

Off Vendome

Dustin Hodges

The Brown Decades

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Ackerstraße 53, Düsseldorf

I have called brown a historical colour ... | ... catch from the years the lines of joy
... impatient & repeated day ... | The stream of golden honey that flowed from the
bottle ... so long and viscous ... | ... come down by a movement in which gravity
plays no part ... | I feel that somewhere birds ... are drunk to be amid strange spray
and skies ... | ... things come down, wings make them rise: what wings ... can make
things come down without weight? ... | The rattle of frozen fish, the lash of steam /
from rosy tearooms –roaches streaked with silver ... | ... radiant, cold ... petal or
butterfly, uncrumpling, all according to order, clear and elemental ... | Take then,
take for joy my wild gift, / a plain dry necklace of dead bees, / bees that changed
honey into sunlight.

Oswald Spengler, *The Decline of the West*, trans. Charles Francis Atkinson (Alfred A. Knopf, New York 1926) | Robert Duncan, *The Years As Catches* (Oyez, Berkeley 1966) | Osip Mandelstam, *Selected Poems*, trans. David McDuff (Farrar, Strauss and Giroux, New York 1973) | Simone Weile, *Gravity and Grace*, trans. Emma Craufurd, (Routledge and Kegan Paul, London, 1952) | Osip Mandelstam, *ibid.* | Stéphane Mallarmé, *Selected Poetry and Prose*, trans. Peter and Mary Ann Caws (New Directions Publishing, New York, 1988) | Stéphane Mallarmé, *Divigations*, trans. Barbara Johnson (Belknap Press, Cambridge 2007) | Osip Mandelstam, *ibid.*

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