

Arts-Based Submission

A Trans(gender) Awakening: Bearing Witness as a Nurse Practitioner

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Behind the bare walls of my office,
I stand at the doorway,
Of healing and the vastness of oneself,
Where the body speaks,
And the soul whispers its truth.

I listen to stories that have been shaped in silence.
In clinic rooms, under fluorescent lights,
Where each breath is a rebirth,
Each name spoken a declaration,
Of a world being re-discovered.

As a Nurse Practitioner,
I am the keeper of these fragile moments,
The ones who come with trembling hearts,
With eyes that hold hidden secrets,
Eyes that often see too little of themselves.

In the process of this transformation,
I see a life unraveling,
A life that was bound and never allowed to bloom,
Now, finally reaching its potential.
An unfolding so beautiful,
It is humbling to witness.

But how do I, in my caring role,
Honor the sacredness of their journey?
How can I make sense of this world,

Clinging to its binaries,
Defining, judging,
Ignoring the boundless possibilities of being?

I do not enforce what I think I know,
Or project the limitations of my own lens.
Instead, I listen.
I bear witness to the fire that burns within them,
To the courage that rises,
No longer bound by shame and fear.

The world turns a blind eye,
Dismisses their existence as a mere whisper,
An imperfection on an otherwise perfect surface.
But I know better.
I have seen their light,
And it is not dim.

It is fierce and it is real,
And it deserves to be celebrated.
In their journey, I learn more than the art of caring,
But the art of seeing.
Of unlearning the confines this world imposes on us,
And embracing its infinite possibilities,
Of who we are meant to be.

So I stand witness,
Not as an expert,
But as someone who knows,
That the greatest healing does not always need answers,
But instead, the space to simply be;
To be seen,
To be heard,
To be understood.