In a London Drawingroom

By George Eliot

The sky is cloudy, yellowed by the smoke.  
For view there are the houses opposite  
Cutting the sky with one long line of wall  
Like solid fog: far as the eye can stretch  
Monotony of surface & of form  
Without a break to hang a guess upon.  
No bird can make a shadow as it flies,  
For all is shadow, as in ways o'erhung  
By thickest canvass, where the golden rays  
Are clothed in hemp. No figure lingering  
Pauses to feed the hunger of the eye  
Or rest a little on the lap of life.  
All hurry on & look upon the ground,  
Or glance unmarking at the passers by  
The wheels are hurrying too, cabs, carriages  
All closed, in multiplied identity.  
The world seems one huge prison-house & court  
Where men are punished at the slightest cost,  
With lowest rate of colour, warmth & joy.