

# Dadirri

Waking today with sadness,  
I sat on the end of the bed,  
So heavy,  
And listened to the sadness.

Like a sack of stones around my heart,  
So heavy,  
“Dadirri,” they said, “Dadirri,”  
“Deep listening.”  
So I listened deeply.

I listened, really listened,  
A patient taking-in,  
The gentle knowing and unspoken  
Understanding of unhurried ears.  
No need to fix or change,  
Just “Dadirri,”  
Listening.

Patiently...  
Quietly...  
Listening to the listener.  
And there my mind grew still  
And my heart grew soft.  
Listening to the listening space,  
“Dadirri”

Sadness mostly silent,  
I felt to gently ask  
“Sadness, dear, what do you want?” and  
“To be felt,” said Sadness.  
So this listener held the space,  
Smiling kindly,  
While the body felt sad, so heavy.

In Dadirri,  
In listening and in letting be,  
Two things emerged:  
The feeling sadness, so heavy,  
And around it, listening space,  
Clear and kind and free.  
Not so heavy.

“Dadirri,” they said, “Dadirri.”  
Deep listening, And so I felt called  
To listen to the listener.

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Link to an official Dadirri video [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tow2tR\\_ezL8](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tow2tR_ezL8)