

# Nazarene

By Pauli Murray

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5 Say that he was legend,  
The dream of slaves and beggars,  
Or hippy poet so charged  
With music of the spheres  
That stones sang beneath his naked feet.  
I care not if he lived  
10 Or uttered any word,  
Or healed a single leper.  
I know only that his name  
Reveals that gift of pain  
That only love can bear  
15 And having borne still cry  
“I love.”