

Seven

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Nothing special - a prime number, days in a week.

Seven

Cheetah, Pete, Mick, Tony, Brad, Dara, Gordy

Outliers on the bell curve of death. Some by their own hand. Some we don't know. Some just because it was their time to go. No one plays Waltzing Matilda for them.

Doesn't seem fair ...

Seven

alcohol, drugs, hospital, bankruptcy, homeless, divorce, separation

Families distraught. Mates left to question. It all gets too hard. Partners and wives caught up in the mess. Employers expecting good work all the time and you can't. DVA blundering, means mistakes all the time. VEA, SRCA and MRCA confuses us all. Using snail mail. Stuck in an era before bytes came of age

Alone ...

Seven

Majura, Cultana, Puckapunyal, High Range, Manly, Shoalwater, Singleton

Queens Banner, white lanyards, the Blue Room and Brian the Barman long gone. In awe of the legends of Gunners of old. 10 O'Clock Club. Crash creep and ballistic hump. YOs, GPOs, FOs, BKs and BCs. ROBCs, ROGCs, ROACs, classes and careers long gone. Fond memories of mates and good times fading away

Ubique ...

Seven

East Timor, Cambodia, Somalia, Solomon Islands, Fiji, Bougainville, Rwanda

It's not just Iraq and Afghanistan. Its Suai Cathedral and Dili Mosque. Death at the hands of make believe gods. Christians and Muslims both can't be right, you are both probably wrong. Surviving our wars with our invisible scars. Chickenhawks of B Company say "Gay soldiers go fight" ... "but if you want to get married to someone you love - it don't seem quite right." Meaningless platitudes make you feel good. Pointless unless you have humped in our boots.

Far away lands ...

Seven

startled, disassociated, angered, nightmares, suicidal, despondent, alienated

To scared to drive or be in a room. A kid on a push bike, leg crushed by a truck.

A riot, a crowd while the kid bleeds out. A family of four on a narrow road no more. With me every night.

Symptoms kept hidden until the dam broke. Terror controlled by the drugs but still wanting to fight. The little old lady her trolley askance, a crying child making the shopping mall hell.

Angry, always angry ...

Seven

Nothing special - except for my mates

Click [here](#) to listen to the accompanying music on SoundCloud

