# Woman Work - Poem by Maya Angelou

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I've got the children to tend  
The clothes to mend  
The floor to mop  
The food to shop  
Then the chicken to fry  
The baby to dry  
I got company to feed  
The garden to weed  
I've got shirts to press  
The tots to dress  
The can to be cut  
I gotta clean up this hut  
Then see about the sick  
And the cotton to pick.  
  
Shine on me, sunshine  
Rain on me, rain  
Fall softly, dewdrops  
And cool my brow again.  
  
Storm, blow me from here  
With your fiercest wind  
Let me float across the sky  
'Til I can rest again.  
  
Fall gently, snowflakes  
Cover me with white  
Cold icy kisses and  
Let me rest tonight.  
  
Sun, rain, curving sky  
Mountain, oceans, leaf and stone  
Star shine, moon glow  
You're all that I can call my own.