

**Caged Bird**  
**by Maya Angelou**

The free bird leaps  
on the back of the wind  
and floats downstream  
till the current ends  
and dips his wings  
in the orange sun rays  
and dares to claim the sky.

But a bird that stalks  
down his narrow cage  
can seldom see through  
his bars of rage  
his wings are clipped and  
his feet are tied  
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings  
with fearful trill  
of the things unknown  
but longed for still  
and his tune is heard  
on the distant hill for the caged bird  
sings of freedom

The free bird thinks of another breeze  
and the trade winds soft through the sighing  
trees  
and the fat worms waiting on a dawn-bright lawn  
and he names the sky his own.

But a caged bird stands on the grave of dreams  
his shadow shouts on a nightmare scream  
his wings are clipped and his feet are tied  
so he opens his throat to sing

The caged bird sings  
with a fearful trill  
of things unknown  
but longed for still  
and his tune is heard  
on the distant hill  
for the caged bird  
sings of freedom.

**Human Family**  
**by Maya Angelou**

I note the obvious differences  
in the human family.  
Some of us are serious,  
some thrive on comedy.

Some declare their lives are lived  
as true profundity,  
and others claim they really live  
the real reality.

The variety of our skin tones  
can confuse, bemuse, delight,  
brown and pink and beige and purple,  
tan and blue and white.

I've sailed upon the seven seas  
and stopped in every land,  
I've seen the wonders of the world  
not yet one common man.

I know ten thousand women  
called Jane and Mary Jane,  
but I've not seen any two  
who really were the same.

Mirror twins are different  
although their features jibe,  
and lovers think quite different thoughts  
while lying side by side.

We love and lose in China,  
we weep on England's moors,  
and laugh and moan in Guinea,  
and thrive on Spanish shores.

We seek success in Finland,  
are born and die in Maine.  
In minor ways we differ,  
in major we're the same.

I note the obvious differences  
between each sort and type,  
but we are more alike, my friends,  
than we are unlike.

We are more alike, my friends,  
than we are unlike.  
We are more alike, my friends,  
than we are unlike.

**“Life Doesn't Frighten Me” by Maya Angelou**

Life doesn't frighten me at all.

Shadows on the wall  
Noises down the hall  
Life doesn't frighten me at all.  
Bad dogs barking loud  
Big ghosts in a cloud  
Life doesn't frighten me at all.

Mean old Mother Goose  
Lions on the loose  
They don't frighten me at all  
Dragons breathing flame  
On my counterpane  
That doesn't frighten me at all.

I go boo  
Make them shoo  
I make fun  
Way they run  
I won't cry  
So they fly  
I just smile  
They go wild  
Life doesn't frighten me at all.

Tough guys in a fight  
All alone at night  
Life doesn't frighten me at all.  
Panthers in the park  
Strangers in the dark  
No, they don't frighten me at all.

That new classroom where  
Boys pull all my hair  
(Kissy little girls  
With their hair in curls)  
They don't frighten me at all.

Don't show me frogs and snakes  
And listen for my scream,  
If I'm afraid at all  
It's only in my dreams.

I've got a magic charm  
That I keep up my sleeve,  
I can walk the ocean floor  
And never have to breathe.

Life doesn't frighten me at all  
Not at all  
Not at all