

Potholes a Sonnet by Aaron McGee O'Reilly

I'm stuck in my bed,
Scattered thoughts in my head,
Burning pain in my chest,
My soul cannot find rest,

I want to evolve and be new,
Follow my dreams and see it through,
Fight the monsters my mind has created,
Stay true to myself and become sated,

The struggle I carried is no longer needed,
The weight of it all suddenly fled,
I'm glad I found my true calling,
Because pen and paper I find enthralling.

My fight felt like an unwinnable war,
My love of fantasy let me endure.

Saints of Almost by Emma Cody

The streetlight hums like an old guitar,
Its song caught in the rain's small teeth.
I walk home through the ghost of myself,
Each step a promise I forgot to keep.

You were the bruise I mistook for a birthmark,
The tender ache that made me believe
In forever, or something close to it.
Something I could almost touch and never leave.

The city's breath fogs the mirror of the night,
And I see us there, two blurs in motion,
Our names dissolving on each other's tongues.
A mercy, a curse, a quiet devotion.

If I call your name now, it won't answer back.
Only the wind will nod, half-drunk and kind.
It whispers what all saints must learn –
That love survives us, but never on time.

Acrostic Poem by Eithne Doherty

Exploring ideas fill the mind
Seeking truths both near and far
Structuring thoughts into shapes of a kind
Answers shining like a yonder star
Yet the pressure to success can mar

Student Note

Welcome to the third edition of The Quill. We hope you enjoy this collection as a glimpse into the creativity and dedication that shaped our journey through the Creative Writing course at Dhúlaigh. This year, we discovered our voices, took risks with creativity, and learned to turn ideas into stories that connect, challenge and hopefully inspire. We hope you enjoy!



About Us

The one year, QQI Level 5 creative writing course at FET College Dhúlaigh is designed for anyone with an interest in writing and storytelling. Students explore various aspects of writing such as prose, poetry, scripts etc. and are facilitated in developing material for publication.



We welcome school leavers, mature students and anyone looking to return to education or develop their passion for writing.

📧 Apply Now at www.dhulaigh.ie

or

✉ contact laura.roche@cdcfe.cdetb.ie

📍 Coolock Campus D17T227

The Quill III

Edition Three



Creative Writing 2026

A collection of poems & stories by the creative writing course students at FET College Dhúlaigh

Sculpture by Sam Pidgeon

Strip me of all my parts like a toy, and rid me of my joy and self worth.

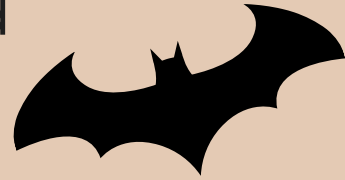
Turn me into your perfect sculpture before I eventually Rupture from the stress.

It's plainto see I'm just an emotional punching bag, so you can easily brag how great you are without raising any red flags.

You will never see someone like me go on in society. Afterall, I'm just a piety that you despise.

Haiku by Adam Flood

Since I was a boy
I dreamed of being Batman
and that has not changed



Acrostic Poem by Adam Flood

Brooding, brutal, brilliant and brave
A guardian against villainy, innocents he saves
Terror he strikes into those who are evil
Manor of his is very medieval
A lone shadow, Gotham's Dark Knight
No bat mobile or disguise, just Batman in the cold, cruel night

Ode to The Blue Rose Knight by Chitra Singha

In armour bright, the Blue Rose Knight doth stand,
With sword in hand, a guardian of the just.
Through shadows deep and battles fierce and grand,
He honours vows, in valiant heart and trust.

A cause to fight for, honour bound with grace,
Each clash of steel sings tales of ancient lore.
Upon the field, he carves his rightful place,
His spirit strong as petals to the floor.

The blue rose blooms when courage finds its way,
A symbol rare of love and bravery.
In twilight's glow, he marches on each day,
Protecting dreams with noble destiny

For every scar that marks his steadfast fight
He wears it well – the legacy of light.

Limerick by Aaron McGee O'Reilly

There's a treat called Captain Morgan's,
A warm wash throughout all your organs,
If you're in a funk, it will help you get drunk,
But you might regret it in the morning.

Blossoms Bloom by John Thompson

Cherry Blossoms fall
As I take my destined rise
I will be ok



Six Word Stories

Swimming against the tide is tough. By Arthur Sheridan
Her phone still rings, nobody answers. By Emma Cody

TIME by Arthur Sheridan

Time. What is it. You can't see it. You can't taste it. You can't smell it. Yet it has everyone running around after it. Being in my circumstance, nothing to do and all day to do it, time has changed for me. It's either time to get up or time to go to bed. Time to eat, or time not to eat. Simplicity 'ha'.

I remember back in my days of employment a comrade of mine was proud of the fact that he always knew the time. He had a watch with five buttons and a built in compass. It could tell the time down to the millisecond. He used to tell me the time several times a day. And the date. And what time it was in several cities on the other side of the world.

I had a watch back then too. It only had two buttons. One was for the light. The other, I don't know what it was for. Seeing as how the instructions were in some far eastern language. A language they had neglected to teach us in school. It used some obscure battery which couldn't be bought in this country, so when it went flat the watch stopped for good. It was stuck at ten past one.

"Ten thirty two and four seconds" he said to me. It's the third of the fifth and see your man over there, He's north north east from where we're standing. What time is by you?" he asked, wishing to compare, knowing it was always ten past one by my watch. "Ten past one" I said for the millionth time. "You should get one of these" he said. "Wait till I show you what it does." I really didn't want to know. Life is complicated enough without five buttons to press. It was water proof. It was shock proof. It was doing me bloody head in.

"Your watch isn't that accurate" says I. "What do you mean?" he says. "My watch tells milliseconds, sure your one is always stopped." "Ah yes" says I. "But at some precise moment twice a day, my watch is spot on to the micro millisecond, just like an atomic clock. Whereas yours is always a couple of milliseconds out one way or another." He looked at me then walked away staring into space. His bastion of accuracy in tatters.

A few days later he came in with a new watch. More buttons. But it still wasn't as accurate as an atomic clock

Plain Jane by Rachel Moody

My name is Rachel but my sister
Calls me Jane,
I'm just plain Jane with a creative mind
That's just who I am
I dance with the flowers as they toss side to side,
Feeling light as a feather, as I move with the sunlight on my face,
I'm just plain Jane,
Who likes to read fantasy books,
To get away from reality and feel like
I'm drifting into a new world each time
I start a new book
I'm just plain Jane

A Paean to John Travolta by Eithne Doherty

He stalks the room
Boom Boom Boom
The cut of his jaw
Raw Raw Raw
Slick with sleight of hand
Eyes on the mirror ahead
Nonchalant he takes the floor
Lights shine he begins to move
Liquid movement all askew
Dancers scatter Adonis shimmers
Control of the dancefloor
Confidence glimmers

Green Thread by Emma Cody

I stitched my smile with thread of green,
A jealous shade you've never seen.
You laughed in gold, and I applauded –
But inside, my shadows nodded.

Your beauty bloomed like gods had kissed
Each part of you I don't exist.
The world turned soft to meet your feet,
While mine sank deeper in defeat.

Your joy – my ache. Your grace – my wound.
A hymn of yours, my soul mistuned.
Yet love still grips my bitter chest,
Ashamed to envy what I bless.

Forgive me, friend, my secret thorn,
I wear the mask my guilt has worn.
In all your light, I hide my face –
Then hate myself for such disgrace.