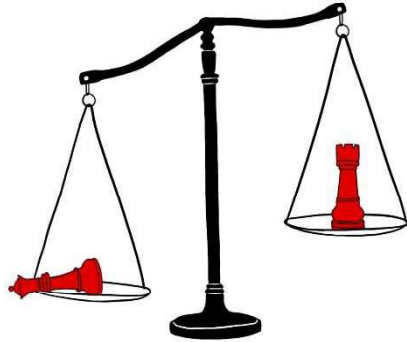


Y. K e n t



O n e o r
T h e O t h e r

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Let me tell you the story of the London East

Where two families once lived.

One came to London on a ship,

The other like the storm across the land.

One, a name carried through the stories,

The other forgotten by our hearts.

They stood and watched.
As the wars come and go,
They did not join our men.
As London pained under villainy of twins,
They did not raise their voice.

For there is in the East another law.

My mother raised a boy,
Yet decades passed without us knowing.
A home long lost,
The scars still bleed under London's ashes.
A decade passed without protection.

The places none of us would go,
This is where another war claims lives.
Down the street that parts tradition,
Parts allyship and guidance,
While only some of us stare at the name.

The law of man – we follow not.

In the absence came the gaffers,
But among us unity is strong.
Right and left of what is ours,
We claim, we stand, and we watch.
One day they lurk.

Eyes of the night,
We know you well.
Not forgotten are the tales of knights,
Of hunters lighting up the skies.
One day they return.

The law of Old is what we hold.

One came to follow
And left us to our end of days.
The other came to lead,
And lost all lives,
But one yet lives.

All guidance lost,
The battle under our feet is ours.
No one turns their heads
At what we risk for all.
Where we stand shall be our last.

As long as the hold is secure –

Each of us is keeper.
One gate on our grounds,
One the neighbour underground,
And one lost,
Never known outside the men of kings.

It was one's duty,
The betrayal of the other.
More are out there,
The lines without direction,
Honour without sense.

From Spitalfields to Whitechapel we roam

One, where the church bells never stroke,
Where three brothers never spoke,
Where one leader was a tyrant
And the next a Sir,
Who no longer lives.

The other, the hero of a villain's tale,
Who lost his love in betrayal of friends,
Who was the last defender
And lost his way,
While hunting for power and impact.

The pledge of truth yet lives.

To London I came from far,
In London home was the corner
Where hate revealed its face.
Outside of solitude
Until the fear became the night.

The scratching of walls no longer standing,
The bite marks of animals never lived,
The songs of grief in every attic
And the screams six feet below
Keep me awake no longer.

Our truth is hope of a child to come home.

In London shadows have names.
A train of the dead shakes low,
In the heights the wings blast fire,
And the parliament is still.
No more words of Alley Street.

A promise of the lady's allies,
Broken by the ancestors of blood thirst.
The East turned its back to the city
Many moons ago
When Scottish flags still waved.

Hope for a bloodline to speak justice.

One shall be searched across the seas,
The other awaited on Edinburgh's mile.
From London to the North,
The train shall roll.
Keep us save from Auld.

Each of us will wait,
Will stand and deliver,
Keep guard before our death.
I stand with them,
Each of us must choose one path.

And in our wait the East will whisper.

What child of man are you?
One or the other
For one soul is lost
And the other never forgotten.

End.

