



MiNT MAGAZINE

FULFiLLMiNT

SPRING 2012
PERSPECTIVE
POETRY
ART
SCREENWRITING
PROSE

VOLUME 25 ISSUE II

MINT MAGAZINE

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with a photograph by Pamela Tangel



EDITOR'S NOTE

Dear students and faculty,

This week at Geneseo: GREAT Day. Among the displayed talents of Geneseo's students were senior readings in Creative Writing and the art exhibit in Milne Library. MiNT Magazine strives towards the same goal as GREAT Day: we aim to showcase student talent and excellence – in our case, we have a passion for creating a magazine full of student writing, both creative and opinion, and art, whether it is photography, graphic design or pictures of hard-copy paintings, drawings and the like. The senior readings in the Writing track speak specifically to this issue of our magazine: FulfillMiNT.

This issue is an ode to the senior class, who are impossibly close to wrapping up their college careers at Geneseo. As students, they have spent much of the last four years in desks – learning, listening, discussing – this magazine focuses on something that at times, the classroom cannot nurture: PRODUCTION. Graduating seniors are a constant reminder that the blissful bubble of college ends and we will someday transform our education into useful production in society. At MiNT, we celebrate that last step of education in publishing creative student work. The title of the art exhibit resonates: *ART IS STILL ALIVE AT GENESEO* - and students are producing amazing things – we celebrate with FulfillMiNT.

Cheers to summer approaching,
Meg Ross, Editor-in-Chief

MiNT would like to thank the
SUNY Geneseo English Department
for its support and encouragement!

What is Fulfillment?

By COLI BACHARACH

Serenity. Self- realization. Satisfaction. Happiness. Fulfillment. As the school year comes to a close, I am left with voices echoing in my ears, the sounds of thousands of small moments, becoming memories. I can hardly believe it. Fulfillment. Was this year filled with success? Do I feel satisfied with all that I have accomplished?

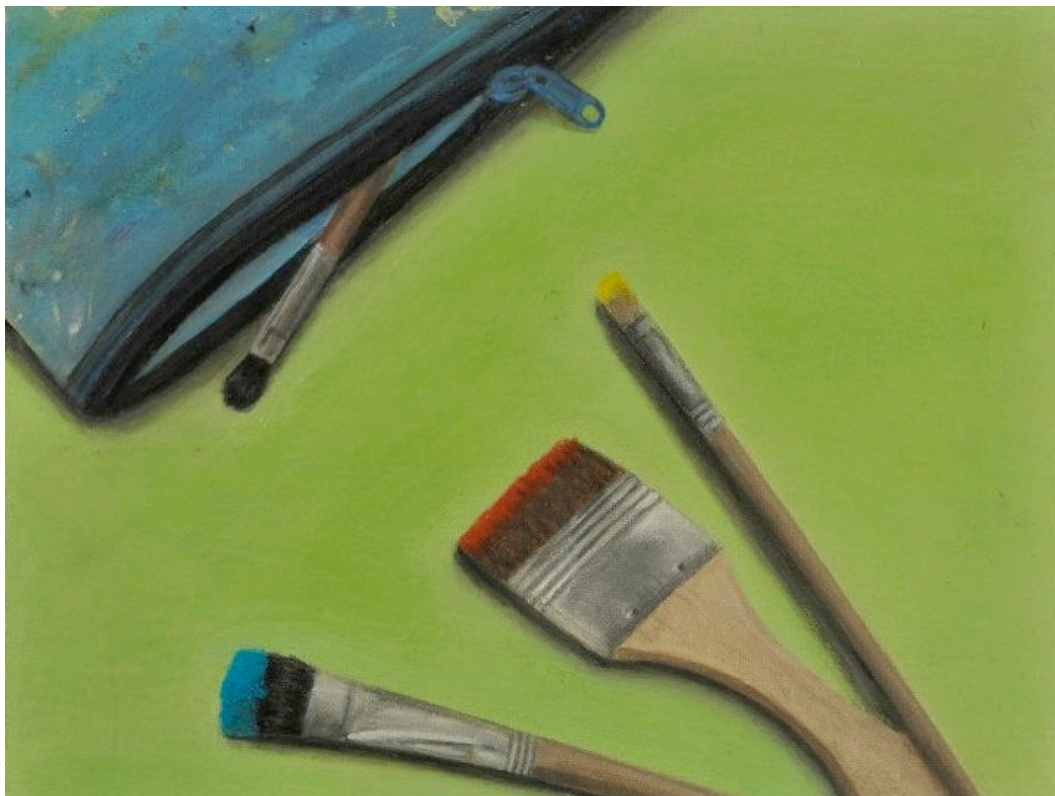
As a first year, (supposedly) I have time. It's what everyone keeps saying. "Don't worry about that class yet, you have time to take it later." "Do you know what you're majoring in? No? Oh, you're only a freshman, you have time to decide." Who decided that time is only granted to those embarking on the beginning of a journey?

Just a few months ago, during my senior year of high school, it seemed like everyone was telling me that my time had ran out. I was no longer a member of my town school district, I could no longer live in the room I had known since birth, I was no longer a child. As a legal adult it seemed a door should have appeared out of thin air: a declaration that I was on a 'new' journey - the next chapter of my life. However, this wasn't the case.

Yes, I did indeed enter college and while it's true I had to adapt to a different way of life, so to speak, I also learned that life is what it's always been: just life, forever changing. Fulfillment: Is it the realization that every new chapter only begins after the closing of some other?

Not quite, in fact the truth is that individual moments bring fulfillment, and these moments make up our lives. Laughter, working hard and reaping the benefits of an honest days work fulfill me, personally.

As I think about the seniors about to graduate from this college, I'm left with a feeling of understanding. Just last year, I graduated from high school. However, 'this time it's for real'. Isn't that what people have been saying our whole lives? I think my message here is that serenity, self-realization, satisfaction, and even happiness aren't things that have an expiration date. Each day can be satisfying; bursting with fulfillment if only we remember that time is relevant.



Painting by LIZ KOODIN

WHERE'S JIMMY? *

By DAN BARTH

FADE IN

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

Two BIG MEN and a SHORT MAN walk into the PAWNSHOP. As they walk in one of them flips an "OPEN" sign hanging on the outside of the door so it now reads "CLOSED". The smallest of the three motions for the first two to stay while he walks up to an overweight man behind the counter.

PAWNSHOP OWNER

Pawn, sell, or buy?

SHORT MAN

Excuse me?

PAWNSHOP OWNER

Are you lookin' ta pawn, sell or buy somethin'?

SHORT MAN

(chuckling)

Oh, no we are here on a uh, different type of business.

The PAWNSHOP OWNER says nothing and just stares at the short man waiting for more. After a moment the Short Man gets the hint. He takes a photo out of his pocket and slides it across the table so we can clearly see the face.

SHORT MAN

This man's name is Jimmy Buchanan and the word

* Screenwriting terms: O.S.: off screen / b.g.: background / minimal punctuation for free actor interpretation

is that Mr. Buchanan was here in your establishment
not but a few hours ago.

Without picking it up the PAWNSHOP OWNER studies the picture on the counter.

PAWNSHOP OWNER

Yep. Came. Then went.

SHORT MAN

Mhhhm, I see. So you wouldn't mind if we...
(motioning to the two men behind him)
...have a look around.

The PAWNSHOP OWNER betrays no emotion but eyes the two BIG MEN standing by the front door. They look just a little bigger than when they walked in.

PAWNSHOP OWNER

Be my guest.

The SHORT MAN nods to the two BIG MEN in the back and they walk in through a door behind the counter into the back of the shop leaving just the SHORT MAN and the PAWNSHOP OWNER out front.

SHORT MAN

You wouldn't happen to know the current
whereabouts of Mr. Buchanan would you?

PAWNSHOP OWNER

Nope.

SHORT MAN

I have been told that you and Mr. Buchanan are close is that true?

PAWNSHOP OWNER

Close? Guess you could say that.

SHORT MAN

Well in that case it surprises me that he did not tell you where he was going next. Assuming he is not still here.

PAWNSHOP OWNER

Like I said he came and he went.
Didn't say where to.

SHORT MAN

Hmmm unfortunate.

The two BIG MEN emerge from the back of the store empty handed. One of the men makes eye contact with the SHORT MAN and shakes his head. The two BIG MEN walk to the front of the shop and in the b.g. we can see them pulling down the blinds on the front store windows.

SHORT MAN

As a fellow businessman I'm sure you understand that time equals money so I will just cut to the chase for both of our sakes. I know that you know

(SHORT MAN, Cont'd)

where Jimmy Buchanan is. And when I say that I know; I don't mean that I think or I might know or that I've got a fucking hunch. I know.

And you are going to tell me.

CUT TO: JIMMY HIDING UNDER THE COUNTER

We can see JIMMY curled up and wedged uncomfortably under the counter. He is clearly the man from the picture. He is sweating profusely and his face is messed up like someone who desperately wants to scream. Regardless he is completely still and silent.

PAWNSHOP OWNER (O.S.)

I told you before. He came in for a second to pick up a couple things and left. Wasn't here for more than a couple of minutes and didn't say where he was off to. Wish I could remember more but there ain't nothing else to say.

CUT BACK TO: THE CONVERSATION

SHORT MAN

(smirking)

Ahhh I see. Now we're getting somewhere. How much?

PAWNSHOP OWNER

How much?

The SHORT MAN pulls out a check book and pen and puts them on the counter top. He is poised and ready to write.

SHORT MAN

That's what you tell me.

PAWNSHOP OWNER

No. No, you ain't listenin'. I don't want any money. I don't know where Jimmy is that's it. And if yer not gonna buy anything then y'all better get the fuck outta my shop.

The smile drops off the Short Man's face and he tucks away his check book. He starts again with a much fiercer demeanor.

SHORT MAN

Now although I may not be familiar to you I am sure that you are familiar with the man I work for: Carlo Soturi. You are familiar with him correct?

PAWNSHOP OWNER

Sure everybody knows Soturi.

SHORT MAN

Good. Well your friend Mr. Buchanan has taken something of great value from my employer. Something that does not belong to him. Something Mr. Soturi, and by extension myself, would go to great lengths to get back. I do not understand why you feel the need to protect Mr. Buchanan who has proved to be nothing more than a common thief, however, I am willing to give you one more chance. We'll chalk this all up to a misunderstanding. You probably meant to tell me all along, right? It just slipped your mind and understandably so. A hard working man like you running this place by yourself. Things can get...stressful. So just tell me. Where is Jimmy Buchanan?

PAWNSHOP OWNER

(a beat)

Fuck. You.

SHORT MAN

Boys!

The two BIG MEN briskly walk over and grab the PAWNSHOP OWNER from across the counter. One man smashes his head into the glass countertop creating a spiderweb of cracks while the other grabs his hands. There is a little blood trickling down the Pawnshop Owner's forehead. The Short Man opens a razorblade in front of the Pawnshop Owner's face.

SHORT MAN

I hope it was worth it.

Right as the SHORT MAN is about to go to work with his razor the camera begins to swing around the bar. There is no break to a new shot, the shot is continuous. The camera swings around behind the bar and we see JIMMY cowering still under the countertop. We cannot see what is being done to the PAWNSHOP OWNER but we can see his legs and lower body flailing and contorting. His pleas, screams, and the grunts of the men holding him can be heard O.S..

Eventually a small trickle of blood starts to drip down off the counter in front of Jimmy's **face**. JIMMY sees it and closes his eyes.

The next thing we see is the result of the violence on the counter top. The PAWNSHOP OWNER is holding his left hand in the armpit of his right arm. There is a good deal of blood on the counter as well as a growing bloodstain on and around the Pawnshop Owner's shirt. The SHORT MAN holds up a severed index finger, studies it closely for a second, and throws it nonchalantly over his shoulder.

SHORT MAN

Have I persuaded you yet?

The Pawnshop Owner's face is a mask of anger and he draws in a deep breath and spits directly into the Short Man's face. For a moment the SHORT MAN stands contemplating the insult before he wipes the spit off.

SHORT MAN

I really had hoped that it would not come to this.

The SHORT MAN whispers to one of the BIG MEN over his shoulder who then produces a cellphone out of his pocket and dials a number before handing it to the SHORT MAN.

SHORT MAN

(handing the phone across the
counter)
It's for you.

PAWNSHOP OWNER

(taking the phone then slowly)
Hello?

PAWNSHOP OWNER'S DAUGHTER

Daddy? Daddy please where are you I'm scared I...

PAWNSHOP OWNER

Cynthia? Cynthia just you wait honey its gonna
be ok its gonna to be...

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On Knightlink to receive an email
about next year's meeting time

The phone goes dead. The PAWNSHOP OWNER puts his elbows on the table and his head in his hands.

SHORT MAN

Now let's try this one more time.

Where is Jimmy Buchanan?

[end.]



Painting by LIZ KOODIN

ARTWORK



Painting by LIZ KOODIN

If Mollusks Walked the Beach

By PAMELA TANGEL

I wonder what it'd be like
If mollusks walked the beach
Chasing bones of beautiful humans
Pushed just beyond their reach
By churning shores and ripping tides
They'd pick at least a dozen each
I wonder what it'd be like
If mollusks walked the beach

They'd come and set up early
Their umbrellas, pails, and chairs
A six-foot mussel and his wife
And lovely offspring theirs
To comb and scrape and dig and sift
Or simply to peruse
The gallery of bones and parts
Displayed to pick and choose

And humans, unknowingly, beneath the blue
Would shuffle 'cross the sand
Those spiraled and painted regally or-
-in pairs, shut tight, hand in hand
Their fate divided in two paths:
To live and die without dry land
Or roll up dead abreast the ocean
(or worse, in aisle 3, in oil, canned)

Afternoons Abroad, Sub-continents

By Yael Massen

Not a piece of architecture,
as other buildings are, but the proud
passion of an emperor's love wrought
in living stones.

-Sir Edwin Arnold

I throw you into India:
uggo slums of Agra where
urchins will rape your white
cotton pockets, hold you

shankpoint for loaves
of dough:

blueprint daymares: I hypothesize:

my travels lodged between
rock and hard place, Hamas space, Hezbollah
katyushas I write off as mere

possibilities, Ayatollan bird droppings. How down
to fuck I am with

my safety b'ezrat hashem; how chest-cracked shame-
ful, I fear for yours. Can I kill you

off myself in my fourth dimension
afternoons, spare a clink of dice

from the third world? Will reimaginings
stake you silent:

Taj Mahal? Mumtaz had
the upper hand: I want a cheap-shot
rocket swoop to pass me
away before you.



Painting by LIZ KOODIN

Miłość and other lessons from Rosetta Stone

By Yael Massen

I crawl like an apology / across the table: kneecaps

glass-burst cartilage / shards of camera

blinks, ten-second timer's / red pulses: twist my back /

cut to shadows: / city of angles over cigaretted scarlines

* * * * *

he types translated valentine / promises: luggage packed,

decoded prints of boarding / passes between thumb

and forefinger the black-blooming swell of my / bank account: rise the
lungs of my

son on oxygen, / blink the red timer, choose how wide

to part my knees, tilt left before the lens / translates hip fatigue

as come and get me, / the second tongue that waits

to home in / my mouth at baggage claim

Skinned

By Yael Massen

i.

Adam didn't ask me if he could dig a hole with his body; he just did. Picked from the orchard, I lay silent as the layers he peeled. I searched deeper to my core for answers. Maybe I should agree, make my decision by accepting his. I turned to the lore of ancestors: Eve didn't seem to mind that first time, so it should be good enough. I rejected the need to tell him the fruit was still whole, to declare, here lies *Malus Domestica*, observe its perfect form, the absence of teeth marks in the skin. He had no such expectation placed upon him, this storytelling. I knew I should have chanced the Talmud, read of Lilith, created from the same earth as man, her refusal of subservience. Instead, I wrote verse violations in my own temple. He pushed with a pointed weight: breaths of pleasure met moans I made: struck by the fragility of my own bones, his very rib.

ii.

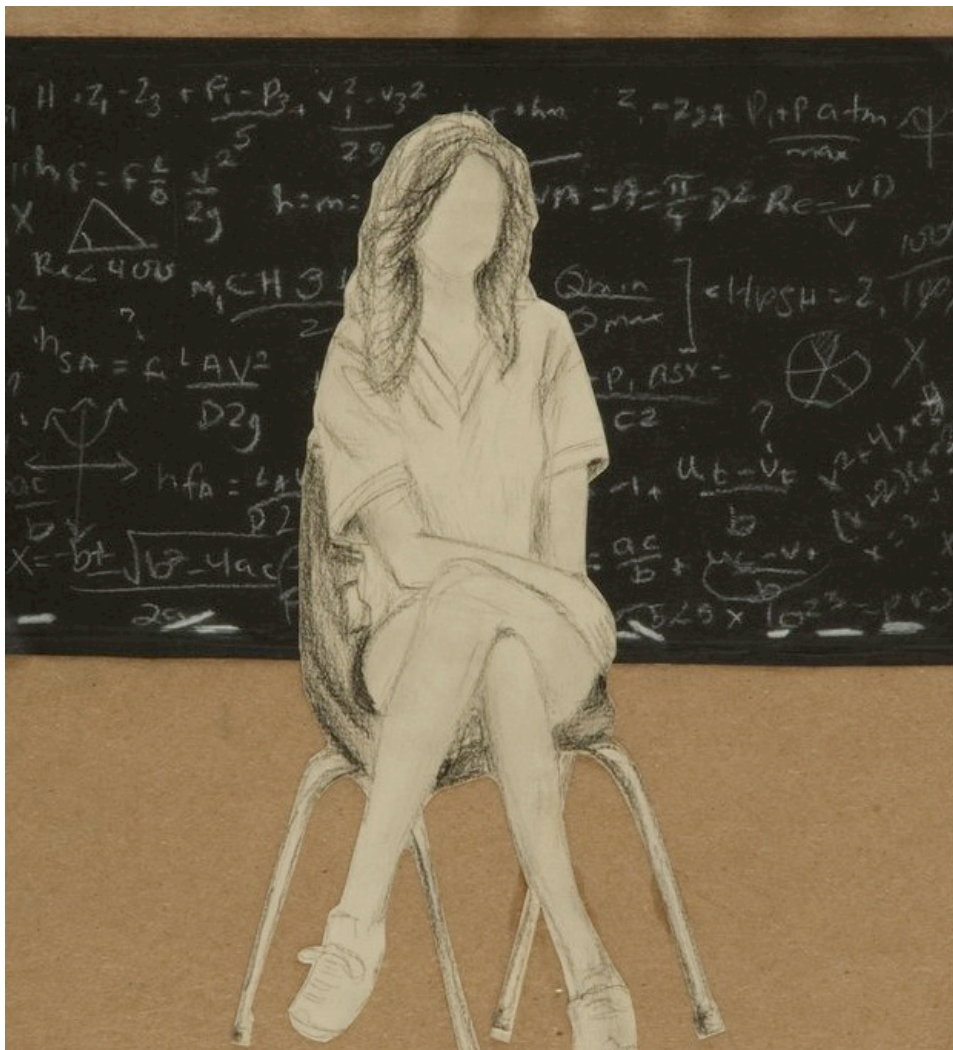
I heard the tick of his grandfather's wristwatch. What would he think of the hunger from a child his child begot? The laryngeal prominence of his head tilted back? We moved together to a golden chime: grandmother's heirloom strung about my neck. What would she say as I lay ripe in the bed of another? Did she ever think I would plant her here?

iii.

Adam did not ask, and I did not tell him, that the red skin of the apple would stitch into his bed, embroider pit deep through white sheets. My turn at deflowering: Mystic thread would blossom in darkness, the flush of our heated bodies, until his mother would tend to his bed on another distant afternoon, find mattress hennaed, plant thoughts in her head: a twisted image of a male in menses, or a wound, its source, lying silent on his naked body. In the echo of the after-rustle, she would admit forfeiture: Blood from the severed cord she did not cut. My filthied hamsa to blame.

iv.

Sharpness sliced me back, away from her sadness, into my body. Adam had seen the mess of his pomaceous feast. Shock smeared on his face; dear god, this apple was whole. I didn't mind the bite: We were not in the garden; the act itself was not forbidden. I should have asked, he whispered. Touched his hand to his lips that dripped the nectar between my hips, and I did not comfort him; he was right.



Painting by LIZ KOODIN

Black Bird, Dress Me Up in Pink

By ALICIA GOODWIN

“Darkling I listen – and for many
 a time – I have been half in love
 with easeful Death, Call'd him soft
 names in many a muséd rhyme,
 To take into the air
 my quiet breath”
 – John Keats

Corvus corax, mischievous fiend
 flap mulberry feathers, caw
 “dibs” (my bag of bones). Scrape carrion,
 flesh from ivory, a ribcage
 of stalagmite teeth;
 dress me in a fuchsia gown.

Dance drunk at my wake
 like an Irish slag; squawk
 a tune to the damned; keep that window
 closed. My spirit breathes: alive.

I do not wish to leave this world
 in silence, nor diminish soft breath
 by shallow breath, merge with fire
 lit dusk to darkness.

Sweet, would-be thrush, your song
 is no lament, tail dipped not
 in blood; you sing for love with tawny
 feathers. Skull two point three inches

round; a crow's a smarter muse.
I crave a bird that hums
in daylight, trills jarring notes,
vibrates deep, the throat, warbles
solemn tunes.

I am Morrigan; cast me in magenta wax;
stand me naked, bare-breasted, tall
in a museum: an ode to jackdaws,
an elegy for rooks.

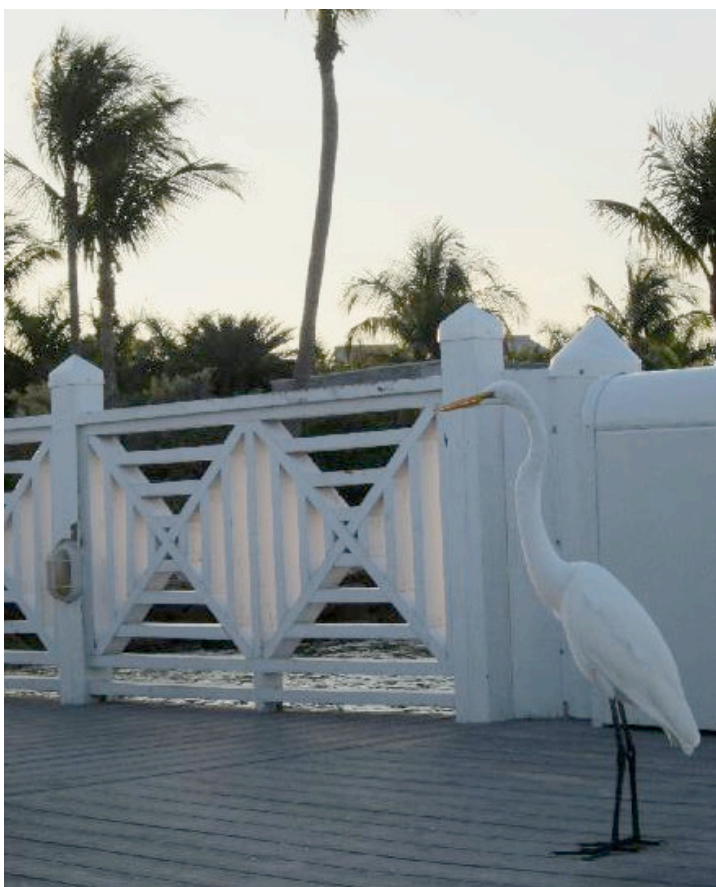


Photo by PAMELA TANGEL

Orchard of Pressing Lips

By ALICIA GOODWIN

Do you remember that fall
when the Galas were sweet?
We picked apples for hours,
spent the height of day in
trees, sweat under rays
of lingering sun, sucked juices

from fruit we felt was ripe. We
dug our nails into delicate flesh,
checked first for rotting, pressed
our thumbs to bruises. Malus

domestica – you told me, is prime
for harvest tasting when ethylene
seeps from pulp. At high concentration
we pressed mouths, sunk our teeth
into thin skin, devoured – crisp

the crop of late October. You wrapped
my shoulders in fleece while I nibbled
at the mesocarp. The apples were so ripe
they nearly fell from branches, twisted
from the stems and floated to our palms.

On Ontario

By KYLE SKOVIRA

spring fell upon us
mid-winter,
too naïve and
a little more than confused:

we were sitting on rocks
sitting on the shore of a lake,
looking up at the sky –
clichéd breadth

the water's fingers were
stretching themselves,
reaching through cracks in the ice and
gently clutching the reflection of stars –

and I can't help but laugh:

January's ending with warm breeze
and the mosquitoes,
fools duped into thinking it
was even close to the appropriate time.

Calm

By KYLE SKOVIRA

Find air:
fresh breath breeze
wind scraping water's surface gently –

flee the ebb
wade in the flow

and break
only fallen sticks
for a fire's warmth
in April's depths –
biting shirt collars cold

like a November's dark memory:

crystal showers fell
like tears one confuses with joy and yet
joyous feelings fail to persist
amongst the eclecticity of singular moments
where, storm passing,
one can find air.

The Moment

By JENNIE CONWAY

I. Gasp

All your life you've been preparing for this. Months, years of training have boiled down to this moment.

You tie back your hair, feeling the soft strands brush against your shoulder blades comfortably. You pull on your clothes, your favorite shirt, your lucky underwear, the socks your mom bought you for Christmas.

You slip on your shoes, feel the muscles of your back clench. Your shoulders feel tight, as if they've been cramped for far too long. You haven't even made it out of your room, but already you can feel your heartbeat vibrate in your chest, a rush of blood makes your muscles pulse and suddenly your skin is too small, too tight to contain you.

You need to go.

II. Shudder

You're here, bouncing, ready to go. You see the people around you, some shake, others pace, some are calmly in a corner. But you, you feel as if you've already run a marathon but mentally, your mind is as paranoid and skittish as an addict in withdrawal.

What if you can't do it? There's a huge possibility that you will fail. Your head whips towards the clock, eyes twitch at the methodic hands that move agonizingly slow.

Your legs flinch, your heart is beating so fast that you need several deep, ragged breaths to stop your shuddering chest.

"Almost," you murmur, shutting your eyes to regain control of your breathing.

You open your eyes, your eyebrows raise at how close you are. Your palms become sweaty and you hurriedly wipe them down your sides, driving off as much moisture as you can.

They tell you to get ready.

Close eyes, deep breath.

“Begin.”

Eyes open.

III. Breathe

You never realized that before this moment, you’d been carrying sandbags and concrete blocks on your shoulders. For the first time in a long time, your posture is straight and you feel as if you could sprout wings.

You let out air that you didn’t know your lungs were holding and suddenly, there is utter calm.



THANKS FOR READING!

*Join us on Knightlink to receive
emails about our plans for next year!*

*& send any summer work to
mint@geneso.edu*