

vaping, and marijuana use: U.S. 12th grade students, 2000–2019. *Prev Sci* 2020; **21**(7): 960–71.

- 28 Page N, Hallingberg B, Brown R, Lowthian E, Hewitt G, Murphy S, et al. Change over time in adolescent smoking, cannabis use and their association: findings from the school health research network in Wales. *J Public Health* 2020; **43**(4): e620–8.
- 29 Anderson SAR, Oprescu AM, Calello DP, Monte A, Dayan PS, Hurd YL, et al. Neuropsychiatric sequelae in adolescents with acute synthetic cannabinoid toxicity. *Pediatrics* 2019; **144**(2): e20182690.
- 30 Mokrysz C, Shaban NDC, Freeman TP, Lawn W, Pope RA, Hindocha C, et al. Acute effects of cannabis on speech illusions and psychotic-like symptoms:

two studies testing the moderating effects of cannabidiol and adolescence. *Psychol Med* 2021; **51**(12): 2134–42.

- 31 Hughes K, Bellis MA, Hardcastle KA, Sethi D, Butchart A, Mikton C, et al. The effect of multiple adverse childhood experiences on health: a systematic review and meta-analysis. *Lancet Public Health* 2017; **2**(8): e356–66.
- 32 Zammit S, Lewis G, Dalman C, Allebeck P. Examining interactions between risk factors for psychosis. *Br J Psychiatry* 2010; **197**(3): 207–11.



Poem

The Accounts

Giles Nicholas James Constable 

I hear the accounts.
Voices which suggest life is already done,
that coming here is coming to no place at all.
Just somewhere not there, not then.
No profit, only loss.

The interpreter sometimes weeps,
will not tell what has been said,
something too particular, too infernal,
done by fire, by water,
inundating memory,
language left insufficient, ravaged.

I sit behind my pad in my comfortable shoes,
my professional pose, ensconced in familiarity.

What chance we should meet,
that such distances have led us to share this space
where I listen, would bear witness.
Instead find myself a migrant visitor
to catastrophe. Dark tourist.

Today he showed me a photograph.
His two girls in uniform for school
holding up certificates, brimful with pride.
His shadow was cast onto the wall of their home,
onto the bricks which, when the missile hit,
soon after buried them.

I wake in the morning at four,
fugitive from some miscellaneous grief.
The room reassembles into the banality of my peace.
Listen to the house,
the still of my wife asleep,
my daughter as she coughs upstairs.
My great assets, my fortune.

And my nightmares,
which I may forget with ease,
are seldom and commonplace.

© The Author(s), 2023. Published by Cambridge University Press on behalf of the Royal College of Psychiatrists.

The British Journal of Psychiatry (2023)
223, 484. doi: 10.1192/bjp.2023.59