

The Joy of Grief

by [Susan J. Bryant](#) (January 2024)



Paula Rego– Possession IV, 2004

The Joy of Grief

To have a grievance is to have a purpose in life" –Alan Coren

I bleat and beef with no relief.
The joy of grief has served me well.
I'm exultation's ardent thief.

I scowl and shout and howl and pout.
The joy of grief has served me well—
Of that I have no ounce of doubt.

I harp and cuss and carp and fuss.
The joy of grief has served me well.
I'm limelight-lit—a glitzy plus.

I twist the truth. I raise the roof.
The joy of grief has served me well.
Misfortune pays. I'm living proof.

I'm sure you've guessed that I'm oppressed —
The joy of grief has served me well.
I'm testy, stressed, and truly blessed.

I am an arse (protected class).
I bitch and bray and yell like hell.
I stride the side of greener grass.
The joy of grief has served me well.

The Cutting-Edge Misogynist

He slams the bland and damned old-fashioned type—

Those tiresome dinosaurs born with a womb—
The sexless species of the XX stripe—
The sort he states must bow and give more room

To fakes who ache to take the world by storm—
Those flocks of gloating blokes in fancy frocks
Who claim that gals with goolies are the norm—
Those preening chanticleers—those sparring cocks

Who whoop and crow on stealing every cup
In women's sports. He tosses truth aside
For beefy cheats now on the up and up—
The frauds who strut their stubbled stuff with pride.

Behind his glib facade of bogus care
For rock-hard, rapey males in women's jail,
He takes his two-faced time to stop and stare
At trans-free porn. This man's beyond the pale!

This snake who scoffs at differences between us
Would never bed a woman with a penis.

G a p s

*She's got gaps. I got gaps. Together, we fill gaps. —Rocky
Balboa*

He's made of granite, guts and grit,
Mud and blood, a salty bit
Of stoic and a flick of spice.
He blazes. She's a lick of ice.

She's frost on top and hot within.
She's tough to crack. He's quick to win.

He's made of growl and prowl of bear.
She's made of ocean air and flair.

She's stealth of fox. He's cleave of shark.
He's moon-kissed owl. She's sunstruck lark.
He's dark with zig-zag bursts of light.
She's shades of grey with wisps of white.

He's ire and mirth and earth and oak,
Fresh-cut grass and bonfire smoke.
She's stormy sky and apple pie.
She's where and when. He's how and why.

Alone they're prone to come undone—
They're bound to win when they are one.

Words of Wisdom

The only true wisdom is knowing you know nothing. –Socrates

She knows the what. She knows the why.

She knows the when and where.

Her tireless tongue will testify

She knows the foul from fair—

A lofty boffin strutting tall,

This knowing crower knows it all.

He knows the how. He knows the who.

__He knows the this and that.

He has a noble, global view.

__He knows the earth's not flat—

A hoity-toity oracle,

This knowing crower knows it all.

She knows what's best. She knows the rest

Of all there is to know.
She knows in every egghead test
Her laser brain will show
Her nifty neurons never stall—
This knowing crower knows it all.

He knows the ins. He knows the outs.
His cranium is crammed
With stacks of facts. He has no doubts
That dunderheads are damned.
He never drops the bombast ball—
This knowing crower knows it all.

She knows the ups. She knows the downs.
Her noodle's thrice the size
Of cogs that crank in clueless clowns
__Who'll never be as wise
As her—the belle of wisdom's ball—
This knowing crower knows it all.

He knows his noggin's hot to trot
And blaze throughout the day.
He knows his upper story's got
An unsurpassed display
Of grand grey matter—wall to wall—
This knowing crower knows it all.

Alas, they're not as right or bright
As they would like to think.
A swollen-headed oversight
Oft causes wits to shrink.
The bigger picture's always small
For knowing crows knowing all.

The key to smarts is more than sparks
That spur the cerebellum.
The songs of hearts and meadowlarks
Soar heaven-high to tell 'em—

The only one who knows it all
Knows crowing comes before a fall.

The Splendor of Socks

I do not give a nibbled fig,
A bucking-bullock's toss,
An elf owl's hoot, a pixie's jig,
A dippy hippo's dross,
A Casanova's roving eye,
A portly warthog's waddle,
A braying ass's rasping cry
For blowhards blasting twaddle.

I do not give a rubber duck,
A box of poxy frogs,
A plucky chicken's lick of luck,
A podgy jogger's clogs,
A loafing gopher's oafish fit,
A boozier's crimson snitch,
A feckless speck, a witless whit
For twits that itch to bitch.

I do not give a donkey's conk,
An armadillo's armour,
A dandy gander's randy honk,
A barmy llama's karma,
A flirty turtle's fancy shell,
A chipper puppy's yap,
A howler monkey's yell from hell
For cretins spouting crap.

I yearn to hear a word of cheer,
A joke that stokes a grin,
A ditty from a balladeer

To ring beyond the din
Of cakeholes keen to caterwaul
And shock around the clock.
I'm set to lob all gobs that bawl
A bunkum-blocking sock.

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Susan Jarvis Bryant is originally from the U.K., but now lives on the coastal plains of Texas. Susan has poetry published on *The Society of Classical Poets*, *Lighten Up Online*, *Snakeskin*, *Light*, *Sparks of Calliope*, and *Expansive Poetry Online*. She also has poetry published in *The Lyric*, *Trinacria*, and Beth Houston's *Extreme Formal Poems* and *Extreme Sonnets II* anthologies. Susan is the winner of the 2020 International SCP Poetry Competition and was nominated for the 2022 Pushcart Prize. She has just published her first two books, *Elephants Unleashed* and *Fern Feathered Edges*.

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