

To **Overseer Rajan Mitra**  
Mohenjo-Daro Water Council  
LOTHAL

5<sup>th</sup> of Madhava  
In the 40<sup>th</sup> year of the Great Seals of the Indus

Rajan Mitra,

I write from the edge of stone and salt. The western reservoirs are dry. The small wells are dust. The fish tiles on the granary walls have begun to peel from the heat.

And Venus has vanished.

You taught me to watch her—the Dawn Sister, we called her, jewel of the morning above the temple. I have marked her rise for thirty years, through solstice and eclipse. But now she is gone. Not behind cloud. Not slow in rising. Gone.

The priests say she has descended to meet Saraswati. I say she has been taken.

This is no simple shift in heaven. This is not drift or tilt. This is subtraction.

The southern city writes of wells running bitter. The northeast glyph stones warn of trade caravans lost. The markets in Lothal have begun to barter salt for dried bloodfish. And now, with Venus gone, even the sky no longer honors balance.

The elders chant that the River Mother has grown ashamed, retreating from the land like a woman whose sons no longer offer garlands. But I fear this is not shame.

I fear this is departure.

You remember the Priest-King of Mohenjo-Daro—his robes heavy with carnelian, his eyes carved for eternity. But even he cannot still a sky that forgets its stars.

The Kushan traders speak of land to the west turning to ash. The Dravidian seers say nothing. That is what terrifies me most. The silence.

Rajan, I write to you not to petition for aid. There is no aid. I write to ask you this: What does a city become when water forgets its path? When the sky forgets its lights? When we remember ritual but forget the reason we began it?

Bind this letter with the water scrolls in the Temple of Stone Teeth. If someone reads it, let them know: we did not die in flood or fire. We evaporated.

Let it be known:

*In the fortieth year of the Great Seals, when the fixed star of Shukra vanished at the festival of waters, Vedh Anarya of Dholavira engraved the silence of the Indus upon stone, that the lost light might be remembered.*

You are receiving this because you still believe in measurements. In balance. In keeping record. Write this one into the margin of the flood logs. Even if no flood comes again.

May the River return in the next world,  
**Vedh Anarya**  
Master of Water Rites  
DHOLAVIRA