

The mind does seem to be and yet lacks real existence.
When searched for, it's not found;
When looked for, it's not seen.
No color does it have, no shape; it cannot be identified.
Not outside or within; throughout the triple time,
It is not born, it does not cease.
And it is not located anywhere on this side or on that.
Groundless, rootless, it is not a thing.
There is no pointing to it: mind is inconceivable.

Longchenpa