



HER SOUL: AN EPILOGUE

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Tutoring became vibrant when I met Alison Rosa Clark.

I recognized the depths of her living knowledge and her talent of articulation early in our tutoring sessions. Whether she focused on individual texts or synthesized her collective program materials, her voice revealed storms and fire. She wrote without fear, with a provocative edge, and I listened, questioned, rapt.

I asked her to explain, to unpack her thoughts, and I tested her writing process until I thought she might abandon me. But as we cultivated our peership with time and trust, we built a bridge of sorts that connected us somewhere between her survival and my privilege, her tenacity and my disadvantaged perspective, and we recognized and confessed our diversity.

As I worked with Alison Rosa, I assigned myself a social responsibility in our tutor-writer relationship to acknowledge her history and passion as it relates to her work. I understand now that the gifts she lends to us as readers are born from the soul of her experiences. I invite you to read her work again, with unhurried patience, for this writer lends you her soul.