

~ HAA DAAN TIN* ~ a poem with my ancestors, 3 a.m.

My HAA DAAN TIN wants to speak, make love with my belly, my frame.
In the darkness I surrender to this pleasure because no one is holding me back.
My ancestors call me to fall back clumsily.
We let you, bless you, to enjoy your body now
Come out, now it's safe
No one but the atmosphere and the
deep womb light of 3 am
House dark and spacious
My head is reassured by the sensual joy that my HAA DAAN TIN sings out.

I've been skipping over the ground these days, hanging from the sky.
this early morning I remembered to root down-
to till the earth with my spirit
then, middle ground emerged in undulations
unpredictable falling so lush and generous
fills and empties through and through, re-aligns in process
...I remember ...the little fingers... as an antidote to my ballet training
The side body taking care of itself, shrinking, expanding, heaving, slinking
Big muscle chains stretching gloriously
My HAA DAAN TIN
Yawning wide open.

~ Jan-Ming Lee

**Haa daan tin ~ Cantonese words meaning the energy gateway in the belly (In English: Lower Dan Tien)*