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Fall in July

The day is cold. It's July, almost August, and I find myself coming to work with a large sweater. I didn't expect to miss the cold as much as I do. I thought I would dread the fall and winter when it was time for those seasons to start making it's annually tour to New York City. I thought I'd hate the feeling of cold wind and wearing layers. Instead it makes me cling to my sweater, and crawl into a comfortable ball that circulates my body heat, keeping me warm. It's amazing. I know the weather will get hot again soon. I will long for the feeling of large sweaters, and sipping hot coffee.

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