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 waterd it in fears,  
Night & 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 veild the pole;  
In the morning glad I see;  
My foe outstretched beneath the tree.

William Blake was born in London, where he spent most of his life working as an engraver and illustrator. At about age ten, Blake had his first vision: a tree filled with angels. Mysticism is one of the hallmarks of his work. While his poetry was not widely known during his lifetime, his writing and his art have continued to grow in popularity.

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