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Author bio:

Mantra Mukim is a poet and essayist from Raipur, India, currently based in Oxford. His work has appeared in Minor Literature, SpamZine, Datableed, Poetry Review, Hotel, and Rialto among other places. His Hindi poems have been featured in *समवर्तन* (Samavartan), and anthologised in *दो बार बार* (Twelve Young Poets). He co-edits Almost Island.

Glitchwork

Mantra Mukim

Poetry shaped by global modernism, personal inquiry and the long shadow of environmental disaster in India.

- Has been shortlisted for the Magma Pamphlet Competition (UK), Srinivas Rayaprol Poetry Prize (India), and Toto Funds the Arts Prize (India).
- Has been awarded the Marie Curie Postdoctoral Fellowship (Eutopia-SIF), Chancellor's Scholarship, and most recently the Leverhulme Early Career Fellowship for his research work on global modernism.
- In the tradition of Indian modernist and European modernist poetry.
- Examines the legacy of the Bhopal environmental disaster.
- For fans of: Vidyan Ravinthiran, Anthony Vahni Capildeo, Bhanu Kapil, Mona Arshi

About the book

Glitchwork tracks the uneven lineages of Central India, building on modernist legacies and reckoning with the spectres of the 1984 Bhopal disaster. Mantra Mukim's debut poetry collection is situated in a timeless, forested grid, poised on the verge of industrial erasure. This grid, a restless site of extraction and production, also brims with potential for lushness, fey ambience, and petite clearings.

Its three long poems consist of fragments on a mysterious Cold War 'plant', remixes of Surdas (the medieval-Braj poet), notes on palaeolithic hands, philology of the line, anomalies in a lunar-roving vehicle, and the origin myths of Raipur.

Reviews

Mukim's profound adaptation to the book as it is being written, and can never be written, moved me deeply. What a stunning writer he is. —Bhanu Kapil

Glitchwork remains endemic with haunting, with magical apostrophe, that weaves itself, with an intrinsic temperature that seems to dis-incline itself, powerfully in-scripting itself by means of seeming poetic ejecta baring insight by living lingual minimum. —Will Alexander