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.