ESCAPISM

Samantha Jasaki
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Samantha Sasaki

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This book is dedicated to my family, friends, and
teacher. Stereotypical, I know, but that’s who I am. I am
someone you all molded. I want to thank you all. You’ve
given me a reason to write. A reason to grow. A reason
to speak. A reason to learn. A reason to draw. A reason
to paint. A reason to try. A reason to be myself. But most
importantly, you’ve given me a reason to stay. So, I
guess I’m trying to say, thanks. Thank you all for being
there. If any of you are reading this book, I’m boring,
hope you don’t fall asleep.
An Ode to Time

It keeps on flying
Ahead of me,
Never waiting
For the weak
Nor the strong.

It will keep on taking
Going on ahead,
It will never give back,
Only granting opportunities.

What I create
Is all I receive.
It takes me
To make my world.

I’ll work harder,
Be better,
Break the silence.
But I can wait
Because I have time.

In the end,
The fault’s all mine,
Because I didn’t use
The time I was given.
Waiting in a Hospital

Colored bands staring,
Defining scars
Snaking up arms,
Unmoving.

Blind eye burn paper,
White roses drowned
In broken vases.
Hearts mended,
Sealed with ink
And money.

The others heal,
Move on.
Overflowing happiness,
Crushing them.
Red twine rewoven,
And unraveled.
They’re thanking the wrong people.

Here I rest,
Waiting.
Arms covered in lies,
Red lines,
The watchful eye
Blinks out gazes of hope.

Thundering clock
 Strikes twelve,
Time’s run out,
Can’t breathe.
Waiting,
Waiting.
Floating strings
Flatline,
Becoming a number.

Ease thy mind,
It wasn’t me,
I’m the watcher.
My arms are clean,
My roses red,
My heart has mended
With ink and paper.
Regretting the Past

I had a lifetime to live,
But what would I give
To redo,
Undo,
Rewind
Everything I’ve chosen with my ugly mind.

I have so many regrets,
I was the one who frets,
The one who waited,
Never participated.
Not the shining hero saving the world from fear,
The most I did was lend an ear.

Not the hero, nor the villain
Did I have a faulty vision?
So what was I?
Why did I even try?

I yearn for so much more,
To break down that unopened door.
Lady luck is so traitorous,
Why must she pick favorites?

I have done nothing wrong
Should I have done, play along?
That wouldn’t have been any fun,
I can’t finish life knowing I’m done.
Yet that’s what I’ve been doing my whole life;
Following society’s unspoken rules while running from death’s scythe.

So I’ll wait
Until my red string gets cut by fate
Conflicting Thoughts

What to do today?
I know I have homework, but I think I’ll play.
I am happy with where I am,
No need for any plan.
I’ll make life up as I go,
What I do tomorrow, I don’t know.

There’s that voice again,
I don’t like it, where to begin?
So happy and carefree,
I don’t want that voice, please leave me be.
You give me too much freedom, too much leeway,
How do I deserve this anyway?

What to do do today?
I have work, I cannot play.
I don’t like my life,
Scars appear from a dull knife.

Which to choose?
I have lots to lose.
I don’t know
Who I’ll be
Though someday, I hope I’ll see.
I want life to be lived happily,
But I will play this game gladly.
The Voices

There are voices in my head
They tell me what to do, the voices I dread
But sometimes they bleed
I wonder if they want me dead.

The voices give me greed
Multiplying quickly like a weed
I want it to end
What do I need?

What messages the gods do send?
I still have some sanity to spend
Look at the clock
Grab a needle, my heart can mend

With the voices, a barrier can lock
The people will talk
Just some time
What a shock

Time is a funny thing with each chime
Going upwards in an ending climb
They will point out each mistake I make
But they’ll fade out in a lifetime
2017 Anthem

Welcome to 2017
This year, I am but a pre-teen
Guess what, Donald Trump is president
But we’ll never know what covfefe meant

The largest protest towards a president recorded in history
The youtube sensation of Poppy is a mystery
Mother Nature had an effect
She’s the reason the land of Disney World got wrecked

Unfortunate Japan where missiles rain into their sea
The UK wants to leave the EU, to which many disagree
The mess of the anime called Black Clover
The reign of Jake Paul and Ricegum might be over

North Korea might drop a bomb
How is Trump so calm?
It’s the year of fidget spinners and Jake Paul
Trump needs more funding for his wall

We had a total eclipse
I was able to edit the Carol of Souls scripts
This year truly wasn’t the best
All we can do is look back and jest

22 deaths at Ariana Grande’s concert
The release of ransomware software so be on alert
Hurricane Harvey has the most costly damages in U.S. history
The book called What Happened is released by Hillary

The Prohibition of Nuclear Weapons treaty voted for in July
CNN news blackmails a guy
Zoella releases a 100 pound advent calendar
The run and gun game called Cuphead is proved to be quite the challenger

Team 10 made the memes It’s everyday bro and England is my city
The Legend of Zelda: Breath of the Wild’s graphics are really pretty
Nintendo released the Switch and Animal Crossing to mobile
The U.S. decides to leave the Paris Climate Agreement-definitely not noble

The dab has been thrown into the ground
Pyrocynical isn’t around
Melanie Martinez meets rape accusations
Tension growing in all nations

After 3+ years, Attack on Titan finally got a season two
Scare Pewdiepie season 2 got cancelled, sad but true
Net neutrality is in danger
Clothing trends are just getting stranger

Have fun with memes like salt bae and knife kid
Salvator Mundi, the most expensive painting in history bid
My Hero Academia gets a movie
Russia is banned from 2018 Winter Olympics unfortunately

Devastating earthquakes in Mexico kills many
Right in front of my salad, MOcKinG SpONgEbOdB, and
cash me outside howbow dah memes are plenty
People are destroying statues and others supporting
white supremacy
In more countries gay couples can marry legally

The floor is lava gets revived
Finally this year I'm not walking around sleep deprived
Girls now making too much slime
The knockout challenge was dangerous and a waste of
time

Neo Yokio, the mess of a Netflix anime
I keep hearing “slay girl, slay”
Shouwa Genroku Rakugo Shinjuu is the only anime that
almost made me cry this year
Kevin got a new room so stepping on legos is something
I don’t have to fear

I keep hearing about Stranger Things and something
about Thor
Voltron got a reboot by Netflix but got people
wondering if the show’s characters were queerbait or
had something more
I moved schools, which was kinda cool
I also started reading Uzumaki, Bakuman, Death Note,
Akame ga Kill!, Fullmetal Alchemist, and Tokyo Ghoul

Did I like this year?
2018 draws near
I didn’t like it particularly
I don’t know how 2018 will turn out, guess we’ll see
Dropped on the Path of Life

There’s a philosophy
That I’ve been building up.
It’s about our upbringing
And our road

Past your mind
There’s a road
Which we roam
When we turn 4

Not earlier, not more
But when us humans can understand
Morals and language
“Right” from “wrong”

A path we take
Ones our parents make
Or sometimes
We have to cut the vines ourselves

Sometimes we’re guided by the parents to the end
Or until we reach 20
Sometimes they walk quickly and disappear
Sometimes they don’t even see you’re there

Those with parents behind them
Are lucky
Not always there
But will always protect them from evil
And guide their hand to push the vines

The ones with parents in front of them
Are unfortunate
Turning their head
And walking ahead
Leaving it to claw its way through

Those with the parent beside them
Are equals
Mutual in likeness
They’re respected
Pushing their way together

Some are more fortunate
And given a weapon
Of money
To hide or fight

Some can’t
Its morals
Or circumstance
That they have to fight alone

Mine stand behind me
Backing me when I need it
But not always
Or they don’t see

My forest is filled with
Tall trees
Loud birds
And silence

Some flowers are there
But are poisonous
There are rocks
In my way

I need to learn to clear them
Because soon
They won’t be behind me
And I’ll reach the highway

Where I’ll be swept up
And grow up
Amd lose them
And my significance

My standards are tall
Like the trees
Which I try to climb
And try
The trees get taller each year
Like the birds get louder
Mom can block the voices
But Dad can’t hear them

Because of his
Loss of hearing
I hear silence
Which is my voice
Swept up
With the birds
And the flowers
To which I’m allergic

And paranoid toward
The rocks I look for
And avoid
But are illusions

So it’s my loss
I’ve lost much
But I’ll keep
Walking

Until I reach
The highway
And finally reach

The exit.
In the Silent Room

Blank woman waits there
She whispers familiar words
Of silence and doubt

Fairytales with Endings

Life’s convoluted
It's a fairytale but worse
There’s a bad ending

The Winner

I’ll learn on my own
All you nobodies watch me
The sad life they lived

5 Seconds

New person arrives
Heart so rotten the rats fled
5 second glory
The Woman on the Hill

There was a woman
On the hill
They say she committed a sin

Her arms are paper thin
So she’s ill
Nobody opens the door to let her in

She play a violin at dawn
Winter snow frames her face
Her legs continue to shake like a newborn fawn

At sunrise, a halo she will don
Raven wings sprout with grace
A bow is drawn

Poisoned by lies
Before the moon settles
She fades into the skies

She shuts her eyes
The sky rains spring petals
And disappears at sunrise

The woman
On the hill
Had until dawn
Until she slipped from her place
It was unwise
To let the petals
Fall.
Because I’m Greedy

Chasing a white swan
The rabbit’s too far to trap
Plants aren’t good enough

Fluttering, Fluttering

Left a memory
You are such a useless child
Disappearing, gone

Monkey

The monkey, a fool
They spends their coins recklessly
Yet they live, how so?

Cat

Tiny, amusing
Little cat, staring, staring
Can’t cross the river
Doves

She likes pigeons
She says they’re like doves
I don’t like pigeons
Or her

I disagree with her
Doves are beautiful creatures
And shouldn’t be compared
To lowlife filth like pigeons

Pigeons are dirty
Doves are pure
She says otherwise
I don’t trust her

She says they’re both birds
But they’re not the same type
She says they both fly
But their wings don’t look the same

She says they both have beaks
But they don’t sing the same
I don’t like her
A pigeon could never be a dove

I see her on the roof
She shows me her book
She says she wants to fly
And she tries
I didn’t like her
That will never change
But I feel bad
I’d give her a chance
But she’s flying
With the birds
Now
Tree

Tree
Old, wise
Waiting, dancing, singing
Watching generation after generation
Forest

Worms

Worms
Quiet, helpful
Wriggling, jumping, screaming
Unheard helpers of life
Nightcrawlers

Them

Please spare them a glance
Please, if just for a second
Please look in their way
To see who they are or were
And see what they could’ve been
I Don’t Feel Like Sleeping

I haven't adjusted quite yet
And it often makes me upset
But I’ll hide my flaws to get me out of here

Time moves too quickly
And I’ve grown out of my mask
So I’ll scrape off my skin and mix it with tears
To make a little porcelain doll

She watches me at night
And always smiles
The perfect one

Everyone looks at her
Because I don’t want to be noticed
Lying doesn’t feel right
But the words uttered before sleep don’t either

Spit out bitter gum
But nobody hears
But no one sees me anymore
Its disappointing, but it's what I wanted
Hair

It’s said that hair grows 5 inches each year
It’s said teenagers go through phases
I know both are true
So why
Why
Did I cut it all away

I knew full well it was reckless
But I liked it
I liked it
So why
Why
Did I feel ashamed

I have a great life;
Wonderful school, friends, family, so much more
But I’m still upset
So why
Why
Did I want to change myself once more

It’s said that hair grows 5 inches each year
It’s said teenagers go through phases
I know both are true
So why
Why
Am I doing this again?
Scales

The average female weighs 93 pounds
The last time I checked I was 117 pounds
That’s why I don’t like scales

But now I’m using it everyday
And writing what I eat
And counting calories

I lost hair
I was always exhausted
I stopped eating
I hated eating out with my family
I drank water and sometimes tea
I threw up what little food I ate
I admired the pretty ones
I shed lots of tears
I think I lost weight
I don’t know
I lost myself

But my mom found me
And helped me
So I don’t need pity
I just needed help

The average female weighs 93 pounds
I just checked-I’m 96 pounds
Still over, but I’m happier?
I wish I was stronger though.
Underwater

Mundane is good
when you’re all alone.
Mundane is fine
when I’m all alone.
Water in my lungs
is all I’ve known.

When something goes wrong
I don’t know what to do.
Things go wrong
I don’t know what to do.
I’m drowning
I don’t know what to do.

My head’s summerged
and I’m drowning.
My lungs are screaming
and I’m drowning.
My eyes go dark
and I’m falling.
Silenced

Throat ripped forcefully.
Blood pools on dirt floors.
Promised land so far.
Death dulls my blind eyes.
Death drenches these walls.

Wheeze

Lungs out of my chest.
Stuck in this prison.
Dreary walls are cold.
Their hearts are colder.
I wish for my home.
Sorry
[Saw-ree] adjective

A feeling of distress that expresses worry to others. Or in a pitiful state.

As in: Being disappointing. I’m sorry I can’t help.

As in: Being mediocre. I’m sorry, I can’t go, I have homework.

As in: Being unacceptable. I’m sorry, I couldn’t hear you.

As in: Being unsuitable. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry.

As in: She is a sorry girl, always feeling like the world’s piled on her shoulders when it already left.
City Lights

Sky overcast and sparkled with grey.  
Everyone’s hiding in their house today.  
Except this one.  
Just someone.

Hair whipping in a halo.  
Slowly, up the stairs they go.  
Going forever and ever.  
A little endeavour.

Eyes scanning the horizon.  
The air before them they lie in.  
Fluttering down.  
In this ghost town.
I am Samantha.

I am the author.
I am a person.
I am weak.
I am kind.
I am scared.
I am smart.
I am spiteful.
I am artistic.
I am hated.
I am quiet.
But I am loved.

I think I’m more.
The only entry to my mind’s a locked door.
But the lock’s rusty.
And everything’s ugly.

But nothing’s truly beautiful- is it?
For something, everything’s unfit.
Are they my friend or enemy?
All I ask is for you to look at me.

Go away and judge away.
This my personality anyways.
A negative multiplied by a negative is a positive.
Guess it doesn’t work for me.