

Phenomenal Woman BY MAYA ANGELOU

Rewritten by Jimmy, Quinn, Maya PH, and Gaia

Read in honor of a Civil Rights Leader, an African American Woman,
and a Teacher we know and love

Cleo Banks

Pretty teachers wonder where her secret lies.
She's cute and built to suit a fashion model's size
But when she starts to tell them,
They think she's telling lies.
We say,
It's in the reach of her arms,
The shake of her rainstick,
The stride of her step,
The curl of her lips.
She's a woman
Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
That's Cleo.

She walks into a room
Just as cool as you please,
And to a child,
The class stands or
Fall down on their mats.
Then they swarm around her,
A hive of honey bees.
We say,
It's the fire in her eyes,
And the tune of her music,
The swing in her waist,
And the joy in her feet.
She's a woman
Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
That's Cleo.

People themselves have wondered
What they see in her.
They try so much
But they can't touch
Her inner mystery.
When she tries to show them,
They say they still can't see.
We say,
It's in the waddle of the penguins,
The stories of Captain Cook,
The ride of her chest,
The grace of her style.
She's a woman
Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
That's Cleo.

Now you understand
Just why her head's not bowed.
She doesn't shout or jump about
Or have to talk real loud.
When you see her passing,
It ought to make you proud.
We say,
It's in the March of her Pride,
The Honey I Love,
the palm of her hand,
The need for her care.
'Cause she's a woman
Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
That's Cleo Banks.