

When Chaos, Burnout and Rage Collide

Breast cancer advocate Megan-Claire Chase feels overloaded with scary news headlines and toxic people.

December 4, 2023 By [Megan-Claire Chase](#)

I'm triple fatigued these days — body, mind, and soul. Every day, there are more and more dangerous, unhinged, and downright terrifying news stories, social media posts, and truly gut-wrenching videos with no end in sight. I have to constantly compartmentalize all of this away until the files in my brain are too full, and I snap.

NEWSFLASH – I have snapped and cracked from the pressure of it all. I naively thought I'd reach a point where I could finally rest for longer than a day or a week. How did my ancestors do it? How did my grandparents do it? How did they still hold onto their hope for better days?

I recently had a mayo (white) woman tell me that I have too much talent. Who says that to a person in both exasperation and awe? I was born this way and won't apologize for my ability to do multiple things well. I've repeatedly said over the years that no one can put a square MEG in a round hole. I was never meant to be average. I get into these rage states of mind because I can't seem to compartmentalize being undermined, talked down to, and fend off almost daily microaggressions. My nervous system is overloaded and internally screaming to stop letting other people's words and behaviors affect me so profoundly.

I reached out to my healing practitioner to schedule another chakra balancing session and to my cutie therapist for an emergency session before Thanksgiving. I've lost that grounded feeling I had over the summer. I don't have the internal strength to fight off the toxic people and behaviors I have to be around daily — personal and professional.

My wounds never seem to heal fully. How do I find peace, joy, and a sense of belonging in all this chaos? How do I keep my eyes on the prize? At this rate, what IS the prize? There's no endpoint. Racists are going to be racist. Pretend woke white people will continue to get drunk off their white savior mentality. Cancer research will continue not to reflect the real-world population either.

People keep telling me my ideas and voice matter, but do they? I am placed in situations where I am forced to temper my tongue and emotions with a smile. I don't need to hear how strong I am and all that because I already know my internal strength and natural resilience. The point is I'm fucking tired of having to constantly navigate these shark-infested waters in a boat that is growing too old and worn down.

I don't want to take part in this hustle culture. I barely have the mental and physical capacity to do what I must now. Then, I have to somehow carve out more time and energy in the hopes that I don't fill my creative cup with backwash because I can't focus?!

Here's what many people have said to me over the years and just in the past week.

- "Audition for movies, plays, and voiceover roles"
- "Start your own consulting business"
- "Start your own podcast"
- "Follow your dreams"
- "What do you want to do"

The only thing I do know is I need to be around genuine people where I don't have to center whiteness and make others comfortable. I've opened several doors this year, but there seems to be a stall and a lack of clarity about what happens next. I need to brainstorm with others to help direct me to the next door waiting for me to open.

Existing in chaos while being suffocated by feelings of burnout and rage is not sustainable. I can't get the clarity of what I need to do and am meant to do.

Le sigh.

Until next time,

Warrior Megsie

P.S. YOU MATTER

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