

The Pious and the Peeved

by [Susan J. Bryant](#) (June 2026)



The Connoisseur (Honoré Daumier, 1860–65)

Three Pious Triolets

I. Faith

Past pearly gates her throne awaits
On cushioned clouds beyond the mob.
Her holy work on earth dictates
Past pearly gates her throne awaits.
She suffers every jerk who grates
On jangled nerves – for it's her job.
Past pearly gates her throne awaits
On cushioned clouds beyond the mob.

II. Hope

She prays the odds will go her way–
She's chosen Heaven over Hell.
Saint Pascal's wager wins the day.
She prays the odds will go her way–
Those chips will fall where cherubs play
And not where damning devils dwell.
She prays the odds will go her way–
She's chosen Heaven over Hell.

III. Charity

She lives to ease the paupers' pain–
Her virtue seeps from every pore.
She signals from a higher plain.
She lives to ease the paupers' pain.
Each night at eight she sips Champagne
And weeps for every needy boor.
She lives to ease the paupers' pain–
Her virtue seeps from every pore.

A Squall of Squibs[\[*\]](#)

Stress Management

If gloom is stirred and stoked by excess stress—
The jolt that jars and scars the mellow mind
Inflicted by an ass of no noblesse—
It's time to boot this irksome jerk's behind.

Bubble Trouble

Don't let robotic flocks stand in your way.
Don't let the hive-mind herd haul you along.
Don't place your faith in wizards when they say
They're right—the monsters pay them to be wrong.

The Untied Tongue

The cool and civil tongue will calm the day
By quelling fevered throes of woe and fuss.
The foul, unfettered tongue has greater sway
And far more fun—it gets to carp and cuss.

Echoes of Narcissus

Do look at *me me me* and pin your heart
In places beauty preens in pixel days.
Behold my face—a golden work of art—
Lit up by AI's kiss and viral praise.

Pondering Pooh

A bear of little brain is always sunny.
He jigs and grins and giggles in his sleep.
What good are wicked wits and pots of honey
For bears of bigger brain who gripe and weep?

Before a Fall

The pious seeking sainthood here on earth
With noses swift to sniff out tainted traits—
The polished haloed set that flaunts its worth—
Will find a padlock on the pearly gates.

[*] ***Poet's note:** A squib in poetry is a short, witty composition, typically satirical or humorous in nature. The term comes from the word for a small explosive firecracker, the idea being that the poem "goes off" with a sudden pop. It was popular in 18th-century English literature, when poets and pamphleteers would fire off squibs at political rivals. Writers like Alexander Pope and Jonathan Swift were fond of the form.*

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Susan Jarvis Bryant is originally from the U.K. She now lives on the coastal plains of Texas. Susan is the winner of the 2020 Society of Classical Poets International Poetry Competition and has been nominated for the 2022 and 2024 Pushcart Prize. She has published two books: [Elephants Unleashed](#) and [Fern Feathered Edges](#).

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