

**Some Points for All My Queer Bucks Still Growing Velvet**

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Kayla Rae Candrilli

Velvet grows on antlers.  
It grows there like moss, like ivy creeping up a wall.

When Daddy dropped deer out of season, he hit them  
with spotlight spears and their eyes shone like sequins  
sewn there—like the rhinestones Mom glued to Tori’s dance costumes:

Tap and jazz hands.

Feet fast as hooves.

The stage lights would hit her hard and those sequins shone like eyes.

Mom taught me to costume myself,  
taught me how to sew on my queen’s skin when I wanted it:  
Velvet, Lycra, sequins, leather. She called the stiches things like:

*Lazy daisy, fish bone, French, fly.*

But she called me things like *Tom Boy* when I rolled in mud stuck so thick the pill bugs made  
maps of my skin—in the dirt caked there.

She called Tori things like:

*Performer, Princess, and Off In La La Land.*

Antlers grow the finest velvet and my father  
explained how, if you weren’t careful,  
they could *run you through,*  
*impale you, fuck you softly in the forest.*

There are points to learning  
and these are what I take:

Velvet grows on queen’s skin. I shave it and sell it to black market queers  
because I am a commodity:

Buck out of season.

Buck in rut.

Cock in cunt.

Antlers are something sexed and I mount them  
on my wall—feel their eyes.

When my partner packs  
her cock, the denim around her is a blue velvet  
I take off in sheathes.