A girl in the front seat snapped the picture. You can see the car speeds: eyes squint against wind; hair lifts like the arousal of wings before flight. You can see the girl framed fate: her Brownie doesn’t pan or dolly but crops the shot on the back-seat couple, cinching their lot, together, at sixteen. She was a romantic, this photographer, this friend. You can see her photo is female: it captures the moment when genders flip. Like a man, my grandmother arches into the gale of lust, lets its motor rev inside her. She laughs loud as wind. Head back, neck taut, she breaks open for joy rides, convertibles, cameras, boys. Like a woman, my grandfather folds her into his body, a child nestled to its mom. He’s happy, but shy, as if startled by the birth of love, the hormonal heft of it. When he gives me this photo, his hand brushes mine. Today, he wears her skin, thin as the ghost of her perfume, soft as a woman’s touch.