

How to Make a ~~Punk~~ Monk

by Thubten Konchog

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Oh Gush!

I kept my fingers from dancing with a pen for so long
That suddenly
It felt like a tsunami
Was about to pass through a pinhole

This all-consuming push cracked
The dam of my weary reason

"Is it even appropriate for a monk
To expose the coasts of his inner landscape?"

Anyway, this is the washout I am now left with
A handful of pages smeared all over...

Drying crossroads
Reminiscence of a dying shell

And this path I am walking now...

Chapter One

Good old me



The Great Parade

I was part of the Great Parade
A flamboyant display of consumerism and short sightedness

I thought the entire world was part of it
Until I noticed them...

They were sitting on the side of the road
They didn't have the golden ticket
They weren't born in the right place
They had seen way too much way too soon

I felt sick to my stomach
And didn't feel like playing anymore
So I left this noisy procession
And sat down with them

They handed me their wounded hearts
Their stories like liquid gold
Poured into me without holding back
Their trust and friendship an unforeseen gift

They had nothing to lose
They had no reason to pretend

Misfits, outcasts,
Beautiful anomalies
Raw and authentic

I cried,
I cried because of this feeling
This feeling of having forgotten a promise
A promise we made one another a long time ago...

I bet you can feel it too

Nothing to Fight

Decades of fighting it
And yet here I was, forced to admit
I hadn't learned a single thing
About this wild animal

Today came and roared
That I would never win this battle

I took a step back
Unclenched my fists
Sat down
Closed my eyes

Breathing in
Breathing out

I could feel us both
A wreck of pain and exhaustion

Breathing in
Breathing out

All that was left
The silence of a common agreement:
We would have to do things differently

Every Possible Version of Myself

I'm not looking for a job,
Thank you.

I don't need a job
I have one already!

I'm very busy thinking just about
Every possible version of myself I could become
About everything I could be doing
Everywhere I could be going

Plus I work from home you see...

...Curled up in my bed
My blanket pulled up to my ears
Watching winter setting in
Through this already half-frosted window

I'm not looking for a job,
Thank you.

I don't need a job
I have one already!

Event Horizon

How did we end up
Being so trapped within ourselves?

When did we exchange connection
For these hearts gasping for air?

How did the pull of our own gravity
Became so hard to escape?

When did our world start producing
So much self-hatred?

Hey!

Where have you been all this time!?
I was looking for you!

I know how it feels
Walking the edge like a tightrope

Event horizon

Let's Get Real

I'm thinking,
"Better just leave the world alone as it is"
This way all these castles that I've built in the sky
Won't get dragged down by the weight of reality

Let's get real,
Whatever we bring into this world
Loses its shine immediately

I wish I could show you
All these castles that I've built in the sky!

Claustrophobia

Me

Chapter Two

Outer Robes
Inner Ropes



Wide Open

I had dreamt myself a cage
In a vast open field

Now that we've finally caught sight of it
You are asking me my heart,

"Should we cry or should we laugh?"

-We'll do both

Highwayman

Thieves of the land of oblivion
Having roamed blindly
Stealing from womb to womb
Since immemorial time

How can you be so carefree
When you've been sentenced already?

Among those dreaming of freedom
Few will recognize a prison as a prison

Five

The only external objects worth looking at
Are the ones reminding you to look inside

This Body

You're investing so much in it
But what is it gonna give you in return
This body?

Hide and Seek

If you can't even find your self,
How could fear ever find you again?

If you cherish others dearly,
How could joy ever hide from you again?

Escape

If you were chained
Enslaved
Tormented
Forced to obey

All your thoughts would be directed
To finding a way to escape

Tell me why then aren't you spending day and night
Trying to escape the painful mind of desire?

We obey
Not knowing any other way

Hearing this
Some get really angry...

Ghost House

He heard the profound Dharma

Flag swaying
Old windmill squeaking

There's nobody home

Full Circle

I am going full circle
Back to the days where my mind
Almighty and intuitively
Could create an entire universe and its inhabitants

The days when the world wasn't a frightening place
When my self was still free
Flowing like a stream, shifting and dancing like the wind
Not asked to be anything

Come with me and play
We'll heal people from adulthood!

We'll run around and hunt for treasures
Hidden in people's hearts
Then hand back
What they had all along

We'll play undercover agents for peace
Secretly, planting seeds of virtue in people's gardens
And we'll laugh and laugh
When, surprised, they get to see all these sprouts coming up!

Come with me and play
We'll spend the day
Counting the clouds
And our blessings

Put that phone down
Look around

In all situations
Ask yourself secretly
"How can I help?"

Sometimes not talking
Is the best talking

Sometimes not doing
Is the best doing

Stop seeking love
Start giving love
[beginning with yourself]

And please
PLEASE
Don't forget to play! 