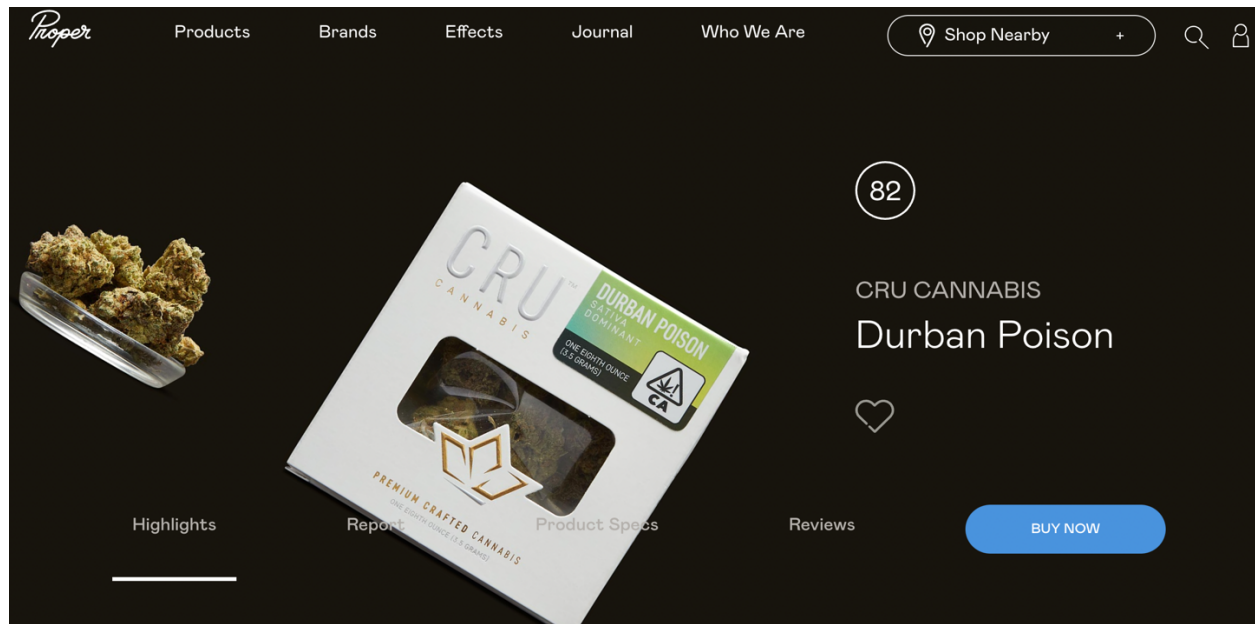


Durban Poison Soothes by Smell Alone

by Madeline Blue

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Reach Grounded High-ts with Cru Cannabis

IN REVIEW: If you're looking for a sense of practical calm, Durban Poison will ground your thinking while it lifts your mood. A potent but focused head weed, it only barely misses the mark for a study session—since you'll still get, well, rather high. But expect to be alert through the fog, with energy for reasoning at your disposal. This pure sativa by Cru Cannabis won't stop you from taking care of sticky business, and its mouthwatering citrus smell might even linger longer than your buzz.

A lot had changed for me in Quarantine. Within two months, I'd lost the biggest book deal of my lifetime, my boyfriend of 2.5 years was leaving his current job, he had gotten a new job--in Houston--and he would have to move...in about a month.

I'd just won my indoor fitness competition (emphasis on "indoor") and I had just about nothing else to look forward to now...except splitting my time between LA and another city, so that I could try to keep my relationship going while continuing to scrape together my "creative career."

Awesome.

So the partner and I hunkered down for the night...like we had, pretty much every night, for the past now 60 days.

Our choice for the evening? Durban Poison. The name matched my desire to check the hell out, and my more connoisseur man recognized it as a classic land-raised sativa strain. Perhaps I wouldn't have typically chosen a sativa at night, but it was just 17% THC, it was early enough, and I wanted to stay alert and productive, if at all possible. I was lethargic already, but the boy and I still had a lot on our plate.

I'd been starting to teach him to roll a cone, and I wouldn't say it was going well. My boyfriend hates to be bad at things, and he jokes that he has Trump hands with stubby fingers.

But the exquisite smell of the Durban Poison lit us up before we'd even finished rolling our respective joints. It was probably one of my favorite flower smells of all time: an unmistakable, natural, sweet citrus, with a fresh, sour bite, hanging in the air. Once we lit my joint and his...practice joint, and we both took our drags, the flavor struck me just slightly less than the scent. Now, it had a hint of popcorn on the side—probably a result of burning paper in the mix.

A few minutes later...oh, my, was I high.

At first, it left me feeling only moderately functional. At least, it was a pretty awkward time for us to be wording my boyfriend's resignation email...

I was settling into a blurry playfulness as we moved on to virtual tours of Houston houses. But then, all at once, in front of his computer together, I started to lose my edge in conversation with my man. I was fumblingly able to communicate my thoughts—perhaps better than I would have expected while intoxicated. But my playfulness was coming up against some heavy resistance, as we tried to meet minds on our quickly changing future together.

We started arguing about what we wanted in a home. My aesthetic preferences seemed paltry to him, and he kept brushing them off—hella dismissively!—as if he were personally offended by each one. I ended up leaving the living room—and even slamming my bedroom door.

Oops.

But there, on my bed, I collected a bizarre amount of calm. Even as my cozy world seemed like it was crumbling around me, my head stayed its course. I sat on my bed, in self-ordained time out, gathering my thoughts. I didn't text my gal pals to complain, or my sympathetic guy friends for guidance. I breathed and chilled. I passively—and almost

happily—counted time, until I felt ready to address whatever the hell was happening out there.

Subconsciously, maybe, I was brainstorming—collecting mindfulness to solve our relationship problem.

By the time I re-emerged into the living room, the Poison had helped me embody my best self: With a courage typically attributed to booze, I was ready to be gentle yet direct, and to think on my feet.

After a short exchange expressing my dislike of being dismissed, and my fear of being partners who can't enjoy looking at pictures together, or expressing our different feelings to one another...on the fly, I asked my man to role play.

He knew I wasn't being kinky.

With the skill of a trained coach or therapist (I am not), but the demeanor of someone more relatable to my boyfriend (like, say, Conan O'Brien), I began a dialogue with him, wherein I played him, and he played me...

And within minutes, he saw how much more swimmingly our housing conversations could have gone.

I found myself to be reasonable and articulate, in spite of hurt feelings and leaping time. I couldn't have been more overwhelmed or tired, but the typical wrenching of my gut with anxiety never reared up as we navigated our issues. Instead, I felt a burst of calm, creative energy to confront the muck I'd been sifting through.

Durban Poison seemed to be saying: "None of this is the end of the world."

Even if I wasn't as heroic as I felt, this flower gave me a sense of high-mindedness.

Within the hour, we were back to watching Cesar Millan *Dog Whisperer* videos and relaxing together on my bed. Even in these unimportant doings, I felt so extremely focused on the moment--and relaxed--that I wanted to curl up and dissipate. But not with a feeling of despair. Life felt more...practical. In spite of our mounting need to figure shit out, in this instant, there was nothing urgent to do, and nothing real to stress about.

The weed was wearing off my mind as the high in my body slowly eclipsed it. This led to shuteye--and when it was time, it was surprisingly easy to shut off my agile brain.

The next morning, my eyes were especially tired, and much was cloudy about the prior evening--pretty much everything but the role play. Yet the high had shown such an analytical quality, without ever letting my mind go off the rails--and still without ultimately preventing my sleep. Having enhanced both my energy and my chill with the Poison, I recalled that even in moments of discord with my person, I'd felt safe.