

## A POEM

*Sylvia Townsend Warner*

Stab, pleasant friends, so tried and true,  
(The back is best), so true and tried  
By all my well-meants multiplied –  
But stab outclassed, since I on you  
Scored that first wound which rankles still,  
The first, worst vantage of good-will.

This poem was typed on rag paper and inserted into Warner's diary for September 30<sup>th</sup> – 31<sup>st</sup> 1952. It does not appear in either the *Collected Poems* or *New Collected Poems* – both edited by Claire Harman – nor is it known who prompted such intense feeling.