

Why the Jews: the Devil Explains

by [Paul Martin Freeman](#) (March 2025)



Good And Evil: The Devil Tempting A Young Woman ([detail]
Andre Jacques Victor Orsel, 1832)

(from The Number 292: Apotheosis)

And Nora wakes upon the 292;
The bus is at the stop at Barnet Gate.
The Devil's there again beside her, too:
He's staring down with undiluted hate.

For now no longer is he feigning reason,
Nor anymore philosophy will try.
He's stands revealed, the lord of every demon
Who for the souls of men with Heaven vie.

No longer either is he dressed in white,
Nor bothers to affect a Southern drawl.
He's what he's always been, a thing of night
That shapeless on its belly has to crawl.

To Nora now, as though in leaden sleep,
It seems he lets her see his actual soul:
Of horrid things an ever-shifting heap
And at their core the very blackest hole.

This hole devours all light-emitting sources,
Absorbing every molecule of life,
Regurgitating them as feral forces
Where every form of wickedness is rife.

No evil that afflicts Mankind is absent
But all parade around the Devil there.
He points with pride at this infernal pageant
As if to say, "*Behold, and know despair!*"

The hounds now bare their fangs and snarl at Nora;
They circle round her, yapping at her heels.
She backs away in terror in a corner:
The Fiend delights and lusts at what she feels.

"I see," he grins, "you've noticed my associates:"

"I'm sorry if you feel they cause distress."

"I like to think of them as my affiliates"

"In all the many interests I profess."

"And when it pleases me, I liberate them"

"To wreak their fury any way they can."

"For this so long ago did I create them"

"In ancient Ur, the nursery of Man."

"And so I have them enter *Time* and *History*,"

"Releasing them to roam unchecked and free;"

"And ever with their hungry eyes on victory,"

"They haul your tasty carcasses to me."

"And since the far-off days of Pharaoh's Egypt;"

"Since Babylon, Assyria and Rome,"

"They've brought me willing conscript after conscript"

"To worship at my high exalted throne."

"With human sacrifice they've entertained me;"

"With blood of innocents my thirst assuaged;"

"With pleasures numberless as sand sustained me"

"As down the centuries my wrath has raged."

"And if my interest ever seemed to wander,"

"Amusing new delights they'd find to please;"

"No juicy chances would they waste or squander"

"To spread the joys of suffering and disease."

"Ebola was their handiwork, and AIDS;"

"Malaria and syphilis as well;"

"With churls," he chuckles, "back from fool crusades"

"They brought to Christian lands the stench of Hell!"

"Yet always have they had a single focus:"

"Convincing Man above him nothing reigns;"

"That talk of any God is fraud and bogus,"

"Designed to bind him tight and kept in chains."

"They teach that all's provided for his uses,"

"Without constraints or curbs of any kind;"

"That following his lusts without excuses"

"Is *all* he needs to *all* fulfilment find."

"And woe betide those daring to resist them"

"Or stand against this power that comes from me:"

"With countless minions aching to assist them,"

"They make those donkeys bow and bend the knee!"

"But one such tribe is there among the others"

"Whose stiff-necked stubbornness surpasses bounds;"

"This *People of the Coat of Many Colours*"

"Defies the raging terror of my hounds!"

The Devil grimaces in indignation;

He spits disgustedly against the wall.

And Nora stares in fright and fascination,

Imprisoned in the horror of it all.

The Fiend collects himself and looks about;

His eyes, no longer black, have turned to red.

His face is one enormous piglike snout:

She wonders if she's now among the dead.

"These *Israelites*," he burns, "refuse me homage"

"And with their fake commandments me defy;"

"They claim some fraudulent ancestral promise"

"And mulishly my rule on Earth deny."

"And since they first appeared among Mankind"

"Their bodies have I made my battlefield,"

"For while they spawn their contumacious kind"

"Man's fate and God's defeat remain unsealed."

"This meddling tribe was born to cause confusion,"
"Polluting Man with nonsense talk of sin."
"So long as it survives, that fool delusion"
"Denies me what is mine by right to win."

"And so my creatures war against these vermin"
"And squash them everywhere like rats and flies;"
"Through edict, pogrom, protocol and sermon"
"They toil and toil and toil for their demise!!"

"And countless are the triumphs I've achieved—"
"With glorious pride so many I recall!"
"And countless are the tears of the bereaved"
"As on I go unstopping, killing all."

"The baby ones they bake in blistering ovens;"
"The aged, wielding shovels disembowel;"
"The parents, children, uncles, aunts and cousins—"
"They kill and kill and me saluting howl!!!"

"And so I make the blood of Abraham"
"Cascade like cunning Moses' crimson Nile"
"While have that *other* Man—*my gentle lamb*"
"Observe the wails of *Hebrew* slaves and smile."

"For Man despises what is weak and feeble"
"And those like these he sees as easy prey;"
"This joyousness which fools decry as evil"
"Is Man's authentic natural joyous way."

"And Man admires the vigorous and strong:"
"It's power he wants; the whip for which he yearns!"
"These things are all he knows of right and wrong:"
"These joys for which eternally he burns!"

"But *Israelites* conspire to poison Man,"
"Corrupting him with thoughts of good and bad;"

"For always has it been these *Hebrews'* plan"
"To steal from him these joys he's always had!"

"Yet nothing beats," he winks, "this joy of hating:"
"A private world we wander in at leisure:"
"An *Eden of delight* that's ever waiting"
"For us to cultivate and take our pleasure!"

"And thus does Man support my enterprise:"
"With panting breath he watches from afar."
"Agog, he gawks through little piggy eyes,"
"Enamoured of my *Hebrew* abattoir."

The Devil sniggers, heaves his monstrous bulk,
And pauses as he eyes the nearest hound.
He strokes the flea-infested rotting hulk
Which groans a long imploring howling sound.

The Devil smirks and beats it for its trouble;
The creature patiently endures the pain.
The Fiend guffaws and beats it into rubble,
Then slowly starts his monologue again.

"But after Saturday, it's always Sunday;"
"What goes around will always come around;"
"And things performed on *Israelites* are foreplay"
"To torments which on *Man* must then rebound!"

"Such iron laws exist in *Time's ravine*"
"Against which even Spirits cannot stand;"
"In this alone exists no gulf between"
"The Angels of the Lord and me, the Damned."

"*Mankind thus kindly wills its own demise*"
"*Thus kindly willing all their kind to die.*"
"*But thus as well I win my final prize*"
"*As thus it bids its bond with God goodbye!*"

"The lamb I lead thus gently to the slaughter:"
"No need at all to drive it through the gate."
"It wanders where it will, and so to order,"
"Destroys itself, consumed," he smiles, "with hate."

The Devil pauses for a further time
And roars with laughter, savouring his joke.
The creature stirs and drooling foetid slime
Its injuries begins to lick and stroke...

[Table of Contents](#)

Paul Martin Freeman's book of whimsical verse, *A Chocolate Box Menagerie*, is published by New English Review Press and is available [here](#). This poem is from the author's unpublished work, *The Bus Poems: A Tale of the Devil*.

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