

**STEVE MYERS**

**On "Africa Time"**

Time seemed a rift we'd wandered into,  
the moon drifting over ghostly mine dumps, the sun  
surfacing slow-motion on a young woman emerging, dream-  
or *dagga*-languid, from her home, her body sheathed in cream-colored  
shift and sweater, lifting her arms, pressing palms together, stretching to her left—  
as a dancer might release tension, standing in the wings before an entrance—  
while behind, along the beige-brushed wall, her shadow, like the cast hand  
of a sundial, passed, and whether it was jet lag, or a trick of optics,  
appeared to move more quickly than she, as if ticking off  
a calculus: charts; proofs; actuarial tables; the virus  
was everywhere; already it was late June,  
the shortest day of winter.