

# Sinwar Writhes

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 *Sinwar writhes* is from his unpublished work, *The Bus Poems*.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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