

Driving just east of Salladasburg, I took a road I'd never been on, Windy Ridge Road. It was desolate, steep hills and farms without a lot of activity lately. The terrain and status reminded me of West Virginia. Suddenly there was this huge trench coming from the top of a hill, down into the valley and up the other side to the next hilltop. It must be an extension of the same trench I shot near Salladasburg the other day. After shooting the trench I continued down the road past the barn and old farmhouse. An old tractor was on blocks with the front end removed, adjacent to a what was left of a sliding barn door which had been ravaged by time. It seemed a metaphor for what is happening with the gas, poor farmers without other prospects suddenly get to cash in.