

The Living Experiment

Figuring out life one educated guess at a time

And 1 month is down! (SRS +31)

I'm in a philosophical mood, so forgive the rambling. There will be updates about the medical side thrown in but it's going to be a lot more "free form essay" style.

So here we are. One month in. This past month has been one I never could've predicted. I've been without the parts I've known my whole life for the first whole month of the rest of my life. And I've had new parts that I can't enjoy and are a constant source of stress and pain. I feel like I should be more uneasy, more uncomfortable, or otherwise unhappy with where I'm at because it's so foreign to me. Because it's so new. Because it's painful, not enjoyable (at least I kind of could figure out how to get the old stuff enjoyable sometimes), and I've got a long road ahead of me still with recovery. Another 5 months until it gets to the easier side of things of once a day. Another 2 months of having to diligently dilate (whole new meaning to "I'm the DD!"). Another unknown amount of time of constant throbbing, shooting, uncomfortable, irritating pain/discomfort. I've never had a persistent 2-3 on the pain scale before this that lasted more than a week or two. I don't like it. And it makes me feel horrible for those who have to deal with it daily. I wasn't entirely prepared for just how hard this would be. But, to be fair, there was no real way to know until I was here. Sure you can read everything out there, but nobody else is in your position. So while none of this is entirely unexpected or surprising, holy shit does it wear you down.

But I wouldn't change a thing and see a happier future. A scary and uncertain one without a doubt, but still happier.

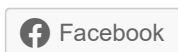
Every day things are more and more tolerable. Last night I took a bath with some salt in it as a little reward for getting through the first month. And today things feel

a lot better overall. Yes it's still uncomfortable, painful, and I have to dilate one more time today. Yes about a week ago is when I hit the more rapid healing point of month 2-3 where things are just overall much tighter. I dilate and just 5-6 hours later (the one after work until bed) and it's just as tight as it was on the first one that morning. Or the one after 8 hours from working. But, many of the small little pains from tears/cuts/sutures that have fallen out are now not stinging as much. I can actually kind of sit without a cushion to an extent for a little bit. I don't feel like things are anywhere near as tight. And dilation is tight, but not painful until those last 2-3 cm. So I'm feeling around in the dark. It's like being asleep and waking up to go to the bathroom in a new house for the first time. You kind of can feel/see your way to where you want to be, but... it's still kind of groggy and uncertain footing. And each day I'm seeing things get better little by little.

And emotionally/mentally things haven't been easy. I feel lost at work as I've not had new projects come my way and am just trying to find things to do. I feel lost in relationships due to various things I'm not going to get into here as this is a public blog. I've got people moving in and out of my house this month. Oh, and I can't exercise/workout. Well I do walk, but that's about it. Right now kind of sucks honestly. But somehow, for some reason, I see a better place in my future. What's funny though is two months ago, outside of anatomy, I was super happy. Everything was going amazingly. Yeah I was stressed, worried, and concerned about SRS. But that was simply fear of the unknown. Now I'm currently not happy, and want the rest of this year to be over so I can move on. Because I do think that in the future once a lot of the shit going on now is over, that I'll be in a better place. As I know I can be at a place I was two months ago again, just without the SRS concerns/fears. It won't be the day I had thought it would be 2-3 months ago, but a few months ago wasn't where I thought I'd really ever be either. So if I can get to that point, then there is no reason to expect I won't get there again. It'll take time unfortunately, but one day I'll wake up happy in my body, mind, soul, financial situation, relationships, career, and where I'm living.

And that's a day worth looking forward to. Until then, it's back to grinding out day by day and enjoying each one as much as I can.

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