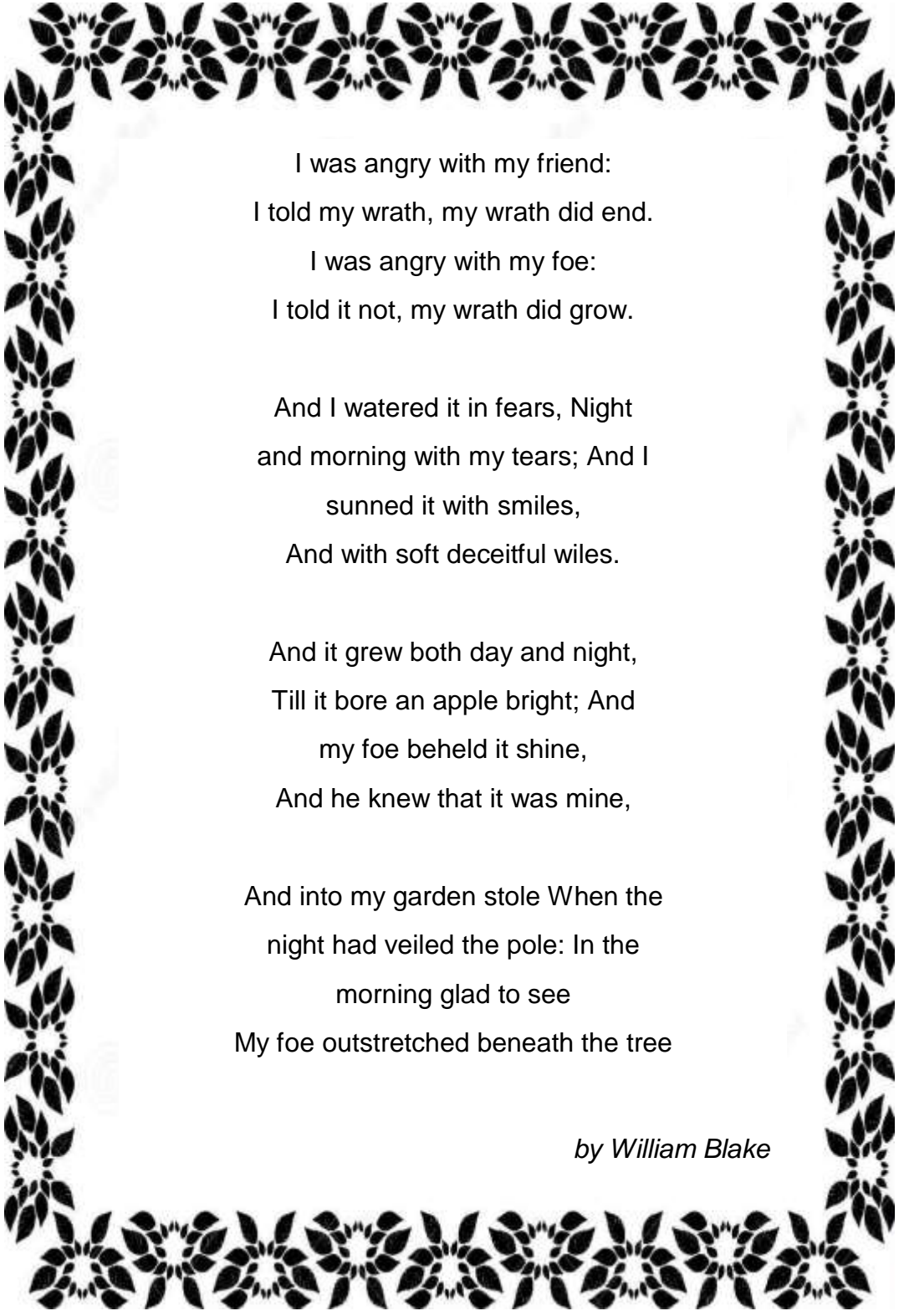


The Poem

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 watered it in fears, 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; And
my foe beheld it shine,
And he knew that it was mine,

And into my garden stole When the
night had veiled the pole: In the
morning glad to see
My foe outstretched beneath the tree

by William Blake