

William Blake (1757-1827)

7 *A Poison Tree*

I was angry with my friend:  
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.  
I was angry with my foe:  
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I water'd it in fears, 5  
Night and morning with my tears;  
And I sunnèd it with smiles,  
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night,  
Till it bore an apple bright; 10  
And my foe beheld it shine,  
And he knew that it was mine,

And into my garden stole  
When the night had veil'd the pole:  
In the morning glad I see 15  
My foe outstretch'd beneath the tree.

*1794*

(From *The Poetical Works of William Blake*. Ed.  
With an Introduction and Textual Notes by John  
Sampson. Oxford UP, 1913)