

Evgeny Novitsihin

In Memory of the Painter-Poet Symeon Volchkov

How can anyone exist without roots?
Unless these, like extensions of ourselves,
Accompany us everywhere we go, even
To the furthest corners of our limitless Earth.
O, Rus, you abandoned your most brilliant children
To that careless mother, Fate, who scattered them
At random, cruelly, and with them your soul.

Thus have your spirit and your word been sown
With invisible perfection, or mere traces of brilliance.
But see there, where incomparable treasures shone
From the painter's palette, while from
the poet's pen, verses blossomed,
Verses such as few can pen.

Your paintings, O my brother, poems every one
Speak to us as no other could have done.
How many of Russia's worthiest sons
By Destiny were discarded thoughtlessly,
When she had reason more than anyone
To proudly own their unequivocal quality!

Your paintings, brother, have such warmth and vitality
They bring our frozen souls to life again.
While of your verses the perpetually burning flame
Fortifies and feeds our hearts' forgotten dreams.
You bequeathed us these, examples only
Of your boundless generosity,
And I do believe a time will come,
When your soul will illuminate the world as one!