

Cree Girl Explodes the Political Project called “Alberta”

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After Billy-Ray Belcourt’s “Cree Girl Explodes the Necropolis of Ottawa”

i stared at the sandstone dome of the alberta legislature so long that it started to disintegrate. this “temple of democracy” seemed to long be crumbling on its own, seemingly always undergoing maintenance. but this time the sedimentary grandfathers formed into this symbol of occupation were fully revolting. the beavers were alerted from their metropolis to the west and filed in to dismantle the wooden furniture and fixtures. they spared the kwagiulth totem pole on the grounds and called upon horse relatives to carry it back to the west coast. the nearby magpies giggled to themselves, feasting on the snacks of overpaid political staffers. once the building had returned to the earth, the last iteration of louise’s fort edmonton mansion emerged from the lawn bowling green. she wrote emails from the dead to each of her descendants. none of us questioned this because our ancestors had powers beyond emails. we had learned that the only way to survive climate upheaval was to accept the nonlinearity of time and realms. we had not figured out how to communicate across those borders but opening ourselves to it was half the battle. all of louise’s descendants who were single moms moved into her house, and built other houses on the grounds of the non-existent alberta legislature. there was no chief factor. there was no premier. there were only okihcitâwiskwêwak and those who understood their authority.