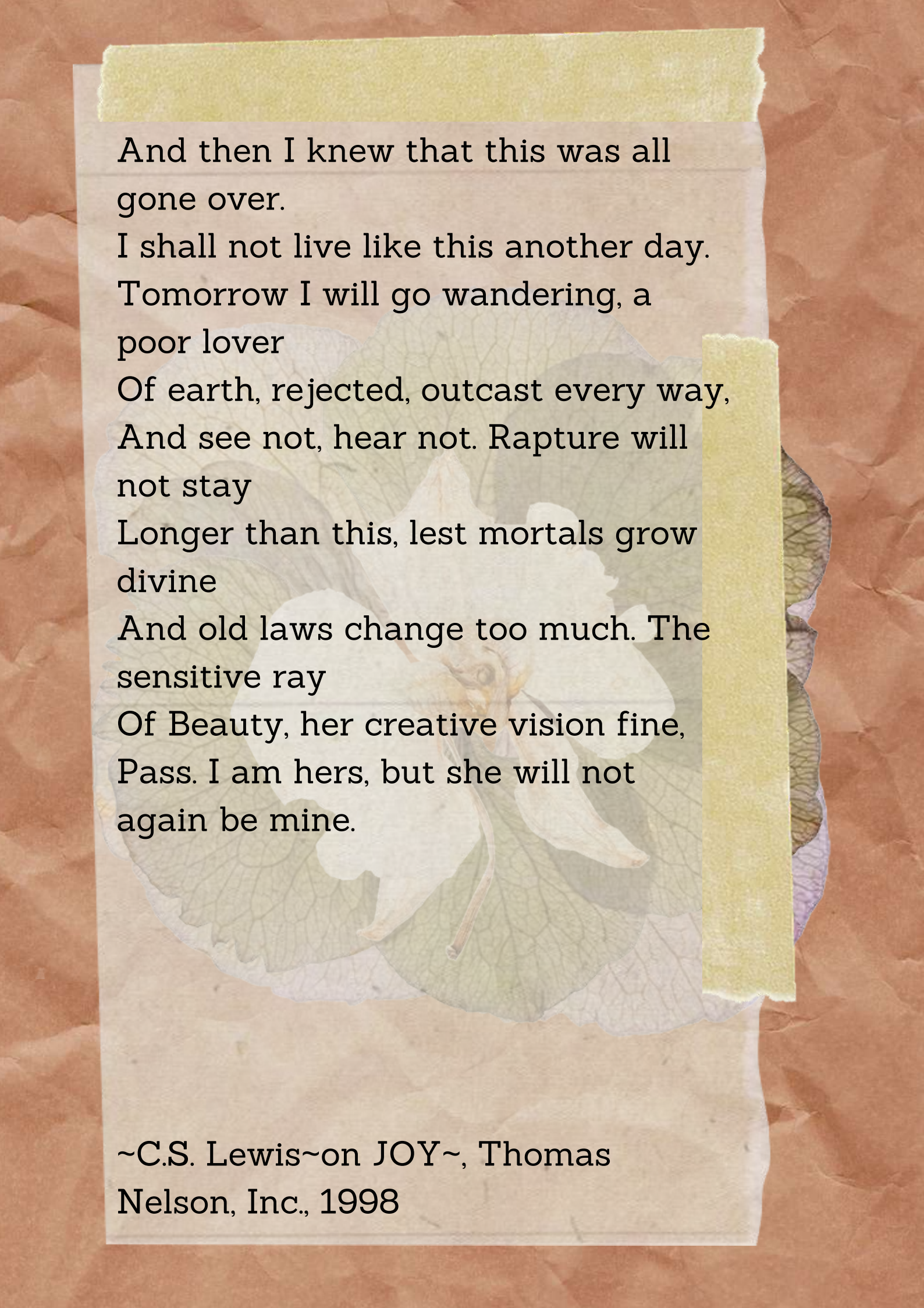
Joy, he would write in his memoir, later, "must be sharply distinguished both from Happiness and Pleasure. Joy (in my sense) has indeed one characteristic, and one only, in common with them; the fact that anyone who has experienced it will want it again ... I doubt whether anyone who has tasted it would ever, if both were in his power, exchange it for all the pleasures in the world. But then Joy is never in our power and Pleasure often is." I find great resonance in his poem in his book, 'JOY'

“Rapture will not stay”

Today was all unlike another day.
The long waves of my sleep near
morning broke
On happier beaches, tumbling
lighted spray
Of soft dreams filled with promise.
As I woke,
Like a huge bird, Joy with the
feathery stroke
Of strange wings brushed me over.
Sweeter air
Came never from dawn's heart. The
misty smoke
Cooled it upon the hills. It touched
the lair
Of each wild thing and woke the
wet flowers everywhere...



We do not know the language
Beauty speaks,
She has no answer to our
questioning,
And ease to pain and truth to one
who seeks
I know she never brought and
cannot bring.
But, if she wakes a moment, we must
fling
Doubt at her feet, not answered, yet
allayed.
She beats down wisdom suddenly.
We cling
Fast to her flying skirts and she will
fade,
Even as the kiss of welcome, into the
deepest shade...



And then I knew that this was all
gone over.
I shall not live like this another day.
Tomorrow I will go wandering, a
poor lover
Of earth, rejected, outcast every way,
And see not, hear not. Rapture will
not stay
Longer than this, lest mortals grow
divine
And old laws change too much. The
sensitive ray
Of Beauty, her creative vision fine,
Pass. I am hers, but she will not
again be mine.

~C.S. Lewis~on JOY~, Thomas
Nelson, Inc., 1998

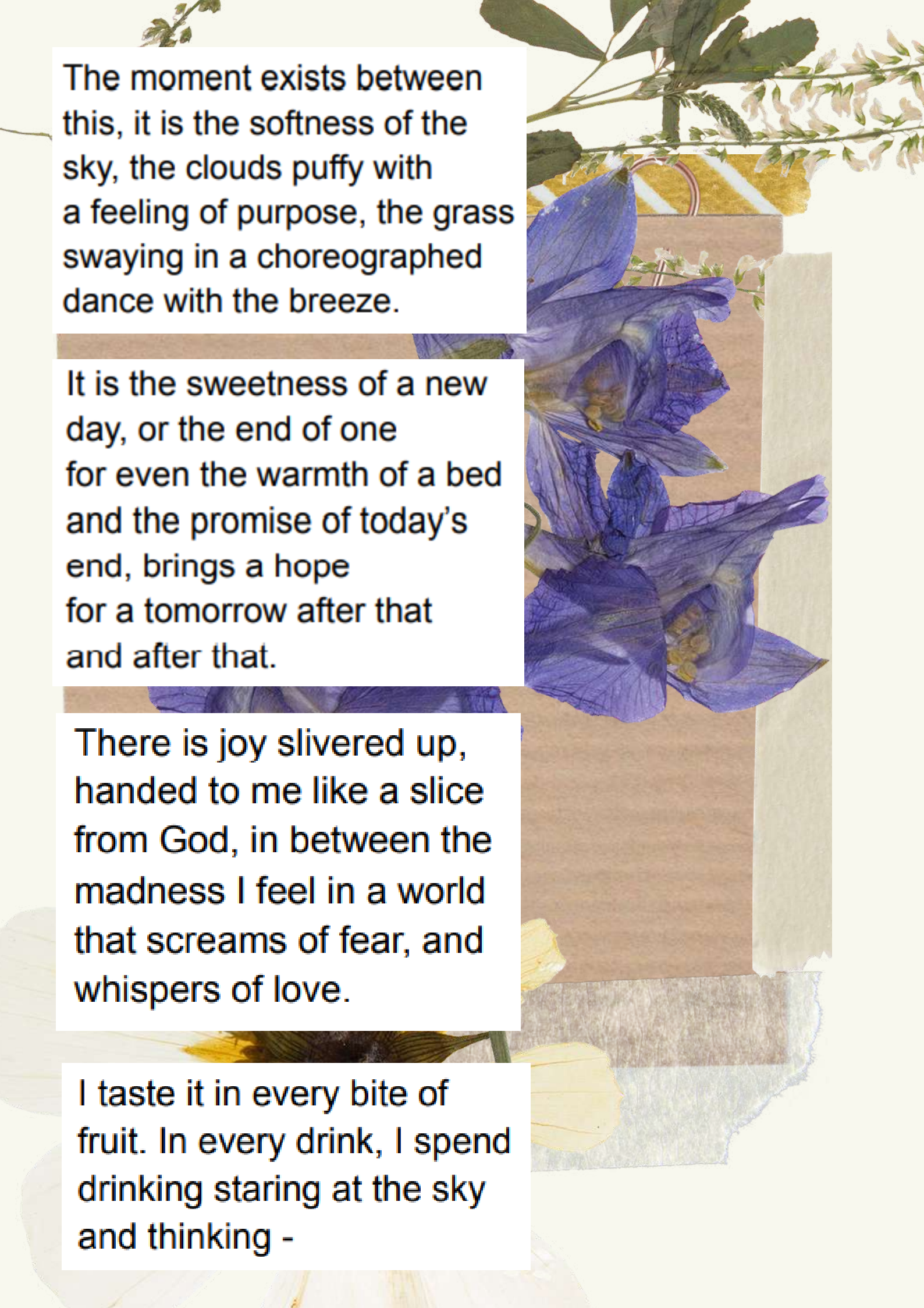


Joy.

JULIA MARROCCO

Lately I have been searching for joy in the quiet moments of longing, in between the darkness of the early morning and the first light of the sun. When the world is nothing but a dark blanket of depth and quietness. I can practically cup my hands out and receive the silence.

I have felt it in the fleeting moments, between the news on full blast even when it is turned down in volume, between the feeling of my insides twisting into a knot so tightly, there is no untangling.

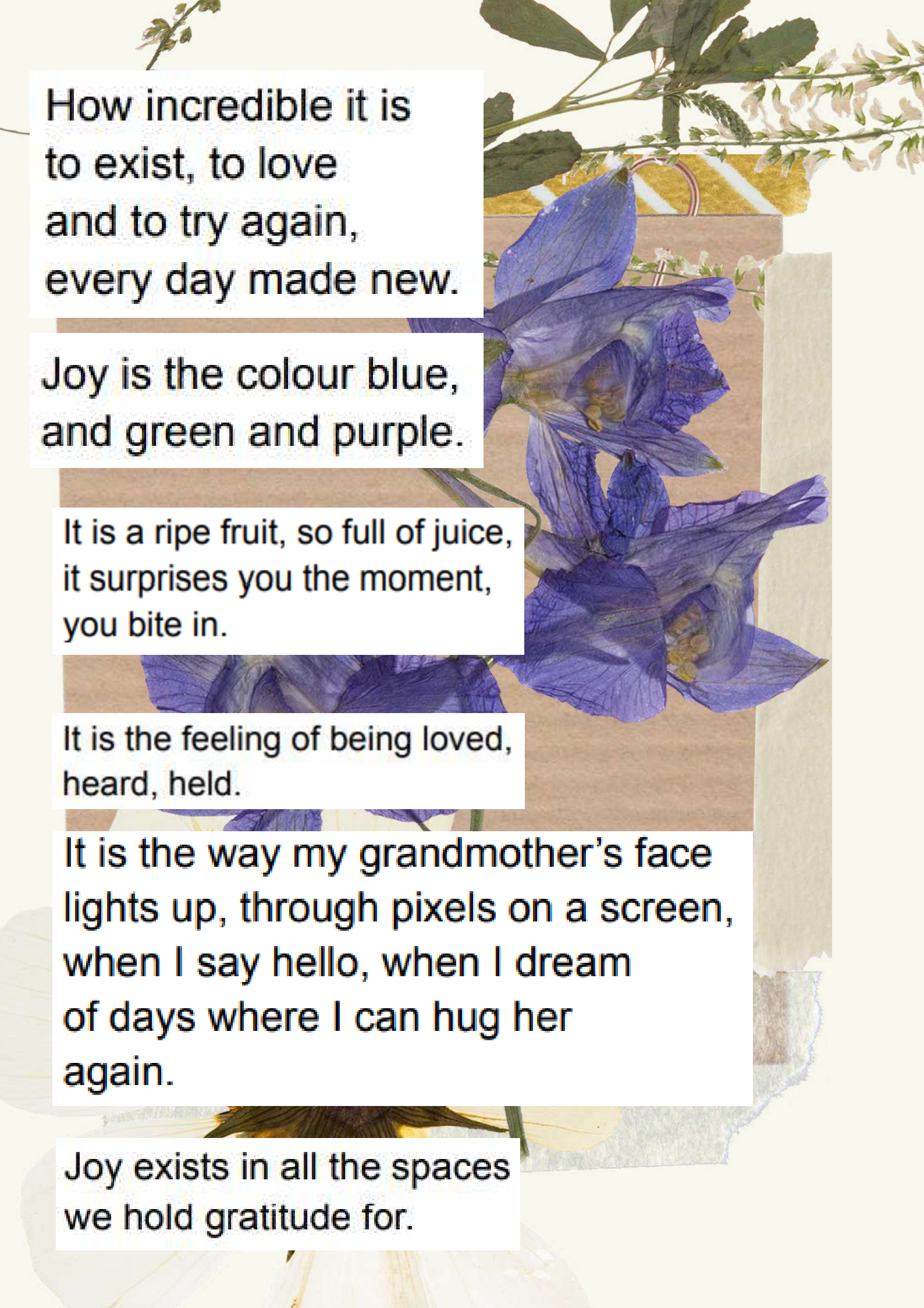


The moment exists between this, it is the softness of the sky, the clouds puffy with a feeling of purpose, the grass swaying in a choreographed dance with the breeze.

It is the sweetness of a new day, or the end of one for even the warmth of a bed and the promise of today's end, brings a hope for a tomorrow after that and after that.

There is joy slivered up, handed to me like a slice from God, in between the madness I feel in a world that screams of fear, and whispers of love.

I taste it in every bite of fruit. In every drink, I spend drinking staring at the sky and thinking -



How incredible it is
to exist, to love
and to try again,
every day made new.

Joy is the colour blue,
and green and purple.

It is a ripe fruit, so full of juice,
it surprises you the moment,
you bite in.

It is the feeling of being loved,
heard, held.

It is the way my grandmother's face
lights up, through pixels on a screen,
when I say hello, when I dream
of days where I can hug her
again.

Joy exists in all the spaces
we hold gratitude for.

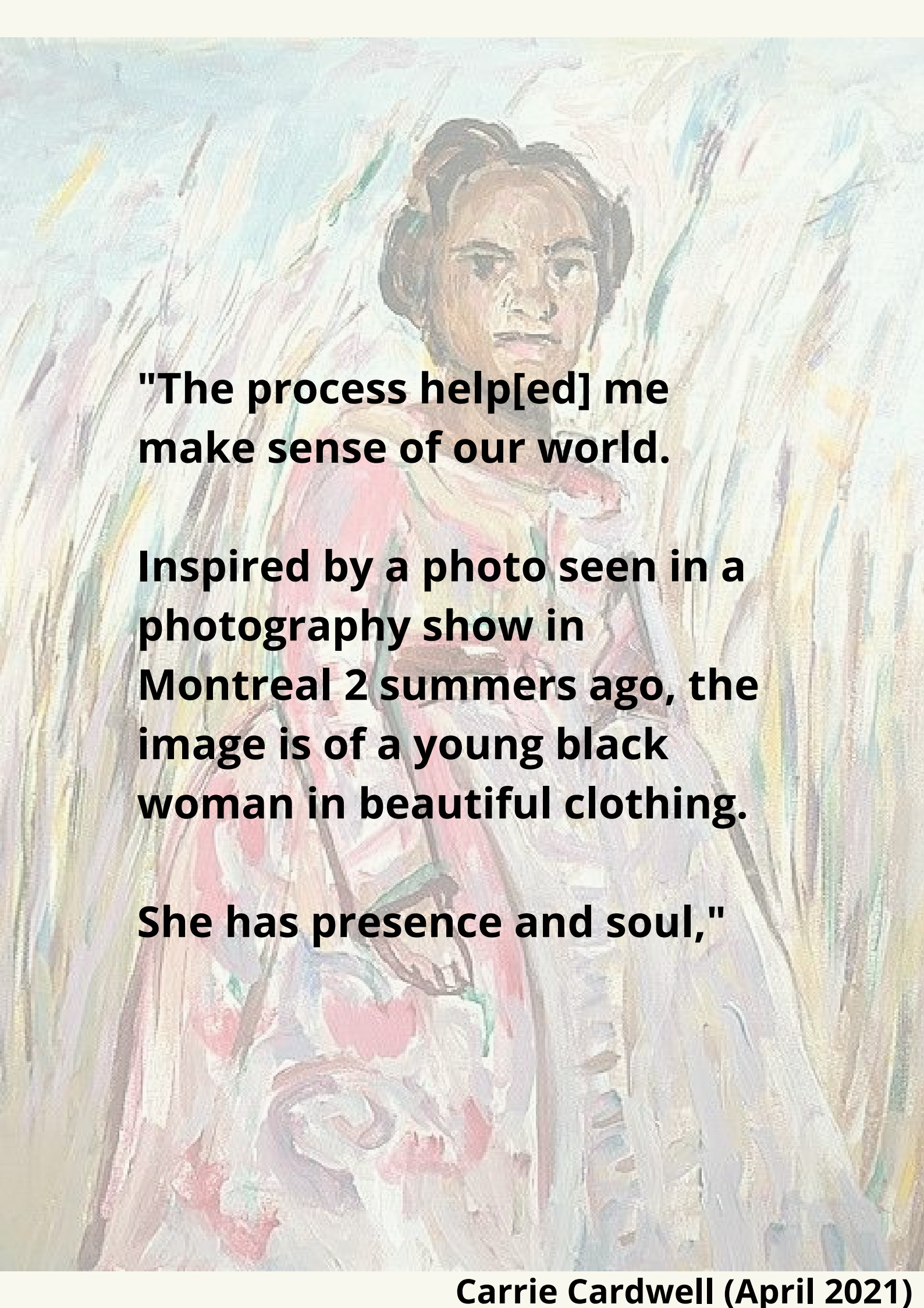
So I wake each morning,
to the silence of the world
and I think

What a beautiful
unprecedented time
to feel the soft caress
of joy.





Carrie Cardwell (April 2021)



**"The process help[ed] me
make sense of our world.**

**Inspired by a photo seen in a
photography show in
Montreal 2 summers ago, the
image is of a young black
woman in beautiful clothing.**

She has presence and soul,"

Carrie Cardwell (April 2021)

Joy

ALIE RUTTY



Joy is falling asleep on the couch while watching an old TV show you used to love, in a place that didn't always feel like home. But now it does.

I catch glimpses of joy when I look at my plants in the morning. Or when the sun shining through my window puts a smile on my face.

I feel joy with my partner – a term I didn't always use, but now it feels so right.

I feel joy when I steal his sweater, and see his prints, and when I feel his support and encouragement.

I feel joyful when I take time for myself.

When I get to work late because of an audition.

When I take the streetcar to take my time.

When I stretch on my bed when no one's watching.



Joy is seeing a dog prance down the street.

Joy is sitting barefoot in a park.

Joy is ordering from my favourite Chinese food place, just for fun.

Joy is hearing my dad got his vaccine.

Joy is talking about TV shows with my mum.

Joy is looking forward to the next time I can see my dog.

Joy is in the little things. The things that no pandemic can take away from me.



Unprecedented Times

JULIA MARROCCO

In these Unprecedented Times
joy cannot be felt, unless you
s e a r c h
for it

Cross it out like a wordsearch,
circle it, twice, take yourself
out of the game altogether
for having too much hope.

Turn on the tv, and forget
that the world - is
Is Not.

Eat your meals, and
never forget your vitamins
or do and feel
an overwhelming sense
of anxiety, peppered
in with fear.

All while thinking
Joy? Who is she

Wake up one morning,
after silence for hours
stretching across your
lonely bed frame, stretching
across your torso, eating you
right up -

Wake up and open the window,
and hear the sound of a creature,
it's pitter patter, it's tiny
feet

Think - what if I were that creature?

Eat your meal for the first time,
tasting each bite,
swallowing as if you have never
swallowed before - filling

yourself up, so full

you could float away
or sink

But the choice is yours.

Step outside, and cover up,
but keep your eyes
o p e n

Spread your palms out,
even if they are sticky
and sanitized

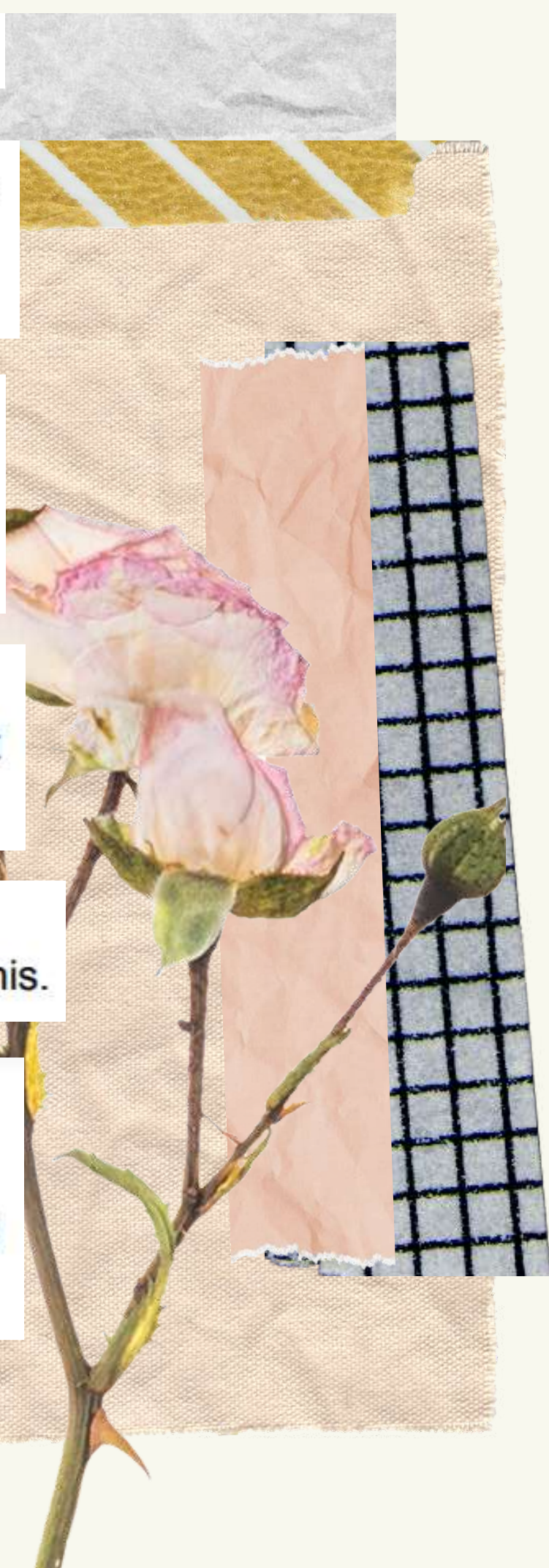
Sense the feeling of
being alive, is the breeze not
telling you a joke?

Is it not laughing -
There is still living in all of this.

Look for God, the sky
has soft patterns, wispy
clouds, that will remind you
of something more

Feel

And feel



And feel.

Holding the pain is okay,
But letting it go -

Feeling a sense
of joy

In the mundane

That is unprecedented
After All.



"A natural feeling in a familiar place"



Zachary Cardwell (April 2021)



Secrets hide in New perspectives

Also cats teach you how hard to pet them.

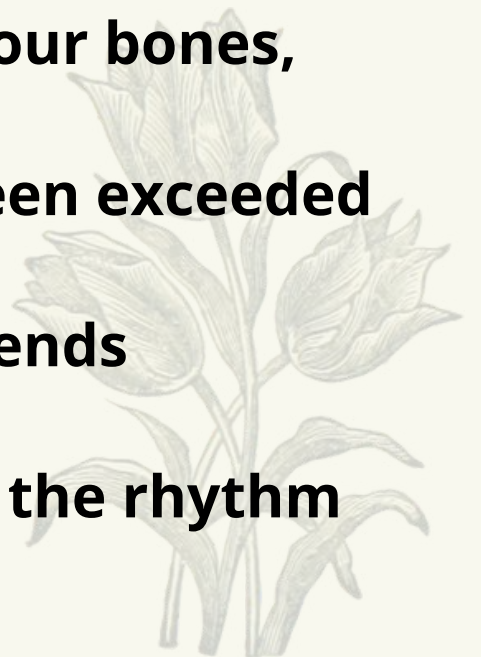
This is breaking news to my head.

live with the melody inside your bones,

What I have fathomed has been exceeded

The muscle pulls, my heart bends

the emotion of water shapes the rhythm





**When I listen to the shore, the
thoughts of pain against the grains**

**the sands tougher by the emotion
stick and stay upon the ground**

when the chaos blows, my mind erodes

**but my nature still remains, even if
the way I changed was ugly,**

I would need that anyway.

**Tsunami have warped a tortuous
soul, a snap we cannot fix,**





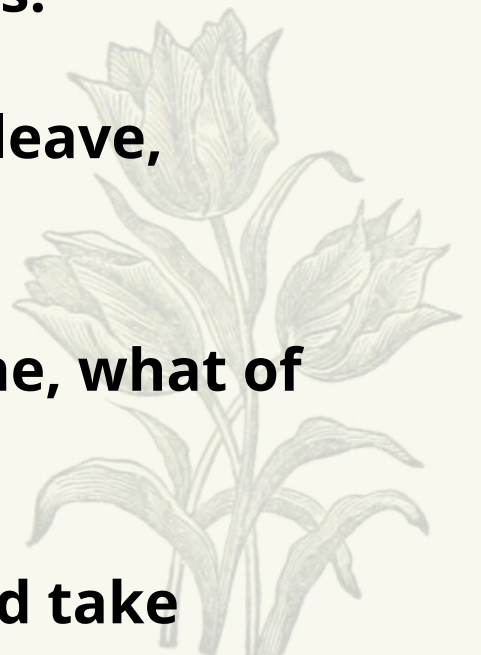
**But our neuro- electric plasticity will
always mend us quick. We think we need
the best of us, to help us through the day,**

**what is so great about us, may change
and help us through new days.**

**When thinking of those who leave,
without their final wish,**

**I wonder what they left for me, what of
mine could we trade**

It is not a question of give and take





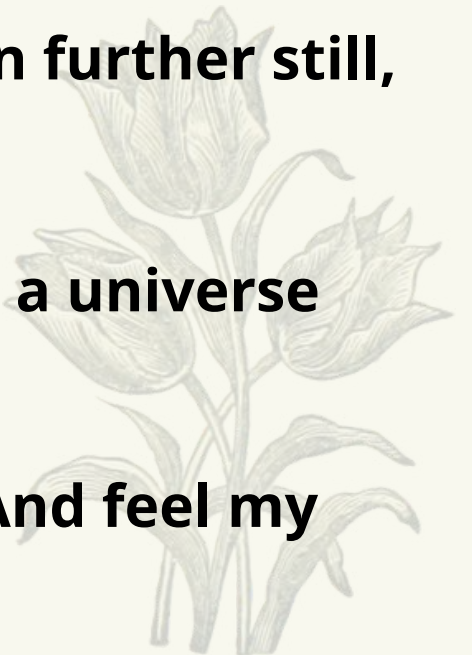
It is more of a train.

**The elements, have an uneven touch on
the seasons, I suppose, Just remember**

**the temperature of the sun, is not even
consistent to the sphere, even further still,
the days and nights are one.**

**The weather you face here, is a universe
within**

**So as I breathe the salty air, And feel my
blood become,**





**Healed by the stones around, today I
settles, here.**

**The ghosts leave with each breath have
exalted madness here,**

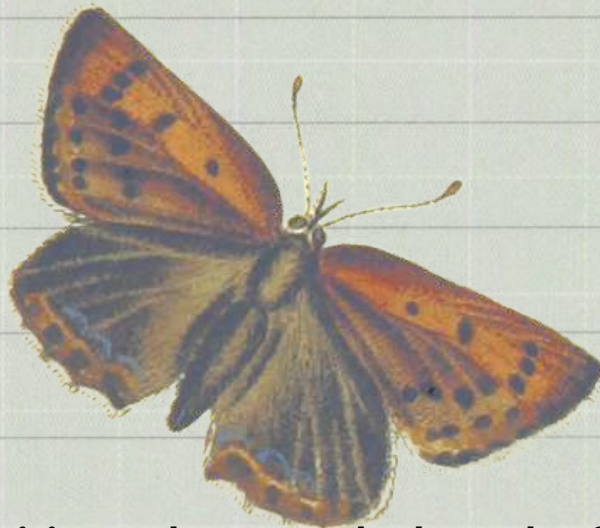
**I live with them and sadness, until we have
both seen clear.**

- Cameron Cardwell



Across the Boundaries

JOHN SPRAGGE



The spirit reaches past the bounds of time
Beyond the measures set by curving space
And into musics where our hopes can rhyme
And hand clasps of our souls will find a place

The patterns drawn by Euclid in the sand
The axes known in numbers by Descartes
The clear seen logic passed from hand to hand
Joins atoms, gears, and stars in one great chart

Beyond the patterns of the mind and eye
Lie mists and dark of truths beyond our grasp
Where swirls of light describe a starry sky
And generations share a poem's clasp

From sonnet's rhyme and metre in the frame
Through thought and heart and love we pass the flame





Tom



A white notepad with a red pushpin is pinned to a background of dried, pressed leaves. The name 'JOY' is written in a glowing, orange cursive font on the notepad. The notepad has a perforated top edge and a small white tab on the left side.

JOY

is eating a
mango

Tom is

Tom

is

Tom is

is

Tom

is

Tom is

is

Tom

is

is

Tom

Tom