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## Hunters in the Snow

Zain Ali

*NSU University School*

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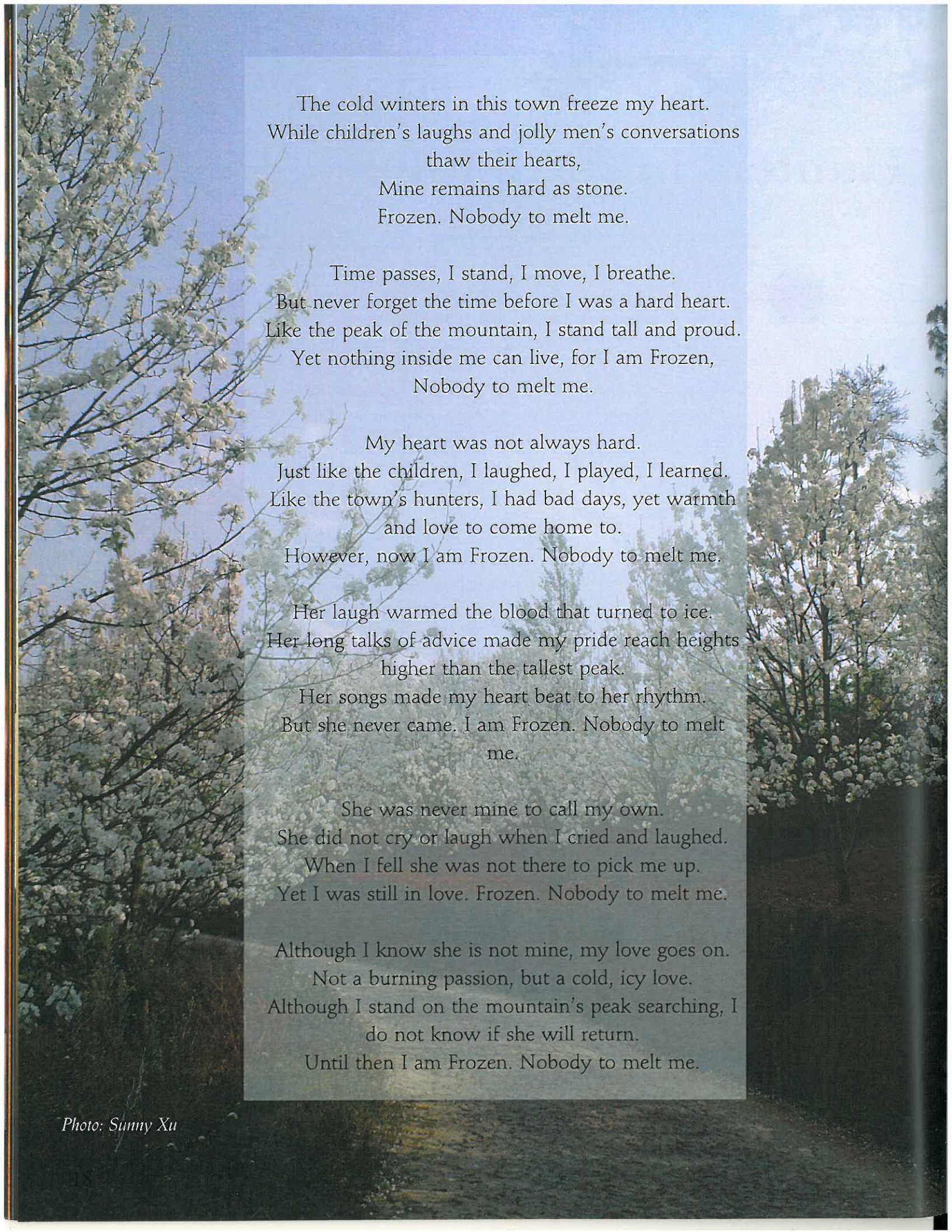
ZAIN ALI

PHOTO: SUNNY XU

Dearest Mother,

I have never been a fan of winter, at least not for the past 22 years. I cannot believe I am turning 40 in a week. I know I have not written you a letter in quite some time, and I apologize. As you know, I have made quite a large amount of money and am, as some people might say, living the life. I have the house that people dream about, a car collection as large as a car dealership, yet I am not happy. I have locked away my emotions for some time in the hopes that I would forget about my past. However, my good friend Habib (as you may know by the surname Sheikh), has recently sent me a classic painting known as "Hunters in the Snow." Quite beautiful, but as I told you, I am not a fan of winter, as it reminds me of the time I changed and lost the warmth in my heart. This painting was originally in the museum where I first met her, and brought feelings of joy and happiness. Now all it brings me are memories and feelings of melancholy. I had written a poem for the girl years ago, planning to tell her how I felt. I am sending it to her in hopes that she might accept it and respond; please leave it in her mailbox at 1300 Church Street if she still happens to live there. I am attaching the poem to this letter: please make sure it finds its way into her hands. Thank you, and hope to see you when the weather becomes warm once again.

Much Love,  
Your Son



The cold winters in this town freeze my heart.  
While children's laughs and jolly men's conversations  
thaw their hearts,  
Mine remains hard as stone.  
Frozen. Nobody to melt me.

Time passes, I stand, I move, I breathe.  
But never forget the time before I was a hard heart.  
Like the peak of the mountain, I stand tall and proud.  
Yet nothing inside me can live, for I am Frozen,  
Nobody to melt me.

My heart was not always hard.  
Just like the children, I laughed, I played, I learned.  
Like the town's hunters, I had bad days, yet warmth  
and love to come home to.  
However, now I am Frozen. Nobody to melt me.

Her laugh warmed the blood that turned to ice.  
Her long talks of advice made my pride reach heights  
higher than the tallest peak.  
Her songs made my heart beat to her rhythm.  
But she never came. I am Frozen. Nobody to melt  
me.

She was never mine to call my own.  
She did not cry or laugh when I cried and laughed.  
When I fell she was not there to pick me up.  
Yet I was still in love. Frozen. Nobody to melt me.

Although I know she is not mine, my love goes on.  
Not a burning passion, but a cold, icy love.  
Although I stand on the mountain's peak searching, I  
do not know if she will return.  
Until then I am Frozen. Nobody to melt me.