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Erogenous Zone

David Rice

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ERROREZ SUZONZONZE

sensual poetry by David Rice



Kaja

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Prison Writings #487

"Joining"

i remember, on the hill
naked you upon the grass
your legs so pretty gapped
your legs spread wide
and the pale blue moon shone upon your dark lagoon
as you lay there prone
your syrupy moan
rang in my ears
like the erotic cry of a baritone sax
i remember how you drew me down
with your magical magnetic pull
with you upon the ground
we melted there as wax
intense flame between us
fulfilled mutual dreams mingling
our bodies tingling
and the warm night summer air enveloping us
encircling us
as silently we said tender things
and lusciously turbulent things
the message traveled back and forth between our skins
shuttling through the open doors of our open pores
as we made love upon the
emerald green rug of the earthen floor.

"Electric Clarinet"

in my hands you are a clarinet
your sensitive body responding to my touches
a rainbow of sounds shrill to mellow
wave upon wave
from you come purples of sound
and bright yellows
electricity to my fingers
can i help but unwind in kind
to the beauty of your song
as its melody spellbound holds me
entranced in your magnetic field
the rapture of your music embracing me
shuttling me through the octaves
divergent pitches
looping chord switches of your composition
you who transcend labels
and the clutch of ill-fitting names
i lie warm in the rhapsody
of your harmonic vibrations
nestled warm in your licking flames.

Prison Writings #484

"Sitting Across From You"

seems like a brush fire in your eyes
how brightly blazing and raging
they scorch me
as across the table from me
you loving stare
straight in your chair
in black marble living
seeming to be statuesque
your yellow cotton blouse adorns your
contoured sculpted breast
the sun comes through the window
gathers around your face
yellow butterflies amplifying your cherry mouth
glowing eyes
chocolate silky skin complexion
a thousand times
if by chance
it should seem to you that i'm entranced
it should come as no amazement
sucked as i am by your warm enchantment
and the pull of your voodoo glance
your face's reflection
shimmers in the hot cocoa
seeming to do a voodoo dance.

Prison Writings #441

"J.B. Coming"

the woman has eight children
as much a part of her as her arms, legs, hands
i have taken to understand
the intensity with which she loves them
it is good to see her walking
singing with the softest whistle in her voice
down the sidewalk toward me
her children around her orbiting her as planets
in a universe wherein happiness as stardust settles
it is good to see her coming
the way her dress clings snug and pretty
where her ample thighs come to meet
good to see her coming down the street
can feel how good it is in the up-tempo swing
of my quickened heartbeat
soon i know i will let her in and her tribe of kids
we'll sit on the floor and eat
later on i'll help her kiss each child
put them to bed and turn out their bedrooms' lights
everything'll be all right
woman and me burn incense
make love clear throughout the darkness
'til the bright sun obliterates the night.

Reprinted from LIFE DEATH AND LOVE

Prison Writings #203

"Little Mama, Can you Croon"

oh
little mama
can you croon
can you c-r-o-o-n
can you croon a little taste for me
as i am tired and my body is weary
can you lay me down
and sing me a love song
kinda slow an' easy
and run your nimble fingers
along the strings of this guitar
emitting sounds
like you do
whenever we make love
can you do it to me
as i need this kind of soothing
as my body aches
and lids seem too heavy for sleep
this little favor i ask to borrow
croon for me now
and i'll pay you back tomorrow.

Prison Writings #171

"You Know How Long It Has Been"

let it be a small marking
visible on the surface of my being there
when we first really meet
something you can spot right off
and have an impression of it
sink deeply into the center of your soul
steadily causing your membranes
to be pulsating/

the membranes also of your spirit
let it be a great chain
its mother being
my being freed
that links your eyes and mine
as we stand
love
love
love
only moments before we recline.

Prison Writings #521

"Making Love Again"

at the threshold of your upright linear smile
i am
the space between us shoved into nothingness
as we touch and i push apart your smiling lips
part the curling hair
enter you slow as the light of day
fades into the vast shadow of the night
and here your tropical subterranean breath
hovers about me thick and sultry
and i feel me totally disappear
into the comfort of your caress
inside the sac that holds them my spheres collide
as i strike against your innermost carnal self
and end this inward slide
through the depths of your long ravine
and i feel your exhaling air
as i make this backward pull
reappearing
and covered with the first film of your molten release
how many times we'll repeat this course
this movement back and forth
until this raincloud bursts
and we feel its gentle force.

"Eggs Frying In the Kitchen"

eh baby
is that you i hear
stirring in the kitchen
yeah
your house shoes brushing against the floor
and your hands turning silence
into the sounds
familiar sounds of morning
water running
the icebox door opening
and clicking close
eh baby
yeah
i can smell the eggs frying in the kitchen
and i can hear them crackling in the skillet
i can almost taste em now
and the thought gives my mouth a smile
but i'd rather wait a little later
for the pleasures of my stomach
to have you lie in this bed with me
for just another little while.

"A Passion Prayer"

tonight
us flush
implanted in you as i am
my stiff root imbedded deep
inside the moist softness of your fertile soil
hard it is that i should talk
but so easy to think these thoughts
as the earth of you shifts about me
tremors from your heart
i hope you do not mind
that my lips open only for kisses
can you accept my silence
that my feelings now are not spoken
surely this spell shall not be broken
for us
connected as we are
you should feel my words inside you
rushing within you shaking as the letters form
in liquid pretty pictures
i think you hear me with your flesh
as i make out your answers clutching me
holding me in the pit of your torrid embrace
and i believe i feel our bloom as we burst out
in silver petals of droplets coursing between us
our excited shudder has died down now
we lie on this altar of eros
have given glory
and rest in peace, amen.

Prison Writings #491

"Mem'ries In The Morning"

this morning
the sheets upon which i lie
remind me
last night your presence here
your aroma drifts from them
angels flying to my face
and clinging to my nostrils
aromatic like roses
enchanted
haunting me
these ghosts of last night's joy
my hand is magic drawn
to the seeming yet humid spot
where your hips pressed the bed
there is a wrinkle here
where your cheeks sucked at the sheets
as we burned upon the bed
like a campfire.

Prison Writings #499

"Where The Night Club Stands"

the lady in waiting
is waiting to be mating
her eyes cast in bronze
curly eyelashes black in the night
as the neon light flashes above her
where the night club stands
there is sweat in the palms of her hands
her arms ringed by the bangles
of clinking golden bands
banging blazing bracelets
like rings of fire
hanging round her arms
swaying at her sides
as she looks for a ride
hitch hikes by the thumb of her charm
she's just looking for a lover for the night
a room that is warm and soft lights.

Prison Writings #472

"By A Love Letter"

how bright your eyes seem tonight
how soft as snow your flesh
reading your letter
your words brush up against me
as if they were wrapped inside your skin
not tonight being able to touch you back
return kiss for kiss
the tenderness of your lips.

Prison Writings #269

"Speak To Me"

Speak with your flesh
not only with the rushing air from lungs
speak with your hands and arms
with your legs and feet
speak very loudly with the flesh
words of love say sweet things
but the movements of the flesh
speak so much more sweetly
and can be tasted with the tongue
and felt with the fingers
let the flesh express the thoughts of the mind
let your breast be my telephone
when i've heard what you've said with my ears
i can feel what you meant by your nipples
as they heave against the skin of my chest.

Reprinted from LIFE DEATH AND LOVE

Prison Writings #337

"Getting Awakened in the Middle of the Night"

if there is not
even a single crying voice
within the caverns of this earth
rising from this vast beyond
where the murky casts of death's shadows surround
where cream souring curdles and churns
in these subterranean bowels
it will do us not one inch of good
as we wish for new dreams
to moisten this place wherein we habitate
wet dreams are only rain
nectar sent to us from some erotic spirit maiden
with her golden olive face and supple flesh
gleaming in the many-faced mellow light of the moon
we settle in her arms
breath shaking and erratic
pulsating whimpers banging at outer layers of skin
to get out and sing their song
coated with the sweet film of nocturnal harmony
we wait beneath this surface beach
arms reaching for the water to come to pass at last
and the iron false fronts melt and fall from us
completely
totally naked
naked to the spirits and naked to the sky
we wish we are living and
and we are

while the pitfalls of yesterday's memories
criss-cross their arms and die
we take full swallows when the cup comes
and get high by our blood subliming
rushing to the sky
we say goodbye
while the very depths we intended to leave
become the heights to which we fly
we are certainly lost
and our memories chase us
until we hide from ourselves
stumbling about feeling forsaken
in the night
consciousness lies awake planning new trips for us
trips about which we know nothing
bodies, they are only unbroken shells
our final sleep will truly break them
and release us fully from time's grip
we lie sleeping peaceful we think
the rain falls deep and anxious
the nectar floods its dikes
wet dreams recall the golden voices
wake us with an excited shudder from our slumber
whereas we had lain down at the insistence of tired bones
we return
following the dream
(it pierced an air hole through the choking dusk)
the murmurs cry out from us so sweetly
breathing
pinches strings of harps and ends the thirst
this second sleep
is much better than the first.

Prison Writings #417

"Breakfast"

there be times i be 'magin
thinkin 'bout comin home to you
hear your voice again
feathers of a hummin bird
gently flutt'rin in my ears
feel the pulsatin of your mind
drummin in my insides
get caught in your wet embrace
roast in your red hot stove
dig for all these things
woman
to go 'head and take place
but most of all
woman, i can hardly wait
meet you naked at the breakfast table
see your breasts hangin o'er your plate.

Reprinted from LIFE DEATH AND LOVE

Prison Writings #229

"Ante Meridian"

wake me in the morning
wake me 'fore the sun comes fully out
wake me while the grass still sparkles
covered with the dew
wake me with some soft nudges
a whisper and a kiss
i'll probably stumble like a blind man
having been so long
since i've been awoken like this.

Prison writings #373

"In the Forest"

we are two lovers in the forest
our love's so hot
the trees catch fire
but don't burst into flames
and turn to ashes
the trees grow soft and melt
resembling hot coffee
so they wind through the wilderness
intense heartbeats in unison.

Prison Writings #519

"Digging You"

through the keyhole
left in this confusion
by the small space of my sanity
i have seen you bald
all over
throughout all this
this craziness molded into disfigurations
your nakedness soothes my eyes
like the lonesome penny i keep in my pocket
this coin that keeps me from being broke
i look at you
even as this lump in my throat chokes me
i throw up restlessness
and you toss your images at my face
i suck them up and am calmed
as a fly comes in the open window
and the screen door slams.

"Things We Haven't Yet Done"

butter lies creamy on the hill
rolling down the sides as the sun warms it
creamy yellow crawling down the hill
softly running and slow
this is the sultry, don't you know
flowing bright and pretty golden dreams
amber thoughts awaiting fulfillment
amber thoughts lying in fleshy pools
sweetly and exotically fragrant
the sun's liquid climactic fluid
i have not yet explored your subterranean sun
but only in my mind
haven't experienced its warmth
haven't probed it with my pinnacle
to spirit its warm response release
nor felt its silky mucous
secreted syrupy caressing waves collect in my forest
covering my shrubs with its magic film
i haven't tasted these molasses warmed in your
flaming bowl
haven't felt the touch of your velvet grass
covering the long slopes at which converging ends
the fruit of your valley is
haven't felt the shake of your earth quaking
our fulfillment winds
at present stand still
i stand at the top of the hill to kiss your sun
and feel in my bones that i will.

Prison Writings #211

"Hot Frost"

do you know how it plays with you
love
how it plays with you
how it clutches your eyes
and rolls them up and down images
of that fine woman who stands holding our emotions
as if they were reins
and we were horses pulling ourselves
with great frenzy and even frothy-mouthed
do you know how love freezes the passage of time
and holds life still
our feet run fast
while we seem to cover no distance
until finally the hot freeze
of love being first foreseen begins to thaw
and once again we can move
but traveling on four feet
climbing with four hands
two mouths caressing
and sucking away the emptiness
once lodged firmly in our souls.

Reprinted from LIFE DEATH AND LOVE

Prison Writings #411

"After A Long Hot Spell"

catch a glimpse of the rain-dancer
she dances for the tears of god
pleads for his/her moisture
upon the dry skin of the earth
surrounded by the pound of tom toms
and the swish of tribal feathers
the twist of ebony legs
midst the excited sighs
and rasps of breath
and the swishing of feet against the grass
the magic god of rain does smile
respects the opera going on
beneath the blue of mystic eyes
and applauds with the happy crash
of sparkling lightning and tumult of thunder claps
the trees stand in ovation
and stretch their jade fingers
to a jubilant sky
the evil arid spirits give up the ghost
and the monstrous dragon drought does die
as the tears of god fall sweetly
erotic as they throw themselves upon the village
cling to the lashes of the rain-dancer
and do their glistening joyful run
down her grateful thighs.

Reprinted from LIFE DEATH AND LOVE

"Remaining Whole"

summertime straddles my face
she is hot and dripping
her juices slide down my throat and warm my belly
swim inside my spirit as fish of fire
set my heart ablaze
she fills me with contentment
as the chaos harpoons of the earth try to subvert me
dislodge my tranquillity and set me off screaming
in spinning whirlwinds in the desert
try to break me up into earthen cakes
clods of useless and fruitless dirt
cracked and forlorn
there was so much i did not know
when i arrived here new-born
afterbirth still surrounding me as a spider's sticky web
so much i did not foresee
but those days are gone
and knowledge threatens to torment me
threatens to destroy my life
rip me to shreds
but this mystic woman gives me comfort
sets her loins upon mine
and mostly i am somewhat drunk
from the feel of her hot syrup
float smooth down my throat like wine.

Reprinted from LIFE DEATH AND LOVE

Prison Writings #364

"Tina Turner"

tina, your breasts roll across the stage
brilliant black breasts as miniature supple suns
an eclipse in the spotlight
your thighs
soft black thighs rumble/thunder
beads of red hot sweat drip from them
water dripping down black pillars
black pillars of living precious stone/organic
in the spotlight your temple of life
temple of passion
its impression flashing 'neath brief cloth
temple flashing
breasts thighs black breasts black thighs crashing
rhythmic with the music you stir in me like a spoon
my eyes cemented to your wild abandon body
is all i can do to not rush up and grab you
offer you my passion
you scream passionately to me
"rock me, baby. rock me all night long."
here i am thinking, black queen of voodoo magic
as i feel the melting of my bones
rock me baby
til you bust my goddamned stones.

Prison Writings #322

"Ms. B."

while i was waiting
in the night time cavity's last remain
i felt the touch of your sticky tongue
felt organized into a million skies
stars upon which i hang for you to wish on
all this while i stood there
just as naked as the precious wind
when it slips 'neath the sun
at the proposed god's appointed bedtime
i felt your presence
as if i were lodged
inside a velvet and magnetic field
drawing me away from myself
stretching my thoughts
like being born over and over again
and i couldn't stand
in a way
the sight of you
that separation's static door being shut
not letting either of us in
i want only to touch
the softness of your skin.

Reprinted from OM

Prison Writings #153

"This Particular Evenin' "

oh, june
clothed in your dress of purple satin
watch me as i slide down the bridge of your nose
those nostrils drip and i often slip unto your heavy tongue
that laps like that of a dog
that pants in summer
with a heavy glaze over its eyes
looking up into the afternoon skies
searching for the birth of some cool breeze
to come busting
crashing through your womb

i lean on a tombstone watching you watch me
nearly melt between the hot bosoms of your heat
and the circumference of your sun pulsates around us
and climaxes
turning the sidewalk beneath my feet
into paved fire
and i hide from you this day
and chew the last wet from this piece of gum
waiting for night to come.

Prison Writings #319

"Gentle Striking Morning"

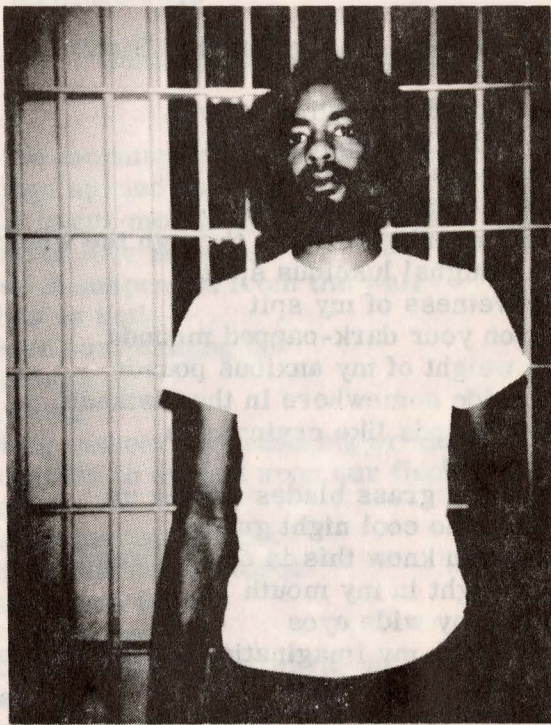
yes
this is the morning we were waiting on
your wings spread so widely
and your berry mouth sinking into the
moisture of love phrases
i can see it suspended from the wall
it touches us both
as incense surrounding us
the morning
this morning
crocheting without our watching or knowing
sewn together to expand upon our flesh and our souls
as we grow
striking us just as thunder
so striking and so turbulent
yet at the same time
just as dew so gentle
nevertheless catching us while we were sleeping
i wonder
can we ever sleep again
close our eyes and unconsciously forget
this bright and gentle striking morning
the one wherein we met.

Reprinted from LIFE DEATH AND LOVE

Prison Writings #480

"Something Like the Carrion Bird"

mind if i spend the night with you
bring my ole flat-top box guitar
sit on the edge of your bed
and pick a taste o' blues for you
share the moonlight shines through the window with you
line your thighs' luscious split
with the wetness of my spit
press upon your dark-capped mounds
with the weight of my anxious pounds
while outside somewhere in the distance
nocturnal sounds like crying cats
baying hounds
breeze-blown grass blades cutting up
dance upon the cool night ground
of course you know this is only a dream
a tasty thought in my mouth
a vision in my wide eyes
a picture from my imagination's wide screen
vividly illustrated scene
loving you complete and whole
yet somehow like the carrion bird
you filling up my eyes
and my picking you clean.



Reprinted from LIFE, DEATH AND LOVE

David Rice is 28 years old, was born in Omaha, Nebr., and has been writing poetry for approximately nine years. His poems have appeared in Encore Magazine, Prairie Schooner, Shadows, and in a number of other periodicals. Prior to the appearance of this book of poetry, David had produced two others, OM and LIFE DEATH AND LOVE. In these two previous works, his poetry covered a variety of subjects, concerns, observations, and feelings. However, with EROGENOUS ZONE, David Rice has concentrated on the beauty of people relating to each other sexually and has also given us an erotic view of the interplay between the forces and elements of the universe.

NOTE: Since April of 1971, David Rice has been serving time in the Nebraska State Penitentiary for an alleged involvement in the murder of an Omaha policeman. His conviction was overturned in July of '74, but, as of this printing, he remains in prison while the State of Nebraska delays his ordered release or retrial through an appeal process. For further information, contact

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