A lot of commentators say our houses look
temporary: even whole towns look as if in transit.
I wouldn’t know about that: houses look like
houses to me, towns like towns. I’ve seen them,
seen them appear, more rarely seen them disappear.
How else would towns and houses look, than as they do?
Still, seven years after we moved this one —
the one we live in, timber, about a century old —
from town to here where we live among the ironbarks,
things are still changing: adjusting, I suppose.
One summer there were redbacks on all the verandah
top-plates: everywhere that a rafter rested on the
top-plate, one or two redbacks, female, soon
guarding egg-sacs. I rang a D P I entomologist to find
what we could do. Not much, it turned out, that
wasn’t more of a hazard than the redbacks. This year,
not so threatening, but more novel for me, it’s a kind of
pointed frog. Sits on inside walls, or behind pictures,
like a resting bat. About the shape and size of
an arrowhead. Makes a startlingly loud noise at times,
I think: late at night, when I’m in bed, not able
to see what’s making the noise, but the direction’s right.
Otherwise, doesn’t seem to do anything. Takes no interest in moths, unlike the tree-frogs outside the windows at night. Just sits, pointed, plastered against the wall like the mud-wasps’ nests we had another year. When they say temporary, I wonder how long they think time is. Before it comes round again, I mean, time being whatever regularly recurs, though “regularly recurs” begs the question. These pointed, plasticine-blob frogs don’t recur. Just occur in odd places and times. 

C’est la vie, as Ned said, though not in French.