

# CERAMICS

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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























































































