An old woman thought her face was a dead hen’s arse. Maybe it was all the years of plucking and waxing. The woman had no idea what would make her think her face was a dead hen’s arse and not a live hen’s arse, and why the arse and not the beak, but she did. *It couldn’t be my age*, the woman thought.

*It couldn’t be the men*, not when everyone knows men love older women, especially much older, especially with all the grandma porn, all the old women sex costumes, all the men who ogle elderly women in walkers. She had read so many books where men longed for older women, where old women seduced helpless wide-eyed men. She saw billboards where old women modeled teenage clothing, modeled Brazilian bathing suit bottoms. And she knew the trend: folding wrinkles into one’s face using a Dumpling Dough Press.

People would stop her and take selfies. *You look like a movie star*, they’d say. They wouldn’t leave her alone. She’d shrug. Maybe it was the way she’d sometimes cluck when she made love to her husband? This could be the reason he’d whisper, *One day I may trade you in for an older model.* Or maybe it was all the eggs she ate. Or her penchant for feathers. Or how her mother used to call her *my little chickadee.* The woman was unsure why she thought her face was a dead fowl’s feces-extruding cloaca. She only knew she was tired of seeing twenty-year-old men with women who could be their grandmothers, old women who treated the men like so many dimpled birds.