

Pras Blogs On GlobalGrind.com: Counting my days until I go back to Somalia...

Counting my days until I go back to Somalia and to be honest I'm not sure how or what I feel. I was just there, as some of you might know, and I just barely dodged the bullet. So why do I go back and succumb to the mouth of hell? Why subject myself to such psychological, spiritual and physical torture? Am I a glutton for internal misery that would ultimately destroy every cell in my cerebral?

What I've come to realize while out there is that I think I found a voice through my twittering. How people really were concerned for my well being. I realize that I have this affinity with discovering something when I'm not quite sure what it is I'm searching for, besides a bunch of pirates. It's the embrace of being massaged or being welcomed into the arms of death. It's the unknown that isn't quite tangible, but yet just within grasp, almost like trying to capture sand through one's fingers.

I like dancing with the idea of being on the borderline of sanity and insanity; the idea that I think I know it all, but I'm so uncertain about my fate and what I am truly trying to accomplish. How dare I put myself in harms way with no regard to the ones who love and care for me? Am I so selfish and self-centered that I am blinded by my own egoistic, self-indulgent, self-promoting, self-conscious, empathetic mortal being? Do I really believe that I am destined to liberate the pirates by exposing their endless plight for a free world much less like the United States of America or will I be cursed by

the Gods for such binding audacity? Be as it may, I leave in a couple of days for the concrete inferno, the abyss of disparity. The uncertainty that lies before this journey is the driving force that makes me want to conquer immortality.

Memoirs of Pras Michel