

The 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 waterd 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 veild the pole;
In the morning glad I see;
My foe outstretched beneath the tree.

--William Blake

QUESTIONS

1. What is the theme of this poem?

2. What is the purpose of the poem?

3. What is the tone of this poem?

4. **Visualization question.** Create your own illustration of the poison tree.
5. Rewrite the poem in your own words.
6. Write a continuation of the poem, exploring the consequences of the speaker's actions or suggesting alternative outcomes.