Felix wants them to have suffered

Gut Hartzwalde, 1942

There is no consolation in them going to hell,

even if they burn. There is no help if karma

punishes them in a next life, should there be

one. You want them to have suffered while

they lived, in the life where they did the harm.

You want some huge payback for what they

bring – black and voracious – into the world.

It is nowhere near enough, but consider their

bodies – the rebellious writhe and gripe of

intestines, huddled in stomach’s dark cave.

Hitler resorting to quacks and his daily dose –

capsules of processed peasant shit. Himmler’s stomach

forcing him unconscious, rheumatism, head-

aches. von Ribbentrop’s litany: headaches,

partial loss of vision, stomach cramps. Ley’s

excruciating pancreas. Schellenberg’s agonising

stomach. Hess’s aches and pains. For all their

Aryan perfection they are a bunch of crocks.

In some hidden psychic corner, part of them

protests. Men whose guts cannot digest their deeds.