

## MARIJUANA MEMORIES (MEMORIAS DEL ARREBATO)

Armando A. Román Crespo  
Programa Interdisciplinario  
Facultad de Humanidades, UPR RP

Recibido: 08/03/2020; Revisado: 20/04/2020; Aceptado: 16/06/2020

My friend Mell told me he felt like he could look at himself in third person when he first smoked weed, but this that I am feeling right now is too strong, and the crepes weren't supposed to have that much weed. How many grams was it? I see my body in my room, resting on my desk. It's not even moving, what the heck? My phone's screen is still on. I read a conversation I had with Roberto 10 minutes ago.

“Kabrón esto está muy potente. How will I do my English homework now?”

“Loco chilea,” he replied.

“I'm floating!”

“Did you eat something else with the crepa? Maybe I should have told you.”

“Tell me what?”

“I added a bunch of—”

My screen locks. I can't open it. My fingers can't press the button, as if I were intangible. Mano, I'm too sleepy. This feels crazy. Oh no, here comes my mom. I hope she doesn't notice I'm high.

“Armando, necesito que saques la basura, ¿ok...? Armando, ¿me escuchaste? ¡Armando, ARMANDO!”

Oh fuck, did I just...die? There's my body, my room, my apartment building, my city, the whole island, THE WHOLE PLANET. Fuck, I'm high *and* dead. I am floating so high; I must go back. My family is calling an ambulance. They're really

freaked out. I can't do anything to help, but it is kinda fun to watch, like watching a TV show.

In front of my corpse there are polaroids attached to the bulletin board. I look very alive in those pictures. As I move closer and closer, it feels like I could insert myself in them. I remember this party; it was at El Local. My band played, and people were very pumped for our music. After that, I danced with my friend Julianna. I can clearly hear the music, even though it sounds a little distorted. Julianna asked me to pose for the photo.

“¡Una foto! As if you were a queen,” she said as I tried out many poses.

I told her “I *am* a queen.”



We laughed and kept dancing. It feels like I'm in my body again, but everything feels heavier, as if time were flowing like brea por un suero. Everything looks grainy and cloudy, just like an instant photo. Each second that passes, time seems to slow down. Now, I can barely lift my arms and feet. Nothing moves anymore. I am trying to snap out of the frame. This is crazy. I want to re-live other photos. Maybe this is what usually happens when you die after consuming a lot of marijuana.

I notice a pair of pictures from the Puerto Rico Symphonic Orchestra concert with Andrea, Jenny, and Diego. Damn, I had forgotten how big the Sala Sinfónica Pablo Casals is, it feels sublime. The orchestra is playing Tchaikovsky's “Valse des Fleurs.” We all look at each other trying to make out what we would be saying if we could talk during the song. Andrea takes a photo, ignoring how loud these cameras can be. We tried to contain our laughter. The music's pitch slowly decays. I am desperate, I want the song to end. I am trying to step out of frame again, but I can't. I freeze, unable to move anything, not even my eyes. I can only look at the stage. My ear itches, but I can't scratch it. I hear “Valse des Fleurs” in my mind, but it is playing quickly and loud. I hear myself scream at the same time. Then, nothing, a total void.



I wake up in my room, alone. I try to get up, but I feel dizzy, so I fall back onto my metal bed. My family hears the ruckus and runs into my room. They help me position my body straight and my mom starts touching my forehead as if I had a fever. “Ya, mami, I’m fine.”

“The Critical Kush was too critical,” I tell Roberto one week after my trip. He had read about it in a Kush Book: Indica marijuana could make one feel like dying for a while, but I am sure I really had been dead. Weed helped me understand that dying is looking at oneself in the third person, as if one were the world. And, in my case, I am a world of memories.