

Mottled Paint, Window: Meteora, Greece

Weather and time had peeled layers of paint from this window, exposing many more layers, revealing hardly more than shadows of the things inside the room. The white had come off in curls, now on the ground under the sill, and there was faded charcoal black underneath. It looked a little like cracked mud, a little like snow blown over asphalt.

I'm not sure why the window-glass had been painted over in the first place. It seemed like a very deviant and perverse thing to do, like there was some disturbing secret hidden inside.

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