

Once upon a time there was a flower seller who squatted by the roadside threading jasmine buds into long strings of fragrance.

Across the road from where she sat, there was a row of flower stalls whose owners would buy those strings of jasmine to make into a varied range of garlands for temples, for weddings... Women and young girls bought the flowers for weaving into their hair. In this manner, the flower seller earned a modest amount just enough to keep away the hunger that plagued her.

When I spoke to her, she continued to bend over her work and said, “I had twelve children — I don’t know where they have all gone....”

I did what I could for her, and also took some photographs of her.

Not being able to forget her, I made some silkscreens of the photographs and painted two pieces of work. This is one of the two....

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