

Cycles by the Tide

A Reflection Journal

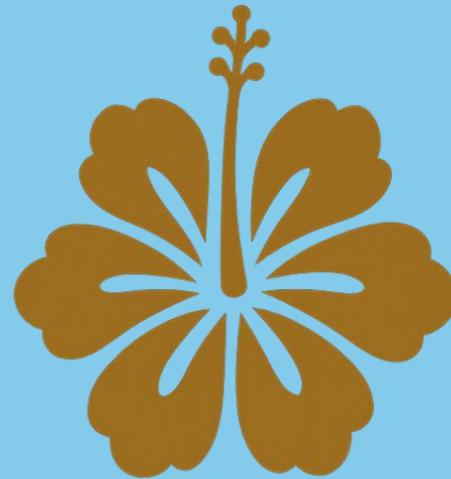
Resident:

Location: The Still Tide

Date Begun:

“Beginnings rarely feel like beginnings. They feel like pauses. Like the moment before a story decides what shape it wants.”

— A journey through the lunar cycle —



🌑 Day 1 — New Moon · The Still Tide

Resident: Amara

Location: Her porch, weaving palm fronds

The moon didn't show her face tonight, but I felt her absence like a held breath. Day 1 always feels like a clearing — a soft reset. I sat on the porch weaving palm fronds into a small mat, letting my hands move without deciding what it should become.

The Still Tide was low enough that the sandbars glimmered like quiet promises. I kept thinking about how beginnings rarely feel like beginnings. They feel like pauses. Like the moment before a story decides what shape it wants.

I whispered a small intention into the dark: "Make space."

The night didn't answer, but it didn't need to.

Reflection Prompt:

What do I need to release so this cycle can begin honestly?

🌙 Day 2 — Waxing Crescent · The First Pull Tide

Resident: Mako

Location: Path between the banyan trees

The moon returned as a sliver — just enough to catch on the edge of my fan when I opened it. Day 2 always nudges me forward, even when I'm not ready. The First Pull Tide was creeping in, tugging at the roots of the banyans like it wanted their secrets.

I walked the path slowly, listening for what the day was trying to teach. There's a restlessness in this phase, a sense that something is stirring beneath the surface. I felt it in my chest, like a question forming.

I don't know the answer yet. Maybe that's fine.

Reflection Prompt:

What small curiosity is asking for my attention?

🌙 Day 3 — Waxing Crescent · The Gathering Tide

Resident: Sela

Location: Coral Market, after closing

The market was quiet tonight, stalls covered, lanterns dimmed. The moon was still shy, but brighter than yesterday — a little braver. Day 3 always feels like gathering threads, noticing what's around me.

I stayed behind to sweep the sand from the floorboards. As I worked, I kept thinking about how the Gathering Tide mirrors this phase: pulling in what's needed, letting the rest drift away. I found a tiny shell under one of the tables — pale pink, almost heart-shaped. I tucked it into my basket.

Maybe it's nothing. Maybe it's something.

Reflection Prompt:

What small sign or symbol showed up for me today?

🌙 Day 4 — First Quarter · The Choice Tide

Resident: Elder Nami

Location: Cliff path overlooking the bay

The moon stood bold tonight — half in shadow, half in light. Day 4 is the hinge of the first week, the moment decisions begin to take shape. The Choice Tide was strong, pushing foam against the rocks in rhythmic bursts.

I walked the cliff path slowly, leaning on my cane, listening to the sea argue with itself. This phase always reminds me that clarity isn't loud. It's steady. It's the quiet knowing that rises when I stop trying to force certainty.

I paused at the overlook and let the wind braid through my hair. A simple question surfaced: What am I resisting?

I didn't answer. Not yet.

Reflection Prompt:

Where am I standing at a crossroads, even a small one?

🌕 Day 5 — Waxing Gibbous · The Shaping Tide

Resident: Kai

Location: Boat shed, sanding a canoe

The moon was fuller tonight, rounding out like a held promise. Day 5 always feels like shaping clay — refining, smoothing, committing. The Shaping Tide was steady, lifting the boats just enough to make them creak against their ropes.

I spent the evening sanding the canoe I've been working on for weeks. Each stroke felt like a conversation with myself. What am I building? What am I avoiding? The wood didn't answer, but it held the questions well.

The moonlight caught the curve of the hull, and for a moment I saw the canoe not as it is, but as it will be. That glimpse was enough.

Reflection Prompt:

What am I shaping with my choices, even if I don't see the full form yet?

🌕 Day 6 — Waxing Gibbous · The Nearing Tide

Resident: Amara

Location: Mangrove walkway

The moon was almost full, glowing like a lantern hung just above the water. Day 6 carries a sense of anticipation — the feeling of nearing something unnamed. The tide mirrored it, rising with a quiet urgency.

I walked the mangrove walkway, listening to the soft slap of water against the roots. Everything felt heightened: the scent of salt, the rustle of leaves, the pulse in my own wrists. It's as if the world is leaning forward.

I found myself whispering, "I'm close."

To what, I don't know. But the moon seemed to nod.

Reflection Prompt:

What am I approaching, and how does my body know before my mind does?

🌕 Day 7 — Full Moon Eve · The Swell Tide

Resident: Sela

Location: Driftwood Steps

The moon wasn't quite full, but she was radiant — a pearl almost ready to reveal its center. Day 7 is the emotional swell before illumination, the moment everything rises to the surface. The tide echoed it, pushing higher than usual, brushing the bottom step.

I sat with my basket beside me, fingers tracing the weave. My thoughts felt louder tonight, like the moon was amplifying them. Not in a chaotic way — more like a chorus warming up before the song begins.

I breathed deeply and let the swell happen. No judgment. Just noticing.

Reflection Prompt:

What feelings are rising in me, asking to be acknowledged rather than solved?