The worst job in the heavens

One might think divinity a blessing, not a chore
But perhaps not so for Saehrimnir, the Holy Norse wild boar.
He’s reborn every morning more glorious than the last
But from this point his day, it seems, goes downhill rather fast.

His sacred superpower is not strength, nor speed, nor guile,
He is not blessed with wisdom or elegance or style.
One wonders how he took the news upon the revelation
To find he was the tastiest pig in the realms of all creation.

Every night he’s woken up from his holy porcine slumber
By intoxicated vikings who have worked up quite a hunger.
His only daily exercise is ceremonial slaughter
Then being tossed into a vat of super-heated water.

It’s likely his job satisfaction’s really rather slim
When it culminates in drunken vikings munching on each limb.
It probably gives the poor beast little comfort when
He learns tomorrow that he gets to do it all again.

So spare a thought for Saehrimnir and his literal groundhog day:
He's learnt how his divinity comes with a price to pay.
He yearns for a new menu, and maybe the adoption
Of a new and self-regenerating vegetarian option.