

'Good' Grief

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Who invented the phrase: 'Good grief?'

Surely, it's a contradiction in terms, but examining the nature of grief opens a can of worms, which is an expression coined by anglers.

Or so I believe.

How do you grieve?

It's a simple question no two people will answer the same.

Lots of people are emotionally reticent and—unless they're also inarticulate—they're not to blame.

Perhaps what is felt cannot be defined, which lends credence to the concept of grief as unique and individually refined.

Whether it is or it isn't, I really don't mind.

Grief-stricken people, mind, invariably expect others to be kind.

Scavengers for sympathy are never hard to find, but I suspect, no one suffers like a stoic.

If all emotional experiences are totally unique to the individual, why is there typically a pressing need to share one's feelings with others?

Why engage in a pathetic quest to find some common ground when, ironically, the only common ground is the grave?

Words fail me, as language fails the human race, when people refuse to agree on their meaning.

This is a habitual tactic—of semantic retreat—adopted by the weak to avoid being deprived of that which they seek.

Moving goalposts only works as a strategy with the complicity of berks.

Like the Emperor's clothes, it requires the social compliance of persons capable of prolonged self-deception—something a self-respecting person loathes.

To prefer the delusional comfort these regularly occurring scenarios provides indicates, generally speaking, that people's confidence is typically so shallow their behaviour becomes absurd.

Now, I'm off to shout at the backs of some deaf people in the hope that I'll be heard!