

A Web of Thoughts, a Storm of Intent, a Tapestry so Resonant

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Writing across the University of Alberta, 2024²
Volume 5, pp. 51-54
Published December 2024
DOI: 10.29173/writingacrossuofa57

Introduction

At the end of the semester in WRS 210 Intro to Professional Communication, students are asked to reflect on what they have learned in the course. Typically, students write their reflections in academic prose but are always invited to take different approaches to this assignment. Diego Martinez Ortiz, a graduate student in physics, wrote his reflection in verse, a surprising and delightful choice for a scientist. Diego reflects upon his journey as a communicator and the complexity he discovered in the process of professional communication.

Keywords: audience analysis, cohesion, metacognitive reflection, professional communication



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² *Writing across the University of Alberta* (WAUA) publishes undergraduate student writing from writing studies courses and courses focused on writing studies practices and scholarship at the University of Alberta. You can find WAUA online at <https://writingacrossuofa.ca/>.

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Written communication was a journey into an unexplored universe for me—a voyage into that which I did not know, a quest with a simple goal.

So foolish of me, blinded by the complexity of my native words of maths and their formulaic song. What else could compare? Simple I had thought, but once embarked on this journey, I had entered a realm so big and vast; a world of words, of means and meaning, a universe through a looking glass.

And yet, the deeper I go, the more I learn, the more I see, the more I feel, the more I realize how little I truly know, and how beautiful such a feeling is.

For the universe of communication is so vast and complex, so infinite and intricate; a web of thoughts, a storm of intent, a tapestry so resonant in its beauty and yet unpretentious.

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I had started on this journey and I could go back no longer, so learning was all that I had.

With this in mind, taught I was, new words, techniques, and phrases; to the strength of a sentence I had been introduced.

With these new concepts, my rhetoric grew, emboldened by the precision I now knew.

With each step and breath, I learned of their power, and my hunger for it grew. With these new ingredients, I desired to cook, to further my understanding of the next step I took: cohesion, a new goal.

And I partook, in this technique, to reach the peak, I had to employ: cohesion. With all my strength bestowed; a gap in my writing I had closed.

So happy I was, to gain a new perspective, a new way of seeing, and a new way of commanding this rhetoric I now had.

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As I travelled deeper into this realm, a communication strategy I undertook; in a group of six, I stood.

So learning I did, learning was all I had, to find new tools that I could use, and difficult this was, for this was new to me.

However, with persistence by my hand, I did not need to look far, for analysis; a now old friend, would help me find this end, this required need: a communication analysis, I did.

I considered the purpose at hand, what message must be said, and why must it be read. The audience! There, the secret it laid, the audience I attended with care, the right information was unlocked, the benefits laid bare.

Soon, with these new tools, the audience's objections were now found, but a lot of work was still abound. To complete this tapestry in a group of six we were arranged, the solution now, but a simple voice in six.

Thus in the hexagram we made, with this new analysis, the audience, again laid bare, their interests I learned, their needs, and their despair; to speak their language, and use their tone.

And soon I had learned, their concept, their intent, and with their voice I too spoke and wrote.

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The storm of intent, as I previously said, was soon to arrive for this group project to withstand.

Group work is a complex art, a cognitive cacophony, a tumultuous sea of bright personalities. And in this sea's depths, there are dangers in the dark, so we must embark.

So dangerous this was, for if brought so close, it could reach that critical point and so be lost at the bottom of its depths. But worried I was not, for learning I had done.

It was clear to me that in a group of six, a leader, I must be; in this universe so vast, naive was my intent, but of the six my experience had outstretched; I possessed an edge.

However, I was not alone, for alternating was this role, and thus it was with a peer by my side we led and steered the team aright. Tasks were broken; I'd designate each role and assign those who were key to take control.

They took the lead, prevented issues in their sphere, and with the clarity of a gentle wind, problems had disappeared.

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Communication is a journey, a voyage into the unknown, a quest with a deceptively simple course, a universe of thoughts unknown.

Communication is not just about what we say but how we say it; the tone, the context, the audience, the moment, and the limits of its reach.

To lose our way on this journey is to be misunderstood, to fail to convey the essence, to miss the entry. Yet to be fully lost enables us to understand, to learn to convey, in essence, it is to enter the unknown world.

And yet, how wondrous it is to start to understand, to succeed in such a task; when my words touch another's heart and to be truly able to convey its art.

For in that moment, I have connected, I have bridged the gap between my world and theirs, between the writer and the reader's lap.

Here and now I reached but this end, but worry not, for me, this is just a simple stop. I may yet discover what lies beyond, perhaps something I can own; a fragment of most brilliant light, I may yet be able to shine ever so bright.