“PHENOMENAL WOMAN” — MAYA ANGELOU (1928 –)

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 lies.

I say,
    It’s in the reach of my arms,
The span of my hips,
The stride of my step,
The curl of my lips.

I’m a woman Phenomenally.
    Phenomenal woman,
That’s me.
    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 eyes,
    And the flash of my
teeth, the swing in my
waist,
And the joy in my feet.
    I’m a woman Phenomenally.
    Phenomenal woman,
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 them,
    They say they still can’t see.
    I say,
It’s in the arch of my back,
The sun of my smile,
The ride of my breasts,
    The grace of my style.
    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 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 hair,
   the palm of my hand,
   the need for my care. ‘Cause I’m a woman Phenomenally.
   Phenomenal woman,

That’s me.