

Beyond Apologies: A Black Woman's Perspective After the Election

The insistence that “race has no place in cancer” is another layer of denial, writes breast cancer advocate Megan-Claire Chase.

November 12, 2024 By [Megan-Claire Chase](#)

Though the tears of anger, grief, frustration, and heartache have subsided, I wake today in a cold rage. The protective armor I've worn since birth has added another layer, containing the hot rage threatening to consume me. When that fiery rage takes over, I often find myself doing things detrimental to my mental, emotional, spiritual, and physical health. But today, thanks to my amazing therapist and the solidarity of the 92% of Black women who voted blue up and down the ballot, I find the strength to get out of my pajamas and move forward.

The reason I couldn't contain my emotions until now is simple: the last sliver of hope I held for democracy in this country is gone. For many in the Black community, this loss is not shocking—it's confirmation. This country thrives off white supremacy, and each time I hear the hollow refrain of “That's not who we are,” it eats at me. We see through it. We know this country is exactly what it has always been.

For those who are non-melanated—family, friends, the general public—who claim, “Not everything is about race,” let me be clear: You've never had to fear for your life while simply existing. Sleeping in your own bed. Grocery shopping. Attending church.

In the cancer community—specifically the breast cancer community—the insistence that “race has no place in cancer” is another layer of denial. Those who make these claims have never experienced the casual cruelty of a nurse or phlebotomist using a larger needle because of the racist myth that Black skin is tougher to penetrate. They've never felt the indignity of medical professionals dismissing their symptoms, a reality compounded by outdated medical teachings claiming Black people have a higher pain tolerance than white people. These are not isolated instances. These are patterns rooted in systemic racism.

[You Can't Escape Race in Cancer by Megan-Claire Chase](#)

I can feel myself getting worked up again, so I'll end with this message to my white friends and family. I'm not ready to dive into the additional layers of misogyny and proximity to whiteness from other people of color, but for now, I need certain messages and behaviors to stop. Even if they're well-intentioned, they are hurtful.

White people, here's what I need from you:

1. Stop apologizing. If I get one more "I'm so sorry" text, email, DM, or post, I will scream.
2. Stop saying we need to organize. Where have you been? Black women have been organizing. You only show up when something affects you, not us.
3. Stop performative gestures. Blue bracelets, hashtags, or symbolic actions meant to signal you're "one of the good ones" ring hollow. We see right through it.
4. Stop sending us quotes or books by Black authors. We already know who inspires us. How do you not see how condescending this is? You're the ones who need to read, reflect, and share within your white circles.
5. Stop saying you're 'holding space.' There's not enough space in the world to hold the daily pain, anger, frustration, fear, and fatigue we endure.

To further express my feelings, I often turn to art, especially performance art. One of my favorite spoken word performances is "[Dear White People](#)" by FreeQuency. It resonates deeply, capturing the anger, rawness, and exhaustion so many of us feel. Yet, we rise. We pour into ourselves, into our community, into our faith. It takes longer to bounce back these days, but I (we) always rise.

Until next time,

Warrior Megsie

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<http://beta.docker.cancerhealth.com/blog/beyond-apologies-black-womans-perspective-election>