

The Color of Turmeric

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“So this is the temple.”

Sarla nodded, her anklets tinkling obtrusively as they walked into a silence, into a crucible of glares, little arrows that jabbed with intention. The widows knew Sarla didn't like to be there, considered her dismissive of tragedy, too callow to understand the depths of their loss. Which was untrue: Sarla was fearful of tragedy, not dismissive of it. She considered herself too young to be thinking of her life in dull shades of white, too new a wife to be listening to stories of husbands arriving home as mangled bodies in bloody sheets. She pretended to be ignorant because she was all too aware of imminent widowhood in Jelepara, the village of widows, as it was known.

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