

Pirate

by Larry Strattner

“So, I'm watching the feed from Garowe and, by Allah, there's a picture of Mohamed Guled, I can't believe it, with a rocket launcher. He always got the best jobs and I had to squint to make sure it was him but it was.

He was always big on the authority of self I'm telling you and I can't disagree since it seems like every scum European born along with America has turned us upside down for twenty years.

Give a man a dung pile government and then give him a gun and what do you think he'll be shooting at? Wrong answer *ghabi*. People born of long wars shoot at anything. You can see my chair to watch Garowe isn't in front of the window, eh? We're short on food here and long on ammunition. *Shokran* for that, all you who have gone but left your weapons behind.

People who are armed and hungry are prone to the dangerous decision. Mohamed Guled has made such it appears. I see him smiling with his pirate friends and I wish I had his job. He's living well while he lives while I am barely living. May God protect him.

I fished with his father before him until the big factory trawlers fished out our waters during the wars. The scum. Do you think anyone would help us? Not one fish came here for us to eat.

Now Mohamed is on Garowe with his AK and a rocket launcher, still fishing but for bigger fish. I can't blame him. Look at them. Skinny black men in shorts and plaid shirts living in the narrow crack between life and death. What can happen fishing for ransom? You have a bad day and catch death? Their next meal is on the end of Mohamed's launcher, in his AK clip.

Turn us to dust. Feed our wars for twenty years. Eat our fish.
Then act surprised? Indignant? We are only remoras following the
monster to cleanse him of his excess bounty. You have trod upon us
always and out between your toes is squeezed a pirate every step
you take."

