

Taking On Resurgence by: Tawahum Bige

“When you emerge note the tracks of the monster slayers where they entered the cities of artificial light and killed what was killing us.”—Joy Harjo, *A Map to the Next World*.

Within frontline badass MFs are Wetâko-killers and trickster-trickers who don't stop because of rent or law or when white man said so.

Lean on any old & new sentinels of wood, sinew, hide, copper—beings filled with creator's light for the young ones to drink from, thriving despite the heartland of colonialism: the city.

There are consequences to fail to cleanse this space, but more responsibilities if we succeed.

Perhaps it scares us to imagine what comes after.

Scarier than the prisons encasing the most valiant hunters who stood up to what kills us, more frightening than streets of despair where others forget family, heart, their sense of spirit.

But what does it take to heal family, heart & spirit; to return our villages to equilibrium with the land?

Make note of where you want to fill the gap and fill it, and where our hunters fell after stopping the monsters and learn from them.

Our frontlines are everywhere: blockades on the pipeline path or train tracks and the front door to our living room, kitchen, our children's bedrooms.

Fortify yourself with song, dance, sweat, smudge, traditional foods.

The monsters can't reach your core when you're centred in your relational sacred.

Even if your madness emerges, the monsters will never devour your spirit.

Note the weak points—the places where other hunters succeeded in stopping & healing what was killing us from inside.

Practice the techniques in moments alone.

When your despair erupts, don't hide—hold it tight to the pillow and scream.

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The old ones will hear your cries and guide you past their weakness,
to the place that kills the idea of monsters after all.

Cities of false light burn in truth,
your life changes.

Those lessons you learn from the grief & the pain & the rage & the hate
will bloom into the villages we will build back up from the dirt.

Equal parts hunt & love,
you are already prepared to begin.

Look how far you've come.
We're so proud of you.