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| A Poison Tree[William Blake](https://www.poets.org/node/45478), 1757 – 1827I 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 fearsNight and morning with my tears,And I sunned it with smilesAnd 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 stoleWhen the night had veiled the pole;In the morning, glad, I seeMy foe outstretched beneath the tree. | A Poison Tree[William Blake](https://www.poets.org/node/45478), 1757 – 1827I 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 fearsNight and morning with my tears,And I sunned it with smilesAnd 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 stoleWhen the night had veiled the pole;In the morning, glad, I seeMy foe outstretched beneath the tree. |
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