

Stormy Paint, Glass: Meteora, Greece

After lunch, as Terri and I were leaving an old Greek taverna, I spied this window on an older, abandoned section of the building. The glass had been painted over for some reason, in layered colours, chipped and faded from decades of weather. The objects inside were almost unrecognizable, as if I was seeing them through a heavy impressionist fog.

This part of the window looked like a terrible storm - a fierce banshee wind lifting clots of snow into the air and howling like some desperate, lonely dog. Even in the shade, the light was very bright: I stood as firmly as I could and carefully handheld the camera, framing the wild storm from my comfortable viewpoint in warm Northern Greece.

When Terri called my name, I turned to find the taverna owner glaring at me suspiciously. We left in a hurry: nonetheless, this photograph turned out to be one of my year's best.

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