Still I Rise by MAYA ANGELOU

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

Does my \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ upset you?
Why are you \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ 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 \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ high,
Still I’ll rise.

Did you want to see me \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_?
Bowed head and lowered eyes?
Shoulders falling down like \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.
Weakened by my \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ cries.

Does my haughtiness \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ 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 \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ me with your words,
You may \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ 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 \_\_\_\_\_\_
I rise
I’m a black ocean, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and wide,
Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.
Leaving behind nights of \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and fear
I rise
Into a daybreak that’s \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ clear
I rise
Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,
I am the dream and the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ of the slave.
I rise
I rise
I rise.