White Winters

Waking up in the mornings,
You look outside.
All you see is white.
White everywhere.
The grass that once used to be green,
Is now white.
The tree branches that were once covered with leaves,
Are now covered in white.
All this white,
So cold and wet.
The water turns to ice,
Eventually all that ice and snow will melt.
Yards and streets will flood with water.
Eventually all the white
will be gone.
And it’s all a memory until next time,
When you wake up one morning,
Look out your window
And everything is white
Again.