



## Two Poems

by Sherri Moshman Paganos

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### New Creation: For Suzy

Suzanna in her placid purple – T shirt, new All Stars  
Just bought from the market in Crete

along the streets In Koum Kapi by the glassy sea,  
while clouds gather in the east.

Foul weather ahead? The shoes lie scattered  
in bulky wooden bins,

that might be part of Noah's Ark  
(I half expect to see tigers two by two)

Instead of the blessed animals, sneakers  
piled high in all colors, sizes, find the mate.

As the seller, a modern Noah, stroking his beard  
twirling his silver worry beads

straddles a chair, sweat on his puffy face,  
chants in his best English "Convehrse!

Made in Vietnam! Fifteen evro only!»  
Offering to us his holy All stars.

Suzy in violet, weighted down by her black backpack  
Stuffed with books, notebooks, laptop,

A snack of stuffed eggplant wrapped in foil,  
peaches, plums, pears, all the hallowed fruit.

She drifts toward passport control  
Once through, a quick wave

as again we send her off to the unknown  
to storms that rage on the seas

to floods that threaten to destroy the world.  
But watch her as she finds shelter from the downpour,

as she steps lightly on the shore of a new Creation.

### Spinoza's Happiness

Spinoza found his happiness from within, you said.  
As he walked along the canals of Amsterdam in disgrace  
grinding his lenses in ever increasing dust  
they filled his lungs

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but not his heart which sang with joy  
and love for God part of all nature

submerging his passions,  
seeing sunset over the Prinsengracht,  
he felt his own life in the perspective  
of all eternity.  
Though they shrugged and shook their heads  
at his God-is-nature heresy,

he smiled knowing all happens from necessity,  
A friend's voice, a hand caress,  
all very nice but not true happiness.  
Like Spinoza you stay the course, eyes  
straight ahead, sailing calm and steady,  
your only anchor, your inner world.

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In 1983, **Sherri Moshman Paganos** left Manhattan to go to Athens, Greece, for what was supposedly a two year sojourn. Twenty-five years later, she's still there. What keeps her in Greece? Besides marriage and children and high school teaching, let's add clear dry summer nights, mountains, sea, delicious food. There's the humor too of learning to cope with political and economic woes and the ever-present challenge of the language. Greece is still a land of wonder and inspiration. Her poetry has appeared in the *GW Review*, the *Little Magazine* and *Foliage Oak Review*. She also is as a staff writer for *Odyssey Magazine*. She also published numerous feature and travel articles.

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