

**ELIZABETH T. GRAY, JR.**  
**Kanpur Central Railway Station**

Halfway through our time there it was late  
and we were changing trains at Kanpur  
when we lost Leo who'd been with us ever since.  
It was not even that crowded when we got back  
with tea and sweets. He'd been watching the bags which were  
where we'd left them but he was not.  
It was late. Each of us, it turned out,  
was suddenly missing something—*Veda*, pen, pot, scarf,  
beads—that seemed, when it went missing, trivial  
but became, over time, of vast importance  
the way Leo went from quiet guy to lost guide late at night  
on the platform in Kanpur when we were changing trains.  
What had seemed reliable and in place, what we had come to know,  
what, despite being so bizarre as to be beyond imagining when we set out,  
had become familiar, and this, that had become familiar, turned on us,  
on us and not away from us, and Leo was the first to go.  
It began with Leo.