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Tweed

Melissa Taylor College of DuPage

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Taylor: Tweed

with whip cream and chocolate swirls the warmth inside the coffee shop makes you sleepy...
Listen to the wind sleep peacefully and remember forever in your heart the dreamy place that is Connecticut

Tweed

Melissa Taylor

The tweed of his jacket catches my eyefaded browns weave between washed reds. Worn oval patches guard his elbows as if he has spent a lot of time with his head resting in his hands. Sitting behind his desk, letting worries flood his mind. Rectangular glasses lay a foot away from his hand while he reads into the late hours of the night. "Theories of Thought" lays next to him the pages creased and the binding beginning to loosen. He has spent hours pouring over the philosophies of others, yet still cannot figure out his own, mismatched socks stand out. He hasn't really paid attention in awhile. His mahogany dress shoes have seen every season and dark circles rest underneath his eyes. He glances up to see me in the hallway. The tweed of his jacket had caught my eye.