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 water’d it in fears,
Night & morning with my tears
And I sunned it with my 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 veil’d the pole;
In the morning glad I see
My foe outstretch’d beneath the tree.

Directions:
1. Read the poem to yourself or with a partner.
2. Consider the questions and give brief answers to these in the frames.

What sort of person is the speaker when the poem begins?

How is the speaker changing as he nurtures his anger?

The foe is aware of the developing anger. Why do you think the speaker allowed his foe to know?

This verse is set in darkness. Why is this appropriate? How do you feel about the speaker’s reaction to what he sees?