Intransitive Labyrinths
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There are two kinds of labyrinths: transitive and intransitive. On bi-dimensional surfaces, the difference is of minor importance. On blocks of marble and over time, however, it matters more because there may be no turning back. There, the path may lead to discoveries as unexpected as they are compulsory.

The master taught him the art of transitive labyrinths, paintings that could be spread over the surface of the earth like reliable maps. Much like dictionaries, they could be opened on any page: fish, nostalgia, God, cart, serpent, fire, stairs, death, boat, knowledge, prism, song, square root, woman, river, beginning, snail, North, thirst and any other worldly substance.

That meant enormous joy. How could it be otherwise? But what if there were intransitive labyrinths? Fonseca wondered. A solar system within each atom of the solar system and so on indefinitely. Each half cut in half again, like in the path of the arrow that can never reach its target. All it would take would be to break the scale, to scale downward like someone who, straying from the path, jumps into a well. Like a diabolic singer with no registers or thresholds. Like time. Like marble.

And thus, wondering about these things many years after the death of his first master, Fonseca found another master, also dead for a very long time. An old master obsessed with his love for marble and the mortal love of time and of love.
All forms, he said, all words, converge in a single block of marble. Millions of suns within each atom of the Sun. Infinite loves within each act of love. All of History in each hammer's blow.

And shade as well, because such is the nature of marble.

Ogni van chiuso, ogni coperto loco
Quantunche ogni materia circumscrive
Serba la notte, quando il giorno vive
Control al sol suo luminoso gioco

Ma l'ombra sol a piantar l'uomo serve

Any closed space, any covered space
Anything that matter confines
Keeps the night, when the day lives
Reflected in its bright and sunny game

But man can only be planted in the shade