

Here, the sound of the tenants having a late-night chat on the roof terrace, the slide of ivory on wood as the carom game counters were flicked across the crisscrossed board.

handed over the flower book she had first brought to show him. "Take this back," he said, "And extend your collection." She still saw the glass jar circling over her, but the glass was colored as if in a cathedral. Here, the sound of the tenants having a late-night chat on the roof terrace, the slide of ivory on wood as the carom game counters were flicked across the crisscrossed board. The night wind shifted and brought with it the drunken smells of the flower bazaar. Here was what was left. The cat would not speak again, she knew. Without a word, without looking at her tear-stained face, Mr. Wodeyar handed her a fresh, linen handkerchief with his embroidered initials, before turning home. Her grandmother, waiting in the front room for Leela, merely went up quietly when she saw her granddaughter. Leela still has the handkerchief somewhere, in a drawer, under old things, too trivial to remember each day, and yet too important to discard.

Mala Gaonkar is a trustee of the Clinton Health Access Initiative (CHAI) and a founding trustee of Ariadne Labs and the Queen Elizabeth Prize for Technology. She is a member of the advisory board of the *Economist* and a trustee of the Paris Review Foundation and of the Tate. In 2015, she co-founded Surgo, a nonprofit organization focused on public health service delivery innovation.

DIXIE SALAZAR

...with no thought in mind of making the release possible, 1999

Oil on canvas, 66 x 48 in



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