Throughout a variety of Owen's poems he speaks about loss. This can be spoken about a single person being lost or a group of people being lost, it may not even be about actually losing someone. It could be about the way a piece of someone is lost.

Owen speaks about dehumanising people in a variety of his poems. By doing this, he is taking away a piece of someone, saying they are strong enough to withstand the war. This is seen when speaking about the anger of the guns, saying it's not the men fighting the war but the guns fighting the war. When Owen speaks about the loss of a group of people, he speaks about how the guns say their prayers, 'hastily orisons.' He uses 'hastily orisons' to say how he cannot stop and pay his respects after their lives will be taken too.

Owen speaks about how they are all going to die and that they have already sat down and eaten with death. Here Owen is speaking about how being at war you have 'already lost,' and will get killed so why not become friends with death. We sat down, spilled our mess tins with him. His speaking about how he already have a friend he dies and leaves his life.

Owen speaks about on countrys breaking rank. Owen is saying no matter what happens no country will lose their rank, one country will always be better than the other and will not fall to the other.