

This piece was inspired by one of Maya Angelou's poem, "Still I rise". This poem reveals strength and power towards her oppressors, and emphasized her ability to stand up tall and proud for herself. I was motivated by her idea to illustrate a ballerina puppet dancing on stage. To demonstrate that she's being controlled yet strength in her body and in her mind is showing within, I've colored her body in multiple shade. The jail bars depicted in the background was encouraged by the very beginning of the poem, "You may write me down in history" to reflect the concept of slavery and lack of freedom similar to a prisoner.

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You may write me down in history  
With your bitter, twisted lies,  
You may tread me in the very dirt  
But still, like 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,  
Just like hopes springing high,  
Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?  
Bowed head and lowered eyes?  
Shoulders falling down like teardrops.  
Weakened by my soulful cries.

Does my haughtiness offend you?  
Don't you take it awful hard  
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines  
Diggin' in my own back yard.

You may shoot me with your words,  
You may 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 thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame  
I rise

Up from a past that's rooted in pain  
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

Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear  
I rise

Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,  
I am the dream and the hope of the slave.

I rise

I rise

I rise.

Maya Angelou