



Cradled in Memory - English
Registered since 04/01/2022
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**CRADLED IN THEMEMORY/ Mirta Liliana
Ramírez**

**CRADLE IN THE MEMORY by Mirta Liliana
Ramírez**

**1st edition - January 2021- Editorial MIRA -
Fontana - Chaco- Argentina**

152 pages- 14x 21 cm

N°

Free poetry. Contemporary Argentine Poetry

**Idea, Project, compilation, correction and
edition: Mirta Liliana Ramírez**

**Photography: Dusk in Puerto Vilelas de Mirta
Ramírez 2021-**



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FOREWORD

Prologue of a book and, as in this case, poetry, implies a commitment and a responsibility. Commitment to the author so as not to betray his voice and responsibility to his readers.

Honorable national and international awards and distinctions mark the poetic production of the Chaco writer Mirta Liliana Ramírez, cultural manager and... who today gives us her collection of poems, a text that will not only recreate us from an aesthetic point of view. But above all she will speak with conscience and feelings.

“CRADLE IN THE MEMORY” manifests from each of his poems the search for a love that was and cannot be renewed and confronts us with the reality of the true human condition. Poem after poem outlines a journey through life in search of its hidden meaning:

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"When life tasted like love
And you didn't realize... "

OR

"You were the one who dreamed of loving
And she picked it up a thousand times broken... "

OR

"With heart in hand
I cried."

Thus the poetic voice dialogues with those who
have passed through his life and have only left
the pain:

"The embrace of silence

he squeezes me in his inert chest of words "

Yet this pain in which she has become a woman
empowered, it is only a step towards personal
growth, towards the recreation of the

The life of her:

"The years, the time, the memories
they hug me, it's time to deal with them "

"Life has given me every day
new beats of love "

"I choose you every day
when you steal a smile from me
Or you tell me "I love you".

Now I want to return to the title of the book "CRADLE IN THE MEMORY". However the word "cradle" speaks of tenderness, warmth, which Mirta Ramírez reveals in all of her poetry. Like an exorcism to pain, to the evil that she could have received to transform it into love. She exclaims like this;

Everything is part
find moments
it is the adventure of living. "

Alejandra Pizarnik says: "Here we live with
one hand on our throats. That nothing is possible
that those who invented the rain and wove
words with it already knew the torment of its
absence. So in your prayers
"there was a sound of hands
In love with the mist".

If writing is dreaming, each poem by Mirta
Ramírez, without avoiding pain, heartbreak,
loneliness, aspires the reader to penetrate from
the everyday, from his own memories, to his
imaginary world, in his prayer of "hands in love
with fog".

I appreciate this experience of going through
this beautiful collection of poems, which

incorporates the lyrics chaqueñas a book of heartfelt reading.



Lic. Graciela Irene Rosseti.

Rosario, Santa Fe, October 2021

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Mirta Liliana Ramírez

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When life tasted like love

When life tasted like love
and you didn't realize ...

When the great loves
have appeared in your life
and they went fleetingly
how they appeared...

You realized it was love
for the pleasure they have left you,
for the teachings...

Out of nostalgia, not out of sadness...

I have lived loves,
different and intense each one
that lasted less than a sigh...

Broken heart

They have left my heart open
know that nothing is forever
and if you live it intensely
you will be happy just remembering it.

The times my life tried
the taste of love
they were shooting stars
in the firmament of my life...
But just by remembering them
I have the certainty
that I was immensely happy...

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Dreaming love

I am the one who dreamed of love
and a thousand times she picked it up broken...
Even so I didn't stop dreaming ...
Hopefully this time it's real ...

Convenience

I breathe slowly
to be able to forget you
acknowledging
that I believe in people.
Knowing that not all
they look for conveniences...

It's happening...

Barely
shine in the night i've seen
the light of the moon
next to the sparkles of the stars ...
I felt my soft breath ...
All the nights of darkness
they left.
You and only you
you appeared by chance
radiating clarity.
You appeared in my life
with a soft voice
as I always dreamed,
with comments
and timeshare

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coincidences in the things we love.

So we relax to continue.

You made me laugh.

Did you hear me cry

You heard me.

It was worth meeting you.

I got mad without you knowing

you had patience with me.

You invited me to jump.

Now we are waiting

conditions are met

Why don't we check?

if the parachutes are okay.

Wake you

Sweet morning

Even though it's dark...

Wakes me up

the restless alarm that sounds
and I must wake you up...

The delire to sleep is very hard
that do not give truce,
they don't give up either
your desire to get up.

Even though sleepy rays appear
I had to wait
May the sun burn my time and

let yours stop
to get to work on time.

I wish you the best...
I already hung up the phone...
I already said goodbye...

Wait for me

The remoteness of your love

in my life now empty

marked by your absence.

Death has separated us

momentarily.

I still love you... I ask you for love

wait for me because I still

I have not forgotten you...

Fix me alone

In this moment of my life

it's beautiful to listen

the rain on the tin roof,

slip on the set floor without falling...

Finish hanging the clothes

and that they reach me the brooches and the

clothesline...

I love my waist and knee pain...

They indicate that I am alive

And I can still manage on my own!

I

With the heart

in my hand I cried and

I felt relieved ...

The physical does not matter....

Taking some light words

Have you ever been told...

"Doesn't the physical matter?"

And... until I meet you

personally or by photography

then they don't communicate again.

Hypocrisy has no limits...

They can produce painlessly ...

And they still consideré themselves good

people...

May be the last time

Open your eyes
and be grateful for what you have:

life, health, love
and material things ...

TO ENJOY...

of the bus trip,
be careful if you drive...

If you go on foot take a deep breath
and be grateful for that moment...

We never know chiché will be the last...

Let's live fully as if it were
that there will be no other chance in this life...

I love to love everything that surrounds me.

I'm looking for you
Soft, the memories fall
drop by drop in memory
dreams inhabit
to be revived
sleepy I close my eyes
so I see you very close to my pupil...
I immerse myself in the very sky
dive among the stars...
There... I know you wait for me
I just hope to find you in time
before dawn
that I wake up again...

Just imagine

Just imagine. A 12 hour trip. The one where you can't stretch your legs or the footrest works, you spread them over other people's armrests, your knees scream at you to get up, but you can't because you're coming in through the side of the window.

You almost urinated and the companion. fast asleep in his seat... he doesn't wake up...

When you manage to get off ... you tell the driver that you are going to the bathroom ... so that they do not forget you in a distant town with nothing ... everything would go on the bus ... You desperately search for cigarettes that get lost in the woman's purse ...

When you turn it on... a whistle blows and the driver says let's go! You smoke it and throw the

you smoke they close the door... you sit down...
you stop and sit down again! ... You arrive at the
terminal and lose your friends. You go to your
house in Remis...

You arrive... the door is closed!

You are without a key and without a
battery in the phone...

You sit with your things outside... as you can,
until someone comes to open your door!

You walk in... taking off your clothes to
bathe.

You love your bathroom... what you
missed the most! It's dirty! You clean it... light
another cigarette and meditate ...

You turn on the shower and there is no
water!

You load the upper tank with the pump...
you are going to bathe...

Your bedroom is dirty and without sheets!
She cleaned, she carried water... she ordered...
she washed something...

Apocalypse... a bean! ...

Visitors come for lunch... they didn't buy
anything... not even ice...

They had lunch in the bedroom... the only
thing clean apart from the bathroom.

She went to see them off and the bitch came
in, ate the remaining empanadas...

She went to sleep and her legs when resting
simulated cramps...

She finally slept...

Between so many power outages... she had
to leave... get on the bus... Go to a meeting,
unemployment groups or vacations passed
every decade! ...

He came again, to the darkness of my life, but
he came back to his life, I enjoyed a long shower
and he washed his head again...

I think it was time to rest!

Imagine the simple moments that
happened today!

Selfish son

If there is nothing between us
Why is your child over 30 years old?
every time you plan to see me
do you have to take it to the dance?
Search for it or just get sick?
Let him know that we are nothing
and at this rate
you will stay home just to look at the wall
because there yes, it will be calm
though he doesn't even serve as a chaperone
because he doesn't even live with you.
This is called SELFISHNESS, here and in China.

Fake

When the attitudes and the feigned affection

overcome the unthinkable...

Acknowledge the mistake...

petrify the heart

and makes the blood boil...

The mask falls

show real face...

There you observe

with astonishment at the stranger.

Remind...

I have captured in my
situations that did me good,
I pass by faces that I loved very much.
Sometimes I tried to revive them.
The situations will not be repeated.
The faces with their current people and
characters.
who does not want to be part of me
moments.
Time to leave them behind, right?
I have no feelings for you
it is you who has already eliminated the
moments shared between us.
It was nice but I won't try anymore
They are just memories that will not return.

I'm cold

Still lying in bed

with the polar cold

that chills the bones.

With the warmth of your arms that do not reach

with the taste of your icy kisses

lost in the immensity of time.

Changes

Life had taken so many things from me
that these were incredible moments.
However, everything changes.
We change to the rhythm of time.
Many things remain
others leave, the wind carries them...
Changes are part
of the growth process as a person...

Life has taken many things from me
but they will never be erased
recorded people and places
that will last in the memory
as long as there is a halo of life in me...

Wait

I just hope that in the dream of life
one day I will appear to whoever was waiting
for a long time.

I dreamed it asleep and awake...

for all the years that I have and of memories

Still raving with a kiss of love...

It happened to me the other day...

I was traveling from Resistencia to Bella Vista...

In conversing with my occasional seatmate, I ask, "Where is he from?"

-From Goya.

- Ah!

- From Corrientes!

-No, from Goya!

I imagine my face and tone of voice at that insistence ...

- Sorry, I know that Goya is part of the province of Corrientes. Unless he has become independent and I have not found out ...

-Yes... Goya is part of Corrientes...- she answered.

- I already know that Corrientes is a whole country. I did not know that Goya was another country. And we both laughed.

But she was still convinced that being with Goya makes her a Goyana and not a correntina. Each with the theme of it!

Find you again

When I no longer cry for you

with my dry and puffy eyes,

when my mouth smiles again

It will be the signal

that we are already very close.

I have lived loves

I have lived two loves,
different and intense
that lasted less than a sigh...
They have left my heart open
know that nothing is forever
and that I lived it intensely
I went and am happy to remember it.
The times my life tried
taste of love
they were shooting stars
in the firmament of my life...
But just by remembering them
I have the certainty
that I was immensely happy...

Offer

An afternoon, not just any afternoon...

Only this afternoon did I remember

the pain in my chest

wrapped in cellophane of your love

with a bow of lies,

putting together a great bunch of problems...

Today I reminded you ...

do not dream

The offer of the memory was only for today...

The magic words CONFLICTIVE or
COMPLICATED

I want to tell you something: the magic words
CONFLICTIVE or COMPLICATED make my offer of
love disappear.

It was lava that I offered you and you turned
it into stone.

You have to see if those words are your
reflection in the mirror. What you see in me is
actually your reflection.

Analyze those words and apply them to
yourself.

For my part, today I feel nothing and it is not
resentment. With you I learned a lot.

I don't want what you offered me and what
you tell me.

I for my part must congratulate you. You killed
the love that I felt. And you should ask for
forgiveness, although that is brave.

To return

When it is time to return...

crossing me with the minutes

turned into memories...

Time to pack

to go to new horizons ...

Those who are sometimes scary

for the uncertainty

that produces the unknown,

holding on to hope

faced with uncertainty...

It is a new day,

I appreciate breathing again

and above all to wake up.

I don't know how my day is going to be today

but with good vibes

can i change it

to get better!

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Another chance

I know that life will give me another chance

and the heart will heal

making them invisible...

I am open

to new opportunities

That are being presented...

Friends abstain!

Expect

If there is still any doubt

I loved and was loved ...

is no longer here...

I am alone and not desperate.

Expect...

If you came into my life

and you will conquer me

fine and if not too...

God gave me the possibility

know love...

Maybe ...

The next one appears and lasts longer ...

Imagining is dangerous

When you create an ideal situation in your mind...

Life comes and gives you a blow that makes you turn your head as if you were looking for the exorcist priest...

When you realize that nothing resembles reality.

Puerto Iguazú

I have reached missionary land
The ferrous red of the earth has charged me...
In the "Hostería Las Piedras"
I have hosted
And as an only child I have been pampered.
Oh! Puerto Iguazú
I have toured you
I have met you
I've loved you
The warmth of your people
The scorching heat of your streets
The rain that relieves your soil
Curious tourists
They run down your chest...
The one who has visited you
He will never forget you!

Woman over 50 years old

I know that my body
no longer attracts the glances of men...
That my age weighs on them
more to them than to me...
That my slight wrinkles
they are furrows of war
Who does not want to kiss...
But they don't see the independent woman
that they should not keep,
They are not blinded by pure feelings.
They are not interested in company and love...
They are not interested in the experiences
acquired...
They only look for a young body
To show off to society
Without thinking that his virility is not measured

in centimeters or in age
the youth that will never return.
It is only measured in a thick wallet
have young people by your side...
It will rarely be love...

The embrace of silence

The embrace of silence

squeezes me in his inert chest of words

He chokes me with his bony arms of pain,

she looks at me with sunken eyes

voids of shocking blackness.

With screams, howls of dry tears

running for deaf ears...

Loving withered and lying words

Ever heard and already forgotten

by the distance of the sound and your absence

drawing moans of memories.

Just that, a broken memory

floating in the entrails of a dead love...

II

A good start ...
This day will end
with a sunset
and the decline of a love
unrequited...
Reborn as the Phoenix.
It is a deserved birth!

III

A good start...
This day will end
With a sunset
And the decline of a love
Unrequited...
Reborn as the Phoenix.
It is a deserved birth!

IV

Alone...

Why?

Because she still hasn't shown up
the man who deserves
that I give myself completely...

Disappointment

My dream life perished
before your absent interest
before my lost gaze.
My lips empty of words
my eyes free of nectar ...
You killed my dreams
but i will wake up
Go back to sleep and dream...
Every night I will be reborn
With new and firm dreams
And with a hope for me...

Wishes

There are times

I wish I was a firefly
small, small, curious.

Able to illuminate your mind,
Your way or just your imagination...

I wish I was the one you look at
With tenderness and wonder.

I want you to be
Who can see my shine
And love me for who I am
No, from what you imagine
Through the darkness of distance...

Missing You

Arrive on time.
I toured every lunar rayó
Kissing my body...
Somewhere else
in this precise moment
you are looking at me,
Caressing me gently...
Your caresses to the air reach me...
We joined in a kiss
under the summer moon ...
Soon we'll be together...
I love you...

The sweet afternoon

The sweet afternoon

cradles in the arms

of the rising moon.

Rest late mimosa

that tomorrow will come soon

Wake

and give me the opportunity to love you

As I love you

every day I wake up...

The serene night

invade my dream

to relive one by one

your words

nectar that gives me life...

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To my years

To my years

the unattainable dreams

they don't exist ...

I just dream

with what I can achieve

to fully enjoy it...

In the sunset

In the afternoon full of memories

sometimes I harbor hope

that someone ever

sometimes

will appear and love me...

My life

My life is so simple

And if you take a thread

this one will get tangled...

I have it clear

and i see the shortcut

In this way

I will go excited

the way that remains

to go.

With my heart in my hands

I walked
all the stale trails
with my heart in my hands ...
Offering it
how much man
passed by me...
Some
they just didn't look,
Others saw it
and they avoided me...
So many
they laughed, they mocked...
Others
they did not go unnoticed
and they pinched it...

Others lied to him
they hurt him...
Today I walk my last shortcuts...
Where I already have it in my hands
Without offering it...
Running with tears
every old wound
and cleaning them as I can...
Every bis scar
has weakened my heartbeat...
I'm tired,
snuggled up,
next to what remains
To go...
I no longer offer it,
He's dying petrified...
There you appear

like a savior...
Get up soft, but sure...
Caress and kiss with words
that inert heart...
With unequalled patience
you filled it with love...
So much i dreamed
for someone like you to appear
Before i go
just to hold my hand
and feel no pain going out alone.
You showed up giving him an answer
at my command for decades...
You showed me that everyone
some time
they will be happy in this life...
You gave me that opportunity
reaching the end of mine...

Every moment

I die and I am reborn every moment...

Thinking of them, yearning for them

those moments only ours...

In those smiles

followed by laughter

when he tickled them...

When she read those stories

and her faces lit up...

When she made them sing

the lord's prayer screaming

so they could sleep peacefully...

I was a mother who came without instructions

that she left her life at school

and her children on the way...

I did my best,

today traveling to my destination

they are not with me

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and I don't want to get in the way...
How much they have grown
and how far they are!
Inevitably I go my way
I have not learned either
grow old and say goodbye...
The years, the time, the memories
they hug me, it's time to deal with them...

Gifts that life has given me...

He has given me couples

But she hasn't given me love

She has given me my own children

and also from the heart...

She has given me opportunities

in the country and in the cito...

I had a good time

deserved for studying...

She has given me grandchildren

I learned unconditional love...

I have grown, matured and aged,

I have learned, experienced

and wisdoms gathered.

I have patched my heart

hundreds of times...

Life has given me

daily

new heartbeat of love

Until my last breath...

I've searched

I have traveled roads,

I walked and walked

failed loves...

I have wanted,

She has disappointed me...

One more year

that the absence shines

from whom sincerely

give me your time

and his heart...

I am no longer young or thin

but what I offer you

is sincere

until my last breath...

Happy Valentines Day

In Spanish... Happy Valentine's Day...

Happy day to those who have a partner and love each other ... For now at least ...

Happy day to those who have two... incumbents and alternates.

Happy day to those who pretend to love those around them.

Happy day to those who silently love the wrong one... but rekindle their hopes.

Happy day to those like us, whose hands are chapped and sore from being empty, but we still believe that one day it will come.

Write for Diara

If you take a pen to write
imagine a nib and India ink ...
Or Argentine pen,
embossed paper and letters ...
Now to do it
we open the computer
keystroke ...
The sweetest juices come out there,
bitter or salty from the heart
to get to you in the form of an idea
for you to try it
according to your mood ...

For Diara

That fat peladita
large eyes,
huge double chin
ideal lips
for piquitos de puchero...
Fat beautiful...
Huge and heavy...
I didn't steal a smile ...
I am your fake grandmother
nothing you can't do
with the number of grandmothers
that we want to pamper you...
DIARA... if you continue like this
grandmothers you will have to splurge...

Any

Nothing in me bloomed

Nevertheless,

I smell the perfume of the flowers

Nothing matters

those who think and speak ill of me,

i bless

to those who hurt me and hurt me,

I ask god

for those who hate me and insult me...

That's why i love strangers

because if they fail me

i don't know them

they don't even know me.

Clear conscience

I have a clear conscience

I receive all the blessings

I reject who or what will hurt me...

I live my simple life

without worries

and without regrets...

I just need to risk loving again

It is not that there are no interested

I push them away ...

Happy

Happy

despite making it difficult for me...

Life is Beautiful...

Today I woke up happy ...

For no apparent reason...

But I radiate happiness!...

V

This older woman

she retires

to rest her body...

Not the fingers...

To be in love

When you feel your skin crawl
that your breath is short,
you feel a tingling running through your body,
that your lips burn,
that you breathe the air of another,
that your mind is flooded with its images,
that flies through your thoughts
which lamp fulfills all your wishes
it means you are madly in love
and if it is reciprocal
it's like touching the sky with your hands...
It is the opportunity that life gives you
to love and be loved...

I feel your hands

I feel your hands
going through me everything
caress my body and my soul...

I feel your hands
kissing my face,
taking my shoulders
spinning towards the rainbow...

I feel your hands
comb my hair
come close to my neck...

I feel your hands on me
strolling without worries

by the geography of my body
so rugged and stale...
Nevertheless,
Your hands feel like rosebuds...

I feel the warmth of your love
talking to me about the skin...
Love me without prejudice
drinking me like a crystal glass
between your delicate hands...

The moon rises

The moon rises

on the threshold of my eyes

showing the dark night

the shine on my face...

The naked stars

they please the universe

pouring my verses in him...

Simply beautiful

I saw you born
since sunset
blush
but hot
Undress
get in
in the waves
life immersion...
Salt,
look to you
in the mirror of the inert sea,
yet
before so much reflected beauty...

Wake

Up early

with the trill of the birds,

Sun

warming up the environment,

typical morning.

Wanting to go on a journey

back to the houses.

I miss my home, my bed...

I miss my life for a while

come back to my reality...

Impenetrable Chaco I

You always bless the entrance
and departure of teachers.

And you constantly remind them
that the mountain is not for everyone.

And what to sweep
only the brave do it...

And they risk their lives driving...

Impenetrable Chaco II

How much your breast misses
and she no longer remembered
what it was
have the ovaries in the throat
and without stopping praying...

I choose you every day

I choose you

at the beginning of my doubts

before the sigh of my need to believe you

and to the dreadful beat of my anguish...

I chose you many times

accompanying you in your dreams and

awakenings

when you felt overwhelmed

when the terror of falling in love

and the failure was infinite...

I choose you

when your doubts

they were bigger than your ego

and when your ego completely annulled me...

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I choose you

one and a thousand times with the heart
because we have decided
give us the opportunity to love
be and feel loved.

I choose you every day

when your whims and jealousy overtake you
and when my patience
break the wall...

I choose you

since the moment
where my heart skipped a beat
without understanding what was happening...

I choose you every day

when you steal a smile from me

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Or do you tell me "I love you",
when you tell me your day
your dreams, your time and your work...

I will choose you
because with love
you healed my wounds
and without thinking twice
you decided to make me happy...

Any...

Nothing will change in me
no matter how much you have me
trampled on the body,
the heart, the soul...

Nothing will make me lower my arms
you have strengthened me ...
So much pain was transforming me
into a better person...

Something you will never be...
You will never accomplish anything for you
It will always be
through the pain of others.

Eye! In life everything returns...

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I want to love you

I want a rose petal tablecloth

some covered in breeze,

sand grains tableware...

I want a paella of love

with hugs and kisses...

A glass of tenderness

and drink it slowly

tasting your look

in the light of the chandelier of the suns

lighting up your smile

Spring night...

With the fluttering of butterflies

melt in your mouth

drink your passion like

erupting lava.

I love you in the sunrises

and bathe in madness with the rainbow...

Love love.

Loving you, loving us...

Melt into the vastness

and evaporate with the sun...

The Rose

She has seen you grow
get up gently
into the warm sun...
Your branches like open hands
drink dew.
I have seen hummingbirds
kissing you in secret...
Your delicate petals open
like a heart in love...
Your velvety flowers
the color of passion is shown above all
attract with its aroma
to the butterflies...
You are beautiful,
your thorns hurt,
even so

you leave them captivated by your beauty...

Red rose, passion red...

Rose that delights the look

of the lover and her love...

Scare

Everyone was attentive to the readings of the event in history... Tales of terror! Who doesn't like that?

Everyone was so attentive that no one realized that the night had advanced so far that the light of the place barely shone for the writers to read their works. And Dave began to read with emphasis saying... "on a dark night and the light suddenly went out... Everyone was screaming in fear and anxiety and they knew how the story was going. Cell phones were on and it felt like night of Halloween".

Dave kept reading and suddenly felt a shocking scream behind, out of fear, everyone they remained rigid without turning.... Dave kept reading and another scream was heard and a glass fell, a broken glass bottle on the floor and the smell of aine flooded the place... You could cut the fear with scissors, everything was

palpable... Dave was silent. From the silence, his cell phone began to flash, a sign that the battery was running low and that of other spectators as well.

Roberto entered the place, speaking, reciting the text of the page and in order not to stain it, he put it on as a representative of his habitual act...

Those who were able to flee did, others fell on glasses and bottles, Paula kept screaming, but she was with another group at the bar... she didn't even know what happened, people screaming, falling, hitting and shoving us, fleeing in terror, Dave and I were left looking at each other and turning on my cell phone, Paula making faces that she did not understand anything and Roberto removing the sheet asking what was wrong. The four of us were left alone at the event.

Yellow lapacho

An image

surprisingly beautiful

was captured on my retina...

As if the wind threw it there

stay for life...

I've seen skinny twigs

move

gently with the breeze

or writhing fiercely

with a strong wind...

For my surprise

without breaking...

And in them so immobile...
without any shelter from the leaves.

Those

Beautiful yellow flowers...

Bare tree

with so many flowers together...

is the sun turnen into a tree...

Each of them are rays

that illuminate the deepest

of who admires them.

Yellow lapacho

you grow, you flourish and you turn green.

what happens to each one

your flowers tell them

Stop!

Savor life

because I am the thief

to steal a moment from you

your lost gaze.

Life

Life

Change course

in every moment.

Everybody run

embarrassed

Some

they collide with each other

Causing fatal accidents.

Others,

they take so much speed

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who finish the race
against themselves.

Others,
they prudently walk away

Out of the crowd
to have
a different perspective.

Others lead groups
Preaching life stories
Nevertheless,
This space
this place,

this SLAM
this people
meets here
where they converge
the exquisite taste of the word
and the incandescent colors
of the voice that transmits
grain of ideas to the brain
prayer pack,
Bouquets of poems.

Preaching is not easy

How to do

so that your everything reaches the other?

Preach and poeticize

form a rainbow

in the construction of the intellect

a pyramid of ideas

than any wind

it will not delete it.

I don't even have the bus card

It is true that we were wrong
but I comfort myself knowing
that walking will improve my health
what to run after the bus
become a national sport,
where losing weight is so necessary
that my mental obesity
they also decrease.

It's true, nothing is enough.
My day starts normally.
I'm looking for my card
I can not find it,
my jacket has so many holes
that gets lost between the lining

and my shirt
transparent from Paranioc mice
I search so much that I find it
I read it and yes
it's my bus card.
I don't make a problem
I caress her
I walk through her plastic body
I smile at the wasted colors
She took it tightly in her hand.
I look at my sneakers with resignation
sporting some beautiful holes.

I thank heaven that I still have it
but, without weight to carry it.

And then I get lost in the streets

Singing and whistling softly
"I don't even have to get on the bus"
I comfort myself by checking
that I can still walk.

VI

Little darling

It has been many years

and I don't even know how many.

I don't know your age, I don't know your tastes

I was never by your side...

I was not in any stage of your life.

I was not in your 15 years,

nor in your marriage ...

I apologize for not being ... though

I don't know if it corresponds

but maybe

if you ever needed me...

if you had ever looked for me,

you would have noticed

that I was always there,

I waited for you without knowing it and without
your knowing it...

Even with the pain we share...

may you be happy, may God enlighten you and

for the first time in twenty years or less

you can receive from me, from your aunt

a hug

telling you HAPPY BIRTHDAY.

Clarification: I found out on Facebook.

QUEEN: DEAR niece

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Promotion 1983

Another meeting overcame
between laughs
and broken words
laughter and broken voices
between memories and realities
We walk
by the train of memories
for the harshest realities
listening to us with respect,
a total empathy ...
A sandwich
what was dinner made
between laughter and sad news
doing catharsis
we survived another encounter ...

Resistance Promotion 83

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where friends from before

they are still

and those that we do not treat,

At that time

they are new friends.

Mother Paulita Slamera

I met you

oxygenated blonde,

blonde with black roots

not even a regretful brunette.

Skinny skinny,

detailed forward

for your real years.

Misaligned

without caring about anything

but your look,

your gestures, your interior
they undress you
before the amazed eyes
of those who know you and love you ...
sensitive, loving and
wonderfully out of place.
I adopted you immediately
it cost you more ...
but knowing that we love each other
Nothing else matters.
Great writer ...
she suffered and
immersed in anonymity

all writers
we depend on you
we all wait
say something to join us
to enjoy this great family
that you formed and
you were formed without realizing it
all souls
in need of affection
gathered to the sound of the writings
that each one vomits from the heart ...
I want to thank you

for being Mother Paulita
of the humble writers
raising the flag of Slamera.
it does not matter what happens ...
Thanks to you,
now all soba ...
the ones we have
And what we don't have too!

To my daughter of the heart Paula Gialdroni

My belly has aged.

I still feel that you are mine

I have not given birth to you.

But nevertheless...

You're always in my heart

I met you in fall

but i felt like i was

forever.

You were oxygenated blonde

I've seen the roots of your hair

change

like your mood

How does your writing complain?

like your look and

excited faces.

Sometimes they said words

gesturally

Did you try

You love everyone

you accept everyone

And I have learned to listen to you

As if it were me ... speaking!

I adopted you after mauro

However ... I met them

The same day

Thanks for being part of my life

Thanks for leaving

be part of yours ...

Thank you for being my daughter

because I love you and I feel like this

because i chose you

Before you ...

All writers

and the slamera community

We wish you the best.

Today you gave birth to this book

and you didn't care

being a single mother ...

With an adolescent look ...

In adolescence
everything is discovery
Overtime
it's a snail in mourning ...
Dreams
they are goldfish.
Innocence adds
to amazement,
to the will to live
like a bullet train
in every moment
dreams are magnified ...
You don't think about disappointments

On ups and downs ...
Everything is part
of the finding of moments
it is the adventure of living ...

Biographies

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Mirta liliana ramirez

Mother, grandmother, teacher, writer, proofreader, compiler and editor.

Career as a writer: I dedicate myself to writing to make the individual think and rethink about his actions, I did this work forty years ago.

A professional teaching career involves thirty-one years of hard, verifiable work.

Career as Cultural Manager in favor of the promotion of reading and writing, giving the possibility to those who wish to open the paths of dreams until their realization, whether or not they are recognized writers and poets who work virtually, freely and worldwide...

Mirta Liliana Ramírez was born on October 27, 1965. In Resistencia - Chaco- Argentina. She lives in Fontana-Chaco.

She is a mother, teacher and grandmother. Writer, compiler, proofreader and editor, she only works on her own projects.

He began to write at the age of 12 on taboo topics of the time: such as abortion, wanted and unwanted children, courtships, failed relationships, at his young age his circle of (older) friends provided his ears with a lot of material to write. She kept it all on her mind, as much of that material was lost, although she keeps her writings from 1979 in her original dated notebook, as she realized that her passion it was writing and transmitting a message. The idea of publishing her first book always existed and she appeared in all the Contests that she could, it was at that moment that she was already using the typewriter. Due to the need to send her writings, she was received as a typist. She always knew that her book would be called "Whispers of the Soul", which she never

imagined would become a Collection of eight copies.

Due to the amount of writings of a girl to date, it had to be taken one topic per book, they were presented in High Schools, Libraries, Writers Meetings.

Whispers of the soul

1- Seeds of life:

Develop the topics on: love, heartbreak, loved, unwanted child, abortion. Posted in 2015

2- Germinating was not easy ... growing is less:

If the birth is purely and exclusively by decision of the mother and that was not easy, growing up is difficult depending on the context where each one grows up, traditional home, disintegrated home, children's home, the street ... All that will determine the type. of person who will move in society. Posted in 2015

3- Childhood:

Always touching the most important theme, which is love, he speaks of the duality of joy, immediately passing to hatred or from joy to sadness, states of mind where it indicates that children are already entering preadolescence. Published 2016

1- To fly:

Adolescents and young people decide to leave home and see the world with their own eyes, considering parents as an impediment to fending for themselves, however, the reality outside the home is totally different in an unknown world and idealized by young people, is his first blow against the wall. Published: 2016

These books are finished, some galley proofs are missing, he never published them:

2- With its own nest:

Older children look for their own home, to start a family, and they want their own place, and there appears the syndrome of the empty nest, when the parents do not adapt to being alone, when the house is too big for them.

3- Without you ... my life goes on:

Talk about losses, no one is exempt from physically losing a loved one or because they must live elsewhere, losses and distances.

4- The flower of age:

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When the older parents accepted that it is time to live and enjoy the time they have left in their own way, it is where they encounter opposition from the children in many cases, it is time to remind them that they are still children and that parents can decide for themselves. what remains for them to live.

8-Put the coat on whoever fits

If writing as a child did not condition her to write unceremoniously, without keeping anything to herself, in this book things are captured that when reading them the reader can identify and think about the things she does with her life and see if she can change attitudes or habits.

Women on the edge of the emotional abyss:

It is a compilation of own writings taken from the Women on the Edge of the Abyss Collection - Collection 1- (Own project) 2018

Defollowing moments

First collection of poems where various topics are touched upon. 2019

Memories of my childhood:

Compilation of narratives written for the Life of Stone Collection, where happy and mischievous

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moments of childhood and adolescence are remembered for people over 50 years of age. Not all past is better, but there may be things that serve posterity. 2021 not yet recorded.

Cradled in memory:

They are memories where memory plays us a

Moments passed that once made us think of someone or something. 2021 not yet registered.

Love without borders:

First part: It is a compilation of writings from the book "With the flavor of your skin", virtual love in the networks (Own project, anthology, erotic writing for secondary schools, and that young people differentiate the erotic from pornography) .2021

Second part: They are poems of an impossible love between people from different countries. not yet registered.

Flavored with love.

Poems of love and heartbreak, dedicated to those who do not value us. 2021 not yet registered.

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Expressing myself:

They are writings that at certain moments appear dedicated to someone or situations that appear and mark a precise moment.

Professional career as a teacher:

She received a Primary Education Teacher, practicing as a teacher in common elementary schools as of August 18, 1990. She began the exhibitions of Science Fairs participating from the beginning in this type of events with her students, when she met the topic. she discovered that Science Clubs were engaged in Research with students. In 1996 she created the First Science Club called Albá Pa'avo (in the Qom language it means "inland") from that date.

They started working on the school newspaper, where they included job opportunities and birthdays.

This newspaper lasted 15 years in circulation by the different schools in which she worked (Fontana, Colonia Benítez, Margarita Belén, Impenetrable).

Creation of several in total seven clubs Science Clubs "Sixto Osvaldo Sotelo" (EPA No. 41), "Raúl Junco" (EEPS No. 31) of Colonia

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Benítez, Clubs in Margarita Belén: Special School No. 15, Elementary School Common No. 12 and kindergarten. Now as School Director in Tres Pozos the Science Club "Moncho Otazo" (El Sauzalito - Tres Pozos - El Impenetrable)

With the formation of the Science Club "Sixto Sotelo"

Book called "El smbrador" (2005) of my authorship, which contains the Project for publication (which was never carried out), the complete biography of the speaker, and each activity investigated and carried out with the students.

I work together with volunteer firefighters (my students joined as firefighters doing the school course) and National Parks.

With 31 years of work he retired in 2021.

Since 2011, she was the first to form the School Councils, drafting her inclusive statute.

Career as a cultural manager

2017: participated in the 1st. National and International Meeting of Writers organized by the Pan de Azúcar Museum «El galpón de Domingo», in Piriápolis, Eastern Republic of Uruguay. Immediately after the meeting in Piriápolis, she created the International Writers

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Working Group "Together for letters". (Which currently has almost 1600 members, thus working with eight countries in Latin America, Spain, Morocco, Russia, India and Nigeria).

2018 «Women on the edge of the abyss» is his second Anthology project, he wanted

incursion with the participation of four writers and her. Faced with the call to cover those places, she was outnumbered by the number of interested parties and thus the Woman Collection emerged on the edge of the abyss of five copies. Each book on the spine has letters that when completing the compilation form sentences " OPEN YOUR WINGS AND FLYING. "Women on the edge of the abyss is everything that surpasses us women such as: work, children, family, cleaning, economy, love, losses, etc. / She was appointed Zonal Director of Adults of Fontana-Chaco

by SIPEA (Ibero-American Society of Poets, Writers and Artists) / In the same year, due to the avalanche of orders, the Woman on the Edge of the Abyss Collection, Collection II, and the phrase formed by joining the five copies "VIVE, DREAM AND MAKE IT REAL " ./

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She participated: International Meeting of Writers of Tilcara. / International Meeting of Writers in Cabo Polonio- Uruguay organized by El Galpón de Domingo. / She was interviewed by channel 8 of La Paloma- Rocha - Uruguay for the Movida that had started presenting and promoting the books. Thus continuing the presentations by Punta del Este, Piriápolis and Montevideo. She / she was invited to the XI International Meeting of Writers of Tarija - Bolivia. She was appointed Universal Ambassador of Culture recognized by UNESCO. She is part of the Circle of

Writers from Tarija. She was declared an Illustrious Visitor by the Tarija Deliberative Council. She attended the I Latin American Meeting of Writers "Resistencia los abrazos".

He created and started the CULTURAL MOVIDA, which consists of bringing writers closer to educational establishments and interacting with students to encourage them to read and discover new writers or fulfill the dream of being part of a book, with the commitment to improve it. She did it in Chaco and Corrientes: she organized the First International Meeting of Writers on the Island of Cerrito, First

International Meeting of Writers in Margarita Belén, presentation of books and round of readings in Barranqueras, presentation of

Resistance and Primer books and reading rounds

International Meeting of Corrientes Capital Writers with the assistance of Chaco, Corrientes, Rosario, and foreign writers (Uruguayan and Colombian). / She participated in the Itá Ibaté Book Fair. / She participated in the first congress of

guaran 'in Yataity del norte -

Paraguay presenting the project "Together for letters". Presentation of books and workshops in primary and secondary schools in the area. / 2019 she made the Call for the

International Youth Anthology "Expressing ourselves without voice." Where young people freely express themselves in poetry or narrative. / She participated in meetings with the Secretary of Culture of the City of Salta. / First prize story contest: Short story "Sapipescadito" created in conjunction with her 8 and 5 year old grandchildren. Cathedra Foundation of Buenos

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Aires. First prize love letter from the Cathedra Foundation of Buenos Aires. / She Together with her 8-year-old granddaughter, she conducted a workshop for children from kindergarten to third grade. Topic: Time for "Let's imagine" how to create stories. / Summoned to presentation of his and other authors' books

At the International Book Fair of Ituzaingo'-

Corrientes, he conducted workshops for children reading and making them comment

what they understood, working on orality. With the groups of adolescents, young people and tertiary, the workshop was given: Difference between cell phone and book.

Importance of reading. Importance of reading and writing in today's society. / He attended a book presentation and workshops at a Secondary School in Corrientes Capital. / He participated in the International Meeting of

Writers in Apostles - Missions, book presentation, workshops on the importance of cultural movements and how to register as an author and ISBN management. / He participated in the Paso de libre book fair. Workshops and search for new writers. / Participated in the

Meeting of International Writers of Villa Carlos Paz. Explanation of the project of the Working Group "Together for Letters". / Presentation in five Schools for Adults of the Roque Sáenz Peña Presidency. / He specified Movida Cultural, which included the ex-combatants of the Malvinas War.

He did the tour with a Peruvian writer, several female writers Chaco and Corrientes in Chaco

we appeared at: Presidency Roque Sáenz la Movida was declared of Municipal interest and the first International meeting of

Writers in the framework of the book fair, Isla del Cerrito: Declaration of Municipal Interest and Illustrious Visitor and the Second International Meeting of Writers was organized, Margarita Belén: Second

International Meeting of Writers, Resistance: First Cultural move with the Malvinas ex-combatants, Barranqueras: First Cultural move with the Malvinas ex-combatants. Corrientes: Corrientes Capital Secondary School presentation of books and workshops, Bella Vista: reading of own texts in the Library; San

Roque: Presentation of books and workshops in secondary school, Work in workshops within the framework of the Meeting of International Writers of San Roque, Paso de los

Free: presentation of the Project of "Together for the letters", Mercedes: Presentation of the Project, visit and interview on the radio. San Luis

del Palmar: Movida Cultural, presentation of the project. Declaration of Interest by the Council

Deliberative. / Participated in the San Roque Writers Meeting. / She published the First

International Erotic Anthology "With the flavor of your skin" worked and very cared for by those written for secondary schools, the difference between sensual erotic and pornographic or explicit sex. / She published Women on the edge of the abyss Collection III "Catharsis" books 1 and 2 whose phrase will be "ELEVA TU VUELO"

in honor of an anthologized writer who died before seeing her writings in Collection II (Irma Ayala). / Life of Stone I and II, a collection of five copies. It is about the tender and funny stories of our childhood, to leave it to our young children or grandchildren. Not all past times were better, but before virtuality we had interpersonal

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relationships, not like today. / 2020 Cultural Holidays: Seclantas - Salta, book presentation and workshops. Radio interview. Research for work on a historical anthology with the writer Sarita Mónica Antonio. / Cultural Movement in a Goya Library thus initiating the Movement

Cultural with Literary Raking. Public participation in reading their productions, workshops on how to rediscover writing. Children's story reading, comments and drawing productions. Workshops and questions with the Community about writing and reading. / Reading workshop, the importance of diction, modulation

and tones of voice. / He published the International Anthology "When letters mature", the first anthology where child writers, young writers and adult writers share space. / He published the Anthology: When the lyrics mature. /

2021: Declaration of Municipal Interest of the City of Fontana - Chaco- Argentina N ° 24/21 of 8/19/2012

Creation of the Totem Chest: space to publish poetry.

The First World Festival of the Arts of the Working Group "Juntos por las letras" has been carried out.

First World Book Fair of the Working Group "Together for Letters"

Biweekly meetings.

Meeting of artists once a month.

Presentations of Immortals every 15 days an artist appears.

Acknowledgments received:

International recognition:

2020 Mendocino Condor as a writer

2021: as a cultural manager

2020:

Gaicho Salteño as a writer.

Luna Tucumana as Cultural Manager

Obelisco de Oro as a writer.

Silver Gaviota as Cultural Manager

Cerro Tronador as Cultural Manager

Recognized in the top 100

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Writers from Latin America and the Caribbean.

2021: National Summit Award: Contribution to society with dedication

and helps Humanity.

National Award: World Chain for Peace "Cradle of Independence"

Creation of the Artescritores Group.

2019

Created and registered by Editorial MIRA

2021 started its Project: virtual, worldwide and translated for free in 13 languages. The Immortal Collection consists of a visual artist who submits 6-8 works and a group of 20 or more writers write about each one. Thus reaching 45 countries in the world. It is a collection of 50 copies. / He published with his publisher: My poetry written on your skin by Juan Aguirre (Itá Ibaté - Corrientes) - Galley Tales by Rolando Villalba (Resistencia - Chaco) - Penumbras del Corazón by Sarita Mónica Antonio (Corrientes Capital) - Enmarañada by Sara Carolina Meza Romero de San Luis del palmar -Corrientes- Tales of Gallery of resistance by Rolando Villalba-Chaco-Children's stories for children

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(Children's Anthology of Jazmín and Joaquín, their grandchildren; Resistencia-Chaco) - Ser by Florencia Correa, his youngest daughter (Resistencia-Chaco). Recognition by Editorial Hispana US as selected within the 100 best poets of Latin America and the Caribbean.

Due to the Pandemic, the dates of the Cultural Movement ran with the Literary Rake and forming the Cultural Belts. / Solidarity work: Making chinstraps to donate to health centers and police stations in your city.

Interviews

Radio CIPA of Colombia for 4 opportunities.

CONVERSARTE - Colombia twice.

Hello Art - Canada twice.

Parallel Art - Germany Twice.

Radios: local, from Buenos Aires, from Córdoba, from Salta conducted several interviews with him.

La Paloma- Rocha - Uruguay, radio and television interview.

Participation in Writers Meetings: Paraguay, Colombia, France, Bolivia, Uruguay and Argentina.

-Interview with writers from Resistencia - Chaco - Argentina in the Cultural Manager month interview with Marina Nill.

- Cultural Paths: In charge of Victoria Helena Ríos from Colombia and Graciela Echagüe.

Acknowledgments received

- Amb. De Access to Human Rights International- AHRI Global

- Dra. Poets from around the world

- Sri Marikireddi Health Care Foundation- International Golden AWARD

- Certificate merit the writer's Day IFCH

- Doctor Honoris Causa in Literature for peace. AHCASA - Morocco, Mexico and the world.

- Dynamic Peace Rescue Mission International Global Ambassador

- Certificate of appreciation Dr. Amb. In recognition of your dedication service and outstanding contribution to the International

- Culture Athletic promotion Association HQ
- Universal Poetic Utopia - Golden star.
- Ambassador for Humanity - IFCH
- Inspiring women is AICHYCI A WARD
- Culture Art Humanity and Peace.
- Degree Doctor Honoris Causa in Humanist Transcendence
- Awarded Women Leaders for Peace of Mexico.
- Recognition of the Trajectory - Brazil.
- Academy, Arts, Science, Culture and Culture of Peace.

The Juntos de por las letras logo has appeared on the cover of the book 100 poets for peace, certificates and meetings of all kinds.

- Meeting for Peace in Toluca - Mexico.
- Meeting of Writers of Paraguay.
- Inclusion of a writing "The Spiritual Guide and her secret" in Magazine Arabic.
- Special Mention for Haiku in Groups of Arab Writers.

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- Cover of Magazine Arabic with the poetry "The love of my life.
- IFCH Certificate of Merit
- Ambassador for Peace and Humanity IFCH Marrocco
- Various acknowledgments from IFCH Morocco- Mexico, Prommetheus- Spain, included several times in the Pegamento de los Pueblos Arabes Magazine, Baghdad Membership,

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Graciela Irene Rossetti

He was born in Rosario, April 5, 1946.

**National Normal Teacher. 1963.
National Normal Professor of
Spanish, Literature and Latin
The Critical Reading Project on**

the Argentine Narrative of CONICET has been approved.

Degree in Letters from the Faculty of Humanities and Arts of the University. National of Rosario.

She has received mentions in different poetry contests and in a story published in the Bridge of Words Anthology XIV at the MERCOSUR International Forum of Art and Literature Bridge of Words.

2017- she participated reading poems of her authorship in the First National and International Meeting of Writers, organized by the Museum «El galpón de Domingo» of Pan de

Azúcar in Piriápolis Oriental Republic of Uruguay.

She participated in Women on the Edge of the Abyss International Anthology Collection 1- Book 2 and with Comments of the work in Collection 2 - Book 2. Book 1 of Collection 1 Life of stone. 2020: she published her first book: "A time to live".

The novel "Rufina" is unpublished and was submitted to various Competitions.

2021: Publication and presentation of Rufina in various spaces and Book Fairs.

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Editorial MIRA
De Mirta Ramírez
Fontana - Chaco - Argentina
Año 2021



Cradled in Memory - English
Registered since 04/01/2022
No. 2201040183472