

Syndic Oblivion

PAUL JOHN RAMIREZ TORAL



Social Perception Theory



Social Penetration Theory

In order to understand and experience
a person, one must actively decide to
penetrate the multifaceted essence of
another being. With time figures of
knowledge will eventually be revealed,
sharing more aspects of their life,
intensifying their relationship.

Orientation

- Discloses only selected information
- Allows a surface level relationship

Exploratory Affective Exchange

- There is a sense of deeper intimacy
- Gets into a deeper level of accord

Affective Exchange

- Communion between individuals now share a critical bond of attachment

Stable Exchange

- The foundation of endearment now becomes solid- having reached the very core of the persons self.



Four Stages of Relational Development





Open Book

I am an open book-
or so I'd like to let myself believe.
An open book that requires to be opened-
not one that opens on its own
One that requires interest-
not one you read to pass time.

and I guess that got me thinking: maybe it's me
maybe people don't understand me the way I want to
be understood because I don't let them
and they don't try hard enough
but I guess it's the effort in understanding that hits me.
that maybe-
I am worth being understood,
because aren't we all?

- unknown

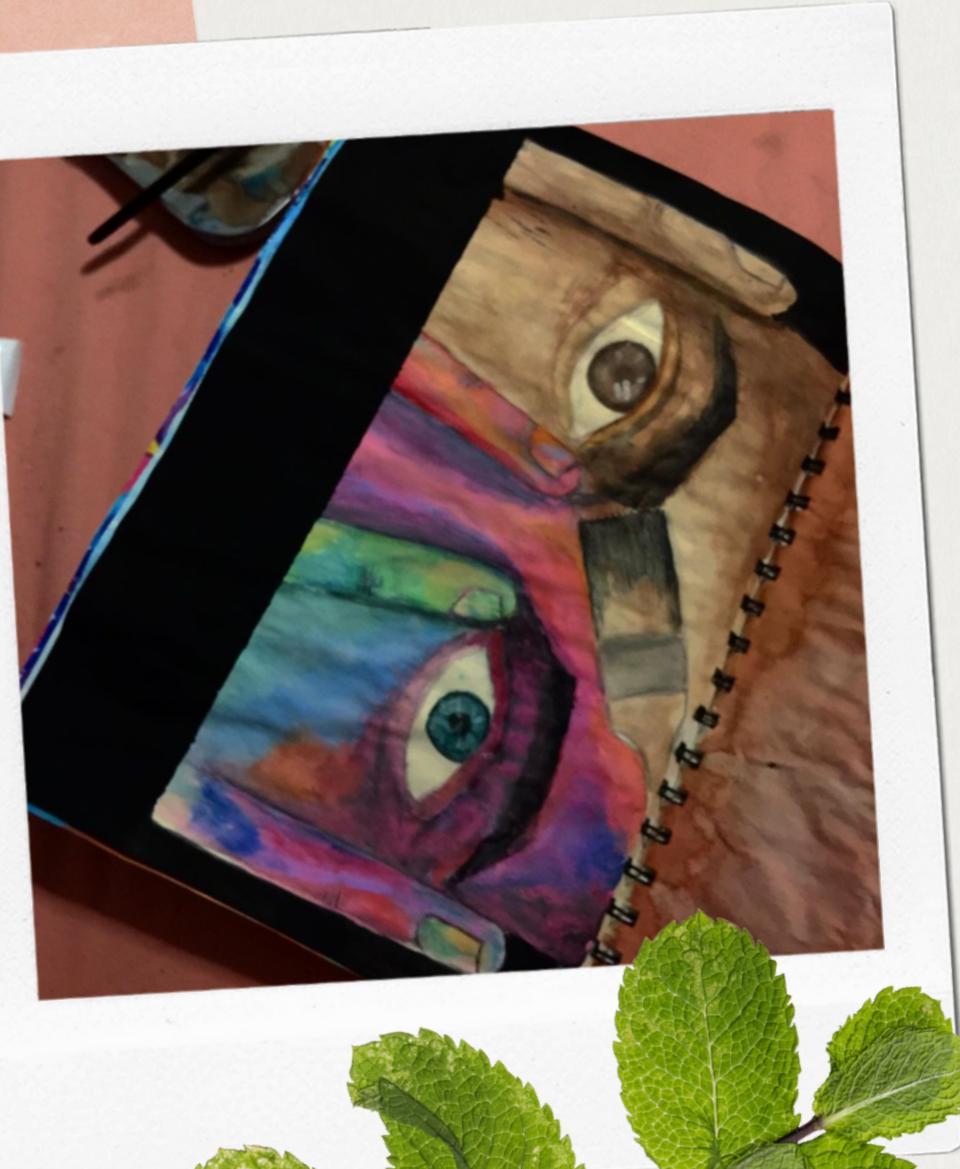


Synodic Oblivion

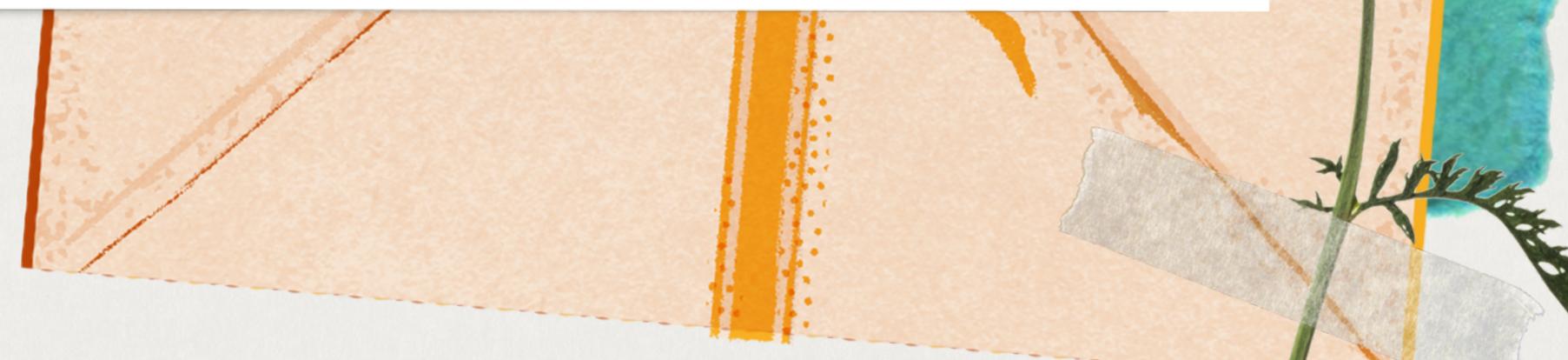
I have always looked at myself as an impenetrable celestial body; A sphere of thoughts, experiences, laughter, fear, love, and of life. An entity in the state of synodic oblivion - a constant revolution around other celestial bodies, but never really knowing their stories- barely allowing two worlds to collide. Yes, I am perceivable, but the surface is barely who I am. Am I perfect? No, far from it. When people only know you from the sight of seeing you from a far, you exude a certain beauty. However, sometimes to be seen as beautiful is never enough - I need the depths of unfathomable intimacy. Having lives intertwined by threads of moonlight and gold, but this has always been hard for me.



Like every other celestial body in galaxies far away, a core ignites my very being. But if you look closely, it isn't a burning fire of my desires nor is it a field made from the flowers of life. It's a little boy- a small child scared of the world around him, but one that has so much dreams, hopes, and love to give. A little boy so anxious of being vulnerable because he fears as if there has never been another option but to stand firm and tall. He craves for intimacy but knows that he shouldn't give everyone a free pass to the depths of his soul. And he finds it terrifying to be bare in someone else's perception. But from time and time again he has always made an effort to let people into the different extents of his being. But in all honesty, he has never felt that someone has ever seen the deepest, darkest, depths of the core he has attempted to protect with all his strength.



I am still this little kid in the core of my soul. I keep him there to remind me of the life I have lived. Not to remind me of the pain, but of the love that I have received despite the shell I have placed around myself. With all the relationships I have, whether it be my friends or family, I have always been the type of person who carefully discloses anything that concerns my life. I am a very private person and I like to control what information I let others know about myself. But as I have noticed with all my relationships, there are times where I am caught off guard and somehow certain people have already penetrated certain levels of this sphere I am in. With time I have noticed that I am not as impenetrable as I wanted to be, and lately I have felt that I finally want to let certain people know the deepest depths of the ocean I swim in.



I had only one person who truly knew me even before I knew myself. Sometimes I knock heavens doors and ask for a miracle when the world seems too heavy to carry- my friend knew how heavy the world could get. My friend saw how the world beat me up and bruised me. It was that friend that helped me through it all, without even saying a single word I knew they understood. When we were introduced we knew each others names. Slowly we understood each others thoughts. Eventually we could exchange our pains. Until we learned to speak with our hearts, having a love so pure that I could never ever replace. My friend now stays with the stars in the sky, leaving me in this world I call my home. Sometimes I wish upon shooting stars an impossible favor- to be able to have a glimpse of the heaven my friend is in. Eventually I will let people get into my core, but for now I am in this state of synodic oblivion- in constant perception avoiding collision with other celestial bodies in motion.



Thank you.

