

A person is seen from behind, sitting in a meditative lotus position in the center of a large, rectangular infinity pool. The pool's water is illuminated from below with a soft, greenish glow. The background features a dark, silhouetted forest and a range of mountains under a twilight sky with a gradient from deep blue to a lighter, hazy blue near the horizon. The overall mood is serene and peaceful.

MANDAI
RAINFOREST
RESORT



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A QUIET LIFE BENEATH THE CANOPY

MANDAI RAINFOREST RESORT BY BANYAN TREE

In the far north of Singapore, where the city loosens its grip and the rainforest gathers itself into a quiet, breathing whole, Mandai Rainforest Resort by Banyan Tree unfolds as a different kind of escape — not away from civilisation, but into a deeper layer of it.





At Mandai, the forest is not
scenery. It is the host.

You arrive by a quiet road. The
city recedes without drama.
Glass and timber appear
between trunks. Low. Measured.
Almost withheld.

Rooms are lifted into the
canopy. Treehouses, poised
above ground, hold the horizon
in fragments. Leaves. Water. Sky.
Nothing complete. Everything
enough.





Here, architecture recedes.
Rooms are held lightly within
the forest, some gazing into
dense green canopies, others
opening towards the still waters
of Upper Seletar Reservoir.

The design is layered, organic,
attentive to light and air, shaped
by the philosophy of biophilia
where nature is not décor, but
the central presence.





Dawn comes softly. A thin light through branches. Birdsong before thought. You do not reach for your phone. You listen.

The reservoir lies still. A sheet of muted silver. It gathers the sky and returns it slowly. Walkways trace its edge. No rush. No destination.

Across the reserve, life moves on its own terms. A herd in the distance. A call carried across trees. You are close, but not central. It is a rare position.





Paths thread quietly through the
grounds. Raised. Unobtrusive.
You walk without disturbing
what lives below. Ferns lean in.
Moist earth breathes.

Rain arrives without warning. A
brief silver curtain. Rooflines
catch and release. The forest
brightens after. Greens deepen.
Surfaces glow.

Details reveal themselves slowly.
A bench placed where the light
lingers. A window angled to a
single tree. Textures that hold
the hand for a moment longer
than expected.





Inside, restraint. Materials that age well. Wood that warms. Stone that cools. Space that allows you to notice your own movement.

You find small rituals. Tea at the window. A pause before stepping out. A longer look at the horizon. Nothing insists. Nothing competes.

Even time feels edited here. Shorter. Clearer. Less crowded. You begin to see how little is needed. And how much returns when it is.





Mornings arrive as sound before sight — cicadas after rain, a distant hornbill, the soft disturbance of leaves. Days are unhurried. One walks forest trails, steps into the world of nearby wildlife sanctuaries, or simply returns to the quiet ritual of being still.

The experience is immersive yet measured, balancing proximity to Singapore's celebrated zoological reserves with the intimacy of a private retreat.





Architecture yields. Curves.
Openings. Air moving through
spaces without resistance. Even
indoors, the outside continues.

The pool holds a quiet line
against the forest. Water
meeting water. No edge, only
suggestion.

Food is gentle. Grounded. It does
not interrupt the mood. It
extends it.





Dining follows the same ethos: rooted, seasonal, close to the land. Wellness is not an add-on but a continuation — botanical therapies, open spaces, and a gentle recalibration that comes when the senses are serene.

This is Banyan Tree's return home, and perhaps its most thoughtful gesture yet — a sanctuary where luxury is defined not by excess, but by attention. A place where the modern traveller does not withdraw from the world, but re-enters it, quietly, completely.





There is learning here, but it is not announced. It happens by proximity. By watching. By staying a little longer than planned.

Evening deepens quickly. The forest gathers itself. Lights remain low. Conversations soften. You begin to notice your own pace. How it slows. How it settles. Mandai does not ask for attention. It rearranges it. You leave with fewer impulses. Fewer edges. And a memory of green that feels, somehow, like clarity.





A stay here feels deliberate, not indulgent. The forest is not a backdrop but a companion, shaping each hour with quiet precision. You leave lighter, clearer, with a sense that something essential has been restored.

If the aim of travel is renewal rather than distraction, this is an easy decision.

See and feel for yourself.



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