



EC Poetry & Prose

May 2023 Newsletter



Peace – Poetry – Truth



Joe Squared Event Coming Soon

Join us on Sunday, **July 9** at Joe Squared in Baltimore fun for an afternoon of poetry, fun, and the best pizza in Baltimore. **Starting at 2pm**, ECPP writers will present readings of their work *centered on themes of poverty, gender rights, and ecological issues*, followed by an open mic hosted by "little pi".

The event will raise funds to support the ongoing programming of ECPP. Joe Squared is a worker-owned, Baltimore-bred restaurant and bar located at 33 W North Ave in the Station North Arts & Entertainment District. Joe Squared gets its name from our founder Joseph Edwardson (Joe) and their unique coal-fired sourdough square-crust pizza. Yummy! 😊

Thank you! Donors

Thank you to everyone who came out to support us at our April fundraiser! ECPP partnered with artist April Rimpo to create



an ekphrastic poetry event. Rimpo, a Maryland visual artist, displayed works from her collection **A Country Life** [April's site...](#) ECPP members presented readings of their works inspired by the paintings.

A silent auction of the artwork raised money for **ECPP, Maryland Foodbank, and the Poor People's Campaign**. Participants at the event shared how powerful and emotional it was to work in response to Rimpo's creations. It was also a great afternoon of networking and inspiration.

Meet our newest ECPP Member

Letitsa (Tisa) Melton is a poet, a self-published author of the poetry book *Ever Evolving*, and an entrepreneur based out of Richmond, Virginia. Tisa sees poetry as a way to heal the soul and as a means of unapologetic self-expression. She believes that there is no right or wrong way to express yourself through poetry.



Poem of the Month

*Our Poem of the Month comes from **Hiram Larew**. Larew founded Poetry X Hunger to bring the world of poetry to the anti-hunger cause. His next collection, *Patchy Ways*, is slated for publication in 2023 by CyberWit Press.*

Hinge

If clouds could sidle up to us
as friends
If what we wished
oiled every hinge
or had us spend all our time outside
or framed each page
with light foretold
And if cans on shelves were faces held --
the one we've grown to love
If keys opened all the wind for us
or weeds hid gold inside
If echoes from the well came up
to treasure us

If all such miracles were hardly said
like thunder far away
If tasseled corn would teach us songs
or only this --
if vines could whistle from porches.

This poem first appeared in Patchy Ways.

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