



Poetry that covers grand subjects and themes, from family, nature, animals and country life, to death, loss, grief, hope and redemption. Poems that 'transport' you out of the mundane. Introducing Perfectly Timeless Timing by Kyra Ziel.

Perfectly Timeless Timing

By Kyra Ziel

Order the book from the publisher Booklocker.com

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/13236.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**



KYRA ZIEL

Perfectly
Timeless
TIMING

TIMELESS POETRY COLLECTION

Copyright © 2024 Kyra Ziel

Print ISBN: 978-1-958891-34-6

Ebook ISBN: 979-8-88531-618-7

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., Trenton, Georgia.

The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

BookLocker.com, Inc.

2024

First Edition

Library of Congress Cataloguing in Publication Data

Ziel, Kyra

Perfectly Timeless Timing by Kyra Ziel

Library of Congress Control Number: 2023921688

Table of Contents

Preface	7
Part I - In a Turtle's Eye	9
T Town Secret	11
Octopus Dreams	12
Ripped.....	13
South American Delirium.....	16
Part II - In a Bird's Eye.....	19
Birds Spy	21
Grand	23
Periwinkle Phase.....	25
Visioning	27
Traces	29
Feathered Message	30
Freedom Appeal	32
Unakin	33
Part III - In a Mustang's Eye	35
Wonder of Paradise.....	37
Chill Country	40
Treasured	45
Horse Next Door.....	49
Interior	52
Part IV - In a Tiger's Eye.....	55
Pining Place	57
Wasteland	58
Votive	59
Memo.....	60
Shine On	61
Crocodile	63
Invisible	64
About the Author	65

Part I

In a Turtle's Eye

T Town Secret

The sea turtle comes, goes
Travels great distances as if a joy
Wrapped in such quiet ebullience slows
Surveys the undersea habitats benevolently
As it swims with great purpose and keenly knows
At all times its natural surroundings, never provoking
While simply with its presence, many a good thing invoking

Though in the doing, the gentle creature can barely hear a sound
Still in the mighty waters much waves and vibrations abound
And the sea turtle masters its domain, it seems, effortlessly
It plays its special role undersea, peacefully, resolutely
Content in the cool wet world, a dimension apart
That embraces the fire in its beating heart
In its large, greatly soft, warm eyes
That reflect unspoken truths
And nothing of lies

The mightily gentle sea turtle knows no regret
Hints of, within its soul, a beautiful secret
A dazzling mystery none for the telling
Hidden securely somewhere beyond
The sea's ebbing and swelling

Octopus Dreams

What do the Octopuses dream?
Behind their closed eyes
Is it vivid and keen?

Do they recount with a joy their waking time
Flowing purposefully in the flow of the deeply sublime
Moving freely and deftly unfettered in their miraculous home
Camouflaging brilliantly, perfectly
With even a most subtle tone?

What do the Octopuses dream,
As they happily imbibe a wet brilliance
Engulfing their forms and informing
In them such a brilliant resilience?

As they may dream,
Their eyes and arms move
Undulate delicately
They flash randomly, marvelously
Changing patterns strikingly

Changing patterns of an unchanging, exquisite mystery
Octopus dreams Divinely wrapped in unfailing surety

Ripped

The lure of the sea was powerfully great on that day
As they were drawn to a bay where much fish play
But as they arrived and settled on the white sand
A silent message seemed to roll over the water
As if to say better now to remain on the land

But the message was drowned out by the drive
For them to enter the water snorkel and dive
Though the watery surface was not placid
A bit choppy and visibility a bit turbid
As they navigated with their snorkels
Refused to sit it out on their laurels

Then the drive took on a differing allure

As he sought a bit more from the adventure
She chose to heed a message in the turbidity
Responding to it somewhat more timidly
And relaxed on the beach in the sun
While he ratcheted up the fun
Gradually made his way
Deeper into the bay

Ripped

And she could still keep an eye out for him
Though he was now as far as the anchored yacht
He would head back from that mouth of the bay
Soon surely returning to shore she thought

But as more time passed by
And she checked again
He was nary closer
No, instead gone

From any sight

More time passed
Still no reemergence
She prayed silently at last

The current, the current took him
At the mouth of the bay, sea unabated
Made known the reason for a choppy swim
Before he knew of his distance, miscalculated

He swam, struggled to stay afloat
But then soon realized it was to no avail
No closer to shore no sign of a rescuing boat
His presence barely visible and bound for travail

Ripped

His strength waned, then he chose to focus on floatation
By and by a wave appeared, and he let it carry him
Then shoreline appeared off in the distance
He maneuvered, ever closer to the rim
More waves carried him onward
Closer...closer, land toward!

Great sea's waves lashed that craggy shoreline
To him a sight to behold and purely sublime

Then more waves on toward the heading
Their relentless crashing would ensue
Smacking him hard against a rock
And as he gave silent thanks
For the Divine rescue

He rested some moments with the rock etched into his leg
A scar he would carry proudly for many years ahead
Now with his bearings, he followed the trail
To the beach where she hoped, prayed
Then, something told her - look up
And there in her sights stayed
The vision of him returning
Baptized in the immersing
Reborn in blood blending

South American Delirium

Examining enigmatic, prehistoric footprints
I was as if transported...in but an instant
As though, moved through time glints
Back to an unnamed, ambient past,
Into a place, unadulterated, vast
A zone existing easily in peace
Where many immense beasts
With untold, majestic girth
Propel clouds on a breath

A pair of winged beasts dances in mid-air
As plentiful plant life sways beneath their lair

A behemoth dragonfly promenades
Mammoth beetles nestle in the glades

The water steams with vigor
Amid ripples, living islands stir
Unaware of their gigantic posture
While early evening prompts the rhythm
Of daytime crowd's approaching departure
Met by nighttime's countless numbers wakened
By the beat
I can see the steamy waters waning
Feel a stubborn warmth taming
Any chill bucking the heat

South American Delirium

Huge snakes with no end linger
In ubiquitous pools, slither
The waves of their going
Ripple outward flowing

Into timeless shadows

Gentle giants, mute and languid amble
In such delectable vegetation ample
No insect brave in hive or horde

Arouses them in their hollows

Colossal moths
Swarthy bird-bats
Play games of stealth
With great agility and skill
Maneuver, seek out, then pelt
And my gaze follows their antics
Then, falls on exposed bellies of rock
Where no need or semblance of semantics
Presents footprints, 2 sets, they seem to mock
And them petrified in the stratum, each side by side

One unquestionably human...

South American Delirium

At once, I snapped back as if with the sight about to collide

Into the present looming

Though, still fixated on those most ancient of remnants
Those two sets of keenly undeniable bewilderments

They say that mankind was never present, then

But how easily the artifacts
Petrified
Seemed to make clarified
They lied...



Poetry that covers grand subjects and themes, from family, nature, animals and country life, to death, loss, grief, hope and redemption. Poems that 'transport' you out of the mundane. Introducing Perfectly Timeless Timing by Kyra Ziel.

Perfectly Timeless Timing

By Kyra Ziel

Order the book from the publisher Booklocker.com

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/13236.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**