

Afterthoughts Are Like A Johnny-Come-Lately

by Liz Gibbons

Oh, if only I could reverse time,
That would be so sublime.

How come my brilliant reply
Comes after the topic has died?

And my perfect reflection
Is conceived too late for injection?

So, too, the perfect comeback
To a tease or verbal attack.

Too often my brain goes dead,
But later I know what I could've said.