



## Poetic Licence: Horsing Around

Jason Kenney says goodbye — sort of.

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BY COBRA COLLINS  
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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.*