When Your Safe Space Is Bulldozed

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Have you ever been involved in a group or with a person you considered safe? They created a safe space for you to be authentically you. What happens when that safe bubble unexpectedly bursts?

That's what happened to me recently. Without going into too much detail, once I know someone's true stance on an issue that I find absolutely appalling, I can no longer share digital space with that person. Though it was brief, and the subject was quickly changed, I cannot unhear it. I had such a visceral reaction which let me know that I must protect my state of mind and permanently remove myself from that space.

As I've begun to explore, research, and learning to love my blackness, I must be even more careful of who I share space with. You know that saying, it only takes one bad egg to ruin the carton, rings true in this situation. Fortunately, I made some great friendships that have continued to develop outside of that space.

So, what do I do now? I lean on those who I know have the same values and opinions on hot button issues. I fill that time doing more to enrich and uplift my spirit and passions or just rest. My safe space is my Zen home and writing with my cat Nathan Edgar by my side.

Yesterday was the five-year anniversary of receiving the biopsy of my left breast. It hit a bit harder than usual because it truly was the last time of being just a regular patient. After that point, cancer will always be a permanent word in my medical history. Even though I have no evidence of disease (NED) at this time, I'll never be just a regular patient.

While some cancer warriors don't like to think about their cancerversaries, I do. My experience was utterly traumatic. I can't get away from what I experienced and the permanent damage to my body.

I remember everything about getting the biopsy. The doctor who performed it looked like she was 12 years old and her name is Dr. Grey. Initially I laughed because I've been watching Grey's Anatomy for years and told her I'm sure she's sick of the jokes. The laughter broke the tension for a few minutes.

As I was lying there with the nurse on my right side holding my hand, I couldn't take my eyes off

Dr. Grey's face. I watched her facial expressions and could see she found something, but my mind refused to think it would be cancer. I'm a great reader of facial expressions and body language, so I can see subtle changes that most wouldn't notice.

To this day, I jump when I hear sounds of a stapler and especially hearing a staple gun. That's what it sounded like with the tool Dr. Grey used to gather the tissue samples. It was so loud and echoed in the room. The nurse kept asking if I was in pain because I was squeezing her hand so tightly. No, I wasn't in any pain, but the sounds were traumatizing me. I was counting each sample. She took more samples than she initially said she would.

I needed a safe space yesterday to talk things out and relieve some anxiety. I created one by calling a friend who never fails to crack me up and driving around just to feel like I had gotten away for a bit. I came back home feeling calmer with a half-smile on my face instead of a full-on frown.

I've mentioned before that ever since cancer, I'm incapable of tolerating bullshit. If someone bulldozes your safe space, know that you are strong enough to create another one for yourself.

Until next time,

Warrior Megsie

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