

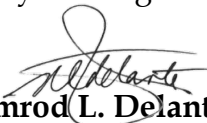
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Editor's Note

From the volcanic mountains of Albay, the Philippines, where the earth remembers itself through ash, river, ruins, roads, and green meadows, these poems by **Roseville N. Nidea** rise with a pulse that is both intimate and elemental. They speak from a landscape where memory is not fixed in the past but breathes in the living present, held in the curve of a shoreline, the quiet, ashen horizon created by Mt. Mayon, the hush before the rain, and the way names are spoken in endearment. Writing from the heart, the poet listens closely to her environment as a living archive, allowing wind, the sky, earth, and the sea to enter the poems' realms not as backdrop but as co-authors. Each line is shaped by attentiveness to what has been lost, what endures, and what must be named carefully so it can remain in thought and memory.

Language, in these poems, is not merely a tool but a threshold between the poet's soul and the world. Words are chosen as one chooses seeds, aware that meaning grows differently depending on where it is planted. Drawing from the deepest recesses of her memory that is personal, ancestral, cultural, and ecological, **Roseville** discovers the self as porous, formed in relation to space and place and to others, to stories and histories, both spoken and unspoken. Read these poems as her invitation into this slow, reflective knowing and being, where understanding deepens not through certainty but through reverent questioning and solemn introspection about life and the world, aided by memory. Listen to her voice as you read her words in silence and look inward to realise that the world she inhabits is a world that you and I can relate to and understand.

Enjoy reading!


Nimrod L. Delante, PhD

Editor-in-Chief