

Sphera2

SPiritual HEritage Research Area

Organization

LIDA - ESAD.CR

CITAR – UCP

Editors

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Crossing the landscapes of silence –

‘Para Labyrinth – sub ek (in) doxum’

by Filipe Garcia

<https://filipegarcia.org>

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Technical details

Acrylic and graphite on paper

70/70cm x 2

2026

‘Para_Labyrinth - sub ek (in) doxum’ explores, philosophically, poetically and visually, the possibility of the paradoxical image and its infinite intellectual conceptualities. Through drawings and texts shaped by redundant searches, it works performatively and adrift on the equilateral circularity of the triad comprising the point, the line and the rhizomatic plane.

Its itinerancy wanders aimlessly between the impression of appearance and the realization of white and black, of presence and absence, of the utopian non-place and its respective antagonist, so as to develop, within the depths of the hollows and the immanence of representation, paths, passages, boundaries, hinges and bridges between perception and (a)perception, the body and the mind, the object and the subject, with the genius to illustrate, through the poetics of the sublime, the observed possibility of a conscious return to the transcendence of the real.

Through the principle of subjectification, it presents itself as an intuition of an invisible yet ancestral relic, beyond the boundary of the meaning of identity and experience, inscribing itself as anointed and signifying in the pontificated presentation of the golden ratio and its indelible and absolute centrality.

It fruitfully explores, endlessly and subtly, all the dynamism and stillness of the path back to the absolute present (sub ek – all one), in an unceasing dance of infinity; it traverses the landscapes of silence and allows itself, through the restlessness of inquiry, to be disciplined as an observer, on the precipice of vanishing, far beyond illusion, in the inner, monadic contemplation of the measure of action.

‘Spontaneity in good faith is wisdom’¹

¹ Garcia, Filipe, (2023), *Poesia à solta*, pp. 1 & 17.

Crossing the landscapes of silence
in a mauna flight that knows no
weariness,
non-duality beyond all knowledge

to the scream that calls from the air,
shallow quality.

Circumambient chimeras in a single
soul
in the infinite designs of the verb,
the word.

Through the language of creation, the
king speaks
to the whisper of the fearless sky
the sap of an expressed line that
weaves
the northern white, from the pivotal
point
if anointed.

And if, at the dawn of the end,
no vision comes from the eye,
the gaze

sits motionless, o merciless ace
in infinite space,
you are vital prana

breathing in the air,
a labyrinth without ground.

