**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***