

## ROBERT HABOST

### ON THIS DAY

On this day the summer  
grass is cut and the children hang  
in litters off the girls barely women.  
It is a steaming air purely speculative  
on the approach of winter.  
The day and the train take you there  
like the rhythm and the song.  
Like a lazy requiem.  
The children have the bald demands of the aged.  
They want to hold onto balloons like memories  
and if lost to the sky  
are never found as broken wet fragments.  
You find them after things like Anzac Day  
with the confetti and a purple ribbon  
with which headmasters once invoked the ethereal  
and initiated you into the sanctums of nation.  
And here a red paper poppy.  
And you hope that on the asphalt  
they lie as barren seed.