Still I Rise by MAYA ANGELOU

*You may write me down in history  
With your bitter, twisted lies,  
You may trod me in the very dirt  
But still, like dust, I’ll rise.*

*Does my sassiness upset you?  
Why are you beset with gloom?  
‘Cause I walk like I’ve got oil wells  
Pumping in my living room.*

*Just like moons and like suns,  
With the certainty of tides,  
Just like hopes springing high,  
Still I’ll rise.*

*Did you want to see me broken?  
Bowed head and lowered eyes?  
Shoulders falling down like teardrops.  
Weakened by my soulful cries.*

*Does my haughtiness offend you?  
Don’t you take it awful hard  
‘Cause I laugh like I’ve got gold mines  
Diggin’ in my own back yard.*

*You may shoot me with your words,  
You may cut me with your eyes,  
You may kill me with your hatefulness,  
But still, like air, I’ll rise.*

*Does my sexiness upset you?  
Does it come as a surprise  
That I dance like I’ve got diamonds  
At the meeting of my thighs?*

*Out of the huts of history’s shame  
I rise  
Up from a past that’s rooted in pain  
I rise  
I’m a black ocean, leaping and wide,  
Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.  
Leaving behind nights of terror and fear  
I rise  
Into a daybreak that’s wondrously clear  
I rise  
Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,  
I am the dream and the hope of the slave.  
I rise  
I rise  
I rise.*