

Sinwar Writhe

by [Paul Martin Freeman](#) (November 2024)



The Last Judgment (detail) (Fra Angelico, 1432-35)

Now **Sinwar** writhes and rots in Hell
In pain surpassing measure.
Now in this evil place he'll dwell
And damned he'll stay forever.

No peace for all eternity;
No prospect of relief;
With all his vile fraternity
Before him only grief.

From every side they leer at him:
Malignant ghouls and fiends.

They'll tear his corpse from limb to limb
And mince him through machines.

And every dawn they'll start anew:
In Hell each day's the first!
They'll pulverise him into goo
And on him slake their thirst!

And always will he be aware
Of what's performed on him;
His mouth agape and eyes astare:
No fate so foul or grim!

Each day he'll suffer this ordeal
And through their bodies pass:
Digested as the Devil's meal;
Excreted from its a***!

Then, come the dark, he'll mend again,
Made ready for the dawn,
As bits of him rejoin the main
And once again he's born.

Yet night will offer no relief—
His pain surpassing measure!—
With cackling hags inflicting grief,
Employing him for their pleasure.

His life is done but now begins
The torment Sinwar's earned,
For all his vice and all his sins
And all of Heaven spurned.

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Paul Martin Freeman is a former art dealer. *Sinwar writhes* is from his unpublished work, *The Bus Poems*. His book of whimsical verse, *A Chocolate Box Menagerie*, is published by New English Review Press and is available [here](#).

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