



## Phenomenal Woman

by Maya Angelou

Many people 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 lies.

I say,

It's in the reach of my \_\_\_\_\_,

The span of my \_\_\_\_\_,

The stride of my step,

The curl of my \_\_\_\_\_.

I'm a woman

Phenomenally.

I walk into a room

Just as cool as you please,

And to a man,

The fellows stand or

Fall down on their \_\_\_\_\_.

Then they swarm around me,

A hive of honey bees.

I say,

It's the fire in my \_\_\_\_\_,

And the flash of my \_\_\_\_\_,

The swing in my \_\_\_\_\_,

And the joy in my \_\_\_\_\_.

I'm a woman

Phenomenally.

back

lips

arms

hips

waist

hair

knees

feet

hand

teeth

eyes

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 them,

They say they still can't see.

I say,

It's in the arch of my \_\_\_\_\_,

The sun of my smile,

The ride of my breasts,

The grace of my style.

I'm a woman

Phenomenally.

Now you understand

Just why my head's not bowed.

I don't shout or jump about

Or have to talk real loud.

When you see me passing,

It ought to make you proud.

I say,

It's in the click of my heels,

The bend of my \_\_\_\_\_,

the palm of my \_\_\_\_\_,

The need for my care.

'Cause I'm a woman

Phenomenally.