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Phenomenal Woman: Four Poems Celebrating Women by Maya Angelou. PHENOMENAL WOMAN Pretty women wonder where my secret lies. I'm not cute or built to suit a fashion model's size But when I start to tell them, They think I'm telling lie
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                                                                                                                                              er the ranks, pawn their souls to the local banks. Buyin' big cars they can't afford, ridin' around town actin' bor iggest bet, but I pay my bills and stay out of debt. I get my hair done for my own self's sake, so I don't have to lan our round. We meet our men and go to a joint where the music is blues and to the point. Folks write abo
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I'm telling lies. I say, It's in the reach of my arms, The span of my hips, The stride of my step, The e. I walk into a room Just as cool as you please, And to a man, The fellows stand or Fall down on their knees. Then they swarm around me, A hive of honey bees. I say, It's the fire in my seyes, And to a man, The fellows stand or Fall down on their knees. Then they swarm around me, A hive of honey bees. I say, It's the fire in my seyes, And to a man, That's me. Men themselves have wondered What they see in me. They try so much But they can't touch My inner mystery. When I try to show the fire in my seyes, And to a man, The palm of my shand, The need for my care. 'Cause I'm a woman Phenomenally. Phenomenal woman, That's me. Now you understand Just why my head's not bowed, I don't shout or jump about Or have to talk in the click of my heels, The bend of my hair, The palm of my hand, The need for my care. 'Cause I'm a woman Phenomenally. Phenomenal woman, That's me. STILL I RISE You may write me down in his ke 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, the word of the certainty of tides of my near the with your eyes, You may kill me with your hatefulness, But still, like air, I'll rise. Does my haughtiness offend you? Don't you take it awful hard 'Cause I laugh like l've got gold min 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 near 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 linto a daybreak that's wondrously clear I rise Bringing the gifts that WEEKEND GLORY Some dichty folks don't know the facts, posin' and preenin' and puttin' on acts, stretchin' their necks and strainin' their backs. They move into condos up 
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