

Darrell “SCIPOET” Stover is a cultural historian and poet who places emphasis on percussive sound as a key component of the poem’s life and statement. He has an MA in Writing from Johns Hopkins University and studied microbiology as an undergraduate at the University of Maryland at College Park. His poem “Stepped It Up and Gone On,” for Blind Boy Fuller, appears in *Literary Trails of the North Carolina Piedmont* (UNC Press). His newest volume of poetry is *Somewhere Down When*. He lives in the Triangle and works in the Triad.

Brother Haints

~for Klevin

Me, I know.
 Felt them holding me.
 Hard to move in the night.
 So quiet
 you have to wake up,
 face your fears.
 Hold-still spirits
 conjure bed-glued bodies.

Don't say nothing, now.
 Eyes tight
 like mummied mouths.
 Swore, I'd never tell.
 Unseen shadows get me.
 Get me to remember
 that rat I stoned
 or candy I stole.

Open my eyes
 and want to scream
 for salvation
 or forgiveness.
 But I can't.
 Don't want to get got.

That night,
 a grasping,
 invisible presence
 got brother, too.
 He say,
 protected by day,
 don't wanna
 get got
 no more.