

## Emory Mulholland, Township Supervisor

So long your name is carved in stone  
on the township hall and fire station,  
and still there were dreams in your  
dour old skull waiting to break out and  
make a place in the Michigan sun.

But this was the year the voters threw you out, Emory,  
too decrepit to do the job in these modern times,  
said the hurry-worry ones. Old Emory  
won't yield to progress, won't push for  
city sewage lines and water so that  
houses can be built closer together  
and industry can move into the township.  
Emory wants to keep the population down,  
fancy that, won't go for government subsidies  
peddled by the developers.

Remember the embarrassment of ancient Emory  
standing before his constituency in the town hall  
describing how he planned to ask the state to  
turn that neglected parcel of land at the junction  
into a little park where a man could just pause  
and dangle his feet in the coolness of the brook  
beneath those great old sugar maples, and maybe  
rest his soul a bit. Now who'd want to do that?  
Surely that brook is polluted anyway.

Such outmoded thinking must have been all  
the voters needed as proof that the old man  
was senile. They ousted him at long last and  
put in a younger fellow pledging to bring it all:  
industry, housing development companies,  
other progress to the township.

It was too much for old Emory  
when the voters turned him down;  
with stubborn tears in his dour old eyes  
he resigned before the end of his term.

Lost his second wife  
and then his life.