Spring is fleeting

I wake up to the cheery sound of a chorus of robins singing
The sun shines radiantly, warming up the fresh morning air
Fragrant flowers bloom in a rainbow of colors
Energetic children rush into the meadow to play tag and hide and go seek
Finally stopping to enjoy a delicious mint chocolate ice cream cone.
Almost paradise, but alas, nothing is permanent
Summer is fleeting
The temperature drops 40 degrees
Too soon, a deep blanket of snow covers the once lush green grass
Children are now cooped up inside
Awaiting the end to the bitter cold
But a few kindred spirits decide to bundle up and build a snowman.