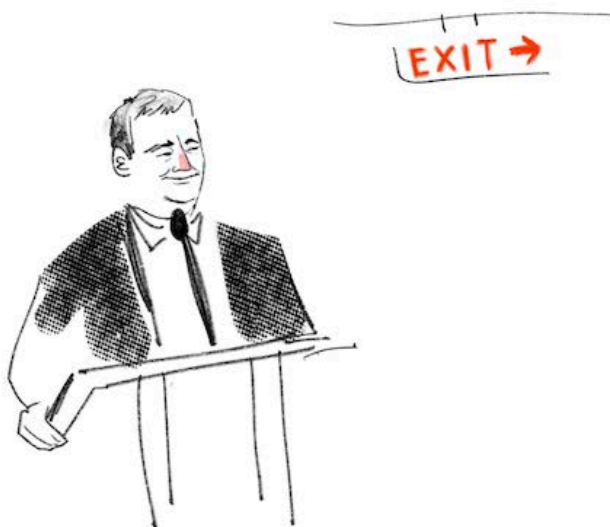


Poetic Licence: Horsing Around

Jason Kenney says goodbye — sort of.

BY COBRA COLLINS
ILLUSTRATIONS BY TORI ENGLISH
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We livestream late
the gallop of private cheers
as a man tells us this is a land of opportunity
I'd like to know for who
but there will be no questions asked
at this time

Just a corralled round of applause
for a job well done
or at least a job that's done
at last
Move forward on a united path
leave this divisive past behind us
Maybe now he'll have to learn how to
pump his own gas
but I doubt it

“Let’s get on with the real show”

A reference to another Albertan battle
and a throwback to a summer
opened at the wallet

A stampede served up as a distraction for death
but death kept coming
unaware we had won

God Bless

We celebrate on bated breath
a brief moment before we reflect
on the 51% of people who
fell for the empty rings of the telephone town halls
and for the 49% who knew
this man has never had shit on his boots



It’s time to “clear the air with a leadership election”
doesn’t that sound an awful lot like a man
trying to sneak back in through an emergency exit?

I don’t know if there is actually a victory here
just someone stepping down from a high horse
he had no business riding in the first place
We watch as he walks into a sunset
made of equal parts hope and hate

And ain’t that the way it’s always been here, in our home on the range.

Cobra Collins is a Mohkínstsis-based mixed Indigenous and Métis poet of significant height. She has represented our city on a national level at the Canadian Festival of Spoken Word, and currently sits as Indigenous advocate on the Writers’ Union of Canada’s (TWUC) National Council.