

Magic green medicine

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Hi there! My name is Marina, I am here to tell you the history of how Cannabis changed the course of my life.

I grew up in a rural and remote area called [Colonia Aurora](#), which has a very small population. We had a pharmacy at home and very early in my life my father taught me that the medicine he sold to help people of our town were different kinds of drugs. Sometimes my dad would tell histories of some experiences he had with psychedelics when he was young. I was eager to try it because I knew that drugs would show me something that I did not see before, they would open a world out there (or/and within me).

In my teen years, I just had access to alcohol. There wasn't another kind of drugs around (even though later in my life I would discover that in my playground we had tons of psychedelic mushrooms that grow in the fertile [tierra misionera](#)¹). Isn't it strange that people on that poor little farm would spend their money to buy alcohol, but no one would go to the back of their home to pick those [cucumelos](#) and have a trip for free with them? For sure the colonial heritage of "Colonia Aurora" had something to say about what drugs were okay, and what drugs were not. The alcohol imported by European settler colonizers was something allowed, no one would judge you if you *bought*² alcoholic drinks to share with friends. But we did not even know that we have psychedelic mushrooms that we could find everywhere and enjoy ourselves with them.

Is important to say that it wasn't well seen for women to drink alcohol, which was a men's pleasure. If you don't want to look too masculine or out of place, ¿do not drink! or take just a small glass (after a guy insisted for you to do it). Drugs or whatever thing that gives pleasure, in general were not meant for femininities. But, all those impositions were not for me, because I was cool and rebellious, and first of all better than all of those guys.

Alcohol was the first drug I consumed. I liked it because 1) it was a "you must like it" and 2) it would make me dizzy, fun and more desiring for sexual or amorous encounters. A few times I would drink so much that my night wouldn't be fun anymore, or I would get pretty sleepy. I was eager to try something else, but in those times and places, there wasn't, at least not for a girl. The dealers would offer drugs to my male friends and to my brother, but never to me. Access was difficult and none of my girl-friends would consume anything out of the legal.

¿Why did I need to go behind guys to find a joint or strong alcohol? ¿Why wasn't something for the girls?

Years later I traveled to Israel and my drug possibilities grew enormously. There was weed everywhere. When I visited a friend we would smoke a joint ever before drinking something. I could order a huge variety of weed in Telegram. That drug menu would blow my mind, in Misiones the process of getting drugs was very sketchy. For the first time, I didn't need a guy as a connector to get the drugs I wanted. After having the chance of getting weed by myself, I started to reflect if some of the guys that I had sex

¹ Earth from Misiones.

² Capitalistic sistem also reached that land that not so long ago, were increíble humid subtropical jungle.

with before, weren't just a tool for me to smoking weed. It may not be casual that after my independence, I didn't get laid so much anymore.

Weed transformed the ball of anxiety that I was, the constant rush, the supreme need to do extreme and sometimes risky things into calmness, observation, appreciation of my surroundings. I would discover the beauty of a park, of the leaves, of the insects on the floor and the birds up in the sky.

To smoke that glorious herb

made me feel instant love

for everyone

and for everything,

my memories would change.

I would understand in an empathic way

experiences that happened,

and why people did what they did.

I wasn't a victim anymore.

I was a lover.

And then I understood,

that was what I wanted to be

That was how I wanted to feel.

Weed would help me to put things

in perspective.

My creativity, my sense of inner peace and my empathy would grow. My ego would decrease. That is what I wanted to become, the person I was when I smoked a joint. This way of thinking led me to create a dependency on weed because I believed that I couldn't be that nice person without being high. Fortunately, with time and some therapy I understood that I could.

Cannabis showed me the way of who I wanted to be transformed into. I have consumed weed for many years now, in some moments with more frequency, and in other moments with less. But I feel that it transformed me and still does. But it is important to look for a balance, because every abusive consumption tends to make us lose our horizon.

Nowadays, even if I don't smoke. I can notice how I changed. I'm calmer, more empathic, less dramatic about life, and more loving. Weed taught me how to be a different person, and time also did.

Plants, animals, the universe.

Everything is connected,

we are all one.

We are together.

Plants are alive,

they talk to me,

and they are me.

I am a human animal,

who's part of this cosmos

and has a responsibility to take care of it

and a responsibility to enjoy myself

to take the medicine that cures my neurosis

the medicine that expands my imagination

and the understanding that everything is trans-forming

endlessly.