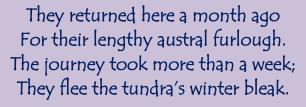
In Serried Ranks

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Plovers standing in serried ranks
In the swale between the sand banks
Fixedly staring down the wind
Stoic, resolute, determined.





Breeding plumage is almost gone Hints of black belly linger on. Their once-golden flecks have faded For a blander plumage traded.

