

**Classic Poetry Series**

**Cecilia Borromeo**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2012

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Cecilia Borrromeo(1976 -)

Cecilia Borrromeo was born in Cagayan de Oro City, Philippines.

She now lives in Brussels, Belgium where she has been based for the past 7 years and where she has fulfilled her dream to become a scientist (currently: unemployed). Her poems and prose are widely read in her personal blog Clearcandy Daily and dreams to get her work in print someday soon. She is known to write from the heart and is continuously training herself to meet her imagination so she can continue her love affair with words and to mold them to mean different things. She draws inspiration mostly from her own experiences and is in awe of her favorite poet, Mark Strand. After a tough day of surfing the net for jobs, she loves to lie in her couch for the rest of the evening thinking of chocolates and waffles. When not consumed by sugary thoughts, she enjoys diabetes literature, islet amyloidosis, reading poems out loud, learning the violin and dancing around the apartment.

# Restless

It is that perennial immateriality dwelling between living and dying  
crouched in the corners and grappling by the hinges  
only to remain unseen;  
We weave our web of what we believe we understand  
of the relationship of our acts and events  
only to remain misunderstood;  
From that odd wisp of steam of heated discussions  
to the urgent hiss of a new page calling;  
I teeter on that thin ice -  
That single space of uncertainty -  
And I ask  
'What am I doing here?'

Cecilia Borromeo

# Silent Mark

Another day is here and my hands are still covered  
with a mantle of stoic ink  
words scribbled on a hesitant paper  
wishing to be read now not later.

I want you to see this point-like light from an abyss  
growing tongues tasting the wind  
feel like the knife scraping soft butter  
and see that small things matter.

But i still have no sense of complete abandon  
to let the ink burn, to let it leak  
until it forms a crystallized dew  
becoming, at last, your scar tissue.

Cecilia Borromeo

# Something That You Should Know

My secrets  
appear on your window  
when you fog the division  
with your own warm breath;  
you lost yourself in their presence,  
in your search for  
cheekbones on sunflowers  
and night blades  
by the moon's chin.  
impatience hummed your fears,  
and the absence you cherished  
quickly dissolved.  
the only way to know is  
to  
ask  
nothing.

Cecilia Borromeo