

## Alasdair Gray

### *Old Moments*

Some moments stay as fresh and clear  
as this morning or five minutes ago  
though crowds of later, mostly forgotten events  
have killed or changed people I used to know.  
In nineteen sixty-one and the month we wed  
I pleased a roomful of folk so much that  
'I'm proud of you,' my young wife said.  
Our son liked to walk holding my hand  
for years before he was ten.  
If another boy came in sight we parted,  
walked like strangers until, round a corner,  
he thought it right for us to join hands again.  
My marriage ended soon after.  
My son dislikes me now, is a real stranger.  
Queer how, near my own end, such old moments  
stay so uselessly fresh and clear.

Sunk ships do not dream of wreck,  
storms and battles that sank them.  
Their hulls recall wakening to din  
of final rivets hammering in,  
a glide down a slipway and how  
their bow first bit into brine  
that buoyed them up and out to sea,  
brine dissolving them now.