



CERAMICS

Nadja Čelić

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When Nadja takes clay in her hands

A clay is just a soil to some people
Just a bunch of dirty mud,
but for Nadja it is a small fortune
More valuable than gold coin.

When she takes the clay in her hands
One would say: "look, she is bothering the soil"
And she takes the the clay with skilled fingers
and small miracles makes.

Owl, giraffe, turtle, frog ...
A lady with a cat ... A man and woman ...
If you look closely it will seem
They will come to life any moment.

She gave me a "Spring Window"
And now, even when it is winter,
Sparrows chirp and cherry blossoms,
Because I have spring in my home.

Each of her clay figure
Really lives ... smiles, breathes ...
Someone will say - it is art.
I think it's something more.

Nadja is an ordinary child
shines smiles,
And their children's magic wears
And in the soul, but in the fingers!

Jovica Tišma

























































