

Jem Touches the Wall

Why did Dill have to say it?

The dare.

And with Scout there.

The house—Boo's house—the glare.

It whispers while the moon,

Shy behind dark clouds,

Wants to see if I do it.

Wind breezes by, cools my sticky, nervous skin.

Wind carries whispers from the house

and laughter from the moon

and the warning from my sister.

"Don't do it, Jem. Don't do it. "

"I gotta," I say.

My heart churns bold blood inside my veins.

Beating, beating, banging, in my brain.

Ba-bum. Ba-bum. Ba-bum.

Dill's smug face shines

In the blinking moonlight.

I go.

I feel nothing but wind.

I hear nothing but whispers—

I dare you.

Don't do it.

I gotta.

I run up the stairs,

onto the porch,

to the wall,

and back down.

Woosh. Woosh. Woosh.

Is it grass against my legs?

Is it whispers?

Is it wind?

Is it bold blood?

Or the bullet?