

# There's A Fist Dunked In Blood Beating In My Chest

by Rob Plath

*There's A Fist Dunked In Blood Beating In My Chest* is the second full-length poetry collection by Rob Plath, a significant literary figure who is carving a new path in the post-Bukowski era where underground poetry is without a father figure. Rob's first full-length collection, *A Bellyful Of Anarchy*, was released by Epic Rites Press in 2009.

When asked about the underlying themes of the two collections, Rob explained:

“The act of writing *There's A Fist Dunked In Blood Beating In My Chest* is the self-removal of the heart and the act of holding it up under a bare bulb, poking your fingers around its chambers, sticking them inside the cut-off tubing of arteries that once hustled the blood away to your limbs... *A Bellyful Of Anarchy* is a dissection of the spleen and the act of squeezing out the poison, sometimes not even squeezing but pounding your fist upon it to make its contents shoot across the table onto others. A squirt in the eye with bile. If I were to sum it up another way, one would be the study of loss and the other of complete alienation. With ‘fist dunked...’ I wanted a more human book. With ‘a bellyful’ the overwhelming theme of alienation is just what it is. It's revealing the inhuman side, the side of the author



who has lost touch with humans, existence and the world. His heart has become the embodiment of Loss.

I am proud of both books, but there's something much more heartbreaking in the second one. It feels more like myself. I feel loss more than rage most of the time. Maybe the honesty and openness about loss can help others

Epic Rites Press

New Book Release

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who are numb. What is that line from that french film *Blue*? During the suffering from a great loss, the woman returns home from the hospital and her housekeeper is weeping. The woman who has suffered the horrific loss asks, 'why are you crying?' and the old woman responds, 'because you are not...'"

as if it wasn't crowded enough

sometimes it feels like loss  
plants another skeleton  
inside of you

as if it wasn't crowded  
enough  
w/one set of bones

some nights you can  
feel them slowly turning  
in a tight embrace

this melancholy couple  
dancing w/in

it's almost kind of sweet  
on those nights i drink away  
& whistle a solemn tune  
to this strange moving union

**"The poet of this collection ruminates upon love and death through different prisms: a mother's mortality, a lover's infidelity and a growing awareness that even evil bastard fathers had their reasons. Much of the poetry here speaks of sparks in the darkness, honest appraisals of the reality of love to individuals. The couple sits 'marrow to marrow' in 'to hell w/ all the so-called cities of love', not heart to heart. This is love stripped down by desperation..."**

**- Zack Wilson, author of *Lescar***

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When asked about his motivation for writing the new book, Plath explained:

“I was always hesitant to write about previous relationships because I always wound up being with someone that would cause all kinds of fights over me writing about other women. Some of the poems I did have were written in between love, but I never really delved into that side of my existence. I also had so much to say about other things, that I let that part go. I had enough chaos in my life and I felt that if not writing about other women would leave me peace then it was worth it. Looking back it seems weak, though. They all left in the end anyway. I’ll never be that way again.

The catalyst for ‘fist dunked...’ was a damaging, crazy relationship for four years. Co-habitation. Almost marriage. Infidelity on the other’s part. The whole experience caused a profound change in me. In a way, I am glad I went through it – like so many other things I write about that are very painful. It also opened the door to writing about other relationships I had been in as well. And also, other kinds of loss that comes with intimacy. I’ll tell you one thing, I’ll never be secretive about writing about who I am with. Never again. That’s a promise in blood.”

for now i wait  
w/the worms

it's  
hard  
not  
to  
see  
the  
worm  
turning  
in  
almost  
everything  
some  
nights

except  
when  
that  
bitch's  
heels  
approach

they  
can  
mash  
the  
maggot  
out  
of  
anything

but  
for  
now  
i  
bide  
my  
time  
w/  
the  
worms

w/  
whom  
do  
you  
wait?

Plath explained further: “Now looking at what I’ve just written, I can also say that I might not have been able to reach the kind of depth, clarity and emotion had it not been for the last relationship. Perhaps the writings of love at an earlier time in my life would have not been as intense and full of blood. Perhaps it was the perfect time to break on through...”

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"Read Rob Plath at your own risk. His words will stick behind your eyes. His

heart may even expose a shadow you've kept hidden from yourself."

- Dan Fante, author of *Kissed By A Fat Waitress*

"Plath is a merciless poet. He is not afraid of drawing blood, even his own. He will blow psychic holes in your being. He will leave you wounded."

- Todd Moore, author of *Dead Reckoning*

honeycomb of pain

someone asked me where  
all my loss is stored

i told them my loss  
shoulders its way  
through membranes  
of cells

nudging the nourishing nuclei  
out of the  
center ring

& there it sits  
in each unit  
like a bottomless  
dark eye

"In the war over the heart and soul of modern poetry, Rob Plath will be the last man standing."

- John Yamrus, author of *Doing Cartwheels On Doomsday Afternoon*

If *A Bellyful Of Anarchy* was Plath's monster, then *There's A Fist Dunked In Blood Beating In My Chest* is the bride of the creature. Eighty-two new poems by Plath are presented in this volume, with an additional six poems riding shotgun in the footer of every page.



Exterior by Pablo Vision

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