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Four hundred feet and dreams in sight,
A cedar porch, a starry sky,
Wheels ready when it's time to fly.

It whispered soft, "Live less, live free,"
A smaller space, more clarity,
No marble halls, no endless sprawl,
Just what you need — and that is all.

The 1,200-Square-Foot "Tiny" House"

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But in a room of charts and screens,
They stretched the word beyond its seams,
Twelve hundred feet on settled ground,
With anchors sunk and corners squared and crowned.

A polished phrase replaced the name,
Small Residential Unit came,

Blueprint bold and stamped precise,
Regulated, ordered, neat and nice.

Not just a tweak, not just a tweak in tone,
But roots where once were wheels alone,
From artisan craft and roaming heart
To permanent plans set far apart.

So when “tiny” towers, broad and wide,
With foundation poured and margins tied,
We’re left to wonder, quiet, sly—

If tiny grows, what else runs dry?