

POET'S CORNER

Scoters

They remember their milling waters off Montauk
the churning waters of December off Amagansett
off Shinnecock

Their nations have known
the great Long Island mussel beds
generation after generation

They are coming back
the White-wings flashing banners in flight
the Surf with head white fore and aft

They are coming
in flocks that are wedge-shaped
in lines that are wavering
in lines taut like freight trains

All down the flyway
Long Island beats in their blood

Maxwell Corydon Wheat, Jr.