**Seeing Shrek at the Drive-in During a Pandemic**

Betsy Mars

Ogres are like onions, and I am too,

taking off the outer skin for a couple of hours

to be close to kin. I peel my gloves off

after the ticket taker hands me a menu

for the snack bar, edge away as far as I can

from the van they wave me next to

which is spilling laughing children. The dark descends.

Shrek slouches before a rising moon, Donkey nearby.

I sigh in recognition, alone in the swamp

heat of my enclosed car, shutting out

the unmasked.  In the car to my right

my daughter behind glass, windows up.

We communicate by phone and gesture,

with thumbs up and heads bobbing

to the soundtrack of her childhood.

I am trying to atone, for all my layers—

the rawness, the cutting, the weeping—

of the onion, the irritants which sear.

In the castle a dragon slumbers,

ready to fire up its scorching breath.

At night I assume my true form, hope

that I might be loved anyway;

by light of day I spin candy floss from spider webs

and balloon whatever frogs come my way.