

A Poison Tree by William Blake

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 sunned 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.

Glossary

foe: enemy

pole: Polaris – the North or Pole star

wiles: cunning plans or trick

wrath: anger

