Out of the winds of forsworn worlds
Drops the forgotten voice of the Holy Maiden.
The unknown pineal powers of stellar resonance
Are for the Search
Not dalliance and distraction.
Let our soul-trees once more bare fruit.
In the orchards of
The ancient Mother of Mysteries.
Let creation once more swirl in the dance
Of the holy Daughter of Life.

from the 1956 essay Magna Dea by Fred Adams