**Exit**

Just when hope withers, the visa is granted.   
The door opens to a street like in the movies,   
clean of people, of cats; except it is *your* street   
you are leaving. A visa has been granted,   
"provisionally"-a fretful word.   
The windows you have closed behind   
you are turning pink, doing what they do   
every dawn. Here it's gray. The door   
to the taxicab waits. This suitcase,   
the saddest object in the world.   
Well, the world's open. And now through   
the windshield the sky begins to blush   
as you did when your mother told you   
what it took to be a woman in this life.

***Written by Rita Dove***