

Afterthoughts - doesn't mean much? something forgotten?

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Thoughts love. how do thoughts love? isn't it our hearts? our feelings? I'm They look. → confused...

Eye-brood or smile. what is this word?

Thoughts blurt, - yes, I've said things "without thinking" - thoughts just race-rush, came out of me without some internal guide. or wait a while. — oh... slowing it down now.

Thoughts trapped inside, may blame and boil. — so true. Not saying anything can be painful.

Review. React.

Relate. Recoil.

Thoughts expressed may find a way to take a stand, find solutions, lend a hand.

Thoughts that can't find words

exist, resist, insist unheard.

repeated "re - "

→ thoughts expressed - does this mean when we give ourselves time to think, yet still express them in the most loving way?

sometimes we can't find words to express how we feel. But maybe those thoughts are also important?

Going back to the title - maybe this poem is about what happens after we have thoughts? What happens to those thoughts and how those thoughts can help or hurt us?