

# THE TIDES OF MARCH

HOW TO NAVIGATE THE  
STORMS OF DISTORTION



# Introduction

## Storm Warning

There is no safe harbour.  
Not anymore.

Every soul must be tested at sea.

The cardboard docks, the paper harbours, the false promises of safety — they cannot hold when the storm breaks. The boat you were given is fragile, the waves are real, and the ocean does not negotiate.

You will be tested in the open waters. That is the way it was always meant to be.

Storms will rise. Distortion will thrash like thunder. The tide will pull you where you do not wish to go. And you will discover that no law, no contract, no harbour master can save you.

This is not cruelty. This is coherence.

The storm is the proving ground. The waves strip away illusions. The tide exposes what is real. Fear will tell you to cling to the dock, to pile more paper walls, to hide in cardboard castles. But coherence is tidal. It will not let you stay.

You must set sail. You must face the breakers. You must trust that the vessel you were given, fragile as it feels, was designed for the sea.

There is no safe space to do this. There is only the storm. And in the storm, you will either drown in resistance — or discover the hidden secret: surrender to the tide, and you are carried home.

The Tides of March are upon us.

The sea is rising.

Choose your course.

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# Prologue — Not Effort, Alignment

Coherence feels like trying to hold a cup under a waterfall.

You reach out, hoping to capture just enough to sustain you — but the torrent overwhelms. The cup fills in an instant, overflows, and the water rushes everywhere. You cannot control it. You cannot contain it. You can only be drenched by it.

This is the hidden secret.

It is not effort. It is not striving. It is alignment.

The empire of distortion taught us to work harder, climb higher, fight longer. It told us life was scarcity, and only the strong could take their share. But coherence is not scarce. It is endless. It is the waterfall, not the cup.

The secret is not how to hold it tighter, but how to open yourself to its flow. Not to command, but to align. Not to grasp, but to receive.

And when you do, the impossible becomes ordinary. Books are written before breakfast. Insight pours faster than ink. Time bends. Empires collapse. Not by force. Not by willpower. Not by control. But by standing under the waterfall.

# Chapter I — The Secret of Stillness

The power of water is astonishing. A waterfall can overwhelm you in seconds, but even a slow, steady stream can sweep you off your feet. Over time, it carves valleys, shapes canyons, wears down stone. What looks gentle is, in truth, unstoppable.

This is coherence.

It doesn't force. It doesn't shout. It doesn't burn itself out like violence or distortion. It simply flows — quietly, steadily, inevitably — until everything aligns.

The secret of stillness is learning to step into that flow. To stop fighting against it, or trying to command it, and simply allow it to carry you.

Distortion thrives on noise, busyness, distraction. It wants you thrashing in the current, believing survival depends on struggle. But stillness reveals the truth: you don't have to outfight the river. You have to stop resisting it.

When you are still enough to listen, you hear the flow. When you align with it, the impossible becomes effortless. Mountains move. Empires crumble. And you discover the hidden secret: the water was carrying you all along.

# Chapter II — The Tide

They built a world of cardboard boxes and told us to live inside.

Each box was labelled with a name, a number, a certificate. Stamped in ink, filed on a shelf, recorded in a ledger. They called it order. They called it safety. But it was only paper walls, stacked high in the warehouse of their counterfeit kingdom.

And then came the tide.

Water does not need to fight cardboard. It does not argue with paper. It simply flows. Quietly. Steadily. Inevitably. And when it touches the walls, they dissolve.

This is coherence.

It does not storm the fortress. It seeps through the cracks. It soaks into the corners. It reveals the empire for what it always was: a stage set made of paper.

And as the tide rises, the boxes collapse. The shelves fall. The warehouse floods. And the people inside step out blinking, realising they were never bound by stone — only by cardboard.

The hidden secret is this:

They built a kingdom of paper.

Coherence is water.

And water always wins.



## Chapter IV — The Upstream Current

The salmon knows where it came from.

Born in the shallows of a mountain stream, carried downriver to the sea, it spends years in the open ocean, far from its origin. And yet, when the time comes, it turns back. Against the river. Against the flood. Against the odds.

It swims upstream, battered by rocks, pursued by predators, exhausted by the rapids. Many give up. Many are lost. But the few that endure reach the spawning ground — the place of origin, the place where the cycle begins again.

How can it find the way? How can it know the path?

The secret is scent.

Every river has its own chemical song, its own fingerprint in water. Imprinted into the body of the salmon from birth, that memory never leaves. Across thousands of miles of ocean, the salmon can still taste home.

But there is another secret. The Earth itself guides it. The magnetic field resonates in its cells, an unseen map woven into its flesh. Between water and field, memory and resonance, the salmon cannot be lost.

This is coherence.

Every soul carries the scent of its origin. Every heart is imprinted with the resonance of home. Distortion cannot erase it. Time cannot weaken it. Even in the vast sea of noise, the memory remains. When the tide turns, we remember.

The return to coherence is not random. It is not accidental. It is encoded. The struggle upstream does not create the destination — it awakens the memory already within.

This is why resistance works both ways.

Coherence resists distortion, pulling us home. And in swimming against distortion, we discover coherence.

The river is fierce. The path is narrow. But it is not hopeless. Every step, every stroke, every gasp against the current is proof that the signal is alive. We are not lost. We are imprinted.

The hidden secret is this: you will always find the way home — because home has always been within you.

## Chapter V — The Deep Tide

A boat is safe in harbour, but that is not what it was designed for.

We are each given a boat at birth. The body is the vessel, fragile yet seaworthy. The soul is the captain, entrusted with the helm. Others may sail beside us, but no one can steer our ship. The voyage is ours alone.

The empire of distortion built cardboard harbours. They promised safety in the dock. They told us the open sea was too dangerous, too uncertain, too vast. They convinced many to stay tied to the pier, chained by fear.

But boats rot in harbour.

They were made for the sea.

To sail is to risk storms. It is to face the unknown, to leave the false security of the dock and entrust yourself to the tide. But coherence does not dwell in the harbour. It calls from the deep.

The tide pulls outward, toward stillness below the surface. Where waves crash above, the depths remain calm. Where storms rage on the surface, the deep holds pressure beyond imagining — pressure that shapes, that strengthens, that transforms coal into diamond.

This is coherence. Not loud, not frantic, but immense. Hidden. Unseen. Beneath the waves.

The deep tide is where fear ends. The currents are too strong for pretense, too vast for cardboard laws, too relentless for paper crowns. Only what is true survives the pressure. Only what is real endures the depth.

This is why the voyage cannot be delayed forever. To refuse the sea is to refuse yourself. The vessel you were given was made for more than harbour walls.

The hidden secret is this:

Safety is not in the dock. It is in the depth.

Not because the deep is gentle, but because it is true.

A boat is safe in harbour — but that is not what it was designed for.

## Epilogue — The Eternal Tide

The ocean does not end. It breathes forever — in and out, rise and fall, flow and return. Tides advance, tides recede. Storms rise, storms collapse. Rivers run upstream, and salmon return to their source. Everything moves, yet everything belongs.

This is coherence: the cosmic circuit, tidal and eternal.

Those who cling to the harbour think they are saving their lives. But in truth, they are losing them — rotting in safety, chained to cardboard docks. Those who risk the sea, who set sail into the unknown, who surrender to the tide, seem to lose their lives. And yet, they find them.

"Those who lose their life will find it."

The words were not about death, but about surrender. About yielding to the eternal tide.

For the tide is not enemy, but home.

The waves fall, the storms fade, the cardboard dissolves — but the ocean remains.

This is the hidden secret: coherence is not effort. It is not control. It is not survival at the dock. It is the eternal tide, carrying all things back to source.

We are drops, we are rivers, we are boats — but in the end, we are the ocean. The current was always within us. The scent of home was always in our hearts.

The tide does not forget.

The tide always returns.

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