

TIGER LEAPING REVIEW

issue 3
summer '24



TABLE OF CONTENTS

Editor's Note	3
"ITHACA" by A. Daniyal	4
"ZEITGEIST" by A. Daniyal	5
"Son" by Bruce Gunther	6
"Tarqeq" by James Joseph Brown	7
"Before the world ends, you study sonnet 17 in AP Spanish V" by Jessica Bakar	8
"time-space compression (at the alameda county fair)" by Jessica Bakar	9
"Phenotype" by Jillian Lei Belaro	10
"sign names" by Lucien	11
"a brief questionnaire (customer support)" by Maria Duran	13
"screaming internally" by Morgan Lin	15
"fluttering" by O.P. Jha	17
"Rowers on the Arno" by Reese Bentzinger	19
"Manhattan" by Sandra S. Newton	21
"Halo" by Stephen Mead	22

EDITOR'S NOTE

Dear Reader,

Thank you for taking the time to read our third issue. Over the span of this quarter, we've read so much fantastic poetry, and we're thrilled to share our new volume of poems with you all. We received a record number of submissions during this reading period, and as we read each submission, our final decision proved to become harder and harder. Because of this we would like to sincerely thank everyone who submitted to us during this issue. We are so truly grateful to all our readers and submitters; Tiger Leaping Review could not have come this far without all of you.

The journey into our third issue was filled with ups and downs. We've celebrated so many successes this quarter that looking back upon it, it seems hard to believe. From getting out in Duotrope and Chill Subs, to now publishing our third-ever issue, it's astonishing that the dream we shared on one hot summer day in 2023 has now blossomed into a home of so many magical poems and wonderful readers in 2024. We'd also like to acknowledge the struggles we've overcome, from staying consistent on social media to sifting through pages of feedback and poetry during late hours to meet deadlines. But it's all of you – our wonderful submitters and readers – that have made this process possible, and these past few months have truly helped Tiger Leaping Review grow into our role as a publication.

Our issue this quarter contains so many voices from so many diverse backgrounds, and we're so excited to welcome them to Tiger Leaping Review. "I still dream of New York tangled with memories of you, / Inseparable understanding that follows the hallways of history", writes Sandra Salinas Newton in Manhattan, encapsulating the pain of moving on while stuck in the past. In a different manner, Reese Bentzinger writes in Rowers on the Arno: "I dip in and out / of understanding languages I don't speak, sinking / into the desire the city sings in me" when pondering the true familiarity of a relationship. Each poem individually is unique, but we've found that when combining each message, the harmony of each voice is what makes Tiger Leaping Review truly special.

The crafting of each individual issue is truly a privilege, and we are so grateful to be sharing these amazing works with you. We welcome you to Issue 3, and we hope that you can be inspired by the work our wonderful poets have created.

Yours truly,

Mira Sridharan, Claire Wang, and Kenna Zhang

Editors-in-Chief at *Tiger Leaping Review*

ITHACA

by A. Daniyal

Despair not, sailor
shipwrecked in a lonely cosmos
surely with each league traversed
all spaceships come closer
to their planets.

Just promise me this
that when you once again kiss
the stony shores of your Ithaca
you will be a much more
merciful Ulysses.

ZEITGEIST

by A. Daniyal

To think that in an era
where humanity can at last tear
into the secrets of distant nebulas,
folly rules sovereign on this earth.
We are casually strolling
towards our own annihilation,
taking photographs.
Bid fond farewell to reason.
The falconer has bit off the head
of his falcon on live television,
there is pandemonium on streets
amidst screaming, sloganeering,
air raid sirens, bombings,
diatribes and railings
while wailing of children
grows ever more silent.

There is never a good time
for any of this to happen,
yet here we are.

And there was never a good time
for you, Man of my time,
lying with your hand on your hand
watching
this twenty-first century global chaos theater
on a bleak screen
wondering
was this really
the only way
things could have turned out?

A. Daniyal

was born in Lahore, Pakistan, and grew up in a small town in northern Italy. He moved to Canada in 2008. He has been published in The Imagist Review, The Polyglot, Ahoy Literary, among others. He lives in Montreal.

Son

by Bruce Gunther

If the right word blossoms,
put it in its proper place.

Let rain fall on your love's
eyelashes until they glisten.

Turn inward. Beneath many layers
lies the answer to that question.

You are a man. Take flight with
your man's wings.

Go to a body of water. Watch
it shiver under the new moon.

Squeeze between the lines of your
favorite haiku. Live there for a day.

There will be hatred and resentment.
There will be all of us, too.

Men in your family have tried rage
and failed. Proceed with caution.

Let your heart and its sensitivities expand
in ever-widening circles.

Distilled to a single drop the liquid reveals
its secret. It has something to do with love.

Bruce Gunther

is a former journalist and writer who lives in Bay City, MI. Happily retired, he enjoys time with family, writing, working out, meditation, music, and bird-watching, among other activities. He's a graduate of Central Michigan University. His poems have appeared in the Dunes Review, the Banyan Review, the Comstock Review, Modern Haiku, and others.

Tarqeq

by James Joseph Brown

The spirit of this moon is a hunter in the sky, wielding a delicate
curve of stars as a bow, an archer who appears when someone makes
you sink into yourself, squeeze your eyes shut and hope you'll disappear
when I was ten, the neighborhood bully who said he was my friend
who used to shoot squirrels out of trees with his bow then cut them
open and sink them into the brook behind his house, sat me down on
his bed, told me, don't move, don't you dare fucking move, nocked
an arrow into his bow and stretched it into a taut triangle, a space where
I tried to find an undiscovered geometry that could equation me away
or discover a black hole where I could make myself disappear, don't you
dare fucking move, his hand shaking, what's the matter, don't you trust me?
frozen in place, tensed and straining, wanting to shimmer through the air
leap through the door, tail flickering just out of reach, slip into the night
find my way back to the brook, drink deeply beneath the moonless sky

James Joseph Brown

is an American writer and educator based in Dubai. He received his MFA from the University of Nevada, Las Vegas. Some of his recently published poetry has appeared in The Raven Review, Resurrection Magazine, and in the anthology The Book of Life After Death. Visit him at www.jamesjosephbrown.com or find him on social media.

Before the world ends, you study sonnet 17 in AP Spanish V

by Jessica Bakar

After Pablo Neruda

I don't love you as if you were a rose of salt,
topaz,
Or raspberry rock candy dazzling
on the tongue,
A geode cracked open,
unfurling peach pit,
perhaps,
I love you in the fissure—
metamorphic mistranslation
of body and earth.
In the reflex of falling
you play Pangea, fractals split
light borne
from two hands.
Hold the edge of oblivion
in your shadow,
While I swallow pebbles
to slip through your cracks.

time-space compression (at the alameda county fair)

by Jessica Bakar

my memory melts in omniscience——object permanence——midnights, websites, plain air pride flag in the garden——this is a morbid curiosity, to wonder if all fireworks have the same lifetime——lifeline——language feels like your tongue only more forgiving——a sunburn peeling into before and after, the moment in your palm——it's 102° and 3:03 and pigs fly past the place my childhood best friend left me——they say writing is talking about one thing while saying another——I mean that the kissed mouth spells virtue when I say there's a butterfly collection in——O, delicate delusion——the cupid's bow is a dilution when lips have two sides, two wings, six-three——Elenis, let's not get political now——a No-Face sculpture in C——black-robed beauty——I supplicate to say Amen to, the Arbiter of——the truth is: my wings are tethered to your ribcage where safety pin cuts skin——how the pin becomes you——cradled in the corner of the parking lot I call the womb——it is 94° and 3:04, and time to go.

Jessica Bakar

is a young writer and undergraduate at McGill University. She's a two-time National Scholastic gold medalist and a three-time Best of the Net nominee. Her prose has been recognized by Ringling College, Columbia College Chicago, and the Bay Area Creative Foundation, among others. You can read her work in Apprentice Writer, Lumiere Review, Talon Review, and more. When she isn't studying or writing, Jessica dedicates herself to pretending she isn't allergic to cats.

Phenotype

by Jillian Lei Belaro

Not as vast but as one

Chased by the approaching darkness to be imprisoned
and disappear

The movement of the lines is orchestrated
uneven yet with a release leading to the end
on the surface of nothingness
where it is contained by a vast rectangle

followed by an inverted triangle
shaped in a limited space so that the few
at the forefront can freely float and be seen in the endless darkness

They are the few on top of desolation—bright
and shaped

ruling the world where nothing is formed or created

Not as vast but as one

from the bottom, the light will pierce through again
continuing the raging lyrics of penetration
showing the eyes and the shadows of the few
who were buried

forgotten
and said to have vanished

This is the art of liberation
not shaped by the few forms
but created by the
single light

Jillian Lei Belaro

is a Literature major who worked as writer and researcher in various local organizations and has experience working in one of the known publishing house in the Philippines. Her works explore how humans exist and make meaning out of the absurdity of life.

sign names by Lucien

i've been told if without use,
my face collects dust
as my fingers rub grime
all over my mouth,
saying the smell of silence
rots my jaw,

but they clearly have not
felt language dance through braille,
how it can escape the clumsy
clacking of teeth
and spill like footnotes
explaining our birthmarks
like asterisks,
the tiny stars in our vision.

my name is tangible.
how the life of it can run
a hand through your hair,
the it is more
than a fraction of my body,
a borrowed legacy from the bible
i will return when i am too
forgotten to be meaningful.
how it gasped
when my mother let it go,
having it refuse to sink
through the pit
in her stomach
into a leftover in her body
that would have become
a phantom limb i could have
felt throb when words cannot translate
into muscle memory.
how many poems
my mother would not digest

for me
when she instead swallowed
half the meat of a mango,
a chewed up slab
of porridge,
tangerine peels
that refuse to be squished
and eaten like synonyms
refolded
into a single meaning.

the life in me refuses
to be learnt like a vocabulary,
and is studied
like a way to look at a blackbird,
turning language
into communication
and our mouths into an invention
of our faces.

when they collect dust,
names too intangible
to hug,
words become breathing holes
to the body,
and i will breathe so silently
that the alphabet shivers
in the absence of my hands.

Lucien

is a Hong Kong based (song)writer and summer child who loves the smell of candy stores. His works have been published in the Eunoia Review, Hotpot Magazine, Dusk Magazine among many others. He also writes silly love songs for his studio band, Orphic. You can find him on Instagram: @delucienal_

a brief questionnaire (customer support)

by Maria Duran

please allow me to arrange language.

this is a service given to you for the pleasure of your experience.

firstly,

note the servile tilt of my chin

my clever mouth my vocabulary

(non-native) gleaming with satin artificiality.

please – let me. follow me if you would be so
very kind

to sit down on the table and listen.

have of my as an offer this immersive fiction:

my voice lisping

something beautiful and meaningful in your language
about:

- ☐ warm bread fresh fruit bruised love beneath the skin.
- ☐ alterations in the subsoil
- ☐ a pelagic grief
- ☐ a slow sort of sunday horror
- ☐ my mother
- ☐ my grandmother
- ☐ my grandmother's forced marriage at sixteen
- ☐ my father, ad nauseum
- ☐ my father's father
- ☐ portuguese politics portuguese fascism quaint portuguese pastries
- ☐ my many name's many meaning
- ☐ faithlessness, in a dozen variation, God or god or she-god girl-god dead-god
nun-god sun-god employer-god
- ☐ my unemployment, ad nauseum
- ☐ the hills which are the bones of lisbon and also its burial grounds the hills
sloping indifferently towards the new century's old denouncement the hill with
their dying river fowl and they fata morgana love stories
- ☐ my vocabulary (non-native) so smug about its non-native mastery of english
so sly and sleek about easy conjugations flinching at the memory of native

voicelessness the peculiar silence and bad-speak of lisping the mother tongue in and out of therapy.

thank you for your attention so far.

this is a customized experience. please fill out the options that best suit your precise tastes.

please allow me to offer you the experience of my poetics that best suits your tastes.

if you are willing of course we shall follow along presently – if you would you:

- ☐ sit down politely and pretend at interest
- ☐ refuse and feel badly for not perfecting and/or punishing yourself with unusual lit mag entries for not being literary enough polished sophisticated unusual original dedicated to craft respectful culturally broadminded
- ☐ sit down without comment
- ☐ respect me a little less for asking when poetry ought to grasp uncompromising ought to bruise the hand that hold a little at least a little like fruit spilling out of a warm summer

Maria Duran (she/her)

is an art historian and curator from Lisbon, Portugal. She writes poetry and prose, studies little known nineteenth-century painters, and is currently writing a chapbook. Her literary work has been published or is forthcoming with Helvética Press, Gilbert & Hall Press, Black Moon Magazine, Erato Magazine, tiny wren lit and Dead Hand Lit, among others. Her art work has been exhibited in digital exhibitions and several zines. Maria Duran (@m.mar.duran) • Instagram.

screaming internally

by Morgan Lin

you drink your liquid
wine like sanguine blood
staining laceless shoes in
dead of day, loss of night

you criticize classless society
ScReEChEs blanket virgin earlobes of
children caged in metal bars.
the rusting iron ceases to dissolve.

my love, you sing of tunes
of blues of irony through
hums of trough, fear of ambiguity.
rustling angelic feathers to be mysterious

wrinkles crease your forehead.
the purse of your lips bounding loveless sorrow
pride, overcomes every mile
of skin. every decibel of your inner voice

inhale and exhale. exercises will never amount to
the unwinding of thoughts spiraling through
hourglass vines of string...
grains of sand intertwined

your eyes blend
into mine and suddenly,
once again suddenly
we are equals.

Morgan Lin

is an Asian American female writer who strives to evoke vivid imagery and interweave themes of nostalgia, guilt, and requiem through her words. Her work celebrates the richness of human interaction and the depth of intangible emotions.

Like a spider's delicate web, the radial lines of her identity extend from a central point, honoring the small details and quiet actions that occur amidst the noise. Through her journey, she has learned to respect the singularity of a detail and the fluidity of poetry as a whole.

fluttering

by O.P. Jha

for solving riddles residing inside
and puzzles spread around
I mounted on high hills
swam in furious tides
fell into stinking deep ditches

some puzzles were resolved
as an easily comprehensible couplet
some riddles remained unsolved
as an open-end story

a butterfly came and whispered in my ears
night has gone, take it as the dawn
day is short, the dusk may fall soon
rub your wings and fly without any weight-load

as a tired man, I took a shelter with no dent
for rainfall, and transported myself
into a pleasant mood with no rotten metaphor
slept on uneven ground without caring a trite simile

such moments are blissful
when a butterfly comes, rubs its wings
whispers something in ears
and then flies away

its fluttering may not be felt
in an opaque medium
but it's felt in each throb
in my heart

something didn't happen
something has happened,
and bliss is happening
in some echoes.

O.P. Jha

O.P. Jha's works appeared in The Indian Literature, Rigorous, Mantis, You Might Need To Hear This, Punt Volat, Zoetic Press, Discretionary Love, In Parentheses, Shot Glass Journal, Lothlorien Poetry Journal, ANTHRA Zine, The Interwoven Journal, The Cry Lounge, The Odessa Collective Magazine, Backchannels Journal, Homer's Odyssey, The Broken Teacup, Poetry Pacific, Five Fleas-Itchy Poetry and other journals. He is the author of an inspiring book Management Guru Lord Krishna. He has translated more than two dozen books including the works of Turkish writers – Ahmet Hamadi Tanpinar and Yekta Kopan. He has Doctoral degree in "Translation Studies". twitter: @OP Jha17

Rowers on the Arno

by Reese Bentzinger

This apartment's a small space. In winter
the tiles turn into gelato. Summer makes sugar stick
to your toes as they melt in the Tuscan heat.
But there's enough room
for you. I'll sleep on the couch
next to the sink so you can take
my twin bed and I'll nest
in your arms.

There's this cafe
I walk to every day that I want you to see
meet the barista who knows my order
but not my name. Un macchiato?
Si. A splash of cream
to balance the bitter. Familiarity
where most people go home before
you know their patterns,
like the stripes of red and white
on the rowers on the Arno, their synchronized strokes
perfect parallel lines.

It's cold now. Not biting
like Missouri but flurries settled in my kitchen,
created a frost layer on my stove. I need
your feet to warm the floor, the steam
of your chest fogging the windows,
our breaths joining the city's tide, sweat
sticking my arm to your torso, making me
stay when life wants me to go.

I don't know you
like I thought I did. I don't believe you
listened to a word I said.
But I know your body,
how its rise and fall align with mine
like oars on the Arno. I dip in and out

of understanding languages I don't speak, sinking
into the desire the city sings in me.

Reese Bentzinger

is a poet based in St. Louis, Missouri. Her work has been published in The Marbled
Sigh, Livina Press, and other publications. You can follow her on Instagram
[@reese_b_](#).

Manhattan

by Sandra S. Newton

I still dream of New York tangled with memories of you,
Inseparable understanding that follows the hallways of history
Through the web of the barely known scratched into the unknown
And vomited in a dusty corner when the darkness stalks nearer.

This is a city of gaunt trees clinging pitifully to dying leaves,
Of mica sidewalks glistening with the rain that tastes of rivers,
Of rivers drowning in their odorous, oily water:
The island that floats upon its own world of eternal metamorphosis.

Your attitude was imbued with those sparkling streets
Of reveries and in your careful, conscious tailoring
Measured and sewn by gnarled hands on Seventh Avenue
Where yesterday's machines murmur under the sweat of labor.

So you straddled the old and the new with delicate balance
As you juggled love with subjugated domination while knowing
There is no separation between freedom and betrayal:
One is the ship, the other the sea on which it always sails.

Sandra Salinas Newton

is a Filipina-American poet and novelist, and a professor emeritus of English currently living in Austin, Texas. She was one of four finalists in the 2022 Writers' League of Texas Manuscript Contest (Historical Fiction category). Her published work includes texts, essays, and currently, novels as well as poetry in over sixty online and print journals. Two poetry chapbooks will be published in February 2025.

Halo

by Stephen Mead

This is again my sea-change,
ripple of ultramarine disc,
amber through peridot mist
stopping up the vocal chords,
waves of winds.

Beneath the burka of liquid burlap,
self-imposed, where pink lips are,
I imagine the scream is that of a deaf person
articulating feelings finally, those words stampeding
too fast for the brain fearing what it hears.

Still, Helen Keller's fingers understood quickly
the mercury of water, and still maybe I too
can scoop my voiceless state into some sphere
of visibility.

Good enough yet? If not now, when?

Listen. There is no need to ask that pier
of halos beckoning – *come in, come in.*

Listen. There is no need to ask
once one is the weather of the change that occurred.

Stephen Mead

is a retired Civil Servant, having worked two decades for three state agencies. Before that his more personally fulfilling career was fifteen years in healthcare. Throughout all these day jobs he was able to find time for writing poetry/essays and creating art. Occasionally he even got paid for this work. Currently he is resident artist/curator for The Chroma Museum, artistic renderings of LGBTQI historical figures, organizations and allies predominantly before Stonewall, The Chroma Museum.