OLD BUG LIGHT

By George H. Morton

West beyond the tip of Long Beach Point
Once stood old "Bug Light";
And for exactly a hundred years;
The government kept her shining bright.

It was a four sided structure
Most are usually round;
And it rested firmly on a bed of rocks;
Just over two miles from East Marion town.

It was known far and wide
As a landmark at the entrance [sic] to Peconic Bay;
Yachtsmen and seafarers alike;
Would pass her night and day.

"Bug Light" stood its vigil for one hundred years
Its kerosene light shining bright across the tides;
When two gas light buoys took its place;
It stood silent and still, but never lost its pride.

For fifteen years after it remained erect
A symbol of times gone by;
And no one in that peaceful locale;
Had any idea how "Bug Light" would die.

It happened one night around ten o'clock
In fact, on July 4, 1963;
When persons with no community pride;
Turned a day of celebration into a tragedy.

They soaked her down with gasoline
These people who aren't known by name;
And set it afire to go up in smoke;
And leave their souls to live in shame.

So, now she's gone, old "Bug Light"
No more does she welcome ships or bid them farewell;
She's gone but not forgotten;
How long she would have stood, no one can tell.