

The image shows a full-page manuscript illumination. At the top center is a large, golden sun with a human-like face, its eyes closed, and golden rays emanating from it. Golden liquid is dripping down from the sun's face and the rays. The page is framed by a decorative border of blue and gold, with various floral and foliate motifs. In the top left corner, there is a circular miniature of a castle. In the top right corner, there is a circular miniature of a landscape with a tree. In the bottom left corner, there is a square miniature of a bird. In the bottom center, there is a large, ornate initial 'O' in blue and gold. The text is written in a large, black, Gothic script. The entire page is covered with golden liquid dripping down from the top and sides, creating a sense of decay and tragedy.

**O**h Great,  
Now I Get to  
Become Soup

An Absurdity Ledger Entry





id riabt. staved polite. kept mv side of the street clean and tight.

Did right, stayed polite, kept my side of the street clean and tight,  
Took hits, kept wit, never needed revenge just to prove I could fight,  
Now the thermostat says eighty-eight like the apartment got beef with my life.

Lost work, filed forms, watched paperwork surf through administrative storms,  
Kept receipts, dates, screenshots, every little breadcrumb preserved and warm,  
Still waiting on unemployment like the money got drafted and shipped overseas in uniform.

Phone half-dead, no ride, compromised doorway sitting open on my side,  
Can't leave the crib feeling safe, but somehow I'm supposed to just casually glide,  
Across town for a twenty-dollar filter with what, teleportation and pride?

### Oh great, now I get to become soup.

Not metaphor soup, not cute little Campbell's commercial loop,  
I mean slow-roasted tenant bisque simmering gently beneath a compromised roof.

Treated folks fair, gave grace, kept compassion even when disrespect got in my face,

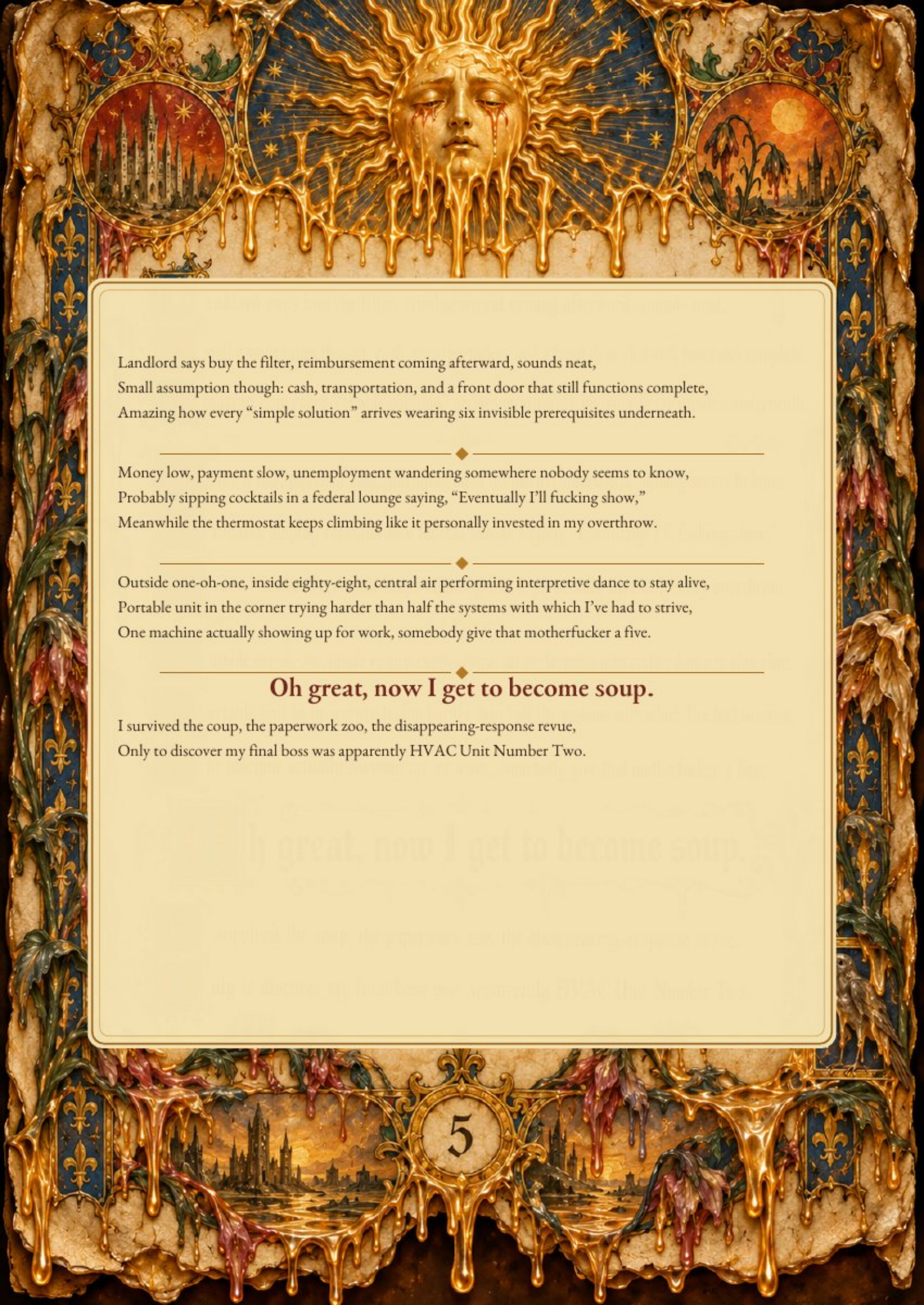
Treated folks fair, gave grace, kept compassion even when disrespect got in my face,  
Never needed somebody weaker beneath me just to feel like I had a place,  
Apparently decency earns you eighty-eight degrees and seasoning according to taste.

Had no toilet paper one night, had to improvise dignity through the plight,  
Sacrificed a towel to the porcelain gods because civilization had left the site,  
Washed my hands, carried on, because apparently survival comes with arts-and-crafts night.

I've documented doors, documented calls, documented institutions dropping balls,  
Built clean timelines while everybody else perfected disappearing acts behind walls,  
Now I'm documenting indoor weather like fucking NOAA rents one of my halls.

### Oh great, now I get to become soup.

Already jumped through every hoop, every loop, every bureaucratic troop,  
Now add carrots, potatoes, bay leaves, apparently the tenant is tonight's featured scoop.



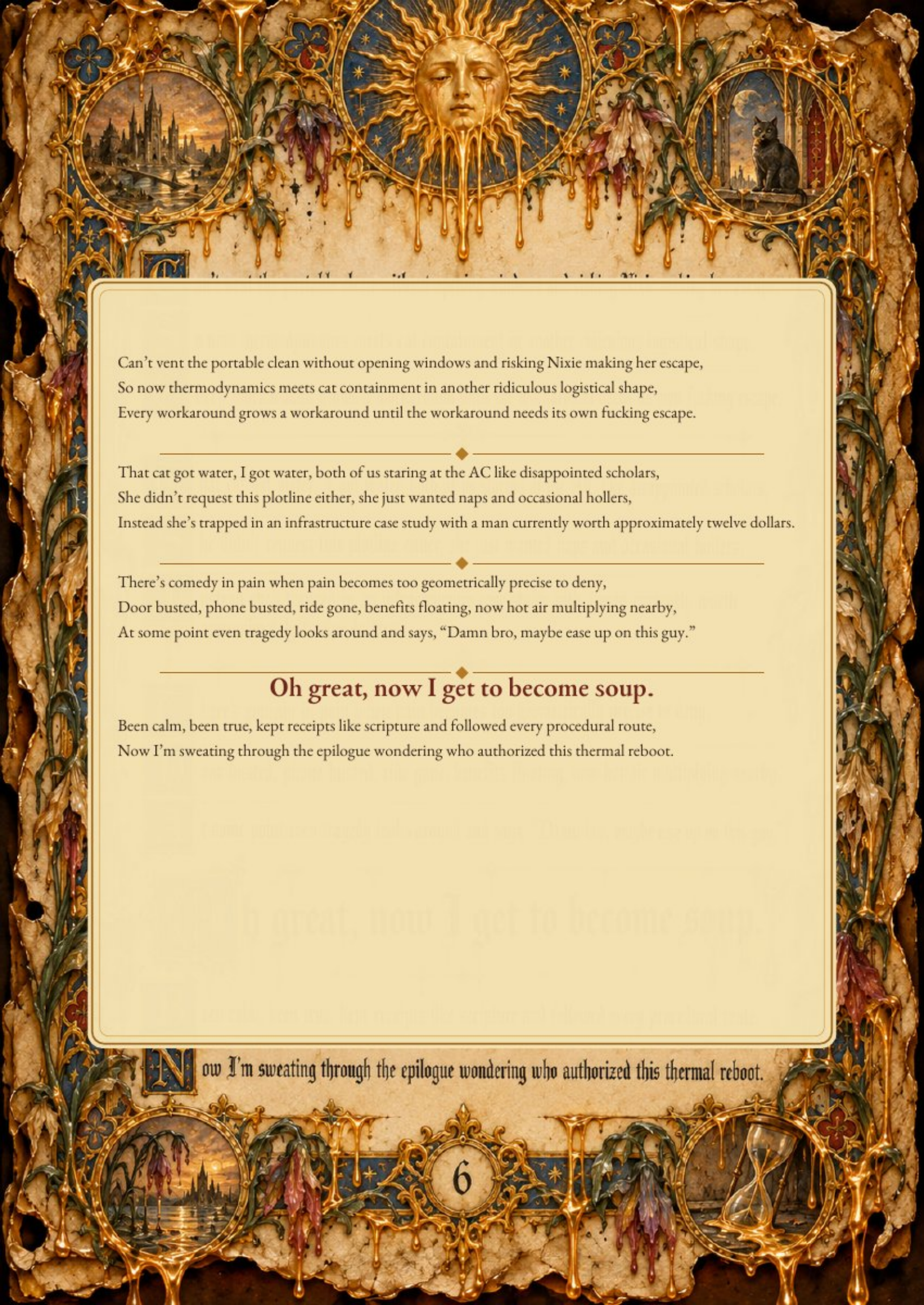
Landlord says buy the filter, reimbursement coming afterward, sounds neat,  
Small assumption though: cash, transportation, and a front door that still functions complete,  
Amazing how every "simple solution" arrives wearing six invisible prerequisites underneath.

Money low, payment slow, unemployment wandering somewhere nobody seems to know,  
Probably sipping cocktails in a federal lounge saying, "Eventually I'll fucking show,"  
Meanwhile the thermostat keeps climbing like it personally invested in my overthrow.

Outside one-oh-one, inside eighty-eight, central air performing interpretive dance to stay alive,  
Portable unit in the corner trying harder than half the systems with which I've had to strive,  
One machine actually showing up for work, somebody give that motherfucker a five.

### Oh great, now I get to become soup.

I survived the coup, the paperwork zoo, the disappearing-response revue,  
Only to discover my final boss was apparently HVAC Unit Number Two.



Can't vent the portable clean without opening windows and risking Nixie making her escape,  
So now thermodynamics meets cat containment in another ridiculous logistical shape,  
Every workaround grows a workaround until the workaround needs its own fucking escape.

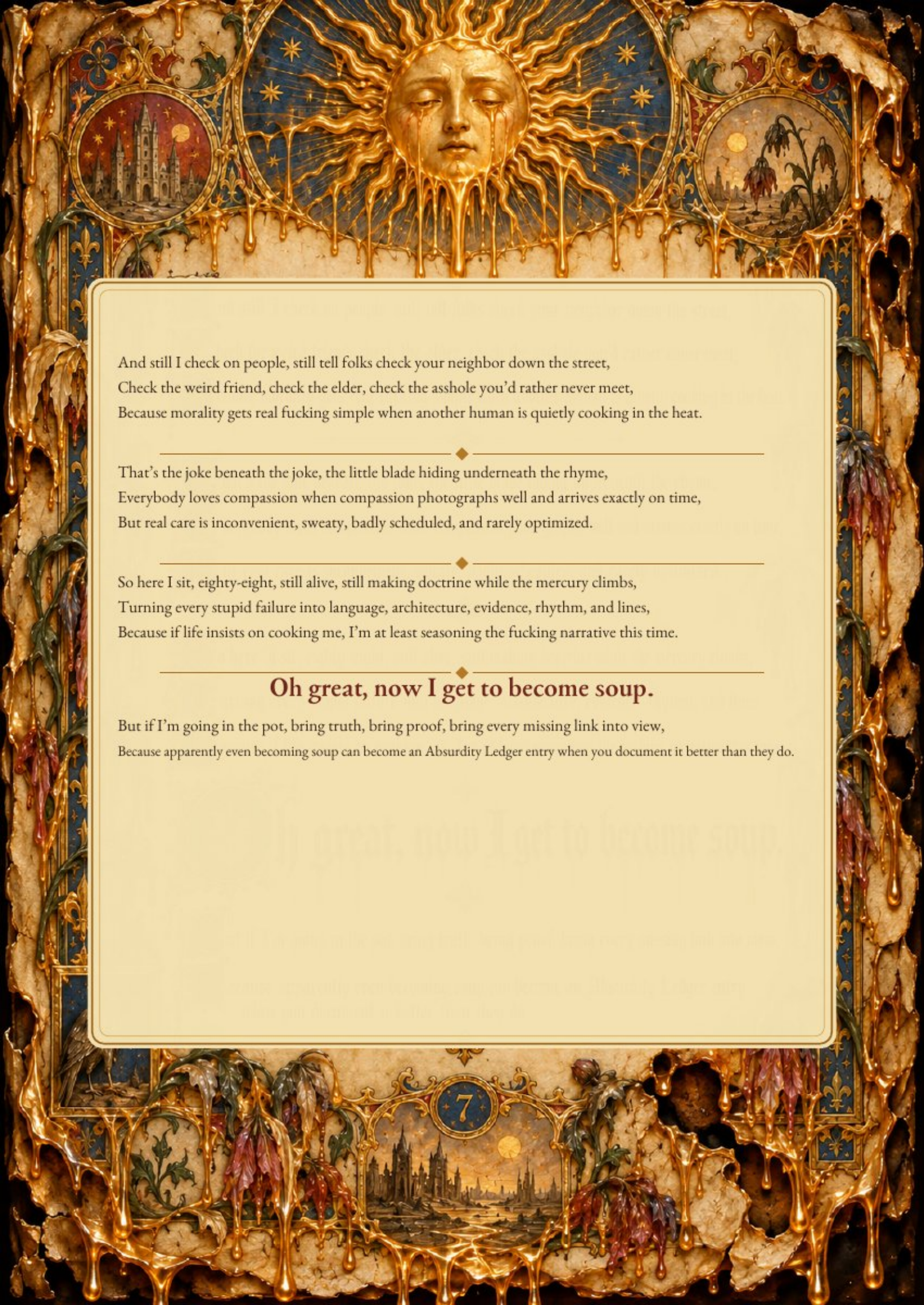
That cat got water, I got water, both of us staring at the AC like disappointed scholars,  
She didn't request this plotline either, she just wanted naps and occasional hollers,  
Instead she's trapped in an infrastructure case study with a man currently worth approximately twelve dollars.

There's comedy in pain when pain becomes too geometrically precise to deny,  
Door busted, phone busted, ride gone, benefits floating, now hot air multiplying nearby,  
At some point even tragedy looks around and says, "Damn bro, maybe ease up on this guy."

### Oh great, now I get to become soup.

Been calm, been true, kept receipts like scripture and followed every procedural route,  
Now I'm sweating through the epilogue wondering who authorized this thermal reboot.

**N**ow I'm sweating through the epilogue wondering who authorized this thermal reboot.



And still I check on people, still tell folks check your neighbor down the street,  
Check the weird friend, check the elder, check the asshole you'd rather never meet,  
Because morality gets real fucking simple when another human is quietly cooking in the heat.

---

That's the joke beneath the joke, the little blade hiding underneath the rhyme,  
Everybody loves compassion when compassion photographs well and arrives exactly on time,  
But real care is inconvenient, sweaty, badly scheduled, and rarely optimized.

---

So here I sit, eighty-eight, still alive, still making doctrine while the mercury climbs,  
Turning every stupid failure into language, architecture, evidence, rhythm, and lines,  
Because if life insists on cooking me, I'm at least seasoning the fucking narrative this time.

---

### Oh great, now I get to become soup.

But if I'm going in the pot, bring truth, bring proof, bring every missing link into view,  
Because apparently even becoming soup can become an Absurdity Ledger entry when you document it better than they do.



