

cake out to me, all lit up. And that was the night we fell in love. And ever since then, I have enjoyed my birthday.

If I ever run for office my slogan would be
Consider Soup.

M. We should have state soups instead of state flowers.
Massachusetts would have clam chowder –

S. Texas, tortilla soup –

M. Matzoh Ball soup, New York.

S. Yes!

Start

M. I was thinking about soup while I was having radiation which has a very “just-for-you” feeling to it. They make a mold of your body that you lay in during every treatment, so you literally notch your ribcage into the machine. Two or three attendants lay sheets over you, and position your body lovingly every time. And the beam-gun is hooked up to this enormous garage-door-frame and hulking masses of metal whirl around to get this little blue cylinder pointed exactly-Goldilocks at your tumor. But the most heart-breakingly beautiful just-for-you thing is the sound the machine makes when the beam is emitted.

Sarah, it sounds exactly like a tiny man with a tremor is opening up a can of soup. There’s an almost liquid echo. I swear I almost cried the first time I heard the little soup-opening. It was the least likely place in the world to find someone tending to soup, and there it all was. Soup’s taste is also unlike the harsh, specifics of language.

They each sip a bowl of steaming soup.

If eating salad is like having to recite Gilbert and Sullivan’s “Modern Major General,” then eating soup is like just having to hum the first few bars of “Good King Wenceslas.” Nina Simone’s song “Little Girl Blue” opens with a really graceful and sad rendition of “Good King Wenceslas” and it feels holy. Holy as soup.

End