

The six days world transposing in an hour

by [Malcolm Guite](#) in the [September 25, 2019](#) issue

Twenty-four seven in “the six days world,”  
In endless cycles of unnerving news,  
Relentlessly our restless hurts are hurled  
Through empty cyber-space. Is there no muse  
To make of all that pain an elegy,  
Or in those waves of white noise to discern  
Christ’s inner *cantus firmus*, that deep tone  
That might give rise at last to harmony?

We may not seal it off or drown it out,  
Nor close our hearts down in the hour of prayer,  
But listening through dissonance and doubt,  
Wait in the space between, until we hear  
A change of key, a secret chord disclosed,  
A kind of tune, and all the world transposed.