

# We're About 9, Hijo

I am a book from the 20th century  
On the top of your bureau drawer  
And my chapters are a bit out of order now  
But if you are patient  
You can find what you are looking for

I am a rough draft  
And I am an edit  
I'm the third time around  
And I still don't get it

I was you  
In another life that I worked my way through  
I spent all my time  
Learning this the hard way  
The only way that I know how to  
And I'll be damned if I won't pass  
That on to you  
Hijo

There is a bookmark  
On page twenty-seven  
'Cause I thought it might remind you of  
Something you were going through  
And there's a note in the afterword  
From my worst critic  
And I thought you  
Might understand what he's talking about  
When he said that I'm all washed out

And I was you  
In another life that I worked my way through  
I spent all my time  
Learning this the hard way  
The only way that I know how to  
And I'll be damned if I won't pass  
That on to you  
Hijo

I hope you like the illustration  
I armed my hands with charcoal  
And drew them myself  
I hope you like the binding  
It all my life to get it  
To gather so well  
Hijo  
Hijo

I am book from the 20th century  
On the top of your bureau drawer  
And you can file me away  
To read later  
But I may not be there  
Anymore