

My name is Michelle Griffiths – Through my maternal grandmothers' lineage. I am a proud Wiradjuri descendant, though I am proud of all the genetics I have inherited. I just want to be a bridge for all my cultures to find peace and harmony together – as much as I wish the same for this beautiful planet we have all been gifted – not just we humans but every member of our whole living breathing eco system.

I wrote this poem as part of my role as the volunteer Aboriginal Liaison Officer at the Dingo Discovery Sanctuary at Toolern Vale near Melbourne – a role through which I became known as 'Aunty Dingo' to the younger members of the local Mob – a title which both warms my heart and fills me with the deepest care and responsibility to honour the beings I am named in honour of.

The first dingo I met from the sanctuary, back in March 2016, was a K'Gari dingo known as 'Saxon' – He rubbed his head on mine and the depth of love and healing I felt emanating from him made me feel like I was melting, it was so strong- the exact same feeling as when I fell in love with my 'gentle giant' husband, which had previously passed on.

My next encounter was with a group of dingo pups - their mum Cooma kept leading them towards me with this seemingly deliberate sense of purpose and knowing. I had lost the only child I was pregnant with under extremely intense and tragic circumstances and this encounter with Cooma and her puppies cracked my wounded heart and soul open in the most powerful way – so much so that it occurred to me to do some research into the traditional connection between Dingoes and my Aboriginal ancestors. I was overwhelmed to discover that in traditional culture, for women who weren't blessed with having children of their own, the Dingo mothers would share their puppies with them – and before I knew this fact – that's exactly what Cooma did with and for me.

So, on behalf of beautiful, noble Saxon and loving Cooma and her babies, who now have babies and grandbabies of their own (plus my "Bundalong Besties") – all my Dingo family- the agony I felt at seeing the newspaper headlines of their wild mob on K'Gari ignited my passion to write on extension of my original Dingo Soul poem – dedicated to the Wongari of K'Gari.

From my Dingo Soul to Your Hearts 1/2 FRONT & BACK  
Michelle Griffiths – Wiradjuri Descendant

You have no idea what you do to me  
With your traps, your guns and your 1080  
You think you have a need to control,  
But every Yuugi (Dingo) you kill is a knife in my soul

They are my Totem – a part of me,  
A part of my Spirit – of my Country,  
I weep for you that you don't understand,  
That to kill off its creatures is to kill Sacred Land

You have lost your connection – it's plain to see.  
When the zeros in your bank account are viewed as beauty  
& 'Ka-Ching' is the tune that makes you groove,  
But let me tell you of the music to which I move

All my life, my white skin's masked a soul which is black,  
I can't breathe in your world of nature attack,  
'Dadirri' – 'Deep listening' – I have done all my years,  
Where your heart and your soul are your guiding ears.

You hear deep-through the Dreaming – the heartbeat of Earth  
And you know that only what's eternal has any real worth.  
So, sit on the Mother and breathe deep with Her,  
Then ask Her what really matters – and She will assure...

That at the end of your days, your piles of cash,  
Will mean about as much as your body of ash,  
Who and what you loved and who and what loved you  
And if you gave this life your best shot will be ALL that rings true

So please open your hearts, your minds and your soul  
And please loosen your grip on your need to control  
Please let my totem and my ancestors live and rest in peace  
You have NO right to kill for power or profit increase.

So please listen with Heart to the howl of my friends  
And feel the Ancient wisdom and healing their pure heart extends  
They have burrowed a den into the very depths of me,  
And I thank the Creator and beg you – PLEASE let them be.

From my Dingo Soul to Your Hearts 2/2 FRONT & BACK

Now on beautiful K'Gari – Paradise on Earth  
They are encroached upon by humans from the day of their birth  
Humans who think they are entitled to this...  
To create a Dingo's prison in pursuit of holiday bliss

No island off Africa where Lions would reign  
Would the apex predator be treated with such disdain  
But because our king beast looks like 'man's best friend'  
He is expected to be ... to a disastrous end

Genetically its proved that Dingoes aren't dogs  
That they are wild – and their instincts are to chase that which jogs  
So please walk on K'Gari with your wits and respect  
And lose the sense of entitlement that leads to neglect

This is Sacred Ground you walk on, from the beginning of Time,  
And our Dingo's role is to protect it and keep it sublime  
We humans have developed a belief that WE rule  
To the Dingo – and Cultural Lore – it's the belief of a Fool

To me it runs deeper, it's far worse than that  
We are killing our planet – in our race of the rat  
I can't dictate to you on how you behave  
But that I was a parasite I don't want on my grave

If you think that is harsh – think what a parasite is  
It takes and it takes but refuses to give  
And that's what we are if we just take from the Earth Home  
But don't respect and replenish all Life where we roam

So, my advice – walk this place but with an open mind  
Of the attitude you hold and the energy it leaves behind  
You are part of Life's web – not the main cog in the wheel  
So let Wongari (Dingo) do their job – and let K'Gari (paradise) heal.

**PLEASE** consider these deeply-felt musings on your next trip to K'Gari – in fact anywhere you are on travel to on this 'Sacred Southern Land'. It's our Home to which we are all responsible – not just land to build your home or 'empire' on or some holiday destination. To Mob, it's our Mother – and the animals are Family, our brothers and sisters – and as our Elders teach "if you don't take care of Country (and all its inhabitants) it can't take care of you"

Thank you for your consideration,  
warmest regards,

Michelle aka Aunty Dingo