

Parable

by [Warren L. Molton](#) in the [June 10, 2015](#) issue

My good neighbor of long standing said to me,  
You know, I think that old nursery rhyme,  
*Row, Row, Row Your Boat*, is the golden key  
To a successful life. Remember how it goes?

Oh yes, I said, but what about all those folks  
Whose boat is leaking, and their oars have  
Battered blades and split handles that pinch  
Their palms and splinter their fingers at every stroke,  
And as far as they can see downstream,  
There is crashing white water, great boulders  
And perhaps a fatal waterfall ahead?

Ah yes, he sighed. I pray for them every day.  
I pray earnestly that they can swim—that they  
Know how to swim, he said, pouting his lips  
Thoughtfully and nodding his white head.  
Yes, they must know how to swim.